

For the personal God, the loving Father, the sympathizing Son of Man, revealed in the Gospel, whom it takes away, it has no substitute but a blind, unintelligent, inexorable force, unable to turn aside a hair's breadth from its purposeless course to save a nation or succour a saint. This force is, to give a positive turn and a new application to words used by Frederic Harrison to describe negatively the Gospel of Humanity, a "negative, lifeless, inhuman, unthinkable being." In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Frederic Harrison gives a glowing account of the "Religion of Humanity," in which he and his fellow-Positivists rejoice. The Gospel of Positivism, as painted by this master hand, will seem to most readers empty, dismal and unsatisfying in the extreme. We wish here merely to quote a sentence which shows how completely, in one respect, it is the antithesis of Agnosticism. "The Religion of Humanity," says Mr. Harrison, "is a frank return upon the healthy, instructive, anthropomorphic view of religion. No object of religion can be a source of moral power over man unless it be anthropomorphic in the fullest sense, that is, sympathetic, akin to man, familiar to man." Thus does the one system of philosophical religion supply the antidote for the bane which the other administers. So, at least will the Christian critic be ready to affirm.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

THE recent opposition to the appointment of Sir H. Blake as Governor of Queensland is rather more serious, from various points of view, than most persons will perhaps readily perceive. If the English Government were guilty of no imprudence or inconsiderateness in making their choice, then they have afforded a dangerous precedent by cancelling the appointment; and, on the whole, it is a very painful and uncomfortable incident.

We are glad to see from a recent despatch that the Australians at large have repudiated the theory that a colony has a right to select its governor; and yet this is the theory that was virtually presupposed in the request of the Queensland Government made to the Home Government, that they might have confidential information of the name of the proposed new governor before any definite decision was arrived at. The reply of the Secretary of State was the only answer that could have been given to such a request. The decision of the Queensland government was impracticable: it was impossible to divide the responsibility of such an appointment between the Home and Colonial Governments. It appears that another Australian Province made a similar request. Happily the people at large seem to have taken a more rational view of the matter; and the Prime Minister of Victoria has pointed out the difficulty of working a theory of the Colonial nomination of a governor. If the Home Government refused to appoint the person nominated by the Government of the Colony, which they might feel constrained to do, the consequences might be very serious.

As regards the theory, then, it would appear that it has no advocates left. Lord Dunraven hardly overstated the principle, in the House of Lords, when he said: "It was scarcely an exaggeration to say that, if a colony had a right to select a governor it had an equal right to choose the sovereign." Sir George Baden-Powell declares in the *Nineteenth Century*, that "this is stating the theory in its extremest aspect." And if by this he means that it is bringing out the theory in its naked form, we shall agree with him. If he means that it misrepresents and exaggerates it, we cannot take his view. There may have been reasons satisfactory to Lord Salisbury and his government for cancelling the appointment; but it is greatly to be hoped that such a situation may not be of frequent occurrence.

But what are the reasons for resisting the appointment of Sir H. Blake? Certainly not the suspicion, much less the assurance, of the incapacity of the nominee for the position. He had been a successful governor of two colonies, to say nothing of his previous experience in Ireland, and the only tangible objection to him was that he had never been governor of a first-class colony, nor had occupied any position in the central government of the Empire.

It is quite possible that these objections may have been urged in all sincerity; but, unless we are mistaken, there are evidences here, as in so many other places, of the malign influence of what is called the "Irish vote." This comes out not only from what we hear from Australia, but from the comments, some of them indecent enough, made by certain of the Gladstonian papers in London. These papers have represented the appointment of Sir H. Blake as having been made through the influence of the Duke of St.

Albans, whose wife and Lady Blake are sisters, both being daughters of the late Mr. Bernal Osborne. It is, in short, suggested that the appointment of Sir H. Blake is the price paid to the Duke of St. Albans for the support which he has given to the Government of Lord Salisbury.

This is a kind of argument with which we are only too familiar. It would be more to the point to show that Sir Henry Blake was unfit for such a post, that he had failed in similar situations, and therefore ought not to be appointed to a position of greater dignity and difficulty. But this could not be proved. It could be asserted only by those who were quite reckless of their statements, provided only they might seem to justify their conclusions.

When Sir Henry Blake was an Irish magistrate, his capability was only too clearly manifested. An Irishman himself, deeply attached to his country, but also a loyal subject of the British Empire and an enemy to anarchy, he did his duty firmly, temperately, successfully; and few men deserved better of the powers that be, or gave less of reasonable offence to those among whom he administered justice. His little book, published, we think, anonymously some ten years ago, showed an insight into modern Irish life and character, such as none but an able and sympathetic man could have attained.

But there are Irishmen of a certain kind who can never forgive a countryman who is loyal to the British crown and connexion; and the very merits of Sir Henry Blake made him cordially hated by Irishmen of this kind. Unfortunately also there are English politicians and English journalists who are willing to make political capital by traducing loyal Irishmen in order to gain the support of Irishmen who are disloyal. This, we imagine, is very much the explanation of what has happened to Sir Henry Blake; and it is a very serious addition to the many evidences we already possess of the manner in which politicians are swayed by the consideration of the number of votes they are likely to win or to lose, rather than by the interests of the Empire, or the dignity of its government.

We do sincerely hope, or at least desire, that, when this matter has been thoroughly sifted, it may prove that we are partially mistaken in our judgment; but all the information we at present possess forbids our indulging confidently in such a hope. As regards the general question of the appointment of Colonial Governors, it would certainly be more dignified on the part of the Mother Country, to give independence to her colonial possessions than to yield up almost the only badge of her sovereignty or to haggle over appointments with local governments.

PARIS LETTER.

MANY things of public interest have occurred during the past fortnight. Boulanger has been well to the front, and M. Wilson has re-appeared upon the scene. A great banquet has been offered to the General by the *Ligue des Patriotes*, and their president, M. Paul Deronlède, arranged for a march past of eight thousand *Ligueurs*, which was accomplished without any disorder. The usual speeches were made, and the General afterwards wrote an effusive letter of thanks to M. Deronlède, begging him to convey the same to "those brave members of the *Ligue*, who, despising the odious persecution to which they are subjected, rally valiantly around the flag which they have adopted for their emblem," adding: "Tell them that I shall always be with them, 'quand même.'" But so far as I have seen, no practical suggestion has issued from the General's lips or pen. If the best men of the country do not come to the surface, something must be wrong in the machinery of the institutions. The getting of good men is the problem which has exercised all the best brains from antiquity downward, and the General never suggests any plan. A Boulangerist *coup d'Etat* would not mend matters; the Republic would be shattered to pieces, and one of the two great monarchical parties would step in over the ruins.

Last Sunday the anti-Boulangerists got up a gigantic demonstration on the anniversary of Baudin's death in the *coup d'Etat* of 1851. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to avoid disorder, and thirteen tent ambulances were erected at different points of the route to be taken by the procession, for the reception of possible wounded. This gives an idea of the height to which party feeling has risen, and almost suggests civil war. The procession was arranged by the Municipal Council of Paris, and with the distinct assent of the Cabinet now in power. It went from the Hotel de Ville to a site outside the great gate of Père la Chaise, where a plaster cast of the statue of Baudin, by Millet, had been erected with the usual decorations of flags and bouquets. It was not possible to admit so vast

a crowd into the cemetery, which, as all know, is kept up with the neatest care and is a beautiful and world renowned place. It is significant of the topsy-turvy state of French politics, that Henri Rochefort, the Republican Marquis, who has been a *deporté* to Nonnea, and has always been a violent Radical, has turned Boulangerist, and sneered in his paper, the *Intransigeant*, at the Baudin procession, calling it the *Promenade du Cadavre*. The hero himself is merely a name to the present generation, and it may not be uninteresting to recall his personality to mind, for he is sure to remain in history as a marked figure. The son of a medical man who had been admitted when a child of fourteen into the ambulances in the time of the first Revolution, Alphonse Baudin inherited his father's principles, and also his unhesitating devotion. He was tall, with brown hair and large eyes of bluish gray, very pale in complexion, with slender white hands, a man of outward mark, and devoted to the cause of the poor. The Republican doctor is a well known type in France. Guépin de Nantes and Docteur Pierre Boyer, whose book on the war of 1870 is just published, are noted examples. On the night succeeding the *coup d'Etat* Baudin was still safe and slept in his brother's room, the latter being at the time a student in Paris; but on the 3rd of December, at early morning, he joined a number of other deputies at a barricade at a street opening on the *Place de la Bastille*; they wore scarves then, used as tokens of their official position; round about were hundreds of workmen whom they exhorted to resist the troops of Louis Napoleon. A woman in the crowd called out: "Ah, you think that our men are going to let themselves be killed that you may keep your 25 francs a day!" "Wait a little," said Baudin; "and you will see how we shall die for our 25 francs." He stood on the barricade, a flag wrapped round him, and in the first discharge fell dead. He had been shot in the left eye. Late in the same afternoon his brother managed with much difficulty to get to the Hospital of St. Marguerite, whither the body had been carried; he was forbidden to place the official scarf on the coffin of Alphonse; but carried it in his hand, as, followed by two hundred and fifty people, he walked by the side of the corpse to Père la Chaise. The old father still survived. Seventeen years later the Republican party started a subscription for a monument to Baudin. Their newspapers were pursued by the government; and it was in defending Delescluze, the editor of the *Reveil*, that Gambetta made the great speech which made him famous, and struck a terrible blow at the empire so soon to expire in the throes of war.

I see to-day that the Municipal Council intends to rename the Boulevard Haussman, and call it the Boulevard Baudin. It is really deplorable thus to obliterate history. Modern Paris is due to the Baron's exertions under the empire, and most people seem cordially to admire the long stretches of magnificent buildings which, though so much less picturesque than old Paris, have yet a splendour of their own. From the top of the Arc de Triomphe the new boulevard and avenue radiate in a star marked out by long lines of handsome trees. Surely it is a shame to change the name of the Boulevard Haussman and give it that of Baudin who, whatever his merits, has not the slightest connection with the site or the work; merely because he was shot by Baron Haussman's master some years before.

The great theatrical event has been the production of "Romeo and Juliette" at the Grand Opera for the first time, Madame Patti taking the part of Juliette and Gounod himself conducting the orchestra. It was a splendid success, people coming from all parts of Europe, including Russia, to hear the performance. Patti is said to have looked young and lovely, and to have been in perfect voice. The audience was worthy of the occasion, and the whole scene radiant with lights and jewels. Each new triumph of Shakespeare in the French capital is so much in favour of a higher conception of Art and Romance. "Romeo and Juliette" had been performed at the Opera Comique, but never before at the Grand Opera.

Paris has lost a popular singer in the death of Victorine Demay, to whose memory Jules Lemaitre, the critic of the future, has consecrated an interesting and touching article in the *Figaro*. It is true that she was what we should call only a Music Hall singer—*Café Chantant*,—but she was a true genius in her way, and represented the gaiety, the satire and the cordial good humour of the Parisian populace at its best. M. Lemaitre considers Paulus to be a vulgar comedian, singing without delicate shades of meaning. Madame Demay was "a classic on her own level, just as much as the *Sociétaires de la Comédie Française*." She was a delightful vocalist, who charmed