

the French out of his hinterlands. He feels himself strong enough to discard his treaty obligations, and so comes up to the level of a European power. Evidently the French must suppress him at all costs, or secure his friendship by augmenting the 20,000 frs. annually allowed him as diplomatic backshish.

Following Deputy Mahy, who really is "one who knows," the situation of the French in Madagascar, is anything but smiling; for them "the heavens are hung in black" there. For the deputy, the American and English Protestant missionaries are the great source of all the troubles. He has no objection to the Catholic missions, however. In the Congo region, M. de Brazza seems to be most occupied in the steeplechase for Lake Tchad. In Tonquin, every mail brings details, more or less important, of collisions with pirates. M. Saint-Genest is a well-known roundabout correspondent; he is now in Algeria, and writes respecting the pretty region of Biskra; but his observations apply to the whole of Algeria. Fifteen years ago he first visited Algeria, when the agitation for a civil governor was at its height. The change was made, and since then matters have become worse.

At present the cry is for someone who can govern, whether a soldier or a civilian. The colonist wants to devour the Arab, and the Arab naturally resists. All the reforms for Algeria, it appears, are only on paper. The attempt to win the Mussulmans by education and assimilation has only damaged the French. Arabs and Kabyles more than ever detest the conquerors. The Arab is an idler, a voluptuary, a believer and a thief; he prays every hour and in every place, but he also robs always and everywhere. The writer apologizes that he cannot give full expression to his facts; the Mahometan world is wakening up, is growing and showing its teeth, especially in Kabylia, the most Frenchified part of Algeria; it reads the journals daily; has plenty of arms secretly hid, and will not wait, as in 1871, for a year to elapse before breaking into insurrection, should France be engaged in war. This cannot be palatable reading for the French, but it corroborates the foresight of Gambetta, almost his dying words: "Never allow the Turks to enter Egypt, if you do not wish to set Algeria on fire." And the French urge the Sultan to claim his Nile realm while the Giaour is accomplishing what the Padichâh could not—making Egypt "great, glorious and free."

We now know what "Ravacholism" is: it is *fin de siècle* anarchy. The founder of it, happily for society, is under bolts and bars, with three gaolers for cell companions, whom he is free to convert to his creed, as a variation in his pastimes of card-playing and book-reading. And that credo? "The perfect Anarchist must not beg—that lacks dignity; he must not work—that would enrich the employer and keep society a going concern; but, as he requires food, if he has no money, he must rob it, and if the owners resist, murder them." Ravachol fully acted up to his faith. He killed, he confesses, three fellow-creatures; and the money he took from his victims constituted his capital to make those explosives and infernal machines to demolish dwelling-places and slaughter unoffending inmates. Extirpation is the only answer to be given to the Ravacholists; philanthropy would be a madness to take them up, and the extension of even strained mercy to them a crime. One can now comprehend how the early Popes were right when they excommunicated Origen for praying for the conversion of the devil.

It only remains to hurry forward the trial of Ravachol and his dupes so as to hurry him out of the world. The new law, sending dynamitards to the guillotine, will compel such tragic reformers of society to consider their ways and be wise. It is a pity the law just voted does not empower the police to arrest the spouters of anarchy and lodge them for a time in one of those sinister tiny villas in the park of Salpêtrerie, and to practise a kind of perpetual motion on them with the douche hose. The waiter to whose acumen is due the arrest of Ravachol, and so, superior to the entire detective force, is being covered with honours and rewards. He has received, as he well merited, the Legion of Honour; he is the lion of the day, is the subject of song, and is in course of being made the same for story. Shêrot has his niche in that temple of fame, the Wax Work Gallery. He intends in time to return to Tunisia, where he has been a Zouave, and to plant a vineyard with the proceeds of the donations made him. His fiancée insists on his leaving Paris at once. Beyond doubt, his discovery of Guy Fawkes has prevented at least two more explosions and their miseries.

The brilliant weather will soon make Parisians forget Anarchists, church rowings, influenza and "Psittacid consumption"—the latter is the name given to the new tuberculosis malady introduced here by parrots from Brazil and Senegal. The hippodrome has opened, and this is now viewed as a surer harbinger of spring than the "old chestnut" of 18th March reputation or the almanac date of the 21st of the same month. Crowds went to the first representation as a kind of hygienic duty, but the programme had nothing sensational save the inevitable winding up act of la belle alliance between the French and Russian peasantry. The latter had all the appearance of being a well-fed and happy people. But this was inferior, in point of amusement, to the lump of "Russian delight" given at an opposition circus, where a bear drinks a stirrup cup like a man, and rides a horse as if a heavy weight round the arena.

The latest "cure" for cancer is a "league" for its suppression. Professor Duplay, in accepting the presidency, remarked that for thirty years, while the disease

has been making rapid progress, no progress has been made towards its extirpation. Mental anxiety, worry, in a word, is considered by many medical celebrities to be a predisposing cause of the disease. There are cancerous, as there are phthisical and lunatic, families, and if the league aims to discourage marriages where one of the fiancés exhibits the symptoms of the incurable disease, the prevention would be a social gain. Only love, laughs at locksmiths and hereditary diseases.

The chief mammoth soft goods shop of Paris gives 14,000 frs. a year to its head cook, who is also house-steward. This is double the salary of a French bishop or a general. Few of these monster shops, if they do not positively own, "control" some of the daily newspapers. The *Patrie* has just become the property of the proprietor of a leading *magasin*. Few journals in France but are farmed by, if not the property of, financiers.

Rocheport divided French functionaries into three classes: those who work, those who do something and those who do nothing at all. He, when a clerk in the Hôtel de Ville, admitted he belonged to the second category, as he only read novels from nine till three o'clock, when he varied this occupation by going out for a stroll. He always left a hat on his desk to suggest his presence, just as maiden ladies who live alone in Paris keep a couple of men's hats hung up in the entrance hall to suggest caution to questionable callers. When Rocheport arrived late at his office he left a hat and umbrella with the office porter, then borrowed a pen, placed it between his lips and walked with a business step to his chair.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

IT is difficult to say when the Liberal party began. It is true that Victor Hugo traces all measures for the general benefit of man to the French Revolution; but it is a question whether we should attribute his views to excessive patriotism, or to a general contempt for history as related by others than himself. There were certainly traces of Liberalism before that; indeed, if we read history right, it is doubtful if there was a period without them. There is even ground for the view that it is as old as our first parents. Eve certainly showed signs of a discontent which may or may not have been divine, and Adam might stand for the Tory prototype, at first protesting, then complaisantly following Eve's example.

This may be going a little too far back. If we come down to Moses we get on pretty safe ground. He was the type of the Liberal leader. He found the children of Israel wholly steeped in Toryism. They wore their fetters with ease, not to say unconsciousness, and they gave their services to a boss, accepting the flesh pots of Egypt in return as a suitable equivalent. Even when they got liberty they did not know what to do with it, but required forty years' drill in the desert to awaken their spirit and make them fit for anything. The Prophets were obviously radicals; indeed, some of their indictments of existing institutions were most intemperate. But this has been sufficiently recognized; among other things, the resemblance of a certain Liberal light to Jeremiah having been fully and frequently established.

Turning to profane history, we naturally look to the Aryans for the beginnings of later tendencies. There was a time when the Aryan population had so expanded that the land was unable to support them. What happened? They did not begin to eat each other, or adopt any plan of mutual subjection; but the party of progress took the manly and enterprising course and migrated to Europe. That their descendants have made some stir in the world must be admitted; but who knows anything of the stay-at-homes?

As history proceeds, the influence of Liberalism is more marked. Again and again was the attempt made to gather all power into the hands of a few and let the many feebly struggle on or fail entirely in the strife. It is appalling, when we look back on it, to consider what a large proportion of the world were, at certain periods, slaves. But tyranny has this characteristic, that, if its victims can bear a hundred turns of the screw, it will give them a hundred and one. Tribunes of the people are not necessarily heaven sent; they are often forced into existence. The story has been repeated time and again, with only the name changed. Solon, the Gracchi, Wat Tyler, Hampden, Mazzini are but a few of those whom the sufferings of a people made leaders. We, the readers of history, take our stand by them; we sympathize with the sorrows of many of their lives; we rejoice in their victories; we wonder, if any one of them had not come, what the world would have done without him. If we ever picture ourselves as living in the past, it is not in the gilded chariot of a tyrant; but, in our enthusiasm, we see ourselves mixed up with half-clad mobs, plebeians and agrarian rioters. In the present day we gladly pay the price of a seat in a Pullman, so we have at least a first-class car between them and ourselves.

But, is it not a little curious how we shed tears over history, and look with calm indifference on the wrongs of living men? Take an example. A year or two ago nearly all the pearl buttons used in the United States were made in Austria; it was the sole industry of thousands of not very prosperous workmen, who probably spent each day what they made that day, and had little or nothing as reserve between them and starvation. When the McKinley Bill was in progress, some persons thought they saw an opportunity in pearl buttons and took measures to shut off

the Austrian competition. Congress did not prohibit the importation, at least they did not say "it is forbidden"; but they put on an import tax amounting to about 1,400 per cent., and said it was meant to encourage home industry. Now there are accounts of great distress in Austria. But the Americans are not sorry; they say it is foolish to confuse business with sentiment: there are plenty of dead people with wrongs and Russian criminals to be sorry for. Their children can weep for the Austrians.

It is said, of course, that we have nothing as bad as that, which is very true; but the question is one of kind, not of degree. The function of Government, so far as money is concerned, is to tax the people and expend the money economically. It is a distinct usurpation to pass any laws with the avowed object of making one man or class of men more or less wealthy than they would otherwise have been. It does not even justify the practice to say that the condition of all is improved; for, with any interference, the proportion of profit must be changed. What right has Government to pass laws which alter a man's income by a single dollar? It may be said that the right is established by a vote of the majority, but even the rights of majorities have their limit. No majority can annul the Ten Commandments, or alter eternal laws. The transfer of money by law from man to man can be justified only on the ground of legalizing robbery. The whole theory of protection is wrong, not because protection is contrary to the law of the land, but because it is *per se* immoral.

Another evil of the day is Nationalism. A very little thought will show that nations are accidents due to the defective civilization of earlier ages. Then as now there was constant migration; but there was little subsequent intercourse. After a certain separation people acquired accents, which developed into dialects, which very soon became new languages. With each new language came a new nation. Had it been possible to maintain regular communication with home, by means of letters or books or rapid travel, it seems probable that such a thing as a nation would never have existed. Nations, then, are not of divine origin, or bound up with the stability of the universe, but rather mistakes due to our imperfect natures. However, an error has always ten votaries, where a truth has one; and, no matter what their origin, nations must now be sacredly preserved. Christianity and education and travel have been a serious menace to their existence, but a means has been found in the customs tariff to support them for a time with a fictitious vigour. So we open our newspaper to find the Americans grumbling at "British duplicity," and the *Saturday* complaining of American "impertinence." Blaine blows his penny trumpet in Washington, and Tupper answers with a counter toot in London. People say they do not want war; but even war would be preferable to the international scratching and back-biting we now indulge in. Even diplomacy bears the flavour of five o'clock tea.

There are other questions that will soon require settlement. We shall soon have to decide how far it is right for large dealers to crush out small; whether trusts are conspiracies against individual rights or not. Say we have nine cotton mills, with equal capital; it seems possible, theoretically at least, for five to crush out four, and of the remainder three may crush out two, and so on till one or two command the market, that is, our pockets. This is a question that must be dealt with in a year or two, and it is question with which the Conservative party, according to the terms of their contract, are not in a position to deal. Then there is the question of labour and capital which has assumed a new phase of late, in the recognition by labour of the value of capital, but in assailing the manner in which it is held and administered. The object now is to abolish, not capital, but capitalists, and make the state a great joint stock company in which each citizen is to be a sharer. Essentially this is the same thing as dividing capital up at so much *per capita*; but it is a much more specious presentation of the scheme. The real question is whether the sole motive for thrift and industry is to be removed. This is becoming more and more a living issue and will soon be one of the most serious of the day. Lastly, there is the matter of sound and economical government, which we have always with us.

All these are questions which demand an independent and intelligent treatment. They will leave no time for the squaring of election debts, which now seems to be the end and aim of all legislation. The Conservative policy is to keep people quiet with sops—tariffs, national policies, and the like; they have never endured banishment rather than sacrifice a principle. The Liberals at least profess something better; they claim principle as their peculiar property, and are ready to make any sacrifice rather than abandon it. It must be confessed that, judged by their own standard, their performance is pretty poor; their policy has been simply one of experiment, not justified by right or reason or use. Their election methods are quite as bad as those of their adversaries; they have alienated the educated classes, which naturally belong to them, and they have got near enough to the criminal classes in Quebec to share their taint. It is a mystery that the bye-elections are all against them, and that the people should prefer a Government, which, though grounded on pure selfishness, at least appears to know what it is about? One thing is certain, the country cannot spare its Opposition. In the present state of public opinion no party can have the run of the pasture; they must be tethered in some way. The Liberals have performed a tedious and thankless service in this respect; if they abdicate now, others must be