

medium in which the Celtic Church of Britain and Ireland was developed was an unorganized assemblage of wild and half-nomad clans. There was no political mould in which a regular Church government could be cast. There were no cities to form centres for episcopacy, to build cathedrals, to sustain by their wealth the pomp of ritual. Through the mist of unrecorded time we can just see the encroachments of a plundering and coshering chieftaincy on the Episcopate, and on the privileges and possessions of the Celtic Church. A missionary and monastic or semi-monastic form was the only one which the Church could well assume in her conflict with a weltering barbarism; and this would be naturally accompanied by an exaltation of the authority of the Abbot in his relations to the Bishop. The Round Towers of Ireland, in which the clergy with their sacred things might find a refuge when the country was swept by a clan raid, were as appropriate to the Celtic as the Basilica was to the Latin Church. Other posts of safety and vantage the Irish missionary, like the Tyrian vendor of less precious wares before him, found in little islands close to the coast, such as Iona and Holy Isle. If we were to describe the religion and Church of St. Patrick as those of the Celtic Clans we should be getting nearer to the root of the matter than some of the learned authors of ecclesiological dissertations.

The appearance in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet of a Southerner who served the Confederacy, both in arms and as a negotiator, marks the close of the war epoch and the complete advent of the restored Union. Those ashes at last have ceased to glow and are gathered into the historic urn. The other day they were vainly raked in the Senate by a discussion between two Senators of the question whether Jefferson Davis was a traitor. If, as has been alleged, Jefferson Davis, or any other Southerner, while holding office in the Federal Government used his official opportunities to prepare the ground for the revolt, he betrayed his trust, and deserved in that respect to be dubbed a traitor. But apart from this the controversy is idle. American secession is an event which stands by itself: it cannot be docketed as treason or rebellion and thrust into a historical pigeon-hole. The group of States which formed the Republic, while politically united was socially divided by slavery; the social division being fundamental in its character, and constantly increasing in strength and importance, prevailed over the political union and the two moieties fell apart. The immediate cause of the severance was a Presidential Election which showed that on the social question the balance had turned against the South, and made the Southerners feel that their social system with the property on which their wealth depended was in immediate peril. The war was neither exactly civil nor exactly international: it was a war for the restoration of the Union, and for the abolition of slavery, which had been the cause of the disruption, the determination to abolish slavery growing stronger as the conflict went on and the connection between slavery and secession was brought more forcibly home to the minds of the Northern people. The Southerners were never treated as rebels; all the rules and courtesies of regular belligerency were observed from the first, and in this respect the war was international. The source of disunion having been extinguished, the reconciliation is now complete, and the prophecies of those who predicted undying enmity between South and North, like the equally confident prophecy of military despotism as the certain offspring of civil war, have been totally belied by the event. The growth of manufactures and other industries which in some of the Southern States is now rapid, together with the general influences of the economical change, by assimilating Southern society to Northern will efface the last traces of the old quarrel. Yet the Negro remains and the Negro Problem. One crater of the volcano is closed, but it would be rash to say that the volcano is extinct.

A RUSSIAN lady writes that, when staying at an hotel at Palermo, she was astonished at the rejoicing among the wealthy English tourists in the house when it was reported in the newspapers that Gordon had been killed by the Arabs. It was explained to her that Gordon's death would greatly damage the Gladstone Government. The English tourists at Palermo, it is to be feared, were only giving unrestrained expression to the general feeling of their class and of the party to which their class belongs. Such, even in the breasts of the highly educated, is partisanship, which we are bidden to accept as the rule of public life and the permanent basis of government. The fury of faction at this moment in England is unexampled in modern times; it has broken through all the restraints of patriotism and made politicians on both sides willing, for the sake of overthrowing their hated rivals, to ally themselves with the avowed enemies of the realm. This is the most dangerous element of the situation; and there is no saying to what it may not lead; it has already dragged the country far on the road towards dismemberment, and almost laid her at the feet of Healy and Biggar. Personal accidents of more than one kind contribute to the

intensity of the plague. The leaders of the Conservative Opposition are such weak men that they cannot afford to wait as Peel or Canning would have waited till the country turns to them as its natural guides and chiefs; they must try to scramble into power by desperate tricks and unprincipled combinations. Nor have they the power, even if they had the will, to restrain the violence of their followers, and to come to an understanding with the Government, as Canning or Peel undoubtedly would have done, for exempting the Union or any other great interest of the State from the operations of party war. Sir Stafford Northcote is believed to have given some assurances of co-operation against Obstruction; but, if he has, he is evidently unable to redeem his pledge. Not less mischievous in their influence are the personal worship and hatred of Mr. Gladstone; the hatred partly the recoil from the worship. Enemies of the Prime Minister become political maniacs trampling down in their eagerness to drink his blood, not only the interests of the country, but those of their own party. In this respect Mr. Gladstone's continuance in office is a source of danger. This departure will relieve the situation of a great strain, and allow parties at all events to fall back more into their natural lines, and the tidal wave of their fury to subside to the normal level.

AMIDST all the faction, conspiracy and selfishness of which the House of Commons is the scene, and which present a spectacle afflicting to every British heart, there is at least one figure on which the patriotic eye can rest with pride and pleasure. The behaviour of Mr. Bright has been altogether worthy of one who if, not having held the highest official place, he cannot be called the greatest of British statesmen, may truly be called the greatest of British citizens. In accordance with his general principles, and as the logical consequence of his conviction that the Suez Canal was the only object of practical concern, and was in no danger, he retired from the ministry. But he has continued to give his late colleagues his silent support, and has never by word or deed betrayed any petty feeling of wounded ambition, or done anything to weaken the Government and embarrass it in the conduct of the war. A thorough man of the people, with a character formed by honest industry, he stands in striking contrast to the patrician selfishness of the Tory Chief. Nor is his conduct less politic than it is noble. It is the duty of a leading man, and one to whom the nation looks up for counsel, to oppose the entrance of the country into a war which he deems unnecessary or unjust. But war once declared, silence is the better part, at least till a fair opportunity for renewing pacific overtures occurs. Continued protests only inflame the war fever, and perhaps defeat their own end in another way by encouraging the enemy with hopes of division, and increasing his unwillingness to treat. Mr. Morley, we venture to think, does not serve the interests of peace by bringing forward at this juncture a motion for the abandonment of the war. It is a motion for surrender, to which a proud nation will never consent while the hope of victory remains; it irritates and intensifies the war passion; and at the same time it inflates the Mahdi and prevents him from giving way.

THE negotiations between England and Russia drag, it must be owned, somewhat ominously. It is pretty evident that the Russian commanders in Asia are restless and disposed to encroachment, as they always have been, and as British commanders and officials in India have always been in at least an equal degree. It was natural that this jealous activity on the Russian side should be stimulated by Lord Beaconsfield's invasion of Afghanistan. But diplomacy must be impotent indeed if it cannot prevent the peace between the two great powers from being broken by the restiveness of frontier commanders. A presentiment prevails that because England and Russia "drifted into war" thirty-one years ago after a long train of negotiations, they will in the same manner drift into war now. But the cases are quite different. The Governments did not really drift into the Crimean War, though that phrase was actually used by a member of the British Cabinet. They were drawn into it by the combined action of Lord Palmerston, the French Emperor and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then ambassador at Constantinople. Lord Palmerston was a Russophile, as he had shown by his fatal invasion of Afghanistan, and he wanted to oust the pacific Lord Aberdeen from the Premiership and to take his place. Louis Napoleon, who had set on foot the embroglio by his hypocritical championship of the Sacred Places, wanted a war and the British alliance for the purpose of gilding his usurpation and adding to the strength of his still tottering throne. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe wanted to take vengeance on the Czar for a personal affront, which, as a passage quoted by us the other day from the life of Sandwith proved, rankled deep in his breast, and overcame the restraints of diplomatic prudence in his conversation. That Palmerston was capable of any perfidy to his colleagues the Diary of Lord Malmesbury has put beyond a doubt. These three conspirators so worked together in London, in Paris,