

delay were it not for the malign presence of Lord Randolph Churchill, with whose Tory Democracy and Beaconsfieldian legerdemain respectable Liberals will have nothing to do. It is to be hoped that after the lesson which they have received, the Conservatives will henceforth repudiate the fatal legacy of intrigue, remember that they are English gentlemen, and decisively return to the path, too long forsaken, of principle and honour. Unhappily, their late leader, while he profoundly debauched their character, bequeathed to them not a single statesman of mark. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, their nominal leader in the House of Commons, is a third-rate man, and the practical leadership falls into the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill, to whose folly and unscrupulousness there are no bounds. It ought not to be forgotten that the situation of peril into which the country has just been led, and from which it has barely extricated itself by a convulsive effort, was the immediate consequence of Lord Randolph Churchill's intrigue with the Parnellites, the repudiation of Lord Spencer's government, and the abandonment of the Crimes Act.

The future is still dark enough. Ireland has been made more ungovernable than ever by the violence of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to Irish disaffection, and by the ferocity with which he has traduced the conduct of the British Government, of which he seems totally to forget that he has himself for the last half century formed a part. A man who can in a public manifesto compare the Act of Union to the massacre of St. Bartholomew is surely very near the line which divides extreme excitement from insanity. The Radical party has been desperately committed by this contest to Disunionist principles in which, apart from devotion to its leader and party feeling, not a tenth part of its members probably believe. It was the certain prospect of this which made me so anxious that the struggle should, if possible, be averted. Let the clouds, however, which rest upon to-morrow be as heavy as they may, to-day one great gain is scored for the national cause. The career of Mr. Gladstone is at an end.

It is to be hoped that when Parliament meets, on the 5th of August, the first step will be, before the Patriotic Alliance of Liberals with Conservatives becomes loosened or grows cold, to place on record the verdict of the nation and to pass a resolution pledging the House of Commons to give the verdict effect by maintaining alike against foreign conspiracy and domestic treason or weakness, the integrity of the nation, the supremacy of Parliament, and the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

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GOLDWIN SMITH.

### ON SOME IMPRESSIONS.

SYDNEY SMITH, in reviewing two or three now long-forgotten books on America, expresses his surprise that Americans, who have done so much for themselves and received so much from nature, should be flung into such convulsions by English Reviews and Magazines. Mr. Smith adds that this sensitiveness to criticism is really a sad specimen of Columbian juvenility. But the American was sorely tried. The Englishman of that period took pleasure in seeing the American and his institutions ridiculed and vilified, and travellers in recording their impressions were careful to colour their story to suit the popular taste.

Mrs. Frances Trollope, with her sharp and caustic pen, was in the field ten years earlier than Dickens. There was no lack of material for satire and caricature. There was no lack of things to criticise and condemn. But there was a lack of things to appreciate, so Mrs. Trollope appears to have considered. Her eyes were unable to pierce the scum, which seems to have a preference for the top of things. In the social caldron the scum was thick, but not so thick as it pleased Mrs. Trollope to imagine. The storm which arose in the United States on the publication of her highly-coloured book, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," had but little abated on the advent of Dickens. His American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit did not tend to mend matters. When Dickens first saw and described Americans and their social customs, their society was much cruder than at present, and, as a recent writer remarks, more subject to dangerous tendencies, more sentimental, more self-sufficient. That was forty years ago—the "hard cider" time, the days of Sam Slicks, and wooden nutmegs, and "sharp cyphering." Forgetting how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, Charles Dickens joined with Mrs. Trollope in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principles, and with no sense of generosity—a people of ludicrous manners and peculiarities.

But a marked change is to be observed in the attitude of critics after the close of the War of Secession. They begin to view with interest and even admiration the long-ridiculed American. He has proved himself as able as the European to slay his fellow-beings. In the Review and Magazine, Uncle Sam, his daughters, and his institutions, are henceforth

treated with some respect—a respect which was soon to ripen into a panegyric. The late Dean Stanley, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, speaks of the "sons of that great Republic" no longer as cousins, but as brothers,—“brothers in a sense in which no other two great nations on the face of the earth are brothers.” To visit their brothers soon became the object of all distinguished Englishmen, and a shout of praise was lifted up on high from the distinguished throats. Matthew Arnold tells the American he sees straight and thinks clear, and that his institutions fit him to perfection. Furthermore, he declares that the American Philistine is a very superior Philistine. But the appreciation of Matthew Arnold, the polished panegyric of Lord Coleridge, the elaborate praise of Henry Irving, the intellectual flattery of Archdeacon Farrar, fail to revive in the breast of the now modest and doubting American those old delicious sensations of overwhelming superiority which were his aforetime. He reads with an awakened and illuminated understanding—the result in part of extensive travelling abroad—the severe and searching criticism passed upon him and his institutions by writers within his own fold. The genial Dr. Holmes tells the intellectual Bostonian that he doesn't see things in right proportion; that he hardly knows first-rate quality from second-rate; no, not even fifth-rate! The dissecting knife of Henry James plays havoc with Boston and New York polite society. In "Democracy" and "The Bread-Winners" the shams and sores of the political and social state are unflinchingly exposed.

But this self criticism on the part of the Americans is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The Canadians stand on their side of the paper line which divides them so effectually from their astonishingly prosperous neighbours—and think of what might have been. If any distinguished visitor to the United States deigns to extend his travels to Canada, he is, as a rule, very non-committal. He prophesies. He tells us what we shall be, not what we are. The Canadians are an appreciative people. They appreciate the great man's tact. They wish there were some great men in the Colonial office.

Beneath the notice of the novelist and caricaturist, we have not even the satisfaction of feeling ourselves of sufficient consequence to be vilified or ridiculed. Our only characteristic appears to be loyalty to the mother-land—at least so we are led to infer by occasional remarks in transatlantic journals. It is seldom that Canadians form the subject of an article in these journals, and when they do the writer generally confines his remarks to the amount of English-manufactured goods they purchase. Wearying at times of his economico-political dissertation, he tells us, *en passant*, what he thinks of us other than as buying-machines. Come and let us see what he says.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* for November, 1880, affirms that Canada is interesting materially to the British labourer and food-consumer; but she has not a shadow of intellectual significance for the thinker. "Canada lies," he continues, "among the snows and ice of the North, separated alike from the heroic aspirations of America, sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States." Our history is summed up as "a century of stagnant provincialism relieved only by a third-rate insurrection." To complete this vivid picture of insignificance, the writer adds that even the Americans regard the Dominion with a "kind of half-contemptuous indifference." Intellectually dead, devoid of national life and feeling, having no aspirations, unable to excite even a second-rate insurrection, stagnant, buried in snow and ice,—Canada is only fit to throw herself supplicatingly at the feet of the heroic Americans, and crave admission into the mighty Union. This, in brief, is the opinion of the writer in the *Contemporary Review*. He does not prophesy. He tells us what we are. So do several others. "All colonies are 'one-horse' places," writes another Englishman who is discoursing about Canada. We are also informed that the Canadian is a cross between an American and an Englishman, and possesses the virtues of neither. Another, who seems to have a lively appreciation of his own sense of humour and his easy way of taking things, says that we grind so incessantly and anxiously after dollars that the majority of us cannot discern the odour of a passing joke, or note a grotesque situation. This writer observes that Canadian congregations kneel to pray and stand to sing. It is gratifying to know it has been published abroad that we are so far enlightened as to conform to established usage in the House of God. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks, in the *Nineteenth Century*, of Mr. Goldwin Smith as "living in retirement in Canada." As Mr. Smith does not live in retirement, according to our interpretation of that word, Mr. Arnold must mean that to live in Canada is to live in retirement. It is to be regretted that Mr. Froude was so intimidated by the cold appearance of Lake Erie