

THE WEEK.

Toronto, Thursday, December 30th, 1886.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No. 5.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The English Crisis	71
Lord Selborne on Disestablishment	72
Notes on News from Paris	L. L. 73
Sweet of My Life (Poem)	E. G. Garthwaite. 74
Jottings off the C. P. R.	E. S. 74
CORRESPONDENCE—	
John Bright	Anglus. 74
A DEER HUNT IN THE NEW FOREST	75
TOPICS—	
Result of the Elections	76
Political Literature	76
Dissolution	76
Intemperance in Canada	77
Mr. George's Lecture Tour	77
The Knights of Labour and Anarchism	77
Relief of the Pains of Death	77
Froude	77
Mallock's "The Old Order Changes"	77
NOTES—	
THE DYING YEAR (Poem)	Seranus. 79
"VENGEANCE IS MINE"	Ren. 79
"MARGUERITE"	Seranus. 80
MUSIC	Seranus. 80
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	81

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

SELDOM has a prophet of evil enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his prophecy fulfilled more signally than has THE WEEK in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill. Few things in the history of English public men can be compared to his lordship's desertion of the Queen's Government at the moment when it is at once coping with a great peril abroad and entering on a decisive conflict with rebellion at home. What is the assigned cause signifies little, though such a pretext as a difference of opinion about the Army and Navy Estimates would be singularly futile and hollow, inasmuch as no man in his senses can think that a great reduction is possible in face of the present attitude of Russia. To break up a Government on such a question as the immediate abolition of pensions would again be an act of idiocy; not to mention that of all pensions, about the most indefensible is that which is held by the Churchill family, and out of which whatever Lord Randolph inherited from his father was probably saved. The real motive it might be difficult to disentangle from a complexity of tendencies all equally noble. It may be merely petulant impatience of opposition encountered in the Cabinet; it may be the hope of supplanting Lord Salisbury as Sir Stafford Northcote was supplanted; it may be a fit of panic like that with which his lordship was seized when last he came into collision with the Parnellites, and which brought the first Salisbury Government to an ignominious end; and which brought the first Salisbury Government to an ignominious end; it may be a combination of one or all of these with a consciousness of having recently committed damaging blunders, which, as we were assured on good authority, had betrayed itself before the resignation. Lord Randolph Churchill rose not by honourable effort, but by intriguing against his colleagues; and the latter end of such a man is sure to be like the first. His present apostasy is the natural sequel of his original treachery. He climbed into office by an intrigue with the Parnellites, and after his conduct in the Maamtrasna debate honourable members of his party refused to appear with him on the platform. His recorded belief is that a distinction between wholesome and unwholesome victories is unpractical, and that the right thing is to win, leaving morality to say what it pleases; and the avowal of such a belief before the world shows that the wisdom of the profession is on a level with his integrity. Nothing could be more true than the saying of the *Standard*, that Lord Randolph was trying to play over again the game of Disraeli with a fiftieth part of the talent. His lordship has the gift of rhetoric, which a multitude craving for excitement accepts in place of genuine ability and of honour. Sterling quality as a statesman we are convinced that he has none. His supposed success as leader of the House of Commons during the short autumnal session amounted to very little: the novelty and responsibility of his position not only restrained his petulance, but made him profusely civil; but he had only to pass the estimates to which, as they had been framed by Mr. Gladstone, the Opposition was committed, while his majority was large and solid. There was in fact scarcely any occasion for the display of authority over men, address, or promptitude of judgment. Lord Randolph has a friend in the *Times*, to which his resignation, it appears, was prematurely communicated; and

the immense services rendered by that journal to the nation, which it practically led in the decisive struggle for the Union, have been a little marred by the share which it has had in entrusting the fruits of victory to the hands of a man who, if it suited him, would disincumber himself of his Unionist principles as lightly as of any other baggage which delayed his march. It is only to be hoped that the leaders of the party will see that the wise course is to send the intriguer once for all about his business, whatever immediate loss of the support of Music Halls and "Tory Democracy" the renunciation may entail. Richard Cromwell asked Monk what was to be done with the fractious and mutinous chiefs of the army. "Cashier them outright," was Monk's reply, "and their influence will be gone." It is not likely that Lord Randolph Churchill will carry with him any of the Conservative members in the House of Commons. The Tory Democracy in the country may be disquieted, but it does not follow that there will be a revolt, and a general election is not at hand.

Still, the weakness of the Government and the temporary loss of support in the country which must ensue make the situation one of extreme peril. The very stars in their courses seem to be fighting against the nation. To those who remember Lord Hartington as an amateur politician and a loungee in public life, yawning at his own speech, it seems marvellous and almost tragical that in him, and in the confidence which his character inspires, should now be placed England's best hope of escape from confusion and dismemberment. Aristocracy in its last hour may claim, at all events, to have done something for the country, since, had Lord Hartington been a Commoner, it is more than likely that he would never have sought a seat in Parliament, and even if he had sought one, that, being devoid of showy gifts and popular arts, he would not have obtained it. His birth made him a politician; duty and his country's need have made him a statesman. What he will now do can be learned only from his own lips. The departure of Lord Randolph Churchill must have removed one most repulsive impediment to coalition. But Lord Hartington seems to cling to the idea that the Liberal party may yet be purged of Separatism, and to feel it his duty to persist in the attempt. Yet the Irish Question is not the only one which now divides him and Mr. Goschen from Radicals like Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Illingworth, or Mr. Gladstone himself; and even supposing it were, the wedlock of Radicalism with Parnellism has been too completely sealed ever to be dissolved. The powerful voice of Sir Henry James will no doubt be again raised against a coalition; but Lord Hartington must be aware that Sir Henry is in some measure a Unionist in his own despite, having nailed his colours to the mast, before Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion, by a declaration which he has understood to have been not unwilling to modify after it, had not his constituency held him to his pledge. Lord Hartington's chief difficulty in deciding on a coalition would be his relations with Mr. Chamberlain, and the Unionist Radicals, whom he would not be willing to leave in the lurch, while it would be impossible for him to take them with him. Meantime, the nation, unless it can be provided with a strong Government, such as would form a rallying-point for all who are opposed to revolution and disunion, may literally go to pieces. If ever there was a time in England for sacrificing party traditions and personal ties to country, it is this. Lord Salisbury has throughout behaved nobly, and the abuse with which Radical organs assail him for his generous overtures to Lord Hartington only proves that he has acted not less wisely as the leader of a party than patriotically as an Englishman.

LORD GEORGE PAGET, writing of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, says: "One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself, and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor dumb brutes. They consequently made dashes at me, some advancing with me a considerable distance; at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeezing me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes, betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the horse I was riding, in contrast to these, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being."