

of great eminence, who said in plain terms that it was one thing to slaughter negroes, and another to slaughter Englishmen. It was replied that between slaughtering negroes and slaughtering people of any other race, reputed inferior, in the interest of a higher race, or even slaughtering the inferior members of the English race itself in the interest of those who might deem themselves the higher members, no distinct line could be drawn; and that a governing class, alarmed by threatenings of social revolution, might some day claim for itself in England the same license which the whites, in their cruel panic, had claimed for themselves in Jamaica. If there is any one who finds it difficult to regard such a possibility as real, a repudiation of the very able treatise entitled 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' will assist his apprehension. That work embodies, in language of manly vigour, a frank repudiation of the Christian, and once English, doctrine of human brotherhood and brotherly love, with which, on the hypothesis of mere evolution and natural selection, it would not be easy to find fault.

The same eminent writer, the other day, in a letter on the subject of the Afghan war, took up with equal courage the position that, in dealing with the weaker and less civilized communities, the rule was to be, not 'international law,' that is, in effect, the recognised principles of equity, but the 'policy' of England. Policy means interest and passion, which are thus apparently set loose from every restraint but the fear of superior force. It is now averred by the prime minister of England that the real object of the war was a 'scientific frontier,' and that Afghanistan was invaded, the villages burned, and the people killed in execution of that 'policy.'

In the letters of British officers from South Africa, the phrase 'our coloured brethren' is used to add zest to slaughter. In an English illustrated journal of the highest class there is a picture, in compartments, of incidents in the Zulu war. In one compartment a tall Zulu in chains is being ignominiously led captive by a diminutive British drummer-boy. This perhaps is mere brag. Not so the representation in another compartment of 'Jack's captive,' a Zulu prisoner with a halter, the end of which is held by a jolly tar, around his neck, crouch-

ing in an agony of fear beneath a gallows on which he is evidently going to be hanged, while a bystander, apparently an officer with a pipe in his mouth and a jaunty air, stares at the doomed wretch with a look of mockery. Still less doubt can there be about the animus of a third sketch, entitled 'Something to Hold By,' in which two more jolly tars are holding down by the feet and ears a Zulu whom they have caught hiding in the reeds, while an officer in the attitude of a man searching for game is coming up with a drawn sword. In a corresponding picture of the Afghan war, we see in one compartment a prisoner being flogged; in another, one being hanged; in a third, three prisoners, with the hands of all lashed to a pole behind them, are being shot in the back, and in their death agony, struggling different ways, they present a grotesque medley of attitudes which forms the fun of the sketch. It may pretty safely be said that these pictures, in which the inferior races are treated simply and literally as game for the British hunter, would not have been produced for the amusement of Englishmen and Englishwomen, fifty or even thirty years ago, and that their appearance now denotes a change in the mind of the nation.

There have been protests and resistance, no doubt, but almost exclusively from religious quarters: from the free churches, which alone are organs of religious morality, the state church taking its morality from the state; from a portion of the ritualists, who are now so much at variance with the establishment as to be nearly a free church; and from that section of the Comtists which is avowedly and almost enthusiastically religious, though it prefers the name of Humanity to that of God.

We might refer also, in illustration of the general tendency, to the exultation (hideous it seemed to those who could not share it) in the frightful butcheries during and after the suppression of the Indian mutiny. It is not of mere unmercifulness or panic fury that we speak, but of the new principle upon which the massacres were vindicated, and which could be clearly enough distinguished from the ordinary violence of passion.

It is not necessary to take a special view, or any view at all, of the Eastern Question, in order to perceive the moral significance of the often-quoted passage in the dispatch of Sir Henry Eliot, the