

knowledge and ability, he has served righteousness. He has never sought power without a patriotic aim, or shown the least unwillingness to lay it down when it appeared that he could no longer hold it with advantage to the state. He has never conspired or intrigued. He has never entered into profligate coalitions. His opposition to Palmerston's Chinese Wars, to which Lord Randolph Churchill alludes as though it had been a coalition with Disraeli, was in the strictest accordance with the principles of his whole life. While a degenerate aristocracy is lowering the standard of public character, the Great Commoner may say with truth that he always kept it high; and if the events of the last few months are an earnest of what is to follow, Englishmen who are true to morality and to country will have too much reason in the coming years to think of Mr. Gladstone with mournful gratitude.

MR. PARNELL must feel that he has his Tory confederates completely at his feet since he ventures on the morrow of his alliance with them openly to declare for Dismemberment. An Englishman by blood and of the stock of those very intruders whom he represents himself as thirsting to expel, he is animated not only by Disunionism, but by a renegade hatred of his own race; and his real object has been perfectly manifest from the first to all who had watched his course and who were not blinded either by self-deluding ambition or by the weakness which refuses to see unwelcome truth. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke fancied that they could traffic with him and buy his help in their ascent to power at some price short of the repeal of the Union. Lord Randolph Churchill, in an article to which reference has been already made, suggested, with ingenuous roguery, that "though the Nonconformist tendencies of Scotland and Wales precluded much hope of Tory popularity in those regions, in Ireland something might be done; and if Lord Beaconsfield's spirit could for a moment animate his statue an Irish policy might be suggested which would captivate the Celtic race." How successfully the Celtic race has been captivated the reports of Irish agrarianism show. There must be an end, at all events, of paltering and twaddle. If Mr. Parnell can be said ever to have worn a mask he wears it no more. Not local self-government, in any form, or under any name, but Separation is his demand. He aims at severing Ireland from England and forming it into an independent and hostile republic. This he hopes to accomplish by wrecking the legislature of the United Kingdom, and in that attempt again he looks for success to the help which he will receive from the selfish madness of the British factions. British statesmen can feign ignorance no longer; if they mean to be traitors they will have to look their treason in the face. And in truth they had better commit whole treason than half treason. If they mean to buy the Irish vote at the next election by letting Ireland go, they had better let it go at once and altogether. The *Standard* is perfectly right in saying that worst of all would be Home Rule with Mr. Parnell still at Westminster. Entire separation would have its advantages: there would be an end of the enslavement of Great Britain by its internal factions to the Irish vote. "Grattan's Parliament," if revived, would be, as it was before, an unmixed curse. But if the politicians are cowardly and faithless, Orangeism is not dead yet, and with Orangeism the Union may live.

LORD HARTINGTON, at all events, has declared manfully for the Union, and to him must the eyes of loyal Unionists be turned. To him, for want of a greater leader, must, so far as we can see, be turned the eyes of all who care for the country, of all who do not want to see the unity, the greatness, the dearest interests of the nation put up to Dutch auction between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. That Lord Hartington should be the only visible preserver of England is one among a thousand proofs that Party is a poor nursery of political greatness. Not only is he not a heaven-born leader, but the circumstances of his birth in that capacity were far from auspicious. The provisional leadership, during the moody absence of Achilles from the field, was, in fact, thrust upon him largely through the machinations of intriguers who, judging of him from his career up to that time, expected that he would be a cypher, and reckoned on pulling his wires, and, when he should be translated to the Lords, leaping into his place. The hereditary politician, to whom public life had been a bore, whose heart had always been in his racing stable and who had yawned at his own speech, displayed under pressure unexpected qualities and an unlooked-for devotion to the duties of his post. He has steadily grown in the confidence of the better men of his party and in the esteem of the whole nation. A commanding figure he is not, nor has he the gifts with which Mr. Gladstone enthralled the imagination of the masses; but he has good Parliamentary abilities as well as good powers of administration; and even on the platform, which has now become an essential part of a statesman's field of action, he is impressive though not magnetic.

Above all, in these days of the Chamberlains and the Churchills, he is a man of the strictest honour. Nobody could ever suspect him of playing dirty tricks, telling falsehoods, or deserting for any consideration what he believed to be his duty to the country. From selfish ambition he is even too free and too willing to be released from the unsought burden of power. Though he cannot dominate the House of Commons like Mr. Gladstone, he appears capable of exercising a vigorous control. He showed it during the closing days of the last session by restraining the more violent Liberals, who would have retaliated for the obstruction of the Tory rowdies, and enabling the necessary work to be done. Unluckily the death of his father, who is very old, may at any moment banish him to the House of Lords; but while he remains in the Commons his leadership is about the patriot's best hope.

FINAL judgment may now be said to have been passed by public opinion on the *Pall Mall* and its moral "toxin." This result is marked by some curious somersaults in the religious press. The Archbishop of Canterbury is in full retreat. His manifesto of withdrawal is treated by the *Times* as "tardy and halting"; nor can it be denied that the filthiest literature ever published with impunity in England has gone into the homes of the people with something like an Archi-episcopal imprimatur. No one will think of impeaching the motives of the Archbishop, but his judgment and that of his brother of York must be said to have somewhat failed them. To cover his retreat, the Archbishop advocates a "chivalrous crusade" under the name of the White Cross. A badge for the crusaders His Grace does not propose, and in truth it would be rather curious to see a gentleman coming into a drawing room with a white ribbon in his button-hole to indicate his superior chastity. Gratitude is due to the crusading spirit for what it achieved in the age of Dragons, but Peter the Hermit has been a long time in his grave. When the conflict is with some evil institution or custom deeply rooted in interest or prejudice, such as Slavery or the Slave Trade, it is necessary, perhaps, to have recourse to an organized agitation, which the lovers of poetic language may, if they please, style a crusade. But a crusade against the Powers of the Air, or in favour of a general virtue such as chastity, is too likely to set a number of feather-headed persons playing the knight-errant many centuries after date and giving themselves fantastic airs of superior virtue without any more satisfactory result. If the White Cross is to have a secret department of inquiry, with a system of espionage, after the fashion of the *Pall Mall* Commission, we may look for a social reign of terror and a carnival of blackmailing. These again will too probably be followed by a revolt not only against the moral tyranny of the Crusaders but against morality itself. If the frantic language of the *Pall Mall* or Mrs. Booth were to be deemed sober truth, and the community had really become a Babylon, spasmodic and convulsive effort, such as the Archbishop wishes to evoke, might be the sole hope of salvation. But for this dismal belief no adequate ground has been produced. Fierce passions lead to terrible aberrations, and in every great and luxurious city vice will sometimes take hideous forms. But there is no reason for supposing that the number of seducers is larger in proportion to that of the decent population than that of criminals of any other kind. Whatever vice there is, too, is just as rife among the lower classes as among the higher, though it may be indulged in a coarser and a less expensive way, so that there is no justification for any venomous appeals to class hatred. Let the regular guardians of public morality do their work, and let Science, to whom all things are pure, investigate the morbid perversions of the passions and seek cures for moral disease. The general conduct of the Press on this occasion has been entirely justified by the result, and it is satisfactory to know that a journal cannot lower its character as the *Pall Mall* has done without ultimately lowering its circulation also.

"THE most atrocious criminal will always find those willing to see his punishment mitigated, and for some time back the friends of Lieske, the Socialist, who murdered Dr. Rumpff, the Chief of Police at Frankfort-on-the-Main, have been moving heaven and earth to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life." So ran the *Mail's* cablegram on Saturday last. It was added that Lieske's appeal had been heard and rejected, so that he would shortly be executed. Supposing Germany, then, to be a civilized nation, it cannot be asserted that the whole of the civilized world has yet renounced the infliction of the death penalty for political offences. If it had, civilization might be placed at the mercy of a horde of Nihilists and Dynamiters, more devastating and murderous than were the Northern Barbarians. The plea that the object of the criminal was not the destruction of life but the subversion of the Government, is just as sound, and may be presented with the same pathetic embellishments in the case of