

which threatened to get them into serious trouble on the subject. The fact cannot be too often or too strongly stated that England, since the extensions of the suffrage, has become democratic, and the democracy cares only for its own wages. Would Canadians make sacrifices to protect English rights of fishery on the Dogger Bank? How many of them know where the Dogger Bank is?

MR. BRIGHT's zeal for humanity is always fervent and sincere. But it is much to be regretted that he should have been led by misinformation to asperse the characters of the brave soldiers of Abu Klea, and we rejoice that Lord Wolseley has vigorously vindicated their honour. Nothing can be more trying to the humanity of a soldier than fighting with savages, who give no quarter, kill the wounded, keep no faith, and respect none of the laws of war. Yet the British soldier has, upon the whole, gone through that trial eminently well. In all his conflicts with savages in New Zealand, in South Africa, or in the Soudan, his arms have been sullied by nothing like the atrocities committed in Algeria, against foemen less savage than the Maori or Zulus, by the French under St. Arnaud and Pelissier. From the scenes of treasonable imbecility and cowardice which are being enacted by the political factions at Westminster, the heart of a true Englishman turns for comfort to the valour, the constancy, the endurance, the fidelity, the discipline, the devotion to duty, displayed in the terrible battlefields of Egypt and the Soudan. From the Senate British honour has fled for refuge to the camp; from the camp, perhaps, it will some day return to the Senate.

MR. GLADSTONE, we are informed, is in the highest spirits, saying that the Tories are on the verge of an abyss from which there is no escape, and is perpetually laughing and joking. We can well believe it, though those who have formed their idea of him from Gladstonite newspapers, might be surprised by being told that his levity is not less remarkable than his self-worship. But if he had any real depth of character he could not so lightly break with his own past, throw overboard without a word of acknowledgment or compunction the greater part of his own career, rail at Tories as though he had not long been the champion of extreme Toryism, and not only discard but trample on the principles which he spent more than half his public life in upholding. That "the Tories are on the verge of an abyss," and that one more spell of power for himself is at hand, are the thoughts which fill his soul: that the nation whose greatness it has cost so many ages, so much effort, so much heroism and self-devotion, to build up, is also on the verge of an abyss, and has been brought there by his own selfish ambition, is a matter which gives him not the smallest concern. Just as little is he moved by the reign of crime and terrorism in Ireland. It is perfectly in keeping with his character, while the nation is in the extremity of peril, to indulge his literary vanity by publishing an essay on Poseidon. The lucubration itself has not reached us, but the outline of a criticism on it by a Gladstonian journal has been cabled. It is evidently like the preposterous speculations in mythology in "Homeric Studies," where Latona is identified with the Virgin Mary, a piece of crude ingenuity produced by a writer who has not had time to study the subject with which he deals. Had Mr. Gladstone been moderately acquainted with the results of mythological research, the passages in "Homeric Studies" could never have been written. A man may be very fit to govern a nation though he may know nothing about Greek mythology; but it is difficult to believe that a man who finds mare's nests about Greek mythology, and complacently gives them to a tittering world at a moment of extreme public peril, is fit to govern the nation. If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, he at least had learned to fiddle.

MR. GLADSTONE complains that the Tories have been playing with great questions, at the expense of the nation, for the last fifty or sixty years. The *Times* remarks that for quite half that period Mr. Gladstone was himself a Tory, and that it argues a serious failure of memory when he casts this fearful slur on his own immaculate career. The fact is, that Mr. Gladstone's persuasion of the immaculate character of his own career is now so strong that he believes himself always to have been on the side of wisdom and right as firmly as George IV. believed that he had commanded a regiment of hussars at Waterloo. The process by which he convinces himself of this is disclosed in his "History of an Idea." He may have been acting and speaking as a Tory, but he was all the time, in the depths of his august mind, thinking as a Liberal; and if his Liberalism was not revealed to the world it was only because its hour had not yet come. It is without the slightest sense of shame, therefore, that he inveighs against the Tories for acts in which he was a prominent participant, and which were simply the application of principles eloquently advocated by him in those days.

APPENDED to the *Fortnightly* is a letter from New South Wales, describing an ominous state of things, both political and industrial, in that Colony. Politics, the writer says, have fallen into the lowest hands with the worst results. As regards industry, were the rate of wages regulated by supply and demand, there would not be a sober and capable man out of work; but the artificial rate of wages kept up by the leaders of the Trades Unions has rendered necessary the dismissal of numbers, and thus there is a proletariat for which Government is compelled to provide employment by lavish expenditure on unproductive public works. The result is a public debt of two hundred and five millions of dollars for a population under one million. But Government does not dare to reduce the expenditure. The workmen care nothing for New South Wales, and would take up their tools and leave it when ruin came. "Labour has no country." This is now almost as true with regard to the artisan in England as it is with regard to the artisan in New South Wales, and the fact that an important portion of the community has been brought to care nothing for the rest, but simply to treat it as an object of antagonism and pressure, is a very serious element in the situation. The writer from New South Wales may well say that difficulties are at hand.

A CONVENTION against Secret Societies is about to be held in the States. As the names of the conveners are Academical, we suppose the movement is specially directed against the societies, styled secret, which have been formed in American Universities, and to one or other of which most of the students belong. But these societies, though they have grips and pass-words, and indulge in a little piquant mystery, have nothing, we should think, in their character or objects to give rise to just alarm. As their members continue after graduation to belong to them, they perpetuate University associations, which, if the Universities themselves are what they ought to be, must be good. By keeping records in their archives of subsequent careers they furnish what would seem to be an inducement, so far as it goes, to walk in the path of honour. Evil may possibly have crept into some of them, as it does into social circles of every kind, though we find it difficult to guess what the nature of the evil can be. The taste for forming brotherhoods is natural on this continent, where society is so loose and shifting that we should be mere grains in a sand-heap unless we formed some special ties. Freemasonry, Oddfellowship, and the rest of these brotherhoods, have the same root, though the sentiment of association may be materially helped by the fondness for titles, regalia, and picnics under the name of "conventions."

THE Government is said to be anxiously endeavouring to find or create for itself an organ in the Toronto Press. We rejoice to think that the day of organs is about over, and that money invested in them henceforth is likely to be lost. The *Mail* has struck into the right path, and it will bid defiance to all competition except that of a journal equally independent and as well written as the *Mail* has of late been.

MR. MEREDITH thinks it necessary to protest that he has not raised the "No Popery" cry, and that his principle is equal rights for all. Nobody, so far as we are aware, has raised the No Popery cry. But are Separate Schools and Palace ascendancy equal rights for all?

IN accounting for the difference between the results of the Provincial and those of the Dominion election in Ontario, we have to remember that both Governments had gerrymandered, each had passed a Franchise Bill, and each had the fund of patronage and corrupt influence in its hands. When those three items are put together, no great margin is left to be explained by variation of sentiment among the people.

By the mouths of its chiefs and through its organs, the Opposition seems to have definitively surrendered to the N. P. and the C. P. R. In that case, unless it is prepared to embrace Commercial Union, it has no intelligible platform that we can see, nor is there any assignable reason why anybody should wish to put Sir John Macdonald out or to put Mr. Blake in. But then there is room for other leaders and for a new party.

THE Montreal papers contain a report of a lecture delivered in that city last week, which, we are glad to learn, is likely to be repeated in Toronto, and elsewhere in the west, shortly. The lecturer was Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, of St. John, N. B., one of our ablest *littérateurs*, whose pen is well known to the readers of the *Critic* and similar publications, as well as to our own; and his subject was "Thoughts on Canadian Life." Mr. Carter Troop is Canadian before all things, as has been shown in his written pleas for a Canadian literature; and in passing from the study to