

THE British Premier is heavily laden. Scarcely has he laid down the burden of the dispute with Russia when he has to take up that of Irish Disaffection and the Crimes Act. It is needless to say that repressive legislation ought to continue in force not a day longer than is necessary. As soon as the ordinary law will suffice to protect public order, life and property, there ought to be a return to the ordinary law. But will the ordinary law now suffice to protect public order, life and property in Ireland? Such apparently is not the opinion of the man on whom rests the special responsibility of Irish administration, and who, almost alone, looks at the question with a mind unclouded by partisanship or by personal ambition and solely in the interest of the State. Lord Spencer does not seem to think that the danger is over, or that the lives and property of loyal men can be yet with safety left at the mercy of the Parnellites. Moral civilization is the highest interest of Ireland as well as of every other community; and moral civilization is incompatible with a reign of midnight murder, terrorism and mutilation of cattle. The feeling elicited by the Prince's visit was sufficient to show that the respectable part of the people does not resent the continuance of legislative protection for social order, or desire the renewal of a murderous anarchy under the abused name of freedom. The only question is whether instead of being a special Act for Ireland, the Crimes Act might not be made an Act for the repression of special offences and extended to both islands alike. It is desirable as much as possible to treat Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom and to avoid the odium and scandal which attach to exceptional legislation. That part of the Crimes Act which restrains the excesses of the press, while it is the one of which the necessity is most to be lamented, is of all perhaps the most necessary. The delirious hatred of their British fellow-citizens which now possesses the lower classes of the Irish and threatens the country with rebellion and bloodshed is not spontaneous; it is the work of criminal journalism, instilling day by day the vitriol of its calumnies into the heart of ignorance. Freedom of opinion is precious: but inciting to murder and kindling civil war are not opinion; nor will liberty recognize as entitled to the shelter of her aegis every conspirator against the peace of society who can provide himself with a font of type. It is believed universally and no doubt with good ground that Mr. Chamberlain opposes himself in the Cabinet to the renewal of the Crimes Act. Sufferance is his badge till he shall have reached the goal of his uncontrollable desires, nor will any support given by the Parnellites to motions of censure on the Government of which he is a member or even on himself personally divert him from his courtship of the Irish Vote. The Parnellites will of course obstruct, and there is likely to be a renewal of the unseemly scuffles between them and the House. If the House instead of wrangling and suspending, would expel the first Parnellite who attempts to wreck legislation or tramples on the decencies of debate, the rest would be tired of the game. The belief that these men are shaking Westminster with their thunders and that Parliament dares not deal with them is the secret of their hold on the minds of the Irish people.

It appears that commotion is again brewing in France. Such is the impression of an acute and well-informed observer who writes to us from the spot, and says that symptoms meet his eyes of the same kind as those which he observed in 1869 and which heralded the downfall of the Empire. What will happen he does not profess to foresee; but he feels sure that things will not remain as they are. In the newspapers, in the scribblings on the walls and in the windows are seen manifestations of popular feeling such as betoken a coming crisis. Written on walls and windows are "The End of the Republic," and the names of the Bonapartist and Orleanist Pretenders, while the outbreaks of fury against M. Ferry, our correspondent says, are frantic in their violence. The party in power has no doubt repeated the old error of the Jacobins. It has precipitated the change of institutions without being able to produce a corresponding change in national ideas. In its attacks upon religion, especially, it has gone much too fast for its own ends. The women in France, particularly the peasant women, are still religious. Even the male peasant, though, as a rule, he is not religious, seldom goes to church, and, as a landowner deriving his title from the Revolution, has a vague antipathy to the priest as a natural partisan of the old *régime*, yet looks upon his parish priest as an essential element of the commune, and is hardly prepared to be left with no social guide or adviser but the gendarme. The creed of Science, which the new Jacobins wish to install by force in place of Catholicism, makes almost as little way among the masses as did the Theophilanthropy of their predecessors, and the demoniac blasphemies of their extreme satellites must be revolting to every mind in which a particle of reverence, or even of decency, remains. The instability of the party government, also, cannot fail to make a vast number of quiet citizens sigh for any settlement which

may seem likely to be permanent, and to promise security to society and industry. What, such people naturally ask themselves, can be worse for us than a government which is upset by a tornado twice a year? To a revolution, therefore, the desire for rest seems to be leading; and the restlessness points in the same direction. If France cannot disturb her neighbours, she must have disturbance at home. The First Napoleon gave her, after the troubles of the Revolution, what he called peace with glory; that is internal tranquillity compensated by filibustering aggression upon Europe. But glory is now not so readily attained. France is girdled round with strong and united nations, and the Second Napoleon found that he had fallen into an anachronism in checking his trunks for Berlin. The indispensable febrifuge has now to be sought in remote China, and even there is no longer gathered with ease. It can hardly be gathered with ease anywhere, if a single reverse to the French arms is sufficient to overturn the Government which is conducting the war. Napoleon the First, unlike M. Ferry, could lose a whole army without being ejected from power. The Republic, in a word, is in some danger, and appeals to the factions in the Assembly to suspend their strife, if they would save the commonwealth. When did a faction listen to such an appeal?

MARK PATTISON, the late Rector of Lincoln College, whose Memoirs are now on all tables, was an excellent writer in his line, a talker whose sayings were quoted, and a man of letters whose erudition, at once extensive and accurate, formed a high standard of acquirement and rebuked superficiality and looseness. The intellectual self-training of this man is a history replete with interest for the student. In his personal character as painted by himself there are features which make many of those who looked up to him as a man of letters glad to close the book. But his theological career forms a curious and characteristic episode in the history of opinion. Like almost all the active minds among the Oxford youth of his day, he was attracted by the Neocatholic and Romanticist reaction which there found a fascinating hierophant in the person of Newman. He went very far on the road to Rome, and it was said that he was prevented from taking the final step in company with his leader only by missing a train. He would have taken the next train had his mind been really made up; but his mind never was made up: to the end of his life he remained the most indecisive of mankind and the most unsatisfactory of all associates in action. When he had refused reconciliation with Rome, Agnosticism caught him on the rebound and he became bitterly hostile to religion. The *odium theologicum* in him, as in some others, was converted into an *odium anti-theologium*. He is always girding at the evil influence of religion, and the triumph of Christianity over Hellenic culture and civilization appears to him the saddest moment in history. This was the natural nemesis of his asceticism and superstition. A most painful passage in his Memoirs, and one which has inevitably called forth severe criticism, is his attack on the memory of Professor Conington, whose offence in his eyes was a return from rationalism to religion. It cannot be said that Agnosticism in Mark Pattison's case supplied the place of Christianity as a comforter under affliction, for his defeat when he was first a candidate for the Rectorship of Lincoln plunged him into a despondency into which no Christian would by mere loss of worldly preferment have been thrown. Though at a subsequent election he was successful, his grief and resentment at the first repulse knew no abatement, and he leaves behind him an account not less acrimonious than it is minute and prolix of a wretched college squabble, his own conduct in which, it must be added, was the scandal of the university at the time. Nor is it possible, on any ordinary principles of morality, to speak highly of an Agnostic and a hater of Christianity who could not only accept but struggle desperately to obtain an office which, like the Rectorship of Lincoln, was confined to clergymen, involved the performance of clerical duties and derived part of its emoluments from the great tithes of a living. Literature has in Mark Pattison a remarkable representative, but Agnosticism is hardly justified of her child.

THE brain is the palest of all the internal organs, and the heart the reddest. Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and colour of its birthplace.—*Holmes*.

EVERY river in West Africa has its "Devil's Island." The mouth of the Fatallah (Senegal), has one. It is entirely covered with brushwood, and the legend is, whoever puts foot on it will drop down dead. Neither native nor Christian would there disembark. Close by is a large rock, bare at low water. Passengers either pray or make the sign of the cross on passing it, as otherwise some Polyphemus would throw the stone at the ship and wreck her.