

of speaking at all before the time, are personally, one and all, attached by their feelings and interests to the existing state of things. But of all places to which the inquiring American can go for light, the worst is Ottawa; and of all writings on the subject, those which he ought to read with most mistrust, however able and even honest they may be, are such as emanate from that place. Ottawa stands by itself; everybody in it is an official; everybody in it is a guest of Government House. Its society basks in the present rays of a peculiar and most powerful sun. Its literary men inevitably share the general influence. There is a distinct Ottawa stamp upon their work, and they make in perfect good faith statements as to the general state of feeling in the country, which are true only with reference to their own circle. A paper on the condition of political sentiment in England, written by a Lord-in-Waiting, would, without prejudice to the integrity of the noble author, be received with some grains of allowance; so must a paper on the condition of political sentiment in Canada by a writer who dates from Ottawa.

THERE seems to be little chance of a change in the American tariff during the present session. The people, no doubt, are by a great majority in favour of a reduction of taxation: they would be in their dotage if they were not. But nothing can be carried which is not taken up by a party; and neither of the parties is in a position to take up reduction of the tariff. Each has a Protectionist wing; each is afraid of grappling with the vested interests. The Democratic party, which is mainly in favour of Free Trade, unfurls its banner and sounds its trumpet, but fails to advance. So it has hitherto been; so it is likely still for some time to be. Thus, under Republican institutions, which are supposed to give effect to the will of the majority, we have the singular spectacle of a majority, and probably an overwhelming one, held completely in check, and compelled to pay a heavy annual tribute, by a minority which is compactly organized and thoroughly knows its own mind. The patience of the Western Farmer, however, must depend on his condition, and it is not unlikely that his condition may be altered, and materially altered, by an economic force operating upon it from a far distant quarter of the world. That India could export wheat was at first denied; and when exportation actually commenced and began to increase in volume, those to whom the fact was unwelcome continued to parry its significance and to wrap themselves in fond illusion like Napoleon at Waterloo, when he descried the march of columns along the heights of Wavre. A paper by Mr. John W. Bookwalter, of New York, which appeared in *Bradstreet's* the other day, seems, if its statements are correct, to leave no longer any room for self-deception. The Indian farmer plows with a forked stick, yet he raises eleven bushels of wheat to the acre, which is nearly as much as is raised by the American; the British Government is supplying him with better instruments, and doing all in its power to stimulate and direct his industry; there are in India immense tracts of land not yet cultivated, but suitable for the cultivation of wheat; much remains to be done by irrigation; still more by the construction of railways, from 10 to 15,000 miles of which are now under contemplation. Already the figures are formidable. The first trial cargo was sent to Europe less than ten years ago, and in 1875 the export was 1,500,000 bushels. In 1881-82 it was 37,000,000 bushels; and the returns for the year just closed, though imperfect, indicate an increase of fifty per cent. Apparently the American farmer has to prepare himself for a competition in the European market which will affect the Canadian farmer also; and neither of them will be able long to bear any handicapping in the race for the benefit of the home manufacture of implements and machinery, or in any interest whatever.

MR. JULIAN, the American politician, was a thoroughgoing Abolitionist—thoroughgoing enough to be spoken of by Moderates as “having the temper of a hedgehog, the adhesiveness of a barnacle, the vanity of a peacock, the vindictiveness of a Corsican, the hypocrisy of Aminadab Sleek and the duplicity of the devil.” The Political Recollections which he has just given to the world are a swift, succinct and vivid narrative of the great Revolution. That title belongs to the struggle which liberated the Republic from Slavery more justly than to the struggle which severed the connection with the Mother Country. A severance of the connection with the Mother Country was sure to come: colossal babyhood could not possibly have been the permanent condition of the communities of this hemisphere, which had not only in bulk outgrown dependence, but in intelligence and power of self-government outstripped the Imperial people. The end of the slave-owners' domination was by no means sure to come. The political power of Slavery had, for some time, been rapidly increasing; it had bound to its chariot wheels one Northern statesman after another, and it threatened the moral life of

civilization on this continent, whereas the Government of George III. only threatened the pockets of the colonists, or, at worst, the political principle of self-taxation. Was it possible that the struggle should have been confined to the political arena and that civil war should have been avoided? The temper of the slave-owner conspired with the tremendous stake which he had in the issue to make it almost certain, that as soon as the advance of Abolitionism grew alarming, his hand would seek the hilt of his sword. Yet a Government which acts with promptitude and vigour on the first appearance of rebellion, has a great advantage; and, small as the military resources of the American Government were, in the hands of a thoroughly loyal and resolute executive they might have proved effective. But President Buchanan was as far as possible from being either resolute or thoroughly loyal. His successor though thoroughly loyal was not resolute; on the contrary, he took a very long time in emancipating himself from the thralldom of the doctrines to which he had committed himself on the stump about the natural right of rebellion; nor did he grasp, during the early stages of the conflict, the fact that it was a war with Slavery, and that only by treating it as what it was, could the path be opened to victory. It is just, however, to Lincoln to say that his hesitation was that of a large portion of the people, and that had he moved more decisively, he might have left half his forces, especially in the Border States, behind him. The North as well as the South drank the cup which itself had filled. The nation, for the sake of political peace, territorial greatness and commercial gain had made a covenant with evil, and it paid the price. The spirit of Slavery was one which could not come out without rending. If there is a special lesson which Mr. Julian's narrative enforces, it is the blindness of politicians who sell themselves for a “vote.” Webster and Douglas, perhaps in some measure Clay also, sold themselves for the “vote” of the South. The South used them, ruined them, and flung them away. That it should do so was inevitable, apart from perfidy on the slave owners' side: no half apostate can ever be thoroughly trusted or heartily accepted as a leader by the party of evil with which he intrigues. Let all who are seeking “votes” of any kind, at the expense of their principles, lay this warning of experience to heart. Let them listen to Webster's political death knell, still audible in history. On the other hand, the madness of the slave-owners was astounding. Douglas was a thoroughly selfish knave and would have served them body and soul had they made him President, as, if they had chosen, beyond question, they might have done. But they were desperately bent not only on grasping power, but on grasping it in their own name, and in the person of one of their own chiefs: they threw Douglas over, nominated Breckenridge against him, and plucked down ruin on their own heads. The Crittenden compromise, which, as Mr. Julian truly says, would have surrendered everything to Slavery, was defeated by a single vote, and the cause of its defeat was the abstention of six Southern Senators, who would hear of no compromise but were resolved on war. Jupiter, we know, blinds the doomed, and in the case of slave-owners, the demon of plantation despotism was the Jupiter.

It might have been supposed that such national peril as hung over the United States at the time of Lincoln's first election would have abashed the spirit of place-hunting even in the most sordid breast. Not so. The new President had to encounter a domestic army of place-hunters, more terrible than the public foe. Even Mr. Julian, who was only a member of Congress, fled from his home in February for relief from importunities; but at Washington he found the number of his tormentors doubled. The pressure, he says, was so great and constant, that he could scarcely find time for meals or to cross the street. He gave his days and nights to the business, hoping to finish it, but it only increased. At every turn was a miscellaneous swarm of people looking hungry as wolves and ready to pounce upon members as they passed, begging for personal intercession and letters of recommendation. March, April, brought no pause. Beneath the darkening sky and amidst the rolling thunders of civil war, after the fall of Sumter and the burning of the armoury at Harper's Ferry, when Washington was filled with troops and threatened by the enemy, when the country had been called to arms, when the whole land was blazing with excitement, the scuffle for place went on without abatement, and the jaded President found no mercy. It was after Chancellorsville, if the current anecdote is true, that a Senator seeing the President deeply dejected tried to cheer him by bidding him remember that their cause was just, and that Heaven, after all, would protect the right. “Ah, Senator,” replied Lincoln, “it is not the war, it is your Jonesville Postmastership.” Such is the inevitable result of the party system; it always draws away a multitude of people from honest industry to that most dishonest industry of which the wages are political appointments. By a happy conjuncture of events, rather than by the love of reform in either party, the Americans have obtained, so far