

and the moderation of the regular chiefs. It wants to set up a caucus, as a rival to Mr. Chamberlain's machine, and by means of this democratic engine to transfer the nominations and the policy of the party from the hands of the aristocratic council in the Carlton to its own. But its ascendancy is confined to the large cities, while it is in the rural districts and the towns commercially dependent on them that the strength of the Conservative party lies. Nothing can be less likely than that the territorial aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and the farmers, who have so far steadily adhered to those interests, should bow their necks to the yoke of Lord Randolph Churchill's caucus, or consent to imperil the vital objects of their party, property and social order, for the gratification of his demagogic vanity. The *London Times*, when it suddenly embraces the caucus, after long writing vehemently against it, only shows one more symptom of the weakness of head which has for some time characterized the management. The idea of the Tory Democrat, if he has any idea at all, is an oligarchy supported on the shoulders of a mob. Such a combination is not without examples in history, and wherever it has appeared it has been equally beneficent; but it requires conditions different from those which at the present time exist in England, where among other things the mob is bent upon the partition of the great estates upon which the power of the oligarchy rests. That Lord Randolph Churchill can be destined to greatness is credible only on the supposition that England is destined to the total loss of it. His conspiracy against his leaders is an imitation, in every sense base, of Disraeli's, from whom his Tory-Democratic programme is also borrowed; and while he displays all the moral qualities of his original, in the intellectual gifts he is plainly wanting. There is nothing of depth or finesse about him. His game is entirely on the surface. His greed of office is as shameless as the appetite of an animal. His behaviour to his leaders is not only perfidious, but gratuitously insulting, and shows that he does not know how to deal with men. His vanity is shallow enough to delight in the parade of cynicism, and the violence of his language sometimes verges on delirium. In fact, he has once broken down from over-excitement. These are not the marks of a far-sighted schemer or a profound tactician any more than they are those of an upright statesman. Out of a party of 280 Lord Randolph carried with him into the Lobby about twelve. That the autocratic demagogue is capable of out-lying in profligacy the lowest of his plebeian rivals is not now seen for the first time. Whatever humiliation Lord Salisbury may have to undergo he has brought upon himself by his encouragement of violence and faction. Where is the use of a Marquisate and half-a-million of dollars a year if they do not enable a man, at a moment of national peril, to impose a little restraint on his own ambition? Some of the more sensible Conservatives must be beginning to reflect seriously on their own future; perhaps they may also be beginning to doubt whether they did wisely in ever allowing Lord Beaconsfield to lead them out of the plain path of English honour. What can be more bitter to a true Englishman than to see his country made the gambling table for such a game and by such gamblers?

"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them" is one of those Bible precepts which, as a class, have been fixed upon as interfering with the production of wealth, and with the economical progress of the world. It may be doubted whether, even in Wall Street, extreme anxiety is conducive to success; perhaps the coolness of moderate desire may be not less so. It is certain that in politics and in war they have often succeeded most who had not staked everything on the result. But there can be no doubt who has the best of it when riches make to themselves wings and depart. The agonizing panic of the New York speculators, the other day, was like that of women in a burning ship; and the failure of the Oriental Bank in England has been followed, we are told, by a score of suicides. General Grant has reason to wish that when his riches increased he had not set his heart upon them. How could a man with such a career upon which to look back in the arm-chair of old age, and with wealth ample for every rational purpose, let himself be tempted into gambling speculations? He ought to have felt that he was laying on the faro table not his own honour only, but that of his Country. However, the man is made of coarse clay, and though not actually corrupt, he was always greedy, and ready to accept perquisites which a high-minded man would have declined. Perhaps we might go on to ask what makes any man who has enough, deprive, as we see many a rich man deprive, his closing years of ease, tranquillity, and dignity, to gain more? Why do so many merchants build, with an old age of toil, palaces to die in? As to the crash in Wall Street generally, it was evidently the old play with new actors. The part of Mr. Ferdinand Ward has been played a thousand times before. The friends of Women's Rights are ready with the suggestion that to secure us against fraud for the future, all the male officers and clerks

should be turned out of the banks, and women put in their places! It does not occur to these benevolent persons that if women have hitherto been generally pure, it is because they have not been exposed to temptation. What is to become of the married women who, together with their children, are dependent on the male officers and clerks for their bread? This, no advocate of Women's Rights thinks of inquiring. It is not about wives or mothers that those reformers are specially concerned.

THE Day of Judgment will probably find the curious still debating the authorship of Junius, the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the character of Mary Queen of Scots, and the guilt or innocence of Bacon. The last of these questions is revived by the *Life of Bacon* in Macmillan's series, from the pen of Dean Church. Yet it is difficult in Bacon's case to see how, but for the reluctance of posterity to condemn august intellect, the debate which seems destined to be interminable can ever have begun. He confessed his guilt in the most abject terms; and therefore if he was innocent, he must, in the hope of mitigating his penalty, have been guilty of desertion of his own honour, more disgraceful even than the offence with which he was charged. But his corruption as a judge was not so bad as his betrayal of Essex; while his base adulation of a vile favourite, his ostentatious sycophancy on the occasion of Carr's infamous marriage, and his sinister communications with the King at the time of the Overbury murder trial show that his character was entirely mean. Yet, taking range into account, as well as force, there is none greater among the kings of mind than he: his very style is marked in every sentence with the majesty of intellect as well as with its power. He stands in history the most terrible monument of the difference between intellect and character, the most impressive warning of the powerlessness of culture by itself to produce virtue. What is true of the individual is equally true of the mass. A community, like a man, may be intellectual, highly educated, polished, and wicked; as, notably, was the Italy of the Renaissance. How positively the world was assured, fifty years ago, and how completely statistics seemed to support the assurance, that popular education would put an end to vice! Yet not only malice and covetousness, but sensuality, has managed to survive that which was to be their certain death-blow.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

FAVoured by the weather, the two days' meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club was all that could be wished. Not alone in the number of entries, but in the racing itself, there was a marked improvement on former years. The attendance was also larger, the course was well kept, and the various events were marked by punctuality, so that, altogether, the Jockey Club has every reason to be proud of its Spring Meeting, while it must also have reaped a big pecuniary benefit. The racing opened on Saturday with the Trial Stakes, with four starters, and proved, as was generally expected, in the absence of "Disturbance," who had strained a tendon at exercise the day before, a gift for "Lloyd Daly," who won easily. The second race was the event of the meeting—the Queen's Plate, one and a half miles—and for it the large number of fifteen horses faced the starter. After several break-aways the lot were dispatched on even terms, the pace throughout being a cracker, resulting in the comparatively easy victory of "Williams," who twice before in the history of the race has had to content himself with second honours. The time was 2.50½, or the fastest since "Bonnie Bird" in 1880. The Woodbine Steeplechase, which was next on the list, brought out a field of five, and resulted in the finest race of the day, the finish being close and brilliant, "Miss Archibald" winning by the shortest of necks from "Gilt Edge," who, however, did not go the course. The Cash Handicap brought seven to the post, and produced another good race, Blanton winning cleverly from "Inspector," with "Bonnie Bird," a good third. The Welter Cup had eight starters, and was well won by "The Laird," who, admirably ridden, got home a length ahead of "Charlie Weir."

Monday's programme started with the Ladies' Purse, with nine runners, which after a punishing finish was well won by "Modjeska," who beat "Minnie Meteor" by half a length, with "Willie" a good third. The Hotel Stakes, of mile heats, resulted in a match between "Bonnie Bird" and "Lloyd Daly," the former winning two straight heats in the easiest manner. The Dominion Handicap proved the event of the day. For it there were six starters, "Marquis" finally winning a good race by a length from "Minnie Meteor," with "Inspector" third. The Steeple-chase Handicap brought out a field of six, for which "Baccarat" was the fancy, but he could get no nearer than third, the winner showing up in "Oakdale," with "Rienzi" second. The Consolation Stakes, won