the man, calling himself civilized, who tramples it under foot is of all barbarians the worst; in the second place, that the difference in culture between the Jingo and the Afghan is not greater than between highly-educated members of any community and those who have not enjoyed the same advantages; in the third place, that you cannot do an act of wrong without depraving your own nature, and that it is in this way that retribution comes, and is now coming on the wrong-doer.

--Lord Derby, with his Lancashire influence, joins the Liberals amidst a storm of abuse from the ranks which he leaves, the *Times* now thoroughly Tory and Ministerialist, leading the hiss. It is alleged that the policy against which he is turning is his own. It is and it is not. He is a cold-blooded statesman and seceded not on the ground of morality or generosity, but of prudence: the massacres of Bulgarians and Cretans, the iniquities of Turkish rule, the cry of young nationalities struggling for freedom never touched his heart so long as he thought the course of the Government safe. But when he found himself being drawn into schemes for seizing Syria, or assuming the Protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, his discretion took alarm at once on his own account and on that of the country. He is a typical aristocrat and plutocrat, who thoroughly understands the real interests of his order, and knows that violent and demagogic courses, whether at home or abroad, must lead ultimately to revolution. He will carry with him in the coming contest a good many minds like his own. It is difficult to see how, if he thinks that the Jingo policy is bringing the country into mortal peril, he can do otherwise than oppose it, in common with others who think the same. A public man who wields great influence could hardly stand neutral in a struggle by which the fate of England may be determined. Lord Derby has not assailed his late colleagues, while one of them has called him Titus Oates, and Jingoism has emptied upon him