

continued to preach Toryism, and to be regarded as the hope of that party. If the Canadian Tories resisted the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, they only acted on the principle which is eloquently enforced in "The Church in Its Relations to the State," and which, though now laid aside as inconvenient, has, we believe, never been disowned. Sir Robert Peel having been brought up in the narrowest Toryism changed as his mind opened, and as the tendencies of the age revealed themselves to him, though he changed only from Toryism to Conservatism, and carried with him in that necessary concession to progress all the ablest and wisest men of his original party. But Peel always frankly avowed his change, and by so doing preserved the morality of public life. Mr. Gladstone has passed from extreme Toryism, a Toryism which defended not only religious privilege but Slavery, to extreme Radicalism; yet he is entirely free from misgiving as to the perfect consistency of his career, and treats his old party as though it had always been in his eyes the party of darkness and evil, and he had spent his whole life in nobly struggling against its follies and iniquities. In truth, "The History of an Idea," discloses a method by which perfect consistency might be imparted to the career of the Vicar of Bray. If this liberty of retrospective self-interpretation on the cryptic principle were to be recognised, the Pope could have no difficulty in proving that he had always been a Protestant, or Mr. Spurgeon in proving that he had always been a Roman Catholic.

MR. LABOUCHERE, of *Truth*, has been pouring on the character of Mr. Goschen a stream of libel which is reproduced by our Separatist Press. He forgets that Mr. Goschen was Mr. Gladstone's most trusted colleague, and that even after their separation by a difference of opinion, the honourable nature of which nobody can doubt, on the subject of the rural franchise, Mr. Gladstone employed Mr. Goschen on an important mission. Mr. Gladstone himself is, perhaps, equally oblivious of these facts. Mr. Labouchere is now pushing for Radical leadership, and his "social journal" will become the organ of his political ambition, as well as of his financial policy and of his personal antipathies. The reader of the paper, who finds its leading columns filled with the most flunkeyish gossip about the doings of the aristocracy, and sees how the writer evidently plumes himself on the connection, naturally asks which is the real man, the Jacobin or the Flunkey. Probably the social character is the more genuine, while the other is part of a game.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY contributes a lump of dirt to the general pelting of Mr. Goschen, by assailing his nationality and accusing him of being a German Jew. A German by extraction he is, but we have some reason to doubt his being a Jew, and to believe that the idea has arisen from the darkness of his complexion, and from the association of Hebrew history awakened by the sound of his name. But suppose he was a Jew by extraction, there is nothing about him of the anti-social and unpatriotic character of the Jew; he is as thorough an English patriot as ever breathed. Mr. McCarthy might as well say that a descendant of the Huguenots was not an Englishman, but a Frenchman, when there are no men more loyal to England, or who, in proportion to their number, have done more for her glory than the descendants of the Huguenots.

MR. GOSCHEN, at Liverpool, attacked a Gladstonite seat and reduced the Gladstonite's majority from a substantial to a nominal one. He suffered probably from the influence of Lord Randolph Churchill's defection on the "Tory Democrats," who are numerous in Liverpool, and also from the stubborn reluctance of some old-fashioned Conservatives to vote for anyone who calls himself a Liberal. Yet the defeat of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a most serious blow to the Government, and the session opens for them under gloomy auspices. Still if men feel that their feet are on the path of duty, and if they can trust their own hearts, they may confront the angry skies; and it is possible that this Government, weak as it undoubtedly is, may yet struggle through its difficulties, rally round it the loyalty of the nation, and come out victorious after all. This is possible, at least if the nation is not rotten at the core. If it is, a Chatham could not save it. The Opposition is, at the same time, disorganized. Rivalry appears to have broken out among some of the second-rate men who now act as the lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone; and the excited vanity of Mr. Labouchere, by thrusting itself to the front and opposing a reconciliation which would be its eclipse, may render no small service to the Government.

So long as there is a half-mad Czar with his finger on the trigger of universal combustion, and with a strong temptation to pull it, in order to divert the thoughts of his people from revolution to war, Europe must be

in a dangerous condition. Barring this, and notwithstanding the preparations and counter-preparations for war, the chances appear to us to incline to the side of peace. It seems that the council of the Powers has not yet been broken up. They are still acting in concert, though it may be an uneasy kind of concert, on the Eastern Question; and, however loudly the military party everywhere may bluster, the statesmen and diplomatists have the decision in their hands, and are sure, as a rule, to be averse to war, which shakes their Governments, ruins their finances, and brings them, personally, no glory. The British Government seems to have behaved with firmness and prudence. It has been assailed by Lord Randolph Churchill, in his ignoble and impudent explanation, for not embracing the principle of non-intervention and peace-at-any-price. Not two years ago, Lord Randolph was himself denouncing Russian aggression in his usual unmeasured terms, and inveighing against those who denied that England had any concern in the matter, whereas, he said, to protect the liberties of struggling States like Bulgaria is the great principle of her diplomacy. That a politician who poses as the heir of Lord Beaconsfield, and the wearer of Elijah's mantle, should proclaim himself the champion of peace and non-intervention would be surprising and revolting, if anything done by Lord Randolph could any longer surprise or revolt. His lordship is probably on his way, through some Tory-Democratic cabal, to an ultimate junction with Radicalism, to which, if to anything, he belongs.

IN speaking hopefully of the prospect of peace, we refer to the Eastern Question. The special quarrel between France and Germany need not, like an attack of Russia upon Austria, draw England into its vortex. How far Boulanger's Chauvinism extends beyond himself and his military circle is a question which only observers on the spot can answer. We feel pretty sure that it does not extend to the peasantry. The politicians may affect to share it, but they have more to keep them sober than General Boulanger and his guard-room partisans, inasmuch as they must be keenly sensible of the fact that defeat would be the certain and immediate ruin of the Republic. The language held by France about her indefeasible right to the ceded provinces is preposterous. French territory, it seems, is sacred, and while France may take as much as she pleases of the territory of other nations, to take any of hers is sacrilege. Was not Alsace-Lorraine stolen by her from Germany in former days? Was it not recovered by Germany in a war made by France, without the slightest provocation and with the manifest purpose of robbing Germany of the Rhine provinces?

IN spite of French vapouring, Germany would probably be safe from attack if she was thoroughly true to herself. In her case, as in that of Great Britain, it is the selfish and unpatriotic virulence of domestic party that constitutes the real danger. Ultramontanists, Socialists, Particularists, Progressists, and other anti-national factions and cabals without number, are conspiring, at a moment of national peril, to tear down the Government, and wreck, if they can, the great work which has cost the nation a sea of its best blood. However, there is still a good deal of simple, honest patriotism in Germany, and Bismarck, who has plenty of resource, and is not fastidious in using it, may prove able once more to quell the hydra, and keep the nation in the path of unity and greatness.

NOW there is a strike in New York which it is reckoned will cost four millions. The consequence, of course, will be widespread misery, which the community at large will be called upon to relieve, while the Labour journals will continue to preach that all poverty is caused by the tyranny of Capital, and Mr. George will continue to preach that all poverty is caused by private ownership of land.

SENSATIONALISM has about reached its climax in "She." Wilder nonsense surely never was penned. The tale is, in its leading idea, obviously a reproduction of "King Solomon's Mines," and "The Phantom City." The father of the whole series is Edgar Poe, who, however, had a genius for making extravagant fiction appear real by plausible circumstantiality which he has not bequeathed to any of his imitators.

EVERYBODY is deploring the poverty of the nominations for Toronto, and their inadequacy as a representation of this great commercial city. So it has almost always been and so it will be till Commerce sets the wire-pullers aside, and takes the representation into her own hands; in other words, till the senseless Shibboleths of Tory and Grit shall have been discarded by our commercial men, and the great economical and commercial questions shall have been installed in their room.