

their products were worked to their fullest extent, and admitted free." But how, as respects farm produce, is this to happen unless Canadian farmers undersell the men on the spot, who, with all their advantages, are losing money at the business? And then, what becomes of the better prices Canadian farmers are to get under Commercial Union? It seems to us that Canada will not be much better off for the custom of the "wealthy and extravagant people at her very borders who badly need her products, and are willing and ready to pay liberally for them." Some of this liberality might seemingly be advantageously bestowed upon the farmers of New York State; but probably, as in the case of the manufacturers, our neighbours would much rather the Canadian farmers should get any profit that is going.

WHAT has become of the "proofs" that were to show the "Parnell Letter" to be a forgery, which Mr. Parnell hastened to Dublin to obtain when the charge was made by *The Times*? Of course, we could not expect an Irish gentleman to know whether he was guilty or not till he had heard all the evidence; but some six weeks have now elapsed, and the only apparent result of Mr. Parnell's investigations is a series of illnesses that have since afflicted him, seemingly growing graver in character as his investigations have continued. It is not surprising that a bad cold suddenly seized him the morning he read the letter in *The Times*; that his whole system has since been the prey of various ailments likely to be developed when the mind is ill at ease; and that the unpalatable truths he has been compelled to hear, and the dreadful logical weight of the situation, should have given him acute dyspepsia. But surely he must know by this time whether or no he approved the murder of Mr. Burke in writing. If he did not, it is a duty he owes, if not to himself (we admit there cannot be much due to Mr. Parnell by anybody) at any rate to his chief, Mr. Gladstone, to go into Court by some door or other and say so. Even Mr. Gladstone will at present—whatever he may do later in the career he is running—admit that the fountain of English justice is pure, that an English jury would do justice. There is no reason to assume that the jury trying the case would be a Unionist jury; the Gladstonians have not forfeited their civil rights. But supposing the worst, supposing Mr. Parnell has reason not to feel confident of getting justice,—if he knew himself innocent, he could look beyond the English jury to the great English public, who, possessed of the facts, would assuredly do him the justice he deserves. But this perhaps is not what he wants; it is to be feared he shuns the publicity of a Court thus persistently, because he feels that, however innocent he may be of a particular charge, in no circumstances must he expose his character, antecedents, and designs to the fierce light that justice would throw on them. If he were acquitted of the particular charge made, it might not profit him; for he knows he could be shown to be guilty of worse: therefore, all charges alike must be treated with silent disdain.

MR. GLADSTONE has been harping in Wales on the old theme—the character of England "is disgraced in the universal opinion of everybody outside of England by her treatment of Ireland." This has reference, not to the opinion of Mr. Gladstone's friend, the Divine Figure of the North, Ruler of Poland, but to American opinion, which, as everybody knows, is about as enlightened on the Irish Question as on the internal politics of Poland—a country which, by the way, the officious States Legislatures and our own, have omitted to instruct the Czar how to govern, while undertaking that task as respects another foreign Government. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from San Francisco, explains to the English people what we in Canada—for it applies as well to us—have good reason to know all about, the method by which American opinion about the Irish Question is formed, and sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's policy aroused. We have not space to give an outline of his theme; but here are a few extracts that may serve the useful purpose of warning unwary readers to adopt a good rule—never to believe a word about Ireland in the cable news of the day, unless it is confirmed by other evidence or internal probability. "The people" [of the States], says the correspondent, "are great newspaper readers, but they read little else, and are dependent on the local daily papers for their knowledge of what goes on in the world. . . . For the most part these papers are not conspicuous for editorial or literary ability, and, indeed, their merit in the eyes of the people seems to be that they are racy, spicy, slangy, sensational, and intensely personal. . . . The English news is almost exclusively devoted to the Irish Question, and consists either of direct cable messages from London, or of duplicates of the messages sent by London correspondents to the New York papers. Now, these messages constitute the only information the people here have, or can have, with regard to the Irish Question, and no one can wonder at the state of feeling with regard to it. To them it appears that

it has, and can have, only one side, and their marvel is that in England, where (as one gentleman said to me) 'there must be some honest and right-minded people,' such a state of oppression should be able to continue a single day without producing revolt and civil war. . . . Well, who are these correspondents? The answer to that question is the explanation of the matter. They are, I believe without a single exception prominent Home Rulers and leaders in the Irish fight. T. P. O'Connor and T. P. Gill are the London correspondents of the two leading papers here, while others of them are indebted to William O'Brien, and other equally well-known and extreme members of the Irish Party, though it is fair to say that one of the leading papers does occasionally give prominence in its bulletins to its having among its contents 'Cables from Henry Labouchere.'

WE have heard no particularly loud demand from Wales for Home Rule; it is hardly one of those burning questions that a great statesman, in office, would feel bound to mention in the Speech from the Throne; yet Mr. Gladstone has been to Wales to raise the country on it: not Ireland only, but Wales, must have Home Rule—whether Wales wants it or not. If she does want it—and that she does is gratuitously assumed by the Great Agitator—that is reason enough why she should have it; Welsh wishes ought not to be neglected or over-ridden by an alien majority of English. This latest aberration of Mr. Gladstone's is, we fear, a direct result of Mr. O'Brien's fool's errand to Canada: the G. O. M. has probably been consulting the *Freeman's Journal* as to the success the Irish Agitator had. He reads there—"These evidences [the United States and Canadian press accounts of O'Brien's visit] offer a curious commentary upon the suggestions of some of the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic that the visit is a failure, and that Mr. O'Brien is regarded with indifference, if not with actual contempt." And the generous old gentleman, emulating the great O'Brien, has gone into Wales to reap a like success. Probably he may. Meanwhile

WE commend to the sympathies of our Anti Coercion friends the case of the rack-renting landlord, a tenant on Lord Lansdowne's estate, mentioned by M. de Mandat-Grancey in his book "Chez Paddy," noticed elsewhere in this number. It is to enable such wretches as he to escape paying over to the landlord the money they grind out of their miserable sub-tenants that the Plan of Campaign was devised; it was in the cause of such as he that Mr. O'Brien lately crossed the Atlantic to execrate and chase Lord Lansdowne out of Canada; it is over the "wrongs" of such men as this that Michael Davitt is going mad; and it is to bring such rogues up short, and compel them to be at least honest, that the Crimes Bill will be pushed through the British Parliament in spite of the desperate efforts of their worthy representatives, the Parnellites.

BISMARCK appears to have succeeded in the object he had in view in publishing the Russo-Austrian Balkan-Partition Treaty of 1877. In doing so he told the Russians plainly that Germany would not stand in their road to Constantinople; and this overture, coupled with the temporary retirement of Boulanger, which was a good deal Bismarck's work, has produced a *rapprochement* towards Germany on the part of Russia, and a corresponding coolness towards France. For Germany is evidently not impregnably hostile to Russian designs on the Balkans, while France with her unstable Government as evidently cannot be relied upon as an ally. Whether Russia is prepared to take the hint thrown out by Prince Bismarck, and, if so, how soon she will march, is now the question. The astute Chancellor has once more managed to shift the danger of war from his borders to Asia, and it may be significant of Russia's unreadiness for an European conflict that she finds it necessary to prepare by raising the usual war-mirage in Afghanistan. A mirage it always will be in that quarter; the seat of the next great war will be in Eastern Europe, and the sooner it comes, the sooner will India be relieved from these perpetual alarms, which are raised solely to bring England to terms as to the partition of Turkey.

THE sanguine view of Count Von Moltke regarding Volapük is responsible for quite a movement in favour of the new language in Germany and Austria. Whatever the final destiny of Professor Schleier's method of universal communication, taught in ten lessons, there is no doubt that a very large number of persons on the continent have already mastered it, and an increasing number are taking it up with that serious intent. It is claimed that during the past winter more than two thousand pupils received instructions in Vienna alone, and examinations have already been held in it in the public schools with favourable results. A paper published in Vienna, the *Volapükagased*, is said to have a large circulation among the initiate.