

specimen of the clockwork which political mechanics sometimes devise in total forgetfulness of party passion and the other disturbing influences in the midst of which their machine is to work. It is to consist not of two Houses, but of two Orders, one partly aristocratic, partly plutocratic, the other democratic, which are to sit together; but either of which is to be at liberty to withdraw and put a suspensive veto on the decisions of the other. In the case of a peaceful synod such machinery might work; but when, in an Irish Parliament, one Order marches out and proceeds to exercise its right of veto, say, on the land question or the question between religious and secular education, there is likely to be an animated scene. And this political structure, novel and unhallowed by custom or traditional reverence, is to be founded on a soil saturated with sedition, with conspiracy, with terrorism and class hatred of the deadliest kind. This machinery, so delicate and complex, is to be worked by a race which in politics has hardly emerged from the tribal or clan state, and which, whatever may be its other gifts or graces, shows its lack of aptitude for constitutional government, alike in Ireland, in Brittany, and in New York. Grattan's Parliament, to which Mr. Gladstone points as a precedent, was a Parliament of Protestants and of the politically superior race.

Mr. Parnell of course takes no exception. The fuller the scheme is of defects and blunders, the worse, in short, it will work, the better for him. It does all that he wants. It dissolves, if it does not repeal, the Union. It makes Ireland politically a separate nation from Great Britain, and gives her a national Parliament of her own. He knows that he can complete the work. He knows that the civilized weakness which has yielded so far to savage violence will yield again when he tears up the restrictions and declares Ireland an independent nation.

In handing over the judiciary and, ultimately, the entire police to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley must well know that they are placing the lives and property of all the Loyalists in Ireland at the mercy of deadly and cruel enemies.

"Of this," says Macaulay, "I am quite sure, that every argument which has been urged for the purpose of showing that Great Britain and Ireland ought to have two distinct Parliaments, may be urged with far greater force for the purpose of showing that the North of Ireland and the South of Ireland ought to have two distinct Parliaments." If England and Scotland cannot be trusted to legislate for Ireland, much less can Leinster, Munster, and Connaught be trusted to legislate for Ulster. Why is Ulster to be torn, against her will, from her own British nationality and merged in a Celtic and Roman Catholic nationality in which she has no part? Why has she not also a right to her separate Legislature? What is it that constitutes that right? May a claim be put in by any district which happens to have a temper and something of a history of its own? Mr. Gladstone will have to lay down his principle, and to see that it is one which does not give the Nationalist Baboos a right to claim a native Parliament for India.

That Ireland demands a separate Parliament is a baseless assumption on Mr. Gladstone's part. A third of her people, including almost all the wealth and intelligence, voted against it. Of those who voted for it the great majority were not free agents, but in abject thralldom to a terrorist league, subsidized by foreign money. Nor is there any reason for believing that the people generally, if left to themselves, would greatly desire political change. What they desire is the land; for political change they vote and clamour only because they are told that it will give them the land rent-free. All purely political movements have utterly failed. The present crisis is Mr. Gladstone's own work. In face of a moral rebellion he chose to extend the franchise in Ireland to half-civilized, ignorant, and politically enslaved masses, and thus to throw the country and the game into the hands of Mr. Parnell.

The Irishman, says Mr. Gladstone, is not a *lusus nature*. Without being a *lusus nature* he may be and is politically weak, and apt to give himself up to the evil guidance of priests or demagogues at New York or Melbourne as well as in the United Kingdom. As has been already said, the Irish Celt is still rather a clansman than a citizen. His chance of being politically educated up to a level with the Anglo-Saxon, and of enjoying any liberty but that of subjection to native tyrants, depends on his continuance in the Union. Coercion, on which Mr. Gladstone rhetorically descants, is a gross misnomer; a man is not coerced when he is simply restrained from the commission of murder or savage outrage, all his moral and reasonable liberties being left perfectly intact. The Americans do not pass Coercion Acts, but, to use the frank expression of one of them, "when the Irish are lawless they shoot them down." They shot down more of them probably in one day after the Draft riots at New York than have died on the scaffold under British Coercion Acts in the last eighty years. Mr. Gladstone's metaphysical philanthropy knows no distinction of apti-

tudes or qualification for self-government. He may depend upon it that when he has let the anarchic forces in Ireland loose, and set Catholic and Protestant, Celt and Saxon, landowner and tenant, at each other's throats, with the American Invincibles and Dynamiters adding their murderous frenzy to the fray, he will before long see that which will qualify his horror of Coercion Acts. He, though his life, as we are told, has been devoted to the Irish Question, has hardly set foot in Ireland, nor has he ever shown much acquaintance with Irish history; yet he must have read of Tyrconnell's Parliament. A widow is returning from viewing the body of her murdered husband. A crowd gathers round her, and pursues her with jeers and insults. Following the corpse to the grave, she is compelled to take a side path to avoid a repetition of the insults to herself and to the corpse. And these people who exult in murder, and who outrage a widow's tears, want nothing, we are told, to make them good and happy but a larger measure of self-government. These are the hands into which Great Britain may with a good conscience and with untarnished honour deliver the Loyalists of Ireland.

Macaulay, to quote him once more, said with truth that those who ascribed Irish disorders and miseries to the Union were more illogical than those who called Tenterden Steeple the cause of the Goodwin Sands. The Goodwin Sands, at all events, had not existed before Tenterden Steeple, whereas the disorders and miseries of Ireland not only existed before the Union, but were far worse before the Union than they have ever been since. Since the Union there has been progress, and great progress, though it has been interrupted by the famines arising from the heedlessness with which the people, stimulated to early marriage by their Church, multiply beyond the means of subsistence, and at the same time retarded by the influence of a religious system the effects of which upon national energy are everywhere the same. Among other things the Union has given Ireland popular education, on which, if the Union were repealed, the priest would soon work his will. The task of civilizing and elevating the people of the Celtic and Catholic Provinces is hard, and, like all imperial tasks, it becomes harder as the Government of England grows more democratic; but it is set by Nature, which has linked the destinies of the two islands inextricably to each other. The races are mingled in both islands, and mingled they must remain. The policy of dismissing the Parnellites from Westminster, and handing over Ireland to them, instead of keeping them in order where they are, is one of which the weakness and pusillanimity would disgrace the Legislature of Mexico. But suppose this to be done, there would still be in the British constituencies a million and a half of Irish under the political control of Mr. Parnell.

A scheme which, though revolutionary in the highest degree, accomplishes no object, or supposed object, of the revolution, which, while it breaks the Legislative Union, neither satisfies Ireland nor relieves Great Britain of the Irish difficulty, was not likely to receive any support except that of Irish conspirators against the Empire, or of thoroughgoing Radical partisans. What is the number of Radicals sufficiently thoroughgoing to vote for Dismemberment the division which must come on the second reading will determine. According to present appearances the scheme is doomed. Lord Hartington spoke with unexpected firmness, and his speech has told. Mr. Gladstone has now nobody left to support him in the House of Commons except mere placemen and his Parnellite Secretary for Ireland, who has made a grand fiasco. Even the placemen apparently shirk debate. Perhaps the best sign for Unionism is the change in the *Daily News*, hitherto the most devoted supporter of Mr. Gladstone. The *Daily News* says that the outrages committed by the Irish and the conduct of their representatives in Parliament have set the English people against their demands. They have, if the English people have retained any particle of their ancient spirit. Let it be deliberately determined that justice requires England to give up the Union, and with it her own high place among the nations, and all who know in what true greatness consists will, however sorrowfully, bow their heads to the decree of morality. But to bow the head to the decree of a set of self-seeking agitators, obstructionists, dynamiters, and cattle-houghers, aided by treason and faction, is a thing still, it is to be hoped, alien and intolerable to British hearts.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated tobacconist, applied to Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "Give me one, my dear Curran," said he, "of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at a tobacconist setting up a carriage; and for the scholarship sake let it be Latin." "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and your contempt for their ridicule, and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader wishes. Put *Quid rides* on your carriage."