

the attack upon the landlords, the direct attack upon the Union having failed, and in his pamphlet intimated that, as these men had refused to recognise his political mission, their sand had run. Yet it was deemed impossible that he should actually support a Bill which proposed in effect to cut off fifty per cent. from the rents as fixed by his own Land Act, thus completely subverting a settlement to which he had most solemnly pledged his own faith and that of Parliament five years ago. To plead that he, a great economist, did not, when he passed his Act, foresee the possibility of fluctuations in the price of produce within fifteen years is preposterous, even if it were true that a great fall in prices had recently taken place, the contrary of which appears to have been proved. It is not in the economical circumstances, but in the political circumstances, that a change has really taken place. Only by a renewal of the agitation against rents can Mr. Gladstone, since his defeat on the Home Rule Question, hope to make his way back to power. There have been few things in political history like this man's moral fall. Those who have never known what popularity is may take comfort in thinking that they have escaped its intoxicating influence, which seems to have completely prevailed over duty in the breast of a statesman whose reputation for public virtue was the highest, and in questions which not only concern the interest but touch the very life of the nation.

The Irish Land Act was tendered by Mr. Gladstone as a final settlement; but scarcely has it gone into full operation when it is assailed by its own author. The Bill giving Ireland a Statutory Parliament is in like manner tendered as a final settlement of the political question; but who can say that, as soon as party or ambition gave the word, it would not share the same fate? Mr. Gladstone's flatterers compliment him on his power of "growth." A statesman who is always "growing," not only out of his prejudices, but out of his covenants and pledges, is an awkward element in the case for those who have to trust the good faith of the nation.

THE conduct of the Czar, for which no words of condemnation can be too strong, has caused the finger of mockery to be pointed at those who have always protested against cultivating the enmity of Russia. But if England had not cultivated the enmity of Russia she might still have, as in the days of the alliance against Napoleon, and long after, she had, a voice in Russian councils, and might have exercised a restraining influence. The present Czar is evidently a Tartar, and probably his savage nature has been made more savage by Nihilism. But the late Czar was a philanthropist and a gentleman; and he had given his daughter as a pledge of amity to England: with him terms might have been made, if he had been treated in a friendly way. For the rest, I, though no diplomatist, have always maintained that, while it is much better that Russia should reach the sea at the Gulf of Scanderoon than either at Constantinople or on the Persian Gulf, her presence at Constantinople is no more a menace to England than it is to the other Maritime Powers. Austria, with her Slavonic provinces penetrated with Pan-Slavism, is placed in real danger by the advance of Russia; and this must be evident to Bismarck. There is no serious apprehension, and I should think little likelihood, of war.

Buxton, Sept. 22nd, 1886.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

PATRIOTISM VERSUS COSMOPOLITANISM.

WE are constantly encountering two classes of minds, the one an outgrowth of the modern scientific and anti-sentimental spirit which delights to call itself "cosmopolitan," and sneers at what it considers the "narrowness" of patriotic feeling; the other, including nearly all Celtic natures, passionately repels the sneer, and unites with all the truest and surest sentiment of the past in demanding love of country as almost as essential to noble character as natural affection. An interesting paper by M. Max Müller, on Goethe and Carlyle, in the *Contemporary Review*, unites the half-truths which give rise to this opposition, into the whole truth, which, when rightly presented, every intelligent mind might heartily accept. He shows, in the first place, how dear to the heart of the great German poet and thinker was the idea of a broad, world-embracing spirit in literature and politics. This was the strong feeling of both Goethe and Schiller, whose simple, earnest lives rebuke the luxurious self-indulgence and narrow selfishness of a too materialistic age. Though we may not be able to go quite Mr. Ruskin's length in denouncing the artificial complexity of our modern civilization, still, true it is that high living and plain thinking go together, and the pure and noble thoughts that stir humanity to its depths come from those who "scorn delights and live laborious days." So M. Müller reminds us that "the valley in which these poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple; but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They

knew the blessings of a *læta paupertas*, of cheerful poverty and high aims." Schiller, he tells us, declared that the poet ought to be a citizen, not only of his country, but of his time, while Goethe wished to impress the truth that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian belongs, not to one country only, but to the world at large—not to the present only but to the past and the future, since "we owe much of what we are to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us." He tells us that we must learn to tolerate individual peculiarities of persons and peoples—"holding fast, nevertheless, to the distinguishing character of 'genuine excellence,' that it belongs to all mankind."

It was the pleasure with which he recognised Carlyle's sense of this truth in his labours to give to English readers Goethe's masterpieces in a translation, that led him to write to the then obscure Scotch littérateur those pleasant letters which Carlyle and his wife valued more than they would have done stars and garters. He rejoices that Carlyle has so far entered into the spirit of a "world-literature," and tells him that "the Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue," but that "each translator is also a prophet to his people"; and he adds a testimony of no ordinary value as coming from such a quarter: "The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the gospel to every nation in its own tongue." M. Müller credits even the ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes with the desire to contribute to a world-literature in their hieroglyphics and sun-baked cylinders covered with cuneiform inscriptions, meant to be used by future ages and future nations. He rejoices in the general reading of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron, as tending to cultivate the wider sympathies necessary to a better mutual understanding. Goethe had desired that the nations should learn the old lesson taught by St. John: "Little children, love one another"; and M. Müller regretfully remarks how little this lesson has been learned by the world yet, in spite of the teaching of Christianity. But it is not the patriotic spirit, but the narrowness of human selfishness that is to blame for this. Patriotism, as he justly points out, is only public spirit widened from the family to the country, just as cosmopolitanism is the same public spirit widened from the country to the world. "Patriotism," he says, "is a duty, and in times of danger it may become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit—nay, even clannishness and family pride! But all these are steps leading higher and higher, till we can repeat, with some of our greatest men, the words of Terence: 'I count nothing strange to me that is human.'"

It is only human selfishness that prevents these successively widening circles of kindred feeling from having the full influence intended by the Father of us all. It is easy for the selfish man to be a patriot, if that means flag-waving and speechmaking on anniversaries, and boasting on all other occasions that *his* country—just because it is *his* country—can "whip all creation." But if it means—as it does mean—the seeking of his country's real good, even at personal sacrifice, it is just as impossible for the selfish man to be a truly patriotic citizen as it is for him to be a good friend or father. An amusing instance of the intensely narrowing influence of selfishness on affection was that of an old lady who carried her fondness for two pet cats to such an extreme that she delighted in seeing them catch and kill the innocent little birds. Much of our so-called patriotism is really little more enlightened than this;—it is simply a form of self-love and self-aggrandisement. A really pure and high patriotism must be guided by Christian principle, and tempered by the love of humanity. A true patriot must desire the highest good of his country, and *that* is its moral good, an infinitely more precious thing than its material advancement; he must desire that his country as well as himself should act up to the standard set by Christ, and "love its neighbour as itself," a principle which would at once put an end to all narrow and exclusive policies and unjust and selfish acts. Let no man call himself a patriot, who, from fear of personal loss, whether of money, power, or prestige, would willingly see his country guilty of an injustice to gain a coveted advantage or avoid a dreaded misfortune. Let him leave this title to him who would rather suffer, in purse or person, even to the extent of life itself, than be a party to his country's moral dishonour or her treason to the great citizenship of the world.

FIDELIS.

Kingston.

MME. MARCHESI, the noted teacher of singing in Paris, had a girl pupil from Nebraska who sang vigorously "Io t'amo." "Stop!" said Madame: "Is that the way they say 'I love you' in America?" "Yes, madame." "Well, that is the way they cry 'fish for sale' in Paris."