

island 1,100 miles away from Denmark ; Mr. Dicey with justice laughs at such a parallel. That it should have been adduced and relied on by Mr. Gladstone's Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is, however, not a matter for laughter, but a very serious indication of the sort of treatment which a question affecting the very life of the nation has received.

Professor Dicey's treatment of the subject is, to use his own phrase, academic, and there is no better specimen of that method or greater proof of its utility. But he is aware that the form in which Home Rule presented itself, and in which the defenders of the integrity of the nation practically had to deal with it, was no more academic than the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry Bay. A political leader having failed to obtain in an election the majority which was required to restore him to power, suddenly flung himself into the arms of a party which he had just been denouncing as that of dismemberment as well as of rapine, and into the arms of a foreign conspiracy against the Empire at the same time. With their aid he attempted to force upon Parliament, and afterwards upon the electorate, then freshly flooded with ignorant and irresponsible voters, a measure which, as Professor Dicey sees, evidently carried Separation in its womb. He did not confine himself to argument, or appeal solely to the reason and moral sense of the people. He plied the engines of the caucus to coerce the conscience of his party ; he appealed again and again to the passions of the masses against the classes, and he strove to awake the slumbering jealousies of the different nationalities in the United Kingdom. In his transport of fury he almost renounced his English birth that he might the better stir up the local prejudices of Scotland. He invoked the sympathy of the foreign enemies of his country by traducing her before the world. He threatened, if the nation would not yield to him, to set on foot an agitation against the Union itself, the authors of which he recklessly maligned. To combat him and repulse him was as necessary as it was to repulse the charge of the French lancers upon the British square at Quatre Bras. A Quatre Bras, and nothing more, the Unionist victory of last summer was. Mr. Dicey has done the best that masterly argument could do to strengthen the hearts of those who will have to renew the struggle at Waterloo.

MR. BAIRD'S "HUGUENOTS."*

"THE Huguenots and Henry of Navarre," by Mr. Henry M. Baird, is a continuation of the same writer's work on "The Rise of the Huguenots," and brings that most moving, heroic, and tragic story to its closing scene—the conversion of Henry to Roman Catholicism, as he mounts the throne of France. About the two finest groups of characters in history are the Huguenots and the Puritans. We are glad to gaze on either of them again before the progress of materialising science effaces grand personalities, and turns great men into "social tissue." The Puritans are the finer group of the two ; they have greater depth and solidity of character, and their aristocratic leaders are comparatively free from the spirit of political ambition and turbulence which was strong in the French nobility and afterwards broke out, without any of the religious element, in the Civil War of the Fronde. On the other hand, the Huguenots were called on for a greater display of fortitude, and they did display it in a manner perhaps unequalled in history. To both the groups attaches the melancholy interest of failure, but in different degrees. The Puritan, though, after the fall of the Commonwealth, and the restoration of the Stuart Monarchy, he did not reappear in his own person, did in some measure reappear in the person of the Nonconformist and the Whig. His largely were the Protestant theology of the succeeding centuries and the Revolution of 1688. Modern English Liberalism, combining order and authority with progress, inherits his tradition, though Radicalism and Socialism do not. Havelock and Gordon, as every one said, were of the Puritan race. But the Huguenot perished utterly, and left hardly a trace of his existence. The modern French Protestantism is of a different type and from another source.

The former volumes contained the St. Bartholomew. These contain the murderous and desperate struggle with the League, the battles of Coutras, Arques, and Ivry, the assassination of the Guises by Henry III., that of Henry himself by the Dominican Jacques Clement, the siege of Paris, and the famous march of Parma to its relief. The curtain falls upon Henry of Navarre, kneeling in the white dress of a neophyte before a Romish Archbishop to be received into the Church against which he had victoriously fought, while Romish Paris acclaims, with transports of joy, the conversion of the king. No novelist ever conceived anything more thrilling than the scene in the chateau of Blois on that dark morning when Henry of Guise, suddenly summoned by the king, walked into the toils which had

been set for him, and on opening the fatal door saw, instead of the king, the ministers of death. The minuteness of detail with which it has been preserved shows how deeply it engraved itself on the minds of the spectators. Guise was the mortal and the most dangerous enemy of the Protestants. He was steeped in the blood of their martyrs. It was impossible that they should not welcome the deliverance when he was struck down, not by a Protestant hand, but by that of another Romanist persecutor. But they abstained from demonstrations of joy. To commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew the Pope struck a medal, on which an angel with a cross in his hand was represented trampling on heaps of slain, with the legend, "Slaughter of the Huguenots!" He caused painters to perpetuate on the wall of his palace the triumph of Holy Church. He listened while his court orator, Muretus, celebrated in rapturous rhetoric that glorious night on which the stars shone with unwonted brightness, and the exulting Seine rolled a more swelling stream, that it might cast forth the foul carcasses into the sea.

In the exaggeration of self-reproach, Protestantism has pleaded guilty to the charge that at the time of the Reformation it was not less persecuting than the Roman Catholics. Cobbett and other modern Liberals, or enemies of Established Churches, have dilated upon this theme. It is true that Protestantism was at first intolerant ; it did not at once throw off the evil tradition of the ten Romish centuries, or learn of what spirit it was. Its early annals are sullied by acts of intolerance and persecution, such as the burning of Servetus and the proscription of the Mass ; though it is always to be borne in mind that the Mass, at that time, meant not only Transubstantiation and priestly rule, but conspiracy and invasion. But what is the whole sum of Protestant guilt compared with the Spanish Inquisition, the *Autos da Fe*, the St. Bartholomew, the murderous persecutions in the Netherlands, the extermination of the French Protestants by Louis XIV., or the expulsion of thirty thousand Protestants of Salzburg from their homes by the Bishop, which took place so late as the middle of the last century ? Protestantism, if it repressed the expression of opinion and interfered with public worship, never scrutinised the recesses of conscience with the rack. Protestantism, moreover, has repented of its errors. The Church of Rome has not repented. She holds and avows the principles of persecution at this hour.

Of the characters on the scene the noblest, Coligni being gone, is Duplessis Mornay. The most remarkable is Catherine de' Medici. That Italian woman was the impersonation of the age of Machiavelli. To call her wicked is to describe her inadequately. Wickedness implies the possession of a conscience to be violated ; whereas in Catherine conscience either had never existed or was extinct. She was not in the least disturbed, and evidently she saw no reason why she should be disturbed, by the recollection of the St. Bartholomew. When the authorship of it was avowed by another person, she coolly, though not boastfully, claimed the massacre as her own, saying that she had been induced to take it by unexpected information which she had received. "I am a Catholic," she said, after a life of iniquity, "and have as good a conscience as any one else can have. I am ready to die, for I am fifty-eight years old, and I hope to go to Paradise." Her death, within a few days of the assassination of the Guises, and in the rooms beneath those in which Henry of Guise was slain, is one of the striking incidents of the drama. No doubt she received the last sacraments with perfect decorum, and died without a moral pang. Belief in the forms of religion had in Catherine's Church and generation to an astonishing degree survived the religious spirit. Men made a great point of Papal absolution when the Pope was Alexander Borgia. People would not have paid for indulgences if their faith in them had not been sincere, and Catherine de' Medici might serenely believe that the viaticum was her passport to Paradise.

Another object of interest is Paris, "ever gay and ever bloodthirsty ;" the same Paris which afterwards revelled in the sanguinary orgies of the Revolution, though in the sixteenth century, instead of being Jacobin and Atheist, the mob was fanatically Catholic. It worshipped the Virgin then with the same rites with which it worshipped the Goddess of Reason in 1793. The delight of the populace at the Edict of Union was shown not only by burning in effigy "the English Jezebel," but by the hideous immolation of two Huguenot women, who had with heroic constancy refused to abjure their faith. Of course these savages were also cowards, and could no more be got to face the besieging force in the field in those days than they could when Paris was besieged by the Germans. No freak of Destiny ever was more cruel than that which gave the leadership of the European movement to Paris, though the Comtists would not concur in that remark.

There were bad men and evil deeds on the side of the Huguenots also. Much that was worldly in the worst sense was mixed up with devotion to a religious cause, and civil war with the League was a more than civil

* New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto : Standard Publishing Co.