

These, with a scrupulous submission of personal ambition to propriety, marked the representatives of a policy to which, after a certain period of progress, a cautious and highly commercial nation has been generally not unwilling to revert. It was always felt that in calling the Conservatives back to power the nation was putting itself into safe hands. But now the violence of the Tory leaders outvies that of any demagogue, even of the demagogues of the United States. The language of Lord Randolph Churchill borders upon frenzy, and his nervous system has twice given way under his transports of vituperation. Not content with raving in the House, he indites a letter in which he calls Mr. Gladstone "a melancholy personage" and "an incapable, malicious, sneaky Whig." The breach of manners is aggravated by the fact that he has been treated by the aged and illustrious statesman whom he assails, not only with forbearance, but with kindness. There is no decent mechanic, even in a Conservative Workingmen's Association, who can fail to see that the writer of such indecencies is not only a brute but a fool, and totally unfit to be placed at the helm of State. Nor do Lord Randolph's counsels as a party leader fall behind his language; he attempts to stop the supplies at a moment when the nation, in face of a great peril, is straining every nerve to prepare for war, and he proposes to throw out the Government by a coalition with the Parnellites and Radicals against the renewal of the Crimes Act. Lord Salisbury is of course less brutal than his confederate; but he is neither more temperate nor more discreet. In a harangue delivered to the people of Hackney—of all audiences to choose as the confidants of a diplomatic policy—Lord Salisbury, evidently with a view of frustrating the efforts of the Government to preserve peace, denounces Russia as a power who is either bankrupt in morality or a swindler, and with whom, whether she is bankrupt or a swindler, no binding agreement can be made. That is to say peace with Russia is impossible if Lord Salisbury comes into power. The Marquis's admirable command of terse and telling language only makes his indiscretions the more fatal. Who in his senses, above all what Conservative, would put such a man as this at the head of the State?

THE intensity of feeling displayed at Paris on the death of Victor Hugo has manifested once more the loyalty of the French to their great men of intellect, or those whom they regard as great. To attempt an elaborate estimate of Victor Hugo's work on the occasion of his death would be out of place. Great force, great talent, great fecundity, great versatility everybody would admit that he possessed; but there was also much in the foundation of his immense popularity which will probably suffer by the tooth of time. Sainte-Beuve was once asked which he thought the greater man, Victor Hugo or Lamartine. "Of the two impostors," was his answer, "I prefer Lamartine." This was a harsh judgment, but the reasons for it, from Sainte-Beuve's critical point of view, can be understood. Victor Hugo occupied a peculiar vantage ground as the poet of a political cause, and that the victorious cause of his day. He was the troubadour of Democracy. To take a statesmanlike view of the situation and mark the limits and defects of his favourite principle as well as its claims to allegiance was not in his nature. His force was sincere sympathy, and this he had in overflowing measure. One hour of participation in the practical work of Democratic government would have shown him the difference between poetry and reality. It was a thoroughly healthy instinct, however, which led him to declare internecine war against the French Empire. A domination of sharpers such as the Pseudo-Bonaparte and his crew was, at all events, not the right solution of the political problem any more than the domination of Robespierres and Marats.

IN Austria, to which the approach of the elections begins to turn attention once more, the fermentation which, in a somewhat dull and obscure fashion is always going, results not from political aspirations so much as from the jarring claims and tendencies of the different races of which the motley Empire is made up, while the embroilment is increased by diversities of religion more or less connected with those of race. A Slav and clerical Ministry is now in power; a Magyar and German Opposition, of which the German element also tends to religious liberalism, will contend against it at the polls. In former days the Austrian Empire was a confederation of the Christian States of Eastern Europe against the Turk. This was the substantial ground of its existence, while the formal bond of union, in accordance with the political character of those times, was not a federal constitution, but the hymeneal knot by which the House of Austria, proverbially happy in its marriages, connected each principality with its throne. Of political privileges or progress there was in those days little question, military security was the paramount object; and each of the States was content to look upon the Imperial chief of the whole group as its own without concerning itself about its relations to the other States.

That cement has ceased to bind. The terrible Turk is now a shadow. But it is said that the course of events has supplied a new ground for the existence of the Austrian Empire in the danger with which Eastern Europe is threatened by the progress and designs of Russia. Unfortunately in this case the Turk is within the pale. The Slavs of the Austrian Empire, those at all events who belong to the Eastern Church, sympathize with Russia and would rather welcome than repel her arms. There is always reason for lamenting the fall of Poland: a fall it was rather than destruction by enemies from without: for aristocratic anarchy reigned uncontrolled; the elective crown was hawked over Europe by corrupt factions like a piece of merchandise, and the partitioning powers did little more than divide once for all among them what would otherwise have been an apple of perpetual strife. Yet order might in time have emerged from the Polish chaos and an independent Poland would now be an invaluable outwork for Europe, and especially for two of the powers which shared the spoils of the partition. In her old condition of an empire, with perhaps extended privileges of self-government in each of the Provinces separately, Austria might possibly have held together, though the antagonism between Magyar and Slav in Hungary could hardly have failed to break out. But to mould a united nation, with a parliamentary government, out of this huge aggregation of diversities and antipathies seems to be about the severest task ever proposed to statesmanship. It certainly has not yet been accomplished.

MARK PATTISON, of whose memoirs we spoke in our last number, was not only a memorable instance of the reaction from Ritualism to Rationalism, but a type of some other peculiar forms of contemporary thought. As an Academical Reformer he was the great champion of Endowment of Research. The educational duties of a university he wished to see treated as secondary; in truth, he viewed all extensions of activity in that direction with rather an evil eye, and himself as Head of a College seemed to treat his educational functions with disdain. Research, literary and scientific, he regarded as the primary object of the institution; and he wished the endowments, instead of being used as salaries for teachers or prizes for academical distinctions, to be turned into supports for men devoted to inquiry and speculation. How the men were to be selected, or how their industry was to be secured, he never explained, and his new Atlantis remained like that of Bacon in its visionary stage, so far as his own university and country were concerned. The John Hopkins University at Baltimore is an approach to his ideal. But the union of teaching with research is generally beneficial to both: the work of the lecture-room stimulates that of the study, and Niebuhr had good reason for saying that his pupils were his wings. Time must, however, be allowed for the performance of both functions, and the professors in our undermanned colleges who are always kept to the grindstone of teaching cannot be expected to perform the other great duty of a university. This is a strong reason for confederation. Every university worthy of the name, says Dr Nelles in his excellent address, "ought not only to furnish instruction in what is known of the sciences, but to make provision for original investigations." It is impossible that this ideal should be fulfilled unless the staff is sufficiently large and well paid to allow some leisure for investigation to each of its members; and, till our resources shall have been concentrated, no great improvement in that respect will be in our power.

ANOTHER peculiar theory Mark Pattison had, the offspring apparently in part of the mental sea-sickness produced in him by the waves of theological controversy on which he had been tossed, in part of his somewhat exalted notions as to the vocation and dignity of a man of letters. Men of letters, he thought, should live in a sphere apart, sublime and serene, never degrading their ethereal essence by participation in the movements and controversies of this vulgar world. In his "Life of Casaubon" he berates that scholar for descending from the lofty task of commenting on the details of Greek cookery in Athenæus to the great theological discussions of his time, in which, says Pattison, muscle for muscle, a butcher's arm was as good as his. In these memoirs he speaks in the same strain of the interest taken in politics by Milton, of whose life he wrote a graceful and erudite though perverse sketch for Macmillan's Biographical Series. "Surely," he says, "Milton, who was at one time so carried away by the passion of a party whose aims he idealized that he boasted of having lost his eyesight in bombarding Salmasius with foul epithets, must amid the inspiration which poured forth 'Paradise Lost,' have come around again to the opinion of Goethe that a purely poetical subject is as superior to a political one as the pure everlasting truth of nature is to party spirit." It is curious to compare this with the often-quoted passage in which Milton avows (he