

would probably be impossible to drive any idea into him without making him over again from his intellectual cradle. The French peasant is no better instructed; but he is a petty landowner, and in that capacity has certain political notions, such as a dislike of Communism, and on the other hand, an antipathy to priests and aristocrats as the natural enemies of a title derived from the Revolution. He has, moreover, the feelings of a tax-payer, and is hostile to the Tonquin expedition. We give in another column an extract from "Hodge and his Masters," presenting a true and lively sketch of Hodge's life; and it will at once be seen how easily the effect of such schooling as he gets passes away and leaves scarcely a trace behind. That he has his qualities the harvests of England show and has been victoriously proved on many a blood-stained hill-side. There is a touching dignity in the patience with which he plods through his life of dull toil, and a pathos in the satisfaction with which he looks forward to a decent burial at its close. Nor, considering how the icy touch of extreme penury deadens affection, is he a bad husband to his "old woman," or an unkind father to his children. Decidedly he is a better man, though less quick-witted, than the inhabitants of the low quarters of cities, on whom the suffrage was bestowed by Derby and Disraeli to dish the Whigs. His lot has improved since the time when the Anti-Corn Law League, to show what were the blessings of protection to the labourer, exhibited a pair of his nether integuments so stiff with dirt, grease, and patches, that they stood upright of themselves. Joseph Arch did something for him. Railways have done a good deal more for him—they have given him openings in their service, to which many of the best labourers have been transferred, and they have enabled him to seek the best market, whereas before he had been bound like a mediæval serf to the soil of his parish, and compelled to take such wages as the employers of his labour chose to give. Agricultural machinery has also wrought a change in his favour. Nor have landowners failed to do their part, especially in the improvement of his habitation. Where half a century ago the clay cottage with thatched roof was everywhere seen, a specimen of it can now hardly be found. It has been replaced, much to the detriment of the picturesque, by the brick cottage roofed with tiles. The inhabitant of that abode now steps forth upon the political scene with bewildered face and awkward bow. What he will do is still a mystery to all, and to none, perhaps, a greater mystery than to himself.

IN Eastern Europe the great Powers held the little Powers completely in the leash; but Austria, it seems, has thought good to let Servia, her special client, slip against Bulgaria. She must, apparently, have satisfied herself that Russia, who is the patron of Bulgaria, is either disinclined or not in a condition to interpose. The former supposition seems paradoxical, since the annexation of Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria, while it rescinds the Treaty of Berlin, sets up again that of St. Stefano. Servia's jealousy has been excited by the extension of Bulgaria, which she seeks to counter-balance by annexing a portion of the Bulgarian principality, the population of which is Serb. So these young nations, on the morrow of their emancipation, instead of combining their efforts to get completely rid of the Turk, are flying at each other's throats, and one of them is appealing to the Turk for aid against the other. The Balkan Conference, however, is still sitting, and the inducement to stay the conflagration is so strong that the great Powers can hardly fail to come to some agreement. When they do the lesser Powers must at once lay down their arms. England is, unfortunately, paralyzed for the time; she has no voice in the council of nations; her Prime Minister, though in office, is not in power—his chance of obtaining power depends on the victory of his forces and those of Mr. Parnell combined over the Liberal party in the elections, which all the statesmen of Europe know to be extremely doubtful, while his defeat would make way for the return of an Eastern policy totally different from his own. The Marquis vainly endeavours to veil his impotence by pretending that the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria was the ultimate object of the Beaconsfieldian policy. Nothing could be more explicit or emphatic than Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that his object was to strengthen Turkey, and that this had been done by separating Eastern Roumelia from Bulgaria and placing it again under the supremacy of the Sultan.

A TEMPLE of Janus would be but seldom shut in the British Empire. A few weeks after the return of Lord Wolseley from Egypt, and almost at the moment of Sir Charles Warren's reception at the close of his South African expedition, war is declared against Burmah. This last is no trivial undertaking; and Lord Dufferin's prompt and decisive action proves that England possesses more than merely a diplomat in her Indian Viceroy. That a Burmese war is no trivial undertaking, the history of the two former quarrels with that country show. True, in the first outbreak, that

of 1824, the Indian Government were profoundly ignorant of the resources and even of the topography of the country; and it required two campaigns to bring the King of Ava to terms, with the only result that three meagre provinces were obtained at a cost of thirteen crores of rupees. The expedition of 1852, however, was short, decisive and inexpensive. Let us hope England's third encounter with His Majesty of the Golden Foot may be equally successful. The force despatched against Thebaw consists of fifteen thousand men, with a proportionate force of artillery, and is under the leadership of Lieutenant-General Prendergast, up till this time in command of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force. They are to proceed up the Irrawaddy in flat-bottomed barges preceded by heavily-armed steamers. The most serious obstacles to be encountered are sure to be the teak and bamboo stockades which the Burmans excel in erecting. These not seldom baffle artillery and daunt Sepoy troops. European soldiers, however, will speedily break through them. There is little fear on the whole that this third Burmese war will be at all protracted. The result of the annexation of Burmah is a question which is at present exciting more attention. That it will be a boon to the country itself probably only Thebaw and his Prime Minister will deny. The prosperity of the inhabitants of British Burmah is patent to all. The semi-independent tribes, such as the Karens and the Shans, are ever at discord with the Burmese potentate, and a few months will suffice to bring them thoroughly under British control. The elimination of French influence in Burmah—felt more especially along China's southern frontier, from the delta of the Red River of Tonquin through the Shan States to the valley of the Irrawaddy—will be accounted a true blessing by China. China and England are on excellent terms, and the contiguity of the two nations, brought about by the absorption by the latter of the turbulent kingdom that now separates them, will result in a wonderful opening-up of trade, which in its far-reaching effects will have no trivial influence even, it is safe to say, in Birmingham and Manchester. Upon this question the *Times* admirably says:—"To find new markets for English manufactures instead of those which protective tariffs have closed against us is the most hopeful remedy for the depression of trade. If we are able not only to develop the resources of Burmah, but to make a breach in the exclusive system of China, the advantages will be great both to consumers and to producers in those countries and in our own. It may be pointed out, also, that we are never likely to have a better opportunity of bringing the business to a satisfactory conclusion than at the present moment. The colonial policy of France has met with a check through the state of French politics at home; Russia is also occupied in another quarter, and any arrangements between England and China are likely to be accepted without demur by all the Powers with commercial interest in the East."

It was very generous, but perhaps not very prudent, in Mr. Cyrus Field to put up a monument to André. In the breasts of all the better class of Americans the traditional hatred of the original home of their race has yielded to the influences of time, reason, friendly intercourse, or broader culture, and a more comprehensive view of history. But among the baser sort there still lives a feeling compounded of cherished spite and suspicious vanity, which is perhaps about the meanest sentiment that ever styled itself national—meaner even than the feeling of the Tory aristocracy of England against the American Republic—a sort of excuse for which is furnished by the subversion with which the success of the republic threatens aristocratic ideas. To this Anglophobia the erection of a monument to André was a direct challenge, which its chivalry has not failed to accept. Moreover, a tribute paid to the memory of André touches a particularly sore point. The same tribute paid to the memory, say of Fraser, or of any British officer who had fallen in battle, would probably not cause equal irritation. In the mind of any American who is not satisfied with the mere technicalities of martial law, or blinded by partisanship, there must lurk a doubt whether the execution was not, to say the least, a cruel act done in a cruel way. This uneasiness, probably, it was that prompted the mutilation of André's monument in Westminster Abbey. On the whole, we should say that it was better to leave the monument unrestored.

WE have now been able to read and digest Mr. Dent's history of the Rebellion; and we must confess ourselves at a loss to understand why he should be so much incensed at the criticisms of our contributor, "Thorpe Mable," and threaten, if "Thorpe Mable" does it again, to turn literary decorum out of doors and break his head. "Thorpe Mable" gave Mr. Dent credit for industry, for bringing new and interesting matter to light, for popular qualities as a writer. If he declined to give him credit for having said the last word of impartial history, he only withheld that which no intelligent and dispassionate reader will accord. Mr. Dent may have