

4. There is no improbability, to say the least, in the supposition that when Mr. Parnell, terrified by the burst of public indignation which followed the Phoenix Park murders, for the first and last time denounced crime, the Invincibles may have taken offence, and that he may have had to satisfy them, which he could hardly do more adroitly than by addressing a letter to some intermediary whom he deemed safe, in such a form that the signature might be easily detached before the letter was placed in the hands of the Invincibles. The connection of the leaders of the party, perhaps through intermediate grades of criminality, with the Invincibles is a fact which, in face of the general evidence brought before us, it is impossible to doubt. Let Mr. Parnell point to a single genuine effort which he has made to put a stop to the crime which was being committed in the name and in the interest of his cause.

5. That the signature is not on the same page with the letter is a circumstance which naturally creates suspicion. This a forger would have foreseen, and he would have placed the signature on the same page with the letter.

6. Mr. Parnell's bare denial cannot be accepted as conclusive. We have already had proof that he does not shrink from falsehood when it is necessary for his cause. He did not hesitate when, for the purpose of his alliance with Mr. Gladstone, it became expedient to deny that he had proclaimed his intention of "breaking the last link which bound Ireland to England." Yet, on investigation, it was conclusively proved that he had used these words. He, in fact, made no attempt at rebuttal, and suffered judgment against his veracity to go by default.

7. Mr. Parnell's disclaimer in the House of Commons, though vehement, not to say vapouring, affords on one point a slight confirmation of the genuineness of the letter. The letter deplores the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, but intimates that Mr. Burke got no more than his due. In his disclaimer Mr. Parnell says that he would have stood between Lord Frederick Cavendish and the daggers; it is only as an afterthought and on recollection that he adds the name of Mr. Burke.

8. Mr. Parnell cannot imagine that the letter was actually fabricated by *The Times*. We should naturally expect him, therefore, in his interviews with reporters, if not in his Parliamentary disclaimer, to touch at least upon the question of the origin and history of the fraud. But he confines himself to a blank repudiation of the signature, and thus raises a slight suspicion of unwillingness to go more fully into the case.

However, judgment at present is premature. The New York press, of course, delivers judgment, with a vengeance, in favour of Mr. Parnell. But if Mr. Parnell were convicted of murder on the testimony of a hundred credible witnesses, the feelings of the Irish towards him, and the language of the New York press about him, would probably remain unchanged.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE TRUE MEANS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—On the fourth of this month a remarkable meeting appears to have been held in your progressive city. Benighted Montrealers only got its flavour in the press news. Perhaps Toronto is used to such assemblies. At this meeting—that of the Toronto Ministerial Association—it was resolved, "after a three hours' discussion," that the native tongue of Eastern Ontario should be forthwith denied to the large body of citizens who speak it; that the Government be called upon to institute an Alsace-Lorraine policy; and that this policy be extended to religion as well as speech and ideas. In terms to which Ontarians are better accustomed, "Resolutions were passed that the public schools be opened and closed with reading of the Scriptures and prayers; that the public school laws be enforced in every part of the Province; and that the English language be taught in all schools receiving a subsidy of public money, and in this connection calling the Minister of Education's attention to the fact that in certain schools in the eastern part of the Province teaching was carried on in the French language, and the text books used were those in use in the Catholic schools of the Province of Quebec."

Now, the first thought that occurs to your benighted Montrealer is, How would that work in Quebec? Here the telegram would read:

"Quebec, April 4.—The Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by the Grand Vicar, held a consistory this morning on the subject of education. Resolutions were passed that all public schools be opened and closed by reading the Little Catechism and reciting an Ave Maria; that uniform laws, passed in accordance with instructions from the Sacred Office, be enforced in every part of the Province; that the French language be taught in all such schools, and in this connection calling the Minister of Education's attention to the fact that in certain schools in Montreal, the Eastern Townships, and elsewhere, teaching was carried on in the English language, and the text books, etc."

Are there not clearly false principles in the position of any body which can assert itself thus on such subjects? The State may indeed have a right, where it is founded on democracy—government by the many—to require that each of the intellects which is to govern shall be equipped according to some one standard; but it is carrying the principle to an extreme to deny to an important section its language, and to interfere, as Bible reading does, with its religious views. Were that done to us in the Province of Quebec, it would be seen in a different light.

The point of my complaint, however, is not that the Toronto Ministerial Association should do nothing. It is true that a great organisation—an organisation *ad hereticos exterminandos*—is invading Ontario on the east, and north, and west.

The *Mail* is broadly right—wrong only in part of its way of putting

things; we who live in Quebec know that. And it is correct for lay Saxons to protect themselves in blunt Saxon ways; for the Mowat Ministry, for instance, but not for the Ministerial Association. The right way for the latter is to eschew the secular arm and convert these people; to declare war not against the accents of Gaul, but darkness and error; not to side with intolerance, but to go and preach tolerance where it is wanted; to be apostles as of old, not whiners; to go out to their French-Canadian brother whose needs cry to the Lord against them, instead of standing off and touching him with not so much as the tip of their fingers. In this duty the Ministerial Association will find enough to pass resolutions about.

Montreal.

W. D. L.

PALINODE.

As is the soul of thy sire, so is thine, O Aphrodite!

Faithless, a terror to men; and thy breast, when it seems most fair,
Is but the veil of a heart that has neither grace nor pity,
But is filled with memories dark of foolish men's despair.

Thou smilest just as he smiles, the cruel, insatiate Ocean,
When the gently whispering zephyr caresses his waving crest;
And thy accents are tender like his, when his lips, with tremulous motion,
Kiss softly the golden hem of some island's emerald vest.

But false are the lips of the sire, and false still are the daughter's—

Lips that crave and devour only to crave again.
Oh! wise was he who said, Aphrodite, that many waters
Were vain to quench thy fires that scorch the souls of men.

Why, O ruthless one, hast thou thus been dowered with beauty?

Cruel, how canst thou feign the face of an innocent child?
Say, was it Heaven or Hell that set thee thy awful duty?
Nay: Heaven and Hell, like Earth, by thine arts have been beguiled.

So, in a day long past, in the pride of my vaunted reason,
Knowing not that which I dared, like a hind in a lion's path,
With foolish tongue I uttered the words of despite and treason,
With strength that was all untried, defying the great queen's wrath.

But little bootied my taunts, for the goddess made no answer,
Save to smile more sweetly with fatal lips and eyes,
Till over my heart and limbs crept the spell of the arch-entrancer,
And I lay, like a captive bound, without the power to rise.

Vainly I tried to escape, and strove to break my fetters,
While my heart throbbed wildly, as beats a bird the bars of its cage.
Ah me! Love's triumph then with me, as with my betters,
Was the end of the war unequal I rashly dared to wage.

When I essayed again to raise my voice in anger,
My lips refused to utter a word that would do Love wrong;
And, as I lay subdued in a sweet, delicious languor,
I know not if it was I or another who sang this song:—

"Adorable Aphrodite! Bountiful Aphrodite!
The joy of the living world, the mother of all things fair,
Worshipped to-day as of old in many a Grecian city,
Where myriad shapes of beauty shone in the scented air;

"O golden Aphrodite, bestower of joyous hours,
Reigning in field and forest and the depths of the dark-blue sea,
Peopling the sky with stars, decking the earth with flowers,
Giving to all that is the pledge of what is to be;

"O potent Aphrodite! thus wide is the realm thou rulest;
And vain and rash are those who thy will would disobey.
But though the hard and proud with lessons stern thou schoolest,
Thou art mild as thy gentle doves to those who own thy sway."

Thus did my softened heart burst forth into joyous praises,
Priding itself on the chains which for Love's dear sake it wore:
O subtle Aphrodite! thou takest a thousand phases,
But in the guise of that sweet time thou comest back no more.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

THE FRENCH.

—A GREAT people; loyal in their depths,
But tossed upon the face with many a flaw;
Strong with the strength and peril of a storm;
Swift to be thrown, yet swifter to rebound;
Most hard to bridle, but when managed well
Able for any enterprise; bedecked
With every outward charm and subtle grace,
Nor wanting that fine polish which can stand
On sterling metal only; yet most prone,
From very nimbleness of sense and thought
To dire excess.

—Alfred Hayes.