

assist him to accomplish his designs. Such men were Wolsey, Henry IV., Alva, Sully, Richelieu and Mazarin. In the middle ages politics was a proscribed profession, and in a proscribed profession it is always necessary to pander to passion in order to triumph. But when the science of government becomes recognized, not only as a necessity, but also as an advantage, it is speedily freed from the impurities of corruption. Then it is not policy for the politician to descend and deceive; it is absolutely necessary that he should rise if he would reign. With the advent of such circumstances appears the ideal statesman. The highest type of the perfect politician is the orator. It is little to a person's credit that he has stood among the shadows and successfully accomplished the ruin of his foes. He has a double advantage,—the view of his enemies secret movements, and the obscurity of his superior position. Only a fool could fail under such circumstances. There are no such conditions favourable to the orator. He dare not deceive because his heart is unfalteringly consistent with truth through all changes, even though sophistry should lead the intellect astray. It was by means of his brilliant bursts of oratory that Castelar conquered his conservative antagonists, and surely it is a sufficient evidence of his genius, that if he did not succeed in establishing an indestructible republic, he did succeed in obtaining a homage which will survive the endurance of empire in the universal admiration, endeared by defeat, of his unfortunate countrymen.

To the true genius success and defeat are equally acceptable, for in him the soul alone is supreme; and material gains and losses are alike successes to the intellect. When the republic fell in 1874 beneath that argument of aristocrats—physical force,—exposing the treason of General Pavia, above the ruins rose the regal spirit of the unconquered Castelar. Too noble to kneel to office under King Alphonso XII., he turned away from the disgrace of his country, and made a tour of Europe, where city after city fell as if by storm beneath the charms of his eloquence. Returning to Spain he was immediately elected to the Cortes as deputy for the city of Barcelona. Within the chambers of the Cortes he reigned, an intellectual sovereign, time and again forcing that assembly to tremble and quail before his unbounded genius. The successes he achieved over the vast combinations of those foes who bowed beneath his eloquence passed beyond the limits of enumeration. All Spain hurried to hear him when he was announced to speak, and whenever his voice was heard it was recognized that he held the destinies of the present monarchy of Spain within his hand. And although he retired from active political activity, believing that the time had not yet arrived when a perfectly free republic can endure in Spain, yet in that kingdom of republicans, in that realm of revolutions, where the sovereign of to-day is the slave of to-morrow, loving Spaniards look hopefully forward to the day, which, in the present, the latest of its many crises, it seems is not far distant, when its crowns will be considered as curiosities, and the mysteries of its monarchy will moulder in museums.

In these dark days for Spain, let it, then, not be imagined that Castelar retired from the field when the sacred principle of freedom ceased to be a novelty as Gladstone when he abandoned the cause of Home Rule. High over the voices which announced his retirement, other sweet Spanish voices are heard mournfully calling—Is there no hope for liberty? Is there no hope for the toiler tormented by the tyrant? Is the mental millionaire, and the intellectual Cæsar, to ceaselessly crave alms from the pauper in principle and the beggar in brains? Has a relic of the Inquisition survived to this century to cruelly crush and to torture the truth? Have the fatal fetters been forged to enchain individual freedom forever? Is Spain to repose through endless time in superstition's deathly sleep? Not while the thunders of a mighty revolution are still echoing and re-echoing with a terrible meaning far up among the lonely heights and the purple peaks of the Pyrenees; not while non-representative legislative assemblies are being quietly buried in the ruins of their wrongs; not while there is a plain beneath the eminence of power to which the throne of tyranny can ruthlessly be hurled; not while there remains in the memory of a monarch the blood on the slippery steps of the ghastly guillotine; not while the caves and the hills give a habitation, and the wolves a wild welcome more merciful than kings; not while secret societies can sow seeds of sedition that bloom in the flowers of homage to truth; not while the friends of freedom, with tear stained eyes and breaking hearts, look across the

history of twenty mournful years to the time when the clash of arms and the booming of guns and the riotings of revolutionists and the triumphs of liberty told of the fall of a mouldering monarchy and the rise of the republic of Spain on its ruins, and find a comfort for the sorrows of their present serfdom in the measured music of the murmuring Mediterranean as it sweeps in seraphic strains along the silvery shores of slumbering Spain; and not while revolutionist and conservative, and republican and monarchist and progressist and moderado forget together the treasons and the trials and the betrayals and the backslidings, and seem to hear again, as they heard in the years gone by, the eloquent tongue of the orator of Republican Spain, Emilio Castelar.

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Parisian Affairs.

THE coronation of the Czar has cost Russia 100,000,000 francs and 1,300 lives. The crush and suffocation disaster has cast its sorrow and fatal remembrance over an otherwise successful ceremony. The people who study omens see in that catastrophe a number of coming evils, just as at the entry of bride Marie Antoinette to Paris, to be received by the crowd, numbering half a million, and, as a courtier declared, all her lovers. Years later the admirers largely assisted at her execution. At Moscow the human tornado was due to not having several centres on the vast Kodinsky parade ground, for the gratuitous distribution of free food to the poor and needy. Hence a sudden rush, a human tide-wave that slowly but surely carried off and submerged 1,300 persons, irrespective of the hundreds wounded, that were swept like flies into a trench destined to keep the wall of living beings at a distance. The waves' sweeping action lasted but fifteen minutes, and cavalry horses and riders were engulfed with the front row of people. The wells that had been excavated a few years ago for the wants of the French Exhibition, and that were only covered over with thin, and since rotten, planks, became also living sepulchres. In France when a popular *fête* is given, the authorities so arrange to have several centres for the attractions, so as to localize the gatherings and so thus remove the possibility of death-crushes. In the case of the latter, the women and children after a shriek go under, the brave stand still—but helpless; a sort of paralysis spreads like contagion involving the strongest; they remain so till the undulations of the wave shall have expended their force. Nature, it is said, does nothing violent, save cyclones and the death multitude wave. The rush for the free breakfast table was a terrible mortuary trap. But it is difficult to feed at a single meal 500,000 moujiks.

People who have returned from Moscow are unable to give any definite opinion as to the future of Russia. That is not extraordinary, as the Russians themselves do not know. Alone the Tsar keeps the key of that secret. He can as readily provoke war as any of the other great powers, but it is the making of peace that is the difficulty. That does not depend on any Tsar; no one can map out the consequences of a war in advance, only it is believed they would be profound, and even for, and at the expense, too, of Russia herself. It is that salutary unknown which begets prudence all round. That is the only benefit bloated armaments confer—the dread to employ them. Crete can as easily set Europe and the world in flames as Russia, and may likely do so. Civilization is becoming sick at beholding the only rôle of Turkey in the world, that to massacre Christians. Russia and France have opposed England's readiness to wind up the Sultan on account of his Armenianism, so perhaps Greece and the Balkans may now take up the subject.

The weather continues to be abnormally lovely, the heat is a little too oppressive. But field and garden vegetation suffers from the drought; garden products are rapidly running up in price, so that hotels, etc., will soon find it cheaper in summer to employ canned rather than fresh vegetables. The farmers are on the grill; they will have very little hay, and wheat commences to prematurely ripen. Milk in Paris never was known to be richer or better than at present, and this is attributed to the necessity of giving cows oil cake to supplement the shortage in grass food.

The resolution of the government to again change its mind—the fourth change since a twelve-month, as to what