

HAVING entered on his course of self-abasement Lord Salisbury seems determined to go to the end. His last act but one was to order the Irish Executive to strike its flag to the mutinous municipality of Limerick, which had defiantly refused to pay the assessment for extra police under the Crimes Act. His last act, if the telegram is correct, is to pay tribute to the social ambition of Mr. Lawson, *alias* Levy, the proprietor of the London *Telegraph* and the wielder of its influence, after retiring from whose sumptuous board the haughtiest of politicians probably underwent some rite of social purification. It must be conceded to the upholders of the hereditary principle that family characteristics live long, and that a trait sometimes recurs in a curious manner after the lapse of generations. The Lord Salisbury of the time of Charles I. has found a place in Clarendon's gallery of historical portraits. "The Earl of Salisbury . . . had been admitted of the Council of King James; from which time he continued so obsequious to the Court that he never failed in overacting all that he was required to do. No act of power was ever proposed which he did not advance and execute his part with the utmost rigour. . . . In matters of State and Council he always concurred in what was proposed for the King and cancelled and repaired all these transgressions by concurring in all that was proposed against him as soon as any such propositions were made. Yet when the King went to York, he likewise attended upon his Majesty, and at that distance seemed to have recovered some courage and concurred in all counsels which were taken to undeceive the people and to make the proceedings of the Parliament odious to all the world. But on a sudden he caused his horses to attend him out of the town and, having placed fresh ones at a distance, he fled back to London with the expedition such men use when they are most afraid; and never after denied to do anything that was required of him; and when the war was ended and Cromwell had put down the House of Peers, he got himself to be chosen a member of the House of Commons, and sat with them as of their own body, and was esteemed accordingly"—that is to say, became, according to Clarendon, despicable to all men. Here, if we mistake not, we have the manifest progenitor of the Marquis, who is "a reed painted to look like iron," who *saute pour mieux reculer*, who sacrifices Lord Spencer's reputation and the dignity of the Executive for the Irish Vote, who ostentatiously hobnobs with Mr. Lawson, *alias* Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

IN France as well as in England a great electoral struggle is impending, and this time it will be with *Scrutin de liste*, or departmental tickets instead of elections for small local constituencies, which will enable the parties more completely to set their forces in array against each other. The parties are many in number and their list is always being increased, the fissiparous process becoming more and more rapid when disintegration has once set in, and the enmity between the newborn organisms being generally bitter in direct proportion to their affinity. There are several sections of Republicans proper, besides Socialists or Communists, more or less advanced. There are Royalists of the pure breed and Royalists of a breed not so pure. There are two factions of Bonapartists perpetually conspiring against each other as well as against the Republic. It does not appear that any party has the faintest chance of obtaining a majority of the whole Chamber, or that there is any prospect of a sound basis for a Government. Efforts have been made in more than one quarter to bring about coalitions for the purpose of averting Parliamentary anarchy, but they seem to have totally failed. Coalitions in a bag of vipers are not easily adjusted; each of the brood is willing enough to coalesce provided it can have the sole dictation of the joint programme. So beyond the election opens a boundless vista of shifting combinations and ephemeral ministries. Italy and Spain as well as France are in a state of political crisis or only just emerging from it. Nor is there the slightest reason for believing that in any one of these countries matters will mend or party government ever become anything but the chaotic babel of warring factions which it is. Their policy of agitation, says the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, corresponds neither to the wishes nor the instincts of the immense mass of the nation devoted to quiet industry, which has no desire but to live in peace, and to have its beliefs and sentiments respected as well as its interests. No doubt such is the desire of the mass; and in the end the mass will probably revolt against the pestilent activity of the politicians; but the revolt is too likely to come in the form of an overthrow of free institutions.

EMANCIPATION is the order of the day. Now comes Mr. James Simson with a plea for the emancipation of the Gipsies. But what he wants done or in what respect his clients stand in need of social emancipation, we altogether fail to perceive. In the days of intolerance the heathen wanderers were persecuted. Often they were shipped off to other countries by the governments in accordance with the international principles of the

times when every foreign country was treated as a Botany Bay; and this mode of dealing with them aided their dispersion. Sometimes they were more severely treated, and in benighted Hungary, so late as 1782, forty-five of them were beheaded or hanged on a false charge of cannibalism. Perhaps the erroneous notion that they were Egyptians may have prejudiced them in the eyes of Covenanters and other uncritical zealots of the Old Testament, and the practice of fortune-telling was sure to expose them to the fatal imputation of sorcery. But now these strange waifs of Hindostan are objects rather of romantic interest than of bigoted antipathy. Their French name, *Bohemien* is applied to a class of people who, though not venerated, are neither hated nor altogether despised, and in England a famous cricket-club rejoices in the name of "I Zingari." Of all the parasitic races which have spread over the earth to feed upon the earnings of other races, while the Jews are by far the most important, the Gipsies are the humblest and least obnoxious. In England the Gipsy encampment which but half a century ago was a familiar object in the rural districts is, like many other features of old English country life, being rapidly numbered with the past. The strip of waste land which the easy-going agriculture of former days left by the road-side, and on which the Gipsy tent was pitched and the Gipsy's horse found pasture, is being taken in; the wide-spreading hedge under which the tent found shelter is being trimmed or grubbed up. The wild and furtive glances of the dusky brood which, amidst the homes of England, kept the religion of a wandering life, will soon meet the passenger's eye no more. The landscape itself of which they were a part, with its thatched cottages and antique homesteads, will live only in the paintings of the day. What is left of genuine Gipsy blood will mingle with the blood of the European races, and the main current will hardly feel the influence of the tiny rill. Here and there, perhaps, individual temperament may betray an oriental origin, and a politician of the Gipsy stock may be found practising for the great prizes of ambition the arts by which his forefathers cozened the farmer's wife out of her pence. Poetry will preserve the image of a form which will have vanished, and erratic genius, if such a thing as erratic genius survives under the reign of science, will continue to own its affinity to the Gipsy.

It is pleasant and reassuring to see justice done, though late; and justice, complete justice, has been done at last to the deeply injured memory of Sir Elijah Impey. Macaulay, in his Essay on Warren Hastings, has charged Impey with judicially murdering Nuncomar out of subserviency to Hastings, whom Nuncomar had accused of corruption. He has charged him with slavishly abetting crimes perpetrated under the authority of Hastings in Oude, and with a whole series of other enormities; with setting up a legal reign of terror in Bengal; with usurping supreme authority and then selling his monstrous pretensions for an enormous bribe. He has held him up to execration as "a judge such as has not dishonoured the English ermine since Jeffreys drank himself to death in the Tower," as the lowest tool to be found in the Inns of Court, as affording a parallel to a corsair, as gratuitously intruding himself into a foul business with which he had nothing to do, because he was allured by the peculiar rankness of the infamy to be obtained by it. Giving full play to his imagination, the great essayist proceeds to taint the very boyhood of Impey, and to exhibit him as bribed by Hastings, when they were schoolfellows, with tarts and balls to play sneaking tricks. This story, set forth with all Macaulay's brilliancy of rhetoric and power of invective, has become familiar to all who read the English language, and has hitherto passed for unquestionable truth. Those who knew Macaulay's habits might possibly suspect exaggeration in a portrait which was not so much that of a corrupt and wicked man as that of a very mean devil. To few, very few, it was known that the charges had been denied by Impey's son in a treatise which, though angry, confused and unreadable, contained some strong statements of fact on the other side, of which Macaulay had taken no notice whatever. The case of Nuncomar and the other charges against Impey have now been thoroughly examined by Sir James Stephen, a man of most powerful and judicial mind as well as the first of criminal lawyers; and the result is that Macaulay's story is proved to be, not merely exaggerated and overcoloured, but totally and absolutely false. Nuncomar was not judicially murdered; he had a perfectly fair trial which lasted through seven days, and was convicted on what Sir James Stephen deems sufficient evidence. He was tried, not before Impey alone, as Macaulay, with astonishing recklessness of fact, gives his readers to understand, but before Impey and three other judges, two of whom had been the committing magistrates, and all of whom were equally responsible with their chief. Instead of bearing hard upon the prisoner or his witnesses, it appears that Impey behaved with perfect impartiality, or rather showed a leaning in favour of the prisoner; that he summed up fairly, and left the case entirely to the jury. There would prob-