

probably he is committed past recall to Mr. Parnell. Between Mr. Parnell and Lord Hartington a junction, we are confident, is impossible. The end can hardly fail to be a junction of the Hartingtonians with the Conservatives, out of which will issue a Liberal-Conservative Government, appealing not to the Carlton but to all who wish to avert dismemberment, the dissolution of the Empire, and socialistic revolution.

THE Irish rising against the Union has been sometimes compared by its abettors to the rising under Garibaldi for the assertion of Italian independence. The compliment is a little maladroit, inasmuch as the champions of Italian independence had to encounter an army of Irish arrayed against them in the service of the Pope. But did Garibaldi and his followers ever set fire to the thatch of a house in which five men were sleeping, as the Irish patriots have just done? Did they murder men before the faces of their wives and families, shoot and maim old men in cold blood, kill women, or cruelly persecute them for trying to protect their parents against assassins who swarm out to hoot a widow as she returned from seeing her murdered husband's corpse, refuse medical aid to a woman in travail, milk to a sick child, a coffin to a murdered peasant, a lodging to a woman in the town where her husband's body was lying? A little boy was summoned as a witness in court, and answered the questions put to him. For this his parents shut the door in his face, and he was compelled to take refuge with the victims of the crime, under the protection of the police. "Crimes of this sort," says an English journal, "are not ordinary crimes; they show that in some parts of Ireland there is a regrowth of the most barbaric passions." And can any one believe that the mere withdrawal of the only power by which those passions are repressed will make these people highly civilised, self-controlled, and law-abiding?

THE air of Ireland, at least of Celtic Ireland, appears to be fatal to the common sense of every one who breathes it. General Redvers Buller was sent over, as a military man, to manage the constabulary and police, but instead of confining himself to his own functions he undertook to perform those of the legislature or a court of law by regulating rents. He thus drew upon himself rebukes, and now, in accordance with the sense of duty which seems generally to animate public servants in these days, he gives the Government all the trouble that he can. He will probably give not a little. His evidence cannot be worth much if he says in the same breath that it is impossible to collect rents, and that there is no law except for the rich. But whatever may be its value, it relates to the agrarian question alone; and the agrarian question has nothing to do with the political question, though the political agitators do their best to prevent a settlement of the agrarian question, because they know that unless the fire of discontent were thus kept burning, steam for the political agitation would fail. Ireland, like England, has been struck by agricultural depression. In both countries a great reduction of rents has become necessary, and in England it is being effected without shooting men before the faces of their wives and families, committing outrages on women, or cutting off the udders of cows. There is also serious congestion in certain districts of Ireland, though priest and political agitator alike persistently oppose its relief by emigration. But agrarian maladies, whatever they may be, will not be cured by any political revolution. They will only be aggravated by lawlessness which, besides breaking up society, is fatally injuring both production and commerce, and which it was the business of General Redvers Buller, if he would only have minded his business, to keep down. If further agrarian legislation was necessary, it was the business of Parliament, not that of the temporary chief of the police. That the number of nominal evictions is very small, and that of real removals still smaller, compared with the total number of holdings in Ireland, has just been proved by statistics, the accuracy of which is not impugned. The constabulary themselves, who are a most respectable and intelligent class of men, would hardly be so staunch as they are in enforcing the law, if they believed themselves to be the ministers of organised injustice.

THE banquet of the Irish Protestant Society, which was held last week, turns our attention to a fact of which sight ought never to be lost, and in presence of which a crowd of malignant fictions must disappear. The North of Ireland is not more favoured, but rather less favoured, by Nature than the rest of the island. The laws, the institutions, the conditions of the Union with Great Britain are precisely the same there that they are in the Celtic and Catholic Provinces. Yet the North of Ireland, so far at least as it is Protestant, is prosperous, peaceful, contented, and loyal to the Union. The inevitable inference is that the source of evil and disturbance in the Celtic and Catholic Provinces lies not in laws, institutions, or the Union. It would be impossible for science itself to devise a more con-

clusive demonstration, nor has an attempt, so far as we know, to meet the argument ever been made. Mr. Gladstone is evidently disquieted by the loyalty of the Irish Protestants, and is appealing to them to show themselves worthy of the glorious heritage bequeathed to them, as he thinks, by Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen. Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen were no more Protestants than they were Roman Catholics: they held in religion as well as in politics the creed of the French Revolution, with the Jacobin chiefs of which they were allied. Mr. Gladstone not only picks up Irish history, but makes it as he goes along.

A TRIANGULAR duel is being waged by Canon Liddon, Professor Huxley, and the Duke of Argyll about "the laws of Nature." The Canon, in a sermon, spoke of laws as powers, with an objective existence, he being, perhaps, a little under the influence of the Realism of the Middle Ages. Professor Huxley took him to task, and maintained, truly, no doubt, that what we call laws are not powers, but generalisations from observed facts, having their existence only in the mind of the generaliser and observer. The Duke rushes to the rescue of the Canon, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which, we confess, the copiousness of the language seems to us to bear a full proportion to the number and importance of the ideas. A little reflection will satisfy any one that Professor Huxley is in the right. But then what becomes of the majesty of the laws of Nature, and of the proposal to embrace reverence for them as a substitute for religion?

DR. RUSSEL WALLACE's second lecture at University College was more interesting to the bulk of his audience than the first. But the two together were an excellent presentation of the Darwin-Wallace theory. They were not the less so, if some of the audience heard them with a suspicion that the question was not yet perfectly settled, and that there was still a difficulty in the enormous tract of time postulated by a theory which accounts for everything by the improvement of accidental variations. As we have said before, this difficulty seems to be forcibly brought before us in the case of a bird which builds a nest in anticipation of laying an egg. The bird, we are told, remembers the nest in which it was itself brought up, and imitates it. But what is the genesis of memory and of the tendency to imitation?

IT is an age of strikes. While the tenants are in arms against the landlords, and the workmen against their employers, the authors are in arms against the publishers, who, they say, deprive them of their just gains. There are, no doubt, grasping and dishonest publishers, as there are grasping and dishonest men in every line of business. But we cannot help thinking that there is some exaggeration in the complaints of the authors. Publishers do not seem, as a class, to make inordinate fortunes, while large sums are made by some authors. An eminent publisher provides his authors not only with paper and print but with a constituency. What is most needed, as it seems to us, is that the book trade should conform to the ordinary rules of commerce, and that books in general should be printed in a cheaper form.

WE receive proofs that the Christian Socialists are still actively at work. For their philanthropic efforts we have the highest respect. The much decried Stoecker, for example, and the other Christian Socialists of Germany, who are struggling to save the German peasant and artisan from the grip of the Jewish usurer, are doing in their way a needful work. But we doubt whether Christianity gains much by borrowing the title of Socialism. Between the Christian and the Socialist method, there seems to us to be a fundamental opposition. Christianity begins reform from within, Socialism from without. Christianity teaches you that happiness is not to be attained without self-improvement; Socialism leads you to hope that it can be gained by altering your social environment. We never see in Socialist writings exhortations to self-culture and self-control, any more than we see in labour journals exhortations to honest work, prudence, and thrift. It is assumed that the existing structure of society alone stands in the way of universal bliss, and that if it can only be torn down all will be well. But Christianity can assume nothing of the kind. To the visions of confiscation which are the real attractions of Socialism, in the case of nine-tenths of its adherents, Christianity can lend no sanction, though it inculcates, as nothing else ever did, the duty of the rich towards the poor. An indefinite antipathy to political economy is the only bond between Christian Socialism and Socialism proper. We cannot be surprised if the Christian Socialists do not make much way.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is leaving Toronto for the South to recruit his health, which, we regret to say, has been failing for some time past.