

on the footing of a self-governing colony. But the self-governing colonies, besides being divided from England by oceans, are dependencies. Ireland is not a dependency, she is an integral part of the Imperial nation. She must be put on the footing of a dependency before she can form a proper field for Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's experiment. The Costigan resolutions holding up Canada as a model for the concession of Home Rule to Ireland were not less fatuous than, on the part of most of those who voted for them, they were hypocritical. It is singular to see the colonies which were to be pillars of support to the Mother Country thus converted into moral engines of her disintegration. Between Legislative Union and entire Separation the choice will have to be made. Mr. Parnell's aim is entire Separation; he does not condescend to disguise it, though he allows the men who are selling themselves and their country into his hands to befool themselves with hollow talk about Home Rule. Irish independence founded in hostility to Great Britain is the goal towards which he is wending: British statesmen have not much time left for considering whether his goal is theirs also.

It was announced the other day in sensational phrase that upon the accession of the new Tory Government to office in England a great defalcation had been detected in the finances of the Admiralty, and that the late First Lord and the late Secretary, who happen to be two of the wealthiest as well as of the most honourable men in England, were skulking to avoid, so it was insinuated, exposure of their malversations. This nonsense presently gave place to a general statement that the finances of the Admiralty were in confusion; the nucleus of fact probably being that in preparing for the sudden exigency of the quarrel with Russia the Admiralty had outrun its estimates. That the British navy is in a state of total dilapidation, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its general quest of sensations proclaimed, is disproved by the rapidity with which when occasion called it was placed on a war footing. Sir Thomas Brassey, the late Secretary, is not only a great yachtsman, but, though a millionaire, devoted to naval science; he was at the pains to qualify himself for a captain's certificate in the merchant service. It is not very likely that he would allow his chosen department to go to ruin, leaving it and the country with it to be saved by the patriotic zeal and the naval skill of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The navy cannot be constantly reconstructed in accordance with the very last invention; if this were done, as *Punch* said in a squib on the subject, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would soon have to announce that everyone was paying more than his income in taxes. Such is probably the modicum of truth which underlies a startling fiction. Readers of English news should bear in mind that the Irish are now in alliance with the Tories, and that the *New York Herald* is written largely for the Irish. Besides, the belief that the navy or any other British department can fall into utter ruin through the incompetence of the Parliamentary Minister shows an ignorance of the structure of British Administration. The permanent and non-parliamentary staff of each department is strong enough to carry on the ordinary administration by itself. Parliamentary Ministers have their places assigned them fully as often by mere Cabinet necessity as by departmental fitness; and to this rule the new Tory Ministry is certainly no exception.

THE prediction that the seed of hideous suspicion sown broadcast by the *Pall Mall Gazette* would soon spring up in a crop of accusations, has been promptly fulfilled. We learn by the cable to the *Mail* that a lady has accused a gentleman of high standing of a criminal attempt upon her daughter, a child of twelve; but upon taking the stand the accuser, it seems, gave evidence so confused that the magistrate refused to detain the prisoner. The lady's imagination had probably been set at work by the pretended revelations till it wove out of airy nothings a circumstantial story of seduction which, at last, fixed itself in her mind as truth. What tricks imagination, when thus excited, will play, was shown by the long-remembered Georgian Railway Hoax, the victim of which was a perfectly respectable and generally sane man, who had been so impressed by a purely fictitious and monstrously extravagant story, that at last he firmly believed himself to have been an eye-witness of the facts. We are not free from the danger of being affected in a similar manner by the *Pall Mall* revelations here. When the community is thus filled with horrible whispers and surmises we must put a guard upon our fancies. There are sad and terrible things in humanity. Nor in the whole economy of nature is there anything more sad or more terrible than the misery engendered by the excess of a passion which in itself is so far from being bad that it not only sustains the race but gives birth to all the virtues which have their centre in home. It is time indeed that this most desperate of social problems should be approached in earnest, not by dirty and superstitious casuists, pulpit declaimers, or sensation-mongering editors, but by medical

science consecrated to the service of morality. Yet it would be foolish as well as wretched to let ourselves imagine that the virtue which we see around us was only a crust hiding an abyss of secret vice. An attentive survey of the lives of those who are immediately around us, far from faultless though these lives may be, ought to be enough to cure us of moral hysteria. The list of "minotaurs" tracked out by the *Pall Mall* Commission contains, we are told, the names of half the members of both Houses of Parliament! The evidence, so far as appears, is the talk of brothels, taken down by a "Commissioner" who was sent out to gather the materials of a grand newspaper sensation.

AN attempt is made by Mr. Lucy in the *Nineteenth Century* to show that the disorder in the House of Commons which fills all friends of Parliamentary Government with fear of confusion is nothing new, but had its parallels in palmy days. Apparently the case is made out, but a fallacy lurks below. It is true that in former times scenes of great violence did occasionally take place. In the last century manners generally were not so mild as they are now; duelling was the fashion; members were not uncommonly the worse for drink; and the struggle between the adherents of the House of Stuart and those of the House of Hanover infused into politics much of the fury of civil war. We are not surprised when we find a Hanoverian and a Jacobite drawing their swords upon each other in the lobby. In the debates on the Reform Bill again, when a great revolution was going on, and once more civil war cast its shadow on the land, we are not surprised to find even such men as Earl Grey and Sir Robert Peel sometimes losing their temper and saying in the paroxysm of excitement things which in their cooler moments they would themselves have condemned. Yet the House was then not a bear-garden, nor could any member have wilfully and contumaciously broken the rules of courtesy and decency without being made to feel by the total loss of his position that he had sinned against the social code of an assembly of gentlemen. The rowdiness of Lord Randolph Churchill and his crew, or the ruffianism of Messrs. Healy, Sexton and Biggar, would no more have been tolerated under Grey and Peel than would the open disloyalty of one set of men or the avowed profligacy of the other. It is not in the maximum of violence on occasions of extraordinary excitement, but in the general character and tone of the House, that the degeneracy is seen. Yet the rowdiness verging on blackguardism is not the most fatal part of the change. The most fatal part is the disorganization. In the days of Grey and Peel both parties followed their leaders, and legislation was possible: now the House is fast becoming an anarchy. It was to put an end to a "chaotic" style of things that Mr. Gladstone framed the new rules, which, like all attempts to cure a deeply seated malady by a mere change of forms, have disappointed the expectations of their framer. Feeling that effort is hopeless, and that nightly sitting in the House of Commons is merely a waste of life, good men are beginning to withdraw. They say that while they can do something in private and social life in the House of Commons they can do nothing. It is likely that the new Parliament will be weakened and lowered in character by these secessions of despair. Without a radical change in its temper and organization, the House of Commons cannot govern the country: yet England has at present no other government. Such is the thought which is now pressing on the minds and hearts of patriotic Englishmen. The best hope for the country is that among those on whose minds and hearts the thought is pressing may be some one strong enough to force his way to the front, take the helm, and put the ship on a new course.

DURING the long struggle which General Grant has maintained under the public eye with death, his obituary has been written twenty times over. Perhaps, as the old warrior finally quits the scene, the pleasantest features of his character to recall to mind are the simplicity of his demeanour, his disregard of military pomp and his freedom from irregular aspirations. So long as he was the soldier of the Republic his sole object was to do his duty. In this respect, at all events, he was a hero. One of the most striking things about the war was the fidelity with which the soldiers preserved their character as citizens, and the readiness with which, as soon as the army was disbanded, they returned to the works and ways of peace. Gambetta, it seems, was particularly struck with this absence of militarism in General Grant, and as a Frenchman he did not lack contrasts to enhance his admiration. The idea which generally prevailed in Europe, and which European experience seemed to warrant, that the successful general would seize supreme power, could not have long retained its hold on the mind of any one who, towards the close of the war, had come in contact with General Grant. The tent, undistinguishable from that of any other officer, which formed the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and the plain chest marked with his initials which held his kit, were almost in themselves an