

Parliament without the Parnellites; for up to that time he had continued to declare, in answer to all interrogations, that he had no policy to propound, and that he meant to wait (as he and everybody else had much better have waited) till the representatives of Ireland propounded their own. His thoughts had apparently not been previously concentrated on the Irish problem, since he was engaged in lucubrations on Cosmogony, which, when submitted to the critical eye of Science, showed that he was capable of promulgating vast theories with slender information, and upon very insufficient grounds. His Land Act, of the success of which and of its efficacy as a measure of conciliation he was so confident, has failed; and the reasons of its failure were manifest from the first, since it was evident that those who had got rid of half the rent by agitation would at once begin, especially as they were in the hands of political rebels, to agitate for the removal of the rest. His last great exercise of practical forecast was in relation to the Franchise Act, which he predicted would "unite all classes of the people in one compact body round their ancient throne," and of which the immediate result has been a moral civil war.

A man of sense, being asked whether he did not think liberty an excellent thing, answered that he must first be told who was to be at liberty to do what. The people on whom an additional measure of liberty is to be bestowed in the present instance, and whom release from controlling authority is at once to elevate and make happy, are those who the other day, when the widow of the murdered process-server, Finlay, was returning from viewing the dead body of her husband, gathered round her in numbers and mocked her grief with jeers and shouts of triumph; who, some time ago, stood round in a crowd while the brains of a poor boy of seventeen were beaten out before his mother's eyes; who exulted, whatever might be said to the contrary, in the Phoenix Park murders; who in their savage fury mutilate dumb cattle and burn horses alive. They are the kinsmen of those who a few days ago, at Montreal, loudly applauded a speaker when he told them that he who would not murder a landlord was a coward. They have their excuses, no doubt, in the calamities of their history; they have also their good qualities; but those good qualities evidently do not include self-control and love of law, without which self-government is a curse. They are under the absolute dominion of a priesthood which sends them by tens of thousands to the miracle-working Church of Knock, and the attitude of which towards morality throughout this fearful epoch of crime has been, to say the least, far from reassuring. That Ireland has her respectable and intelligent classes is true; but we know too well that it is not into the hands of these classes, but into those of the classes in abject thralldom to the League, that political power will be thrown. For the respectability and intelligence of Ireland, the only chance of liberty, the only chance of escape from the most cruel and degrading tyranny, lies in the maintenance of the Union. Mr. Gladstone, however, since his conversion from Toryism to Radicalism, has rushed, after the fashion of converts, to the extreme of his new opinions, and embraced a metaphysical philanthropy which in bestowing political power knows no distinction of fitness between the British or American citizen and the Moonlighters of Tipperary. He even persists in recognizing the authentic voice of the people, and the not less authentic voice of God, in the results of an Irish election manifestly carried by terrorism with the aid of foreign money. To do him justice he is no more astray in this respect than are the philosophic Radicals, who, while they proclaim the reign of science over the political and social spheres, as soon as they come to a practical question give their science to the winds, treat all beings in human shape as if they were in the same stage of development, and act, just as irrationally as the despised Rousseauists, on the theory of abstract rights. A thoroughly sympathizing and kind, but at the same time firm and upright, Government, above demagogism and faction, affording protection to life and industry and able to deal freely and wisely with the economical problem which lies at the root of all, and which no amount of political gimcrackery will help to solve, is what Ireland needs and the true friends of her people desire. But England herself has now no Government except a discordant and chaotic assembly of six hundred and fifty men elected largely by ignorance and passion. How is she to give a Government to Ireland?

Liberal contributions are being sent over for the subversion of the Union and the destruction of the British power by the enemies of Great Britain in the United States, and not only by Irishmen but by native Americans who have no interest in the Irish question, and whose sole motive is hatred of England. This fact is exultingly recorded by Liberal journals in Canada, which then turn round and tax British-Canadians with impertinence for sending expressions of sympathy to the defenders of the Union and the Empire. Let the Invincible triumph in Ireland, and it will soon be seen whether we have no interest in the matter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. EUGENE SIMON was French Consul in China during several years. Not content with simply discharging his duty, he has visited the towns and inspected the country districts; he has penetrated into the stores of merchants, the shops of artisans, and the cabins of the peasants—cabins that many rural labourers in France might well envy. He gained the confidence of the natives, and so has been able to study, to anatomize, their social existence. He commences—where China must be commenced—with individual and family life. That is the source of Chinese organization and vitality. The Chinese realize the principle of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." They have all the liberty, justice, and security they require, or—demand. They pay only three francs per head, annually, in taxes, while France, who plumes herself, according to M. Simon, on being the head of civilization, pays one hundred francs per inhabitant. The Chinese peasants, too, are better lodged and fed than those in France; have more copious and varied repasts; no meal but is followed by cakes at the dessert; and the labourers are more gay and blithesome to boot.

M. Simon repudiates the accusation that the Government of China is a despotism. Can that be a despotism, he demands, where from three hundred to five hundred millions of beings are ruled by from twenty-three to thirty thousand functionaries? In Cochin China, for a population of one and a half millions, France has some one thousand and seventy-three functionaries. The standing army of China consists of one hundred thousand Tartars, lost in the midst of a swarming population. In China the people govern and administer themselves; in the family by its members; in the cities by selected delegates, and whose president only is a functionary or president, whom they can supersede generally when he displeases.

There is the fullest liberty of education. Any person can open a school; everybody is free to attend it, or—not; and strange, there is no Chinese but can read, write, cipher, and draw. The people are free to hold public meetings and to form associations, independent of the Government. There are Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square speeches, and Louise Michel gatherings; there are violent placards occasionally against the Emperor; but the authors are never indicted: leave them free is found to be the safest of imprisonments.

There are no lawyers, no police, in China, because every family decides its own disputes, and each individual is a policeman. M. Simon regards Chinese society as the ideal of perfection, because peaceful, happy, and prosperous. Perhaps China resembles France between the sixth and twelfth centuries. She then vegetated and was lapped in repose. Why has France progressed? why has China remained stationary? Why do not the "heathen Chinese" put the coping-stone to their civilization? They seem to be engaged that way now; they are laying in stocks of Krupp cannons, repetition rifles, torpedo-boats, swift armed cruisers, and all similar civilizing agents of the future. Nay, more, the Celestials levy import duties less prohibitive than such Westerns as Germany and France.

DR. HAMY, Director of the Ethnographical Museum, examines the great migrations of the human family during the fifth century, commonly known as the Invasions of the Barbarians. In the early years of the fifth century, peoples, from imperfectly known causes, invaded Europe, and annihilated in some years, what remained of Western civilization. The Suèves, Francks, Burgunds, Teutons, Saxons, Vandals, and Goths, were in the front ranks of these invaders; behind them the Slavs, and behind these again, the Mongol races—the Huns of Attila. All Western Europe, and to the North even of Africa, was inundated with these freebooters. While these inroads were taking place, another invasion was occurring at the opposite extremity of the Old World; other hordes precipitated towards the North-East, and drove co-barbarians before them. It was then the Esquimaux moved towards America, arriving a few centuries later in Greenland; then commenced the movement towards Mexico and Central America of those peoples known as Toltecs. After the latter, arrived, among other races, the Aztecs. So numerous were these immigrations that no less than six hundred and nineteen different languages have been recorded throughout the Mexican regions.

It is thus clear that America is as complicated and composite in its innumerable peoples as old Europe, and which indicates that man has been more largely spread over the surface of the globe in primitive times than is generally supposed.

WHY is Thackeray only a treat for the limited few in France, while Dickens is for the reading public a household word? Is it the consequence of national temperament? Dickens comes best to the French ideal—profoundly democratic in thought and manners, while England is profoundly aristocratic, when it sincerely desires to be otherwise. "Scratch John Bull," say the French, and you find the aristocrat.