

that "Home Rule would be a great step towards the destruction of Protestant ascendancy." The Provincial of the Jesuits in Ireland agrees with his English colleague. Protestant ascendancy there is none. Religious equality reigns in Ireland, and the Pope has thanked the Queen for the liberty enjoyed by his Church in her dominions. But whatever moral and social advantage Irish Protestantism may possess would no doubt soon feel the action of an Irish Parliament in which the Provincial of the Jesuits would bear sway. Yet it may be doubted whether we do not here again see that curious combination of craft with shortness and narrowness of vision which has ever been characteristic of the brotherhood of Loyola. The Jesuit has always been spinning webs, which, just as they reached completion, have been suddenly swept away. Forty years ago he seemed to have got Switzerland entirely into his toils, when one morning he awoke to find the laborious structure of his policy overturned and himself sent over the border. As soon as the Irish Parliament is set up, a struggle for ascendancy will begin between the priest and the American Invincible who belongs to the Atheistic Revolution. At first the priest will probably have the upper hand. It is by no means sure that he will in the end. If the Union falls, more than one consolatory spectacle may be in store for its vanquished defenders.

Mr. Parnell gratefully acknowledges the effective aid which he has received in the shape of money and expressions of sympathy from this side of the water, avowing that to it his success is largely due. He dwells with complacency on the fact that assistance has come to him not from Irishmen alone, but from people of different nationalities. Our Parnellite Press reproduces this manifesto with evident sympathy, and at the same time tells Canadian Loyalists that the Irish Question is one in which it is impertinence on their part to interfere. Is not this something like effrontery? Are American Fenians to be applauded for helping to destroy the British Empire, and British-Americans to be denounced and ridiculed as meddlers for helping to save it? "Wait for Mr. Gladstone's scheme." The Parnellites and Invincibles have not waited for it. They knew that what Mr. Gladstone would do depended on the pressure put upon him from different sides, and, as we see, exerted themselves accordingly. The Unionists are at length doing the same. It happens, too, that they have just been supplied with an apt answer to the charge of interference with that which does not concern them. That the unity and greatness of their Mother Country do concern them, they, if she were dismembered and humiliated, would soon be made to feel. But they have in this matter an interest nearer home. At the dinner of the National League letters were read both from the head of the Ontario Government and from the leader of the Opposition. It is hoped that the day will come when public life will be entered through the gate of truth, and when the arts of political cajolery will be regarded as a necessary part of statesmanship no more. But it is very evident that the question does not affect Great Britain alone, and that in doing what loyal Englishmen believe to be their duty to their Mother Country in her peril, we are at the same time struggling against a sectional domination here.

Though Mr. Gladstone's scheme is still unrevealed, there can be little doubt as to its nature. It is an Irish Parliament. If it were anything less than this, if it were merely a measure of local self-government, he would not be so anxious as he evidently is to tack it to a measure of Expropriation. He feels that it can pass the Lords only by the help of a great bribe administered to them as landowners. In the case of any but a highly religious statesman the policy of offering the members of a national legislature a bribe for betraying the unity and greatness of their country would hardly be deemed high principled. The grant of a separate Parliament to Ireland will no doubt be hedged round with all the elaborate restrictions which a mind as full of ingenuity as it is void of forecast can devise. But no one except Mr. Gladstone can imagine that men with whom agitation is a trade will cease to agitate when they have wrested from cowardice and weakness the larger part of their demand, and an immense fulcrum for the extortion of the rest. The restrictions will be at once attacked. Before many years, perhaps before many months, are over, the national independence of Ireland will be proclaimed, and an application for recognition will be addressed not in vain to the demagogues of the United States.

To form an accurate estimate of the probabilities, without being on the spot, is impossible. Our accounts are always coloured, and for the most part with a Parnellite hue. It is easy to believe that the Radicals demur to the Expropriation part of the scheme, which would saddle them, for their political lives, with the responsibility of having added thirty millions of dollars to the annual taxation of the country. They probably know by this time in their hearts how much effect the payment of an enormous sum of blackmail is likely to have in purchasing Irish friendship, and relieving the nation of trouble for the future. Mr. Trevelyan is pledged

against an Irish Parliament in the strongest possible words, and Mr. Chamberlain is pledged in words equally strong against any abandonment of the Legislative Union. But these men would hardly have entered a Home Rule Government had they been resolutely determined not to give way. The same thing may be said, with still more force, of such men as Mr. Childers and Sir William Harcourt. We believe it to be true that John Bright stands as firmly for the Union as he did against the miserable Egyptian Policy. He is, of course, at once pronounced to have lost all authority; whether truly, will be seen when he speaks. In the qualities which fit a man to be at the head of a nation in a time of peril, Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, be held by posterity to have had few inferiors among the public men of his time; but in solemn and impressive eloquence he has no rival, and as the masses are swayed by rhetoric, it is probable that even if he loses one or two of his colleagues, he will retain his ascendancy, and that Dismemberment is accordingly at hand. GOLDWIN SMITH.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, March 2, 1886.

THE Anarchist Meeting of last Wednesday, in the *Salle Lévis*, was by no means a characteristic one. Instead of the usual blustering, illogical tirade, we had a quiet, not to say learned, discourse; and the butcher- orator, invariably losing himself in his labyrinthian arguments, was replaced by the Prince, or, as he is pleased to be called, the Citizen Krapotkine.

This high priest of anarchy presented a very different appearance from what one would have expected. Rosy cheeks, blonde beard, and simply a fringe of hair; while a pair of small, bright eyes shone behind his enormous spectacles. The speaker treated of "The place which the Anarchist Theory now holds in Socialist evolution." More or less wisely put forth, the gist of these lectures is always the same—no State, no Religion. What has the former done towards the creation of the greatest force of the nineteenth century—that network of railroad spread over Europe? Who prepares wars that we may cut each other's throats? Who trammels trade by an eternal interference between buyer and seller? And what code of morality is to direct this Anarchist Society? Nothing that has aught in common with those systems, all more or less false, of the philosophers, but the morality of the people!—whatever that may be. So we are to be left to the tender mercies of "moralists," who, "if the fit were on them," would behold with equal equanimity the Citizen Krapotkine their victim, as they behold him now their leader; and would listen with the same satisfaction to the *thud* of his head as they do now to the ring of his voice.

FROM biographies of Our Lord and of St. Paul to plays for the Theatre Français seems rather a stride, but evidently not too long for Monsieur Renan's aged limbs. Before the close of 1885 appeared his "Prêtre de Némi"; he opened the year with a facetious dialogue which is supposed to take place in heaven between the Almighty and the Archangel Gabriel; and on Friday last, the anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, was produced his latest—"1802," the scene of which is laid in the Elysian Fields.

CONTRARY to all expectation, "Hamlet," translated by Cressennois and Samson, at the Porte St. Martin, is a success. Monsieur Duquesnel, the manager, whose fastidiousness with regard to scenery and dress has made this theatre a very lyceum, decided the *mise en scène* should be of the time of the Middle Ages, and not of the Renaissance.

Madame Bernhardt, who naturally plays *Ophelia*, calls this her swan's song, but Nature has put in her the element of an infinite number of resurrections.

The translation of the play is remarkably good, and surprisingly literal. The ballad is rendered into very lovely verse, but with Madame Bernhardt's "gold-toned" voice, a musical accompaniment was scarcely necessary. As might have been expected, she was best in the mad scene. But imagine *Ophelia* in person being borne along in the cortege!—an excess of artistic conscientiousness indeed.

The part of the melancholy prince sinks with M. Philippe Garnier into a very secondary one.

It is well some Parisians, at least, have at length risen in revolt against the mania of French authorities for altering the names of streets and avenues. Every change of Government, and the death of every great man, affords a new excuse. The "Avenue du Trocadéro" is henceforth to be named "Avenue Henri Martin," because that celebrated historian died near by. But Lamartine also expired in this quarter of the city, so a poet has written to the municipal council:—

"A veil must have fallen o'er your eyes, I ween,
To inscribe there 'Martin,' where died Lamartine!"