

time enough for reforms of the Constitution when the integrity of the nation has been secured. Moreover, anything national is more wholesome than the worship of an Arch-demagogue.

APPREHENSIONS were entertained of a dangerous outbreak in Ireland if the election went against Home Rule. I cannot say that I ever shared them. This rebellion has not a particle of military force, and its leaders must be aware that anything like an appeal to arms on their part would at once close the scene. The people of whom it is truly said that they are very bad to run away from, are, for the same reason, very good to have running away from you. All Parnellite speakers and organs, including even the *Irish World*, are just now unusually mild in their tone; and though this moderation may be partly politic, and imposed by the necessity of playing into Mr. Gladstone's hands, it is perhaps also partly due to the crushing blow which Mr. Parnell's faction has received. The victory of the Unionists in the Tyrone election, following their general triumph, seems to show that nothing succeeds in Ireland like success. Everything that has occurred in the course of these events confirms me in the belief that, while the roots of the agrarian difficulty in Ireland are deep, the political revolution is weak, or derives its strength from British faction, and would be easily repressed if Parliament would only lay faction aside for a time and support the National Government in the performance of its duty.

AMERICANS, I see, are saying that the interest displayed in the election here was slight compared with that which is displayed in Presidential elections: they judge by superficial appearance. There were no torchlight processions or banners hung across the street; but a hotter or fiercer conflict never took place at any polls. Every nerve was strained. The Unionists fought as men on whose efforts depended the integrity of the nation. Of abstention, it is true, there was a large amount. But this did not betoken indifference; what it mainly betokened was the unwillingness of the rank and file of the Unionist Liberals actually to vote against their party. At this, one cannot be surprised, considering how ingrained the party feeling is. But it threw light again on the real relation between Party and the interest of the country, as does the present difficulty of forming a Government, even in the hour of the direst national exigency, out of the discordant sections of the House of Commons. There will have to be a change some day in the basis of Parliamentary government, if Parliamentary government is to endure.

THE profoundest sympathy would naturally attend a statesman like Mr. Gladstone, hurled at the end of a splendid career from power, and balked of the grand achievement on which he had set his heart. But he has sought the object of his ambition, or if you will, of his philanthropy, by forbidden paths. He has thrown himself into the arms of the armed enemies of the realm, he has traduced his country and its Government before the whole world, and he has done his utmost to poison the heart of society by repeated and deliberate appeals to class hatred. No doubt he has the faculty of justifying all this to himself. His breaches of patriotic duty seem to him to be obedience to the dictates of a higher morality. I have not soared into those ethical altitudes, and I suspect that if I did, the atmosphere would be too rarified for me to breathe. There can be no true greatness without righteousness: this I heartily believe; but, the world being still what it is, I prefer to be in the hands of a statesman who retains a moderate preference for his country. GOLDWIN SMITH.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

It must have been with feelings of no small satisfaction that the Royalists beheld the drenching rain on the morning of the 14th. Retribution is at hand! But no! before the day closed the sun shone out brightly, and the night was all that could be desired. At an early hour the cannon boomed from various points of Paris, and continued at intervals till evening. The first event of interest was the review of the school battalions on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. A very pretty and amusing sight, these hundreds of lilliputian soldiers, intensely serious, and intensely brave; in uniforms of dark blue, with sailor caps, short guns, and knapsacks. This is the French army in embryo; look at it now in its full development.

No more picturesque spot could be found for a military review than Longchamp. On one hand the Bois de Boulogne, on the other, the Seine and villa-dotted heights; then to the west, in grim contemplation, the sombre fort of Mont-Valérien. The crowd of spectators was enormous, the enthusiasm boundless. This was really the *pièce de résistance* of the fête. The troops who have just returned from Tonquin were there, and were greeted naturally with the most passionate *vivas*. In tribunes overlooking the field sat the President of the Republic and the diplomatic corps. But the hero of the day was the new Minister of War, the General

Boulanger. He has completely gained the people. Shouts of *Vive Boulanger!* resounded through the air.

Instead of distributing the crosses and medals in the respective barracks, it had been decided that they should be given on the field. This is performed in a way much the same as they dubbed knights of old. The giver and the recipient stand face to face, then the former striking the latter on both shoulders with the flat of his sword, declares that in virtue of the power vested in him by the President of the Republic, he has the honour of bestowing such and such decoration.

As usual, every theatre in which a gratuitous *matinée* was given was besieged by thousands.

So much for the performances of the day; now come to the night. You can dream of nothing more fantastically beautiful than this illuminated Paris. A thousand of her grand buildings all outlined in light; and streets, boulevards, and squares, a dazzling blaze. But if you would penetrate to the very heart and meaning of this fête, you must not shrink from threading the narrow streets of the eastern part of the city. Here the modest Chinese lanterns and bits of tricolour have something intensely sincere about them. There is no incongruity that these dark corners should rejoice. The Bastille is no more. The "R. F." in coloured lights is no mockery here. In every available space an open-air ball was held. Each had its orchestra, comprising usually a flute, a fiddle, and a drum! But for such untiring, wild feet even these were unnecessary. The shooting-stalls, "game of dolls," which latter stand for nine-pins, and "knife-game," formed the minor attractions. Very frivolous all this seems to sedate British ears; but were a French and English national fête compared, I fear it would be not a little to the detriment of the latter. Oh, those dreadful public holidays of England! those crowded trains, crying children, tired women, and tipsy men!—excursions, when poor townfolk take long journeys to find in the end—"there is naught to see but wood and water!"

Last week was inaugurated the statue of Diderot on the Place St. Germain-des-Prés. Some French philosopher might have been expected to speak on this occasion, but, on the contrary, it was Doctor Büchner who had come expressly from Germany. The people's knowledge of great men is little greater to-day, seemingly, than in the time of Aristides. One of the crowd surrounding the statue of the philosopher was under the impression, according to a French journal, that one of the chief reasons for Diderot's now posing before him in bronze was, "that he had strangled the last priest *avec les boyaux du dernier roi*."

To add to his fame, the General Boulanger fought a duel, last Friday, with Monsieur de Lareinty. Neither was "touched." The cause of the rencontre was a discussion between these two gentlemen in the Senate, apropos of the letter addressed by the Duc d'Aumale to President Grévy, on the occasion of the former's expulsion from the army. General Boulanger decided that this letter was "insolent"! M. de Lareinty, a stanch Royalist, deeply resented such an epithet, calling it cowardly thus to attack an absent one. Whereupon the noble senators entered into anything but a dignified squabble. It was fortunate that so slight a cause had no more serious effect.

Paris, July 21st, 1886.

L. L.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANGRA-PEQUENA, which means in Portuguese "little bay," situated on the west coast of Africa, may be considered as the "first take" of Germany for her colonial expansion. Dr. Canolle has recently visited the region, and on the first French gun-boat that has so debarked since fifty years. He states the country was little known, save as a guano district, till Herr Luderitz, on the invitation of some German missionaries, founded there a commercial dépôt. It is a country absolutely desert, without water, and devoid of life.

The Bay of Angra is five miles long, but only navigable for half that distance. The supply of drinking water—never very great—is now less. To secure some, M. Luderitz has to send a distance of twenty miles into the interior; it takes oxen five days to accomplish the journey, and the cattle must remain without drinking till they return; when they arrive home, they become so furious to reach the wells that it is impossible to unyoke them. Luderitz finds it cheaper to import drinking water from the Cape, at a cost of 33 shillings a ton. It rarely rains at Angra, but the dews are heavy, and the fogs full of humidity.

As compared with the Gaboon, the climate is healthy. The region of the interior produces cattle, ostrich feathers, ivory, and skins, which the Germans purchase in exchange for common household European goods. No alcohol is sold to the natives. The latter resemble other Negroes, save