

attention to State matters, and in some cases the Democrats have made no party nominations at all, as for example, in Mississippi. In the North, there never was such a political chaos. The wire-pullers of last November have lost all control over the puppets. The old managers of the Republican party are estranged from its leaders and at open war with them. The Southern Policy, Civil Service Reform, Specie Payment Resumption—'all these things are against them.' The Democrats, especially in the State of New York, are also divided. The anti-Tildenites, or good old party of corruption, look back with regret to the halcyon days of the 'rings,' and are in overt rebellion. Then again, the Grange, Anti-Liquor, Labour, Free Trade, Greenback, and other parties, serve to make confusion worse confounded. It was stated the other day that there were fifteen State tickets in New Jersey, and five or six in Pennsylvania. All these things indicate that our neighbors are passing through a stage of transition, the issue of which is hidden from human view. That they have national vigour enough to carry them safely, every one must hope, and no one acquainted with their past can for a moment doubt.

Were it not for the absorbing interest of the Eastern War, the state of affairs in France would cause serious concern in Europe. Yet so incapable, apparently, is the human mind of taking in more than one engrossing theme, that even if France were in the throes of a new Revolution, as she may be before another moon has waxed and waned, it would scarcely divert public attention from Bulgaria. Step by step the usurping Government of May has pursued the fatal path of coercion and terrorism. The press has been muzzled, freedom of speech destroyed, the *préfets* changed where they were not furiously devoted to the Ministry, and a system of espionage and repression set on foot all over the land, from Calais to the Pyrenees. Never since 1789, save during the Terror, has so tyrannical a régime lorded it over France. Bad as the old Bourbons were, grinding as the Second Empire proved, neither of them was quite so vile as the iron rule of President McMahon. M. Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, is an Imperialist, but

he has improved upon the teachings of his school, and all that prevents a bloody resistance and a pitiless revenge is the longing for peace and a settled Government. To the moderation of the Republican party, which is now, for the first time, the vast majority of the nation, and to the wise counsels of M. Gambetta alone, are the national tranquillity and long-suffering due. Their moderation is now known of all men and cannot fail to approve itself to France. No outrage upon popular freedom has yet succeeded in its purpose of exciting them to violence in word or deed. M. Gambetta, the Republicans of the Senate, and the candidates for the Chamber, have all issued addresses to the nation, and perhaps the strongest in language is the last, which seems mild enough. It thus concludes: 'Your duty will increase with the audacity of those who presume to impose themselves on France; you cannot become the instruments of clericalism; the Republic must have Republican functionaries, and the country expects order, peace, and stability through the Republic.' For the publication of a speech he delivered in a private room at Lille, M. Gambetta has been prosecuted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2000f. Perhaps no more fatuous blunder could have been perpetrated than this. The words especially objected to as insulting to the Marshal and therefore—a *non sequitur*—threatening to his person, were these—'*Il faudra ou se soumettre ou se démettre*'—either submit to the popular will or resign. M. Gambetta's appeal has been dismissed, but we presume he has further legal means of delay in his power. But as if this infamous perversion of justice were not enough, M. Fourtou reaches 'the climax of repression,' by issuing an order that all electoral addresses 'shall be carefully read, in order to prevent outrages against the President, violent menaces, or falsehood.' Such are the measures of a Government which was to preserve France from anarchy and the turbulence of Radical rule: and yet we blush to say that the Ultramontane press of Quebec, without exception, and yet happily alone amongst the host of journals published on British soil, applauds the usurpers and exults at the forging of each new chain which is bound about the quivering limbs of Gallic freedom.