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A MONTHLY
REVIEW

Duplicate

THE BYSTANDER

OF

CURRENT EVENTS,
CANADIAN AND GENERAL.

NOT PARTY, BUT THE PEOPLE.

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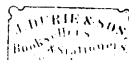
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NOT PARTY, BUT THE PEOPLE.

THE BYSTANDER.

APRIL, 1880.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY'S financial statement has been received both in Parliament and by the Press with a volley of rhetorical projectiles which lay ready stored in the arsenal of the Opposition: the fire has been returned with spirit by the Ministerialists; and in the fury of the fray, it is scarcely possible to make out the real opinion of the speakers and writers on either side about the facts, though their feelings towards the persons cannot be mistaken. "When," says the organ of a Senator of the Dominion, "he requested the late Finance Minister to write a novel, Sir Charles Tupper was good enough to supply in his own person a remarkable character for the proposed work. An accurate description of the Doctor would insure the rapid sale of the book. Critics, unacquainted with the career of Sir Charles, might object that the union of his qualities in one character made too great a demand on the credulity of the readers of fiction. Others might say that the human face (*sic*) was maligned by depicting such a person. They would assert that in no civilized country could morality be so low as to permit the continuance in public life of a man guilty in such a transaction as that of the Springhill coal mine." In the name of common sense, what reader would pay any attention to the financial statements and reasonings of writers who approach the subject in such a temper as this?

—The New Tariff was to do three things for us. It was to bring the revenue to a level with the expenditure ; to foster native industry by incidental protection ; and to coërcé the people of the United States into the renewal of Reciprocity. The third object, though not entirely consistent with the second, was distinctly proclaimed by the provision that if the Americans would reduce their duties on our goods, our new rate of duties on their goods should be again reduced in proportion.

That the first object will be attained has certainly not yet been established. There is a deficit of two millions for the past year. For the current year the Finance Minister admits that there will be a deficit of half a million, while his adversaries declare that there will be one of four times, or even eight times, that amount. The estimates on both sides are evidently conjectures, coloured by the emotions of the calculators. That of the Finance Minister has the advantage of being made under the guarantee of responsibility. But even if we accept his view, the prospect is none of the brightest. A deficit remains ; while the limit of raising revenue by Customs has apparently been reached. If the duties were further increased there would almost certainly be a decrease of receipts : that well has been pumped dry ; and if we persist in our present course of expenditure we must come to direct taxation.

How far the second object has been accomplished we must yet wait awhile to see. The industries which the tariff is supposed to foster have shared the general return of prosperity produced by the good harvest and the revival of the lumber trade ; two causes not only independent of the tariff, but operating rather in despite of it, since the farmer and lumberman must have suffered directly by the rise in the price of the commodities which they consume, whatever indirect advantage they may be destined to reap hereafter from the growing number of their customers and the general increase of purchasing power. The sugar refineries are unquestionably gaining largely by the new system ; and as that industry is in few hands, it may, without imputing anything wrong to anybody, be said to

furnish a warning against certain dangers incident to tariff legislation in a small country. To manufactures in general a fillip has no doubt been given, not only by the promise of protection, but by the general feeling of hopefulness and enterprise which the change of government diffused. Whether it will be more than a fillip, whether the revival is fresh life or brandy, time alone can show: alike premature at present are the pæans of the Ministerialists and the jeremiads of the Opposition. The sun so far has shone on the new fiscal system: if the next harvest is not good—and the prospect at this moment is but doubtful—we shall see how the system looks when it is under a cloud.

The third object, according to all appearances, will not be compassed, at least in the form which the framers of the tariff have in view, even by the hydraulic pressure of a retaliatory tax on lobster cans. Mr. Wharton Barker, the representative of a great Industrial League in the United States, has published a letter on the commercial relations of the two countries, which he infelicitously addresses to Mr. Brown, but which there can be little doubt reflects the mind of his countrymen. A Reciprocity Treaty, he tells us, we cannot have, because it would be precarious and might be overturned at any moment, like the last, with all the industries built upon it; because it would not get rid of the Customs line; and because it would turn the flank of the American tariff by making Canada an entrepot for European contraband. A Commercial Union which would abolish the Customs line, he says, we can have whenever we please, and without prejudice to our political relations, no change in which, in his opinion, would be rendered necessary by a purely commercial Union. He points with good reason to the Fisheries dispute as an important part of the matter: it is pretty sure before long to bring these question to a head.

Among the alterations of the Tariff there is one of a most ominous kind—the increase of the duty on coal. This, as the Finance Minister avows, is intended as a sort of forcing-pump, to drive the use of Nova Scotian coal up as far as Toronto, and

if possible, as far as Hamilton. It is a desperate expedient adopted for the purpose of giving Nova Scotia an artificial interest in a system in which she has no natural interest, because commercially she is not identified with the western parts of the Dominion. With respect to its general provisions, the Tariff might pass as a revenue tariff; it certainly has not raised more money than the revenue required; but this increase of the coal duty is protection, positive and undisguised. It will, of course, diminish the revenue by the amount of duty now paid on coal as far west as the Nova Scotian coal is forced. Let a hard winter come; let Ontario seriously feel the enhanced price of fuel, and Sir Leonard Tilley's tariff will be in peril. The coal tax is the clamp by which he binds the Provinces fiscally together; let the clamp be removed and a break-up will probably ensue.

—But still more ominous is the announcement by the Finance Minister of his intention to increase, or take power to increase, the amount of his issue of paper without increasing his reserve. This is not a Currency measure, and the advocates of Fiat money need not flatter themselves that it is. It is, in effect, a forced loan, and like all such loans, is likely, while it seems cheap, to prove in the end far dearer than borrowing in the regular way. The Finance Minister would no doubt be startled and shocked if he were told that he had taken the first step in a calamitous descent; yet a careful survey of financial history will show him that such is the certain verdict of experience. He thinks that when he wants gold he will be able to get it at New York; but it is precisely when you want gold, unluckily, that it is not to be got. He thinks, also, that he can fix the limit beyond which inflation shall not go; but he has no control over his successors, who may be, and indeed are pretty sure to be, in greater straits than himself. His measure, though he would not like to admit it, involves a breach of faith to the holders of existing notes, who have taken

them on the assurance of their being secured by a certain reserve. If a Bank were to do the same thing, its conduct would be deemed fraudulent, and it would be restrained by law. That it can be restrained by law and compelled under penalties to keep faith with its bill-holders is the great advantage which a Bank has, as a medium for paper circulation, over any Government and especially one which is always liable to fall into the hands of unscrupulous politicians. A Government with an obedient majority can always set itself free from its engagements; it can always by declaring its bad paper a legal tender force it into circulation, and thus despoil those who are compelled to take the paper for the debts due them. It can, in fact, commit fraud and robbery pretty much at its pleasure; and we know from abundant instances, both in the Old World and in the New, that neither by dishonest kings, nor by dishonest demagogues will the power be allowed to remain unused. Issuing bank bills is no more part of the necessary duty of a Government than issuing cheques or promissory notes; nothing is a part of the necessary duty of a Government but stamping the coin of the realm: the English Government does not issue bank bills, it charters a particular bank, which is an institution distinct from the Government, though employed by it, and is really and effectively subject to the law. A wisely-framed Constitution, especially in such communities as ours, instead of directing the Government to issue all the paper money, would perhaps restrain it from issuing any paper money at all.

—The power of raising revenue by Customs exhausted; a deficit of quite uncertain amount still remaining; recourse had to a forced loan under the guise of inflating the currency; a public debt heavy and steadily increasing; an undertaking, with the limit of our resources thus close in sight, to build a railway across the Continent, for the purpose of incorporating a Province with ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants, in the teeth of

engineering difficulties wholly unmeasured, at a cost literally unfathomable and without any rational hope of return—surely these are things which ought to make the nation pause and reflect. We say advisedly the nation. This is not a party question, nor is either Party in a position to charge the other with having brought us into our present situation. If Sir John Macdonald signed the fatal bond Mr. Mackenzie sealed it, though he betrayed, by the trembling of his hand, his consciousness of the character of the compact. Conventional opinion on the subject of “the great national enterprise” has prevailed in public over the individual misgivings which all along have been expressed in private; and even in the press persistent protest has been confined almost to a single pen. Grit journalists who are now beginning to speak against the Pacific Railway, acquiesced in the enterprise, or actually supported it, while it was being carried on by a Minister of their own party. Recriminations are out of place; reflections on the past are useless; all our public men have the same interest in the welfare of the country which they govern; let them all alike at this moment of evident peril, give her patriotic counsel and try to save her from irretrievable disaster.

Few of our people, we venture to say, clearly see the nature of the enterprise in which we are embarked, its real object, or the relation of that object to the special interests of Canada. Great Britain possesses on this Continent four distinct territories: the Maritime Provinces, Canada Proper, the North-West, and British Columbia. These territories are respectively separated from the Continent to the south of them merely by a diplomatic line, which losses incurred through the adverse construction of ill-drawn treaties have rendered even more untenable than it originally was. They are separated from each other, in all cases, by wide distances, while Canada is cut off from the North-West by a vast tract of irreclaimable wilderness, and the North-West from Manitoba by the most tremendous barriers of nature. But we have undertaken, under Imperial inspiration, to turn these four territories into one, and

to sever them from the rest of the Continent, by a series of stupendous railways, to be built at the expense of the Eastern Provinces, particularly of Ontario, which, being the rich partner, pays heavily for all. Our main object in doing this is political and Imperial, not commercial, as the railway already built between the Maritime Provinces and Canada mournfully proclaims, though it is instinctively felt that without community and privity of commercial interest, the political partnership will not long endure. Let it be granted that commercial sacrifices, and great commercial sacrifices, may often be rightly made for a political object. Let it be granted, also, that the political object in the present case—the foundation of an anti-democratic Empire on this democratic Continent—is both good and feasible, as many able and worthy men believe it to be. All that we here maintain is that the political object cannot be secured by means which entail financial ruin. To what political goal financial ruin will bring Canada is not doubtful. Those who are accused of plotting Annexation have little need to plot; they have only to be quiet and let the Railway policy run its course.

In the Intercolonial Railway thirty-six millions have been sunk, and though the annual losses have, for the time, been reduced by a sacrifice of the efficiency of the road, they will probably amount, on the average, to at least half a million. This is to us fully what a loss of four hundred millions would be to the United States. In a commercial point of view, the road is an admitted failure. Military men say that it is equally so from their point of view. People are already beginning to talk of its abandonment, and when a far shorter route is open, as it soon must be, though through the States, it is not impossible that our Government may find itself compelled to stop a scandalous waste by winding up the concern. Next comes the railway round the north shore of Lake Superior, which is to form the bond of union between Canada and the North-West. To talk of a water-way, frozen half the year, imposing on trade two trans-shipments, and sure to be seized by the enemy in

case of war, as the ultimate connection, seems absurd. Built, the railway round Lake Superior must be, if the North-West is to be really incorporated with Canada; but when it is to be built, and how the money is to be provided, are questions which the Minister of Railways seems unwilling to approach. Practical men, when you can get at their real opinion, speak of the undertaking as desperate. As to the railway through the mountains from the North-West to British Columbia, let Sir Charles Tupper only state explicitly the engineering difficulties to be encountered, the probable cost of construction, the probable cost of running the line under such conditions of climate, and the probable or possible returns, direct or indirect—then let him lay his hand upon his Star of Knighthood, and aver, if he can, that this enterprise, with our limited resources, is anything but an act of madness. At present it is the very height of madness; for until the connection with Manitoba has been formed by carrying the railroad round Lake Superior, everything beyond, so far as we are concerned, will be in the air.

As to the opening up of Manitoba in itself, it is a boon to humanity. Whether it is a boon to Canada specially depends immediately on the adequacy of the land sales to supply the price of the works; and this again depends, to a great extent, on the value of wheat, over-production of which is, at least, a possibility. If Canada has to pay out of her own pocket for Manitoba railways she will have been paying for the loss of her best farmers and the depreciation of her farms and produce: this she is beginning to see. That by protective tariffs, or any political machinery that can be devised, she will be enabled permanently to keep to herself a monopoly of the North-Western trade, if the commercial interest of the settlers carries it in any other direction, few can be sanguine enough to believe. Manitoba is now a child; you may deal with her and tie her up at your pleasure: but as soon as she begins to get strong and to think for herself, especially if her population is mixed, she will vote your ordinances down at Ottawa, or fling them to the winds, consult her own interests.

and trade with whomsoever she thinks fit. Let the "illimitable wilderness" fill up, and the old Provinces will be reduced to political as well as agricultural insignificance.

With regard to the Railway policy, as with regard to the general expenditure of the country, there has been a false glamour over the situation which has prevented our people from seeing things as they were. The country has been in a state of visionary exaltation, produced by the subtle working on the national mind and character of the Imperial idea, as well as by the incessant streams of exaggerative rhetoric which men in high places think it their duty to vie with each other in pouring forth. Such speeches as those of which the late Governor-General made a long and eloquent series, uttered to the people, are not merely innocuous flummery; they mislead and they intoxicate. Every farmer and trader in the country is persuaded that he has a vast future before him, so that he may mortgage himself as deeply as he pleases; and the collective result is seen in our rushing into a railway enterprise the cost of which is boundless before we had determined, or even surveyed, the route. Old Canada, with the Maritime Provinces, is nearly a counterpart of New England with Maine; she has, like New England, a territory, not very rich, but inhabited by a race admirably fitted for every kind of industry; in extent, she is superior to New England, in wealth probably inferior. It is open to her people, if they are prudent, to enjoy the same sort of happiness which the people of New England enjoy; the highest, that is taking all things and all classes together, which is enjoyed by any community in the world. But this is on condition of their cutting their coat according to their cloth: if they do not, the nation will have a fine collar and fine cuffs, while the back of the garment will be wanting; it will have a grand system of Imperial railways without daily bread.

At all events let us die in the light, as the warrior of old prayed he might do. Let the Government before it plunges with the country into what may prove a gulf of ruin, distinctly lay before the people the engineering details of the

Pacific Railway through its whole line; state the estimated cost, and specify the sources from which the money is to be provided. If the nation then deliberately assents to the undertaking, there is no more to be said. But the question has never yet been fairly brought before the country.

—The key-note of Sir Alexander Galt's parting speech at Montreal is to be found in his description of the kindred communities to the south of us "as a hostile, or if not hostile, at least an unfriendly nation." In pursuance of this Jingo fancy, for it really is nothing else, Canada is to be divorced economically from the Continent, of which nature has made her economically as well as geographically a part, and to be incorporated by an Imperial Zollverein with Great Britain, South Africa, and Australia. There is no man who, looking coolly at the question from a commercial point of view, does not see that this scheme is a chimera and must fail. The Colonies will not be induced to surrender the liberty of commercial legislation which they have won; the English people will not be induced, even under a Tory Government, to increase their financial deficit by voting money for the raising of wheat in Manitoba, when food is coming to them in abundance from all parts of the globe. Nor will the British artisan be persuaded that a half loaf is as good as a whole one because the wheat grows under his own flag: he emigrates without the slightest compunction whenever his interest bids him to the United States, and why should he spit out American bread? The result of this policy, if it is long persisted in, will be the impoverishment of Canada, and the result of that again will be compulsory political annexation instead of free commercial union. Let us hope that a short experiment will be enough.

—We said that Protectionism was likely soon to receive a blow in Victoria. The blow has fallen; the Protectionist

Ministry of Mr. Berry has been beaten at the polls. Other issues were mixed with the Tariff; there was a general struggle between the "squatter" aristocracy and the more democratic elements, which had resulted in a constitutional deadlock caused by a collision of the usual kind between the Upper and the Lower House. But the Tariff was the main issue, and the Government was beaten by the discontent of the consumers. The catastrophe has been evidently approaching for the last two years. So it will be in the end wherever Protection is applied to a small community. The United States, it ought always to be remembered, are a self-sufficing Continent. Protection on the Continental scale may hold its own: on the small scale it never can. This will become more apparent as manufactures become more specialized, more scientific, more costly, and require, as a consequence, a larger market.

—Our treatment of the Fiat Money question has called forth some criticism, the courtesy of which, however, we are bound to acknowledge. We can do little more than re-state the very simple truths on which we take our stand. A bank bill is an order for gold, payable by the bank, whether private or national, on demand; and when we seem to buy goods with the bill, we really buy them not with the bill but with the gold for which the bill is an order. The paper itself would buy nothing. Let a currency theorist once lose his hold of this fact—let him once lapse into the belief that he buys his boots with paper—and he is lost. There is no knowing through what mazes he may wander, or to what undiscovered bourne of chimerical speculation he may at last come. Of course, there may be orders for other things besides gold, as in the case of the French Assignats, which were, in effect, orders for a share of certain lands. But those lands belonged to the Government. The "wealth of the country," on which it is proposed that the fiat currency shall be based, does not belong to the Government; and, therefore, the

Government can no more give an order for it, or for a share of it, than Mr. Buchanan can give an order for the property of Mr. Wallace. Where payment of Government bank bills has been suspended, the value retained by the bills has been in exact proportion to the hope of resumption. When that hope has expired, as it did in the case of the Confederate States on their final defeat, the bills have ceased to have any value whatever. Bills, upon their face irredeemable, would be valueless from the moment of their issue. They would be mere sheets of spoiled paper, which would be accepted in payment by no human being. The precious metals, one or both, are now the established standard of value and medium of exchange in all civilized countries, so that a nation which should discard them in favour of any other sort of money—iron, for example, or cowries,—would thereby cut itself off from commercial intercourse with the world. Whether it would gain by such excommunication would soon be seen. Bank bills are of the same nature as promissory notes, bonds, and other securities for money, and their issue is governed by the same rules of commercial morality. It is unfortunately true that a Government, when it assumes the issue of bank bills, possesses extraordinary facilities for fraud, of which the more unscrupulous Governments have taken advantage, to the ruin, first, of the holders of their securities, and afterwards of commerce; but the crime is the more, not the less, heinous because it is perpetrated by the appointed guardians of public credit and morality. When anyone, reputed to be of sound mind, talks of building the Pacific Railway with paper, it is charitable to suppose that he means landscrip. The railway may be built with landscrip if the land is of sufficient value; but this is not building with paper, it is building with the price of land which the purchaser pays in gold.

—Those who profess to believe that there reigns through Canada a blessed apathy with regard to all questions connected with our external relations, political and commercial, fail to

give what would be the best proof of the sincerity of their belief by holding their own peace. In the *North American Review* Sir Francis Hincks anxiously assures the people of the United States that it is useless to turn their eyes this way, since the efforts of agitators to create disaffection in this country, and to propagate a desire for commercial union, have proved wholly unavailing. Simple-minded as the Americans are, they have probably discernment enough to perceive that if Sir Francis Hincks had no reason for disquietude he would probably remain quiet. They may be also trusted to divine that when he stigmatizes the friends of commercial union as agitators and sowers of disaffection, he may be expressing the personal emotions of a Knight and an Imperial Pensioner rather than depicting actual facts. If talking or writing, however copiously, on the question of the day is agitation, it is to be feared that the Knight himself will hardly escape the brand. Mr. Bourinot, at the same time, sends to the Colonial Institute in London a paper on the 'National Development of Canada' which has received the attention due to the ability and knowledge of the writer. We cannot help thinking that the picture of Canadian prosperity and resources so often presented to English hearers and readers, though strictly and conscientiously accurate, must a little weary by its sameness, and that it would be almost a relief to them to be told of a Canadian Company which was not making vast profits, of a Canadian railway which was not paying the original stockholders ten per cent., or of a year in which the Finance Minister of Canada was not called upon to struggle with an overwhelming surplus. They might even, if there were any vestige of naughtiness in their hearts, like something to break the monotony of a loyalty, which, as represented by our essayists and officials, must recall to their minds a row of charity boys on a commemoration day full of buns and gratitude and reverence for the Trustees. Mr. Bourinot's fearless candour does indeed lead him to admit that "the idea that the time must come when Canada will take a place in the community of nations may obtain some currency among

the ambitious youth of the country." Well, boys will be boys—perhaps even Mr. Bourinot once was young.

—In Quebec, the political waters are still heaving and tossing like the sea under an uncertain wind. There are rumours of new coalitions, of a dissolution, of a disagreement between the Lieutenant-Governor and his ministers. The main cause of all this confusion is the financial embarrassment, not to say imminent insolvency, of a Province which at the same time is engaged, as a member of the Confederation, in building a prodigious railway for an object in which the English part of her population has no more interest, as Sir A. Galt truly says, than the farmers of Yorkshire or Tipperary, and the French part of her population hardly any interest at all. All hope of getting the Dominion Government to buy the North Shore Railway has vanished ; it is enough for the Dominion Government to have the Intercolonial on its hands. A back claim for a sum of money which it is alleged ought to have been paid to Quebec at the time of Confederation is the last resource ; no doubt the demand will be refused, and Quebec will be compelled to fall back upon that old Roman revenue, parsimony, and to vote for reduction of the cost of government and against railways to the moon. Complaints still reach us of dulness of business, and of want of employment, notwithstanding the revival of the lumber trade, though the sugar refineries at Montreal are unquestionably making immense gains. Similar complaints come from Nova Scotia, and still more loudly from New Brunswick. In the debate on the budget, Mr. Domville gallantly struggled to prove in the interest of his party that New Brunswick was growing prosperous under the National Policy, but the lack of material for his demonstration was painfully evident to a bystander ; in fact it was the case of Balaam's blessing sadly reversed. From St. John we are told the exodus of mechanics and young men is large every week, some finding their way to Boston and New York, but the greater number to the Western

States. An exodus from Quebec is going on at the same time. "A hostile or at least unfriendly nation"—why there will soon be as many Canadians on that side of the line as on this! The promotion of Emigration is one of the special objects of Sir Alex. Galt's mission. Before we think of promoting emigration from other countries, might it not be as well to study the means of keeping our own people at home? What can be more absurd than to be laboriously and expensively pumping in the stream of population, while from every quarter of the Dominion it is running out into the United States? Bunting will not stop the exodus: buncombe will not stop it: nothing will stop it but prosperity; and prosperity is only to be secured by embracing a commercial policy which, instead of being manifestly condemned, is dictated and seconded by nature.

In New Brunswick, however, at this moment the burning question seems to be the transfer of the Provincial Capital from Fredericton to St. John. Considering the condition of the finances, it might have been thought that a reduction of the cost of government by a union with the other Maritime Provinces would have had the first claim to attention. But supposing this to be out of the question, there can surely be little doubt of the expediency of placing the seat of government in the social and commercial centre. The opposite policy has everywhere proved a failure, in Canada as well as in the United States. Legislators, rural legislators especially, require the education of contact with various interests, and the tempering influence of general society. The evils arising from the absence of these advantages are not less conspicuous at Ottawa than at Albany. As to the danger of mob control in a city, it is, if not imaginary, far too slight to turn the scale.

—The Ontario Legislature has risen after once more proving, by the magnitude of the machinery and the smallness of the result, that to draw a cork with a steam engine is a waste of money and power. We assume that the Union is not merely Federal

but National ; that the Dominion Legislature is supreme ; such, we conceive, is the established doctrine ; it is implied at least whenever we are told that the Dominion is to be governed in accordance with the principles of the British Constitution. On this hypothesis, it would seem that supreme legislation on all subjects, civil and criminal alike, ought to be assigned to the Dominion Parliament ; that the functions of the Local Legislatures ought to be limited to local affairs, including, of course, the management of the Provincial purse ; and that the multiplication of petty Parliaments, with all their paraphernalia, and with a Constitutional King to read speeches from the Throne to each of them, is a legislative evil as well as a pecuniary waste. On the opposite hypothesis, which we do not mean to exclude from view, the Dominion Parliament ought to be confined to federal duties, which, as a group of dependencies can have no foreign policy, would be light ; and the power of legislation on all domestic subjects ought to be restored to the Provincial Parliaments, which in that case would, no doubt, attract back to them sufficient statesmanship for such work. The duplicate set of institutions which at present exists is not likely to outlast the first sharp pinch of financial difficulty. The Government of Quebec is now well-nigh bankrupt ; and if Mr. Mowat does not admit that the Ontario surplus is rapidly dwindling, Mr. Mackenzie does.

One thing more the Ontario Legislature, in the late Session, has done. It has shown the possibility of getting on, at all events, without Party ; for the Opposition, though it tried to keep up the farce, was nothing. The result was a freedom of thought and speech which showed itself with advantage to the public, both on the question of aid to railways and on that of the proposed grant to Upper Canada College. In Manitoba they have got through a Session without even the semblance of an Opposition, and the same feat may soon be performed in New Brunswick. Perhaps it may be said with regard to Manitoba that men who go forth on the Prairie leave narrow traditions behind. At all events, those who contend that the system of

Government by Party is an inseparable portion and an inherent need of our political nature will be constrained to qualify their theory so far as to exempt Provincial legislatures. Free and honest counsel is a good thing—it is deemed so in the general affairs of the world—but it is out of the question where the party system prevails. Listen to the debate about our Fiscal policy in the Parliament at Ottawa; the charge of two regiments against each other might as well be called deliberation.

Mr. Fennings Taylor and Mr. Watson have been maintaining with well-matched ability and learning the opposite sides of the question whether Local Legislatures are Parliaments. Mr. Watson, who maintains the affirmative, thinks that he has driven his adversaries to admit, as the logical consequence of their heretical principles, that the Provinces must be independent Republics. To avoid this appalling conclusion we would gladly waive all objections to the fancy dresses of the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-arms, or to the title of M.P.P. But it greatly concerns the lieges that the Local Assemblies, be they Legislatures or Parliaments, should never be allowed to forget that they are not sovereign, but creatures of the law, and amenable to the Courts of Law if they exceed their jurisdiction, whether in matters of taxation or on any other matter. This was clearly not borne in mind by the apparently inspired apologist of the Extra Session, who wished to insinuate that the question as to the legality of the assumption had been closed against further discussion by the action of the Legislature itself.

—By voting itself a new mansion the Ontario Legislature has given us the opportunity of perpetrating a great public building. It must be said that the Mother Country has done her best to encourage us. In Trafalgar Square, one of the finest city sites in Europe is occupied by the National Gallery, with a facade of unspeakable meanness, surmounted by an inverted slobowl. The pile at Westminster, though imposing by dint of its magnitude and its lofty towers, is covered with ornament

at once extremely feeble, and sure, from its delicacy, to be reduced to a sheet of blackness and corrosion by the smoke, while the interior totally belies the promise of amplitude and majesty which the colossal size of the exterior holds out. So if the Colony fails she is not without excuse. An unfortunate bias, we cannot help thinking, was given to our public architecture by the taste, superior no doubt in itself, which planned the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and the University of Toronto, because, while those buildings are sufficiently successful to form alluring examples, neither of them is in a style at all suited to the Canadian climate, and suitability to climate in architecture is the indispensable condition not only of utility but of genuine beauty. A Gothic pile, with the variety of forms and outlines in which its charm resides, or an Elizabethan manor-house, with its many gables, must in Canada be a mere snow trap. An arctic winter, with a heavy snow fall, and a tropical summer, are the conditions for which the Canadian architect is called upon to provide, and the claims of winter are by far the more imperious. They render necessary a simple roof with large eaves; and the eaves, as a special feature, seem to court the touch of decorative genius. The site for the new buildings has been determined by economy: it is a pity, on grounds of taste as well as of convenience, that it should be out of the city, which public edifices ought to adorn. Care should be taken not to come into too close a juxtaposition with the University. Great buildings in groups please the eye by their variety and richness; in pairs they kill each other.

—By the kind influence of the Governor-General and his Consort, a large collection of Canadian paintings, drawings and designs has been gathered in the Exhibition at Ottawa, and the attendance has been fair, though it will be much larger when the exhibition leaves the Polar solitudes and comes to Toronto or Montreal. The duty of criticism has been abundantly performed by the Art critics of our journals, whose

decisions we most willingly accept. A picture of a Norwegian Fiord, by Norman, lent to the Exhibition by Mr. Gilmor, points out to our landscape painters the goal which a group of them, headed by their President, with his "Morning on the Saguenay," have made worthy efforts to attain. This picture of the Fiord is one of those which every one would like to have hanging in his own room. It gives not only the material features, but the sentiment of the landscape, and is a good example of the right use of figures, which are often introduced merely for the sake of pictorial effect, like a patch on a fine lady's face. The scene, though in its summer guise, lies evidently within the realms of winter, who has relaxed his hold but has not let it go: so much we learn from the snow lingering far down in the shady clefts of the rocks; and the aspect of the little hamlet cowering under a protecting knoll tells the same tale. The whole population of the hamlet is abroad on the land or on the water making the most of its brief summer. A pic-nic party in the foreground suggests at once the pleasantness of the day and the beauty of the view which the party has come to enjoy; while the man's telescope turned to the cliffs excites our fancy with the idea of something moving, or some little mystery of distance, among the lonely crags. The steamboat coming out from the background denotes the length and windings of the Fiord, the portion of which in view might otherwise be mistaken for a rock-bound cove. A large sea-piece, taken off Gibraltar, is also full of naval life, and of the freshness and buoyancy of the sea. In the unambitious line of Flowers we may look with complacency on the productions of our native artists, including, of course, those of Mr. Fowler, who had much better not waste himself upon dead ducks. Over a salmon, freshly landed, plays something of the light of life, and there is about it a suggestion of sport; a dead duck is suggestive of nothing but sage and onions; an artist might as well paint his hat.

When a man possesses a painting "said to be" by a great master, why should he dispel the happy illusion for ever by sending his treasure to an Exhibition? We see instances of this

unwisdom in every loan collection. Of the genuineness of the Turner lent by Mr. Reynolds we have no doubt, though the picture is in the declining manner of the master. Apart from the Turneresque treatment of the atmosphere and of particular objects, notably the trees, the aim of the picture, as a whole, is evidently that characteristic of Turner: it is, as that of all high landscape painting must be, the Poetic and not the Picturesque. No one whose aim was the Picturesque would have introduced that long monotonous row of modern, vulgar, and so far as we can see through the haze, rather seedy houses which runs across the picture, enhancing by contrast the romance of the Cathedral soaring up behind. To seek not the Picturesque but the Poetic is the great lesson taught by the works of Turner: unfortunately it is one which genius alone can learn.

While we are on the subject of art, we may notice a pretty little industry which no doubt has been called into existence by the N. P., and which consists in the illumination by hand of little printed books. "The Ribbon Series," as it is named, seems not unlikely to furnish to some ladies skilled in painting an employment too often sorely needed. The style would be applicable to many things, calendars for example. It has sometimes occurred to us that a Wedding Album, nicely illuminated, and inscribed with the names of all the friends, might be a memorial of the wedding day not less appropriate or interesting than the nondescript bazaar which brides are so proud to show, and in the contributions to which the rich, as usual, are glorified and the poor are put to shame.

—Are the Building Societies purely beneficent channels of fertilizing capital, or "incorporated harpies?" These are the two sides of the shield which have been held up, one by the *Globe*, and the other by the *Mail*. It may safely be said that the truth lies nearer to the more favourable extreme. Advances of money on a large scale were indispensable. Without them farms could not be improved, houses and barns built, or

machines and other means of high cultivation provided; and nobody, not even a Granger, will advance money without interest, and interest at the current rate. The only question is, whether the current rate of interest shall be high or low, the borrower, of course, wishing it to be low; and there can be no sort of doubt that the Building Societies, by their competition, and by bringing in foreign money, have lowered it, and are lowering it still. Dr. Orton, in moving to limit interest to 7 per cent., is legislating to make rivers run down hill. The rate of interest in this country is but little more than 7 per cent. at present, and will soon be less. Money is becoming cheaper every day. The general fact, then, is that the Building Societies have brought relief, and great relief, to the borrower. That they have themselves prospered, is no proof that they have not done good; though it was sure to make them objects of envy, which is the food of demagogism and the poison of democracy. But not all of them have prospered; if, instead of taking the profits of the most successful, we were to take their average profits, their success would hardly be found to exceed the common measure of commercial speculation; and while some of them have in the good years formed rests which would carry them through bad years, there are others which, having divided all their profits, would scarcely survive one or two short harvests.

It can hardly be necessary at this time of day to set about proving that to take interest for money is not in itself unlawful. A spends \$1,000 in building a house, which he lets to B at a rent which will bring him 8 per cent. on the outlay. C lends D \$1,000 to build a house with, taking 8 per cent. on the loan. How does one of these transactions differ, morally or socially, from the other? How does either of them differ from any other transaction which is governed by the ordinary laws of commerce, and in which each party takes all that he can fairly get? Money is a commodity, the trade in which is like the trade in any other commodity, and equally moral, provided it be carried on with honesty. A stockholder in any

company whatever, and not only a stockholder, but any one who takes profit or wages instead of giving his goods or labour gratis, is just as much a "harpy" as a member of a Building Society. That there is such a thing as the practice of wicked and extortionate usury cannot be denied; but there are wickedness and extortion in other branches of trade also, though the money trade happens to lend itself particularly to the rapacious arts of Shylock. These are economical truths which hardly anybody now denies in theory, and of which everybody, even the most highflying sentimentalist, takes the benefit in practice. Yet Mosaic traditions and mediæval fancies still cling to us. A legislator can still get up in the Parliament of a commercial community and propose to fix a maximum of interest. He ought to propose at the same time to fix a minimum of security, unless he expects people to have no regard to the value of the security on which their money is advanced. Practically his Bill, if it could possibly be carried into effect, would amount to a confiscation of the property of one section of society for the benefit of another section, since it matters nothing whether you forcibly take away a part of a man's principal, or reduce his claim for interest. It is a great pity that in politics the possibilities of experiment are so limited, and that there is not some field on which these fancies can be tried without flinging a whole community into confusion. Projectors would then receive a satisfaction which the plainest demonstration will never afford. They may, however, learn something from the experience of the past. The effect of usury laws has invariably been to raise the rate of interest by adding the risk of illegality to the ordinary risks; and in the Middle Ages the consequence of forbidding Christians to lend money at interest was that the people fell into the merciless fangs of a horde of extortionate Jews.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake, we fear, to think that the good done by the Building Societies has been attended by no evil. Unquestionably, the facilities for borrowing in Canada, of late years, have been far too great, and advantage

has been taken of them by the farmers to a very large and probably dangerous extent. A demand has been made, in the course of this controversy, for an enquiry into the system of the Societies: it would reveal little, we suspect, but what is already known from their rules and tables or from the law of mortgagor and mortgagee; but an enquiry into the extent of farm and other property under mortgage might reveal some very startling and momentous facts. It might show that the Loan Societies are, in fact, the landlords of Canada. So long as borrowing is perfectly spontaneous, it is not likely to be excessive: it is when loans are thrust upon the people, that the mischief begins; and this, no doubt, is often done by the agents of Building Societies for the sake of the commission. It is not unlikely that the Tables, by their ambiguous terms, may sometimes lead to deception, and thus to extortion, against which legislation might properly guard. At the same time the Building Societies are often the victims of fraud on the part of agents who are corrupted, or of farmers who put a false value on their land, by means of collusive sales or fictitious assessments. The result is unquestionably a vast mass of indebtedness, and in case of bad harvests, or an extensive emigration to Manitoba from the farms under mortgage, the Building Societies would be in danger of finding a good many of their securities on their hands.

Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that quack nostrums, and even worse things than quack nostrums—whispered suggestions of legalized repudiation—should find dangerous currency among the indebted, who, under the galling pressure of their own burdens, can hardly be expected to see that, in a commercial community all are creditors as well as debtors, and that it would avail the farmer little to be enabled to lift his mortgage with fiat paper, if the value of his farm and of its produce was to be lifted at the same time. Real relief, we repeat once more, is coming in its natural form. Money is growing cheaper, and the rate of interest is falling. Only a line which, economically speaking, is purely artificial, divides us

from a community in which the rate is already a good deal lower than it is here. As we write, the case comes under our notice of a mortgage on a Canadian farm to a Building Society at 8 per cent. lifted by a loan at 6 per cent. on a property which the mortgagor happened to hold at Detroit. The debt is at once reduced a quarter by merely going to a money market a few miles off. Can N. C. do much better for the indebted farmer than that?

—In the United States everybody and everything are still full of the Presidential election and the Third Term. It is a great evil, and in itself a strong condemnation of such an institution as the elective Presidency, at least with the party system, that for two or three years out of every four, the mind of the nation should be absorbed by a bitter faction fight instead of being turned to any object truly national or to any effort for the common good. The character of a community of political angels would not long survive such a training in mutual hatred. As to the probable result we find the utmost diversity of opinions, not only among party journals and speakers, who predict what they desire, but among well-informed and cool-headed men, uttering in private their sincere belief. Some think that Grant is an evident impossibility and that he will not get the nomination; others again that he will be nominated but not elected; others that, if nominated, he must certainly be elected. The reason given for the last opinion is ominous; supposing Grant to be nominated, it is said his election will be necessary to the peace of the country. Why should the peace of the country be endangered if General Grant is rejected at the polls? What is it imagined, in that case, that his partisans will do? Of one thing we feel pretty sure; Grant, in spite of all that has been said about his standing on his dignity, will accept the nomination whether it be unanimous or not. As we read his character he is free from criminal ambition and wholly incapable of the military usurpation which the nervous fancy of

some of his opponents deems possible. But he is not self-denying or fastidious: he would take anything, from an empire to a jack-knife, in whatever way it might be offered. There is a vigorous revolt against him and his Machine among the purer and more independent Republicans, who have appeared in force not only in New York but in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, wisely refraining from naming a candidate of their own, like the ill-starred Cincinnati Convention, but putting their veto on those whom they deem unworthy. These men protest against Blaine as well as against Grant. Whether they succeed on this occasion or not, their movement, being vigorous and sustained, as it appears to be, is the best augury for the liberation of the country from the accursed thralldom of organized faction. It is hardly the less so because some, and perhaps most, of those engaged, appear still to be unconscious that their aim must be the abolition of faction, and that they will in vain seek by purification to make it a power of good. They will find at last that there is something in the blackamoor which no washing can make white. It is not the Machinists that are to blame. Considering what a trade they ply, it is wonderful the Machinists are not worse: the evil is the existence of the Machine, and a Machine every faction must have. It is in watching the gradual progress of the public mind towards a perception of this truth that the chief interest of American politics at present lies. A mortal race is being run between growing wisdom and the demoralizing influence of party for the very existence of the Republic.

An unlucky thing has happened. Mr. Bayard is a statesman of irreproachable character, and has proved his courage by taking the strongest line in favour of honest money, while the less scrupulous section of his party was forming alliances with the Greenbackers. For him, if the Democrats had nominated him against Grant, the better Republicans might have voted on personal grounds, and the effect would have been excellent in every way. But a speech made by him in 1861, against the coercion of the South, has been unearthed, and is pronounced fatal to his "availability." Nothing can be more ridiculous, but such is the game.

The advocates of a Third Term pretend to believe that it would be no change of the Constitution. On this point, perhaps, the judgment of dispassionate onlookers is as likely to be true as that of enthusiastic partisans. Were a civilian re-elected for administrative merit, there would merely be a breach of a tradition too long established to be lightly broken. But if a soldier were re-elected, not for administrative merit, of which General Grant is notoriously devoid, but as a "strong man," in other words, as a military ruler and possible dictator, to say that there was no change of the Constitution would be absurd. There might be none of its letter but there would be a serious change of its spirit. Nor do the more outspoken of the Third Termers shrink from avowing that they are for a fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh term as well as for a third. In other words, they are in favour of a military Presidency for life, which after the long disuse of election, might pass more easily into dynasticism than they imagine. If society can be saved from confusion only by a man on horseback, a man on horseback it must have; but let it at least see what it is doing.

—In the meantime San Francisco has been the scene of a revolution which seems to show that so far as the danger of Sandlot anarchy is concerned, a man on horseback may not be so needful after all. The swelling waterspout of the Kearney agitation has been burst, if the affair is reported correctly, by a very small shot. Kearney has suddenly and completely succumbed; he has been arrested by a policeman for using threatening language, taken before a magistrate, convicted and sentenced, submitting as quietly as a lamb. This seems miraculous; but the miracle was probably performed by the appearance on the scene of the Citizens' Protective Union; in other words, of a powerful Vigilance Committee which practically superseded the Kearneyite authorities of San Francisco, and took the city into its hands. Still the complete and apparently easy overthrow of this conspirator and his gang proves that the remedial

forces are yet strong, and that resolution is not wanting to call them forth at need. When a conflict takes place between the rich and the poor there is generally a good deal to be said for the poor; but Kearney deserved no such sympathy; he was a brutal and foul-mouthed ruffian; and his victory would have brought no reform or measure of justice, but simply a plundering anarchy, and very likely a hideous massacre of the Chinese.

—It seems not unlikely that there may be high words—we may be very sure that there will be nothing worse—between America and Europe about the Panama Canal. The United States think that they too are a great power, and that they must emulate the pretensions and jealousies of the great powers of the old world. England asserts a complete control over the Suez Canal; she assumes authority to exempt it from the range of war, even when Egypt is a belligerent; more than this, she proclaims that her possession of India carries with it a claim to a “satisfactory right of way”; and that the rights of all communities on the route, even their rights to national existence, must be held subject to that claim. She can hardly be surprised if the United States so far follow her example as to assert their interest in a canal with which they have at least as much of a territorial connection as she has with that of Suez. If the great highways of commerce were left alone by all the Powers, they would, perhaps, not be in much danger: a civilized community, especially one of the mercantile class, would hardly feel more inclination to destroy or close them than a respectable householder feels to tear up the sidewalk or cut the gas main. But it is the fashion to act on the assumption that everybody is a brigand; and we plead guilty to enough of Continental feeling to make us not sorry that a check should be put on the habit of treating the communities of the New World as though they stood on an inferior footing and had scarcely a legitimate existence.

—In Europe the state of things is a standing “scare.” There is no use in attending to the mere reports or guesses of newspaper correspondents who are bound to have something to tell. Bismarck, in his unconventional and postprandial fashion, has been speaking of the sensational reports in the London *Times* as inserted for stock-jobbing purposes; though it may be remarked by the way, that the scarcity of investments in England is now so great that the holders of Consols are not likely to sell out from alarm, and consequently the pulse of public opinion is hardly felt in the funds. The only things really worth attention are the actual doings of the Powers, and the motives by which each is likely to be influenced. The German army has been increased; but it seems inconceivable that Germany should intend to attack Russia, or that Russia should intend to attack Germany. Germany feels herself watched all the time by the gleaming eye of vengeful France; and it appears likely that the ostensible fear of Russian aggression is an excuse given to the groaning German Parliament for the increase of armaments, rather than the real motive. There is nothing that Germany could take from Russia but Courland. Denmark or Holland, to the annexation of which by Germany, Russia would no doubt for an adequate consideration assent, might be deemed a more tempting prize; and in truth some grand “rectification” of this kind, Germany taking Denmark or Holland, and France Belgium, is about the most probable out-come of this vast embroglio of bloated armaments. With Holland Germany is already bickering, because the Dutch, as she alleges, have been stealing some of her soldiers to fight the Achinese in Sumatra, who appear to be as tough as the Zulus. Between Russia and England, on the other hand, the feeling grows daily more bitter, and it is probable that nothing stands in the way of war but the precarious life of the Czar, who has been for peace from the beginning, and if he had been trusted and treated with decency, instead of being suspected and insulted, would probably have saved humanity from a cataclysm of blood and misery. The nations of the remotest East, are now being drawn into the fatal vortex.

England incites China to attack Russia, Russia incites Japan to attack China; the people of those two great Empires may soon be slaughtering each other for European objects of which not a single Chinaman or Japanese has the least idea. The world is still a good way from the Age of Reason or the Millennium.

In France the rejection by the Senate of the Anti-Jesuit clause of the Education Bill has compelled the Republican Government to fall back on a standing law against the Jesuits; and we are apparently about to see another episode in the strange history of that dreaded order.

—It was thought by leading politicians in England that Parliament would meet only to be sent to the country. This did not seem to us likely. For the Prime Minister, in his seventy-sixth year, there could be no new lease of power, whatever there might be for his younger colleagues, and for him it seemed the natural course, without risking the chances of an election, to let the Parliament run out and then retire from the stage with the applause of his party. On the other hand, it was pretty clear that the Session could not be a long one. After the fierce fire of mutual invective which had rolled through the recess, the members met more in the mood for battle than for deliberation; to hold them to ordinary business while they were all engaged in a canvass would have been impossible; control over the House had plainly been lost by its leader, and could hardly have been retained even by a stronger man on the eve of a general election. Supposing the Government to feel tolerably confident of success, it was likely that the first crisis would bring on the Dissolution. The crisis has come in the shape of the scandalous miscarriage of a Government Bill for the purchase of the London Water Works; the Home Rule agitation, at the same moment, furnishes a pretext for an electioneering attack on those who have pursued a policy of justice towards Ireland; and the dice come rattling on the board from the box which has been so long suspended in the

hand of Lord Beaconsfield. There is an obvious effort at the last to give the dissolution a theatrical air of mystery and surprise. From the lofty statesmanship of Chatham and Pitt, of Canning and Peel, England has passed to an admiration of what Lord Salisbury once denounced as legerdemain and of the histrionic genius which launches "bolts out of the blue."

Mr. Gladstone, by his impulsive appeal to the country in 1874, not only showed his usual lack of party strategy, but set an example of a misuse, as we cannot but deem it, of the prerogative of dissolution, on which his adversaries were sure to improve. Parliamentary Government will be in danger of disorganization if Parliaments, instead of sitting for their legal term, or until the occurrence of a difference on some serious question between them and the Government renders an appeal to the country necessary, are to be liable to dissolution whenever the Government thinks there is a good chance of gaining a victory in the elections. Legislation may degenerate into manœuvring to gain the wind; the independence of members may be shaken by a continual menace; and there is no saying to what extent an unscrupulous Ministry may prolong its tenure of office by snapping a new lease whenever its electioneering agents advise it that the hour is propitious for that game. For the last two years, at least, England has been kept practically in the ferment of an election, while legislation has proceeded, and the National Council has held its life, subject to the confidential reports received from a set of roguish attorneys who are paid for telling the Government Whip how the cat jumps. We commend the point to the notice of Mr. Todd and other hierophants of the mysteries of the Constitution.

It was imagined that the Tories would be influenced by a desire to be rid of the Ballot, the Act for which expires at the end of the year. But the Ballot, though it was one of the Five Points of the Charter, has done the Liberals no more good than the Tories. If it has hurt the Tories by somewhat loosening the hold of the rich man over his dependents, it has hurt the Liberals at least as much, by giving free play to all

the sectional divergences and eccentricities which prevail among them, as well as to the mutual jealousies of the different grades of artisans. It has shaken the influence of the Trade Unions perhaps not less than that of the employer. Some Tories, in fact, more far-sighted than their fellows, recommended the party to embrace it on these grounds. Where the Ballot is really secret its general effect must be more and more to baffle combinations and render the result uncertain by bringing out the tendencies of the individual voter, whether he be swayed by conviction, by self-interest, by fancy, or by pique. At the last general election in this country, thousands must have promised their votes to the Grits and given them to the N. P.

A Liberal who is not in the fray may scan its chances almost as calmly as an uninterested spectator. Those who believe that the Jingo policy is bringing England to peril and disgrace, are bound to fight against it, and no doubt, like Englishmen, they will fight hard: but it is doubtful whether a well-advised friend of their cause would desire for them such a victory as would place them in power. That they should retain sufficient strength to be a real check on the Government, and to be ready to act with effect when the hour comes, is indispensable from the Opposition point of view; but a majority might be a curse in disguise. The country has been committed to a foreign policy comprising, on one hand, the maintenance and regeneration of the Ottoman Empire; on the other, the forcible repression of Russia along the whole line, and at the hourly peril of war. The passions of a large portion of the English people have been fiercely stirred, while Russia has been exasperated, not only by hostile acts, but by a torrent of insults. Immediate retreat from such a position is hardly possible without humiliation, which would fall upon the hapless heirs of a wrath treasured up by others, as it did in the case of the Treaty of Washington, the authors of which bore the shame which in justice belonged to the abettors of the *Alabama*. "Wait till the hot fit is over, till the hopelessness of galvanizing the Ottoman Empire into life has been proved to the satisfaction of all; till angry

fancy has ceased to take Russia for the only power of evil in the world, and to see her perfidious legions sailing with their artillery in balloons over the peaks of the Himalayas: then come back to Philip sober with the Indian policy of Wellington, Hardinge and Lawrence, and with the European policy of Canning, which, instead of conspiring with the Turk and with reactionary Austria for the repression of struggling nationalities, held out to them the hand of generous aid, and made grateful friends of the powers of the future: in the meantime, let Jingoism drink the cup that it has mixed and work out its own signal condemnation"—such, perhaps, would be the counsel that would be whispered by the interest of party, combined with patience and foresight. From a higher point of view, any result, short of a complete defeat of the Liberals, may be regarded with perfect tranquillity. The tide may turn now or it may turn ten years hence; but in the end it will turn. Jingoism, like other outbreaks of pride and violence, which, in nations as in men, are often caused by fulness of bread, will in time subside and give place to respect for human right, supported by the commercial interest of a nation which subsists by peaceful traffic and is assailable on every sea. It is the offspring of the tavern, of which it reeks; and the offspring of the tavern is never strong: in truth, any approach of war to their own shores would at once produce a change in the minds of Common Councilmen who, now lying beside their nectar, exult in launching the bolt on distant lands. Still less need it be feared that anything which may for a time befall the Liberal party in England will reverse, or in any material degree arrest, the grand transition of humanity from the primeval herd with its leading animal, to the commonwealth based on reason and equal right, from the rule of force to that "best form of government" which, in the words of a famous English Liberal, "doth actuate and dispose all parts and members of the State to the common good." Aristocratic or plutocratic reaction, the passing chill of political scepticism, despondency bred of over-reaching and errors on the part of the champions of progress, one or all of

these, aided perhaps by the ignorant passions of the less civilized masses and the craft of some cunning intriguer, may arrest the onward movement to-day; to-morrow it begins again. In truth, anyone who measures the progress of Europe, especially in regard to those fundamental beliefs which ultimately govern whatever is less fundamental, during the last quarter of a century, will find ground for alarm rather in the rapidity than in the slowness of the Revolution. It may safely be said that within the memory of men scarcely yet old, the death knell has been rung, not only of Dynastic Legitimacy, but of State Religion; and there have been deeper changes than even these.

The battle will be fought in the main between the two regular parties—the Tories, as they now again call themselves, and the Liberals,—but the special issue presented by Jingoism will cause some deflection from the ordinary party lines. As a rule, the Tory is friendly to the military system and to a policy of aggrandizement, his instinct telling him that both are antidotes to political progress, and that Imperialism, instead of being the consort of liberty, is sure in the case of England as in that of Rome to be her destroyer. For the same political reasons, as well as on economical grounds, the Liberal as a rule is in favour of peaceful industry, international amity, and unambitious self-defence. But there are Tories who are not Jingoës, because they have a strong suspicion that violence of every kind tends ultimately to revolution, and there are Liberals who are Jingoës, because their Liberalism is violence. Perhaps we should rather call the first class Conservatives, and the second Radicals; for both in the Conservative and in the Liberal character there is an element of moderation which the names Tory and Radical seem to exclude. Of the Conservative Anti-Jingoës the most distinguished example is Lord Derby; of the Radical Jingoës the most distinguished example, since the death of Mr. Roebuck, who was a furious partisan of the Slave Power as well as of Turkey, and a plain-spoken advocate of the practice of butchering Aborigines as wild beasts, is Mr. Cowen, whose speeches the Tories have been circulating

by hundreds of thousands as their best electioneering ammunition. Lord Derby, having personally broken with the Ministry, has taken his seat on the cross benches and openly thrown his Lancashire influence on the Liberal, or to speak with strict accuracy, on the Whig side. But those who among the Ministerialists in either House share Lord Derby's sentiments, and they are not few or inconsiderable, remain within the lines, where they hope to exert an influence over the councils of the party. The Radical Jingoës, on the contrary, fling party allegiance to the winds and assail without remorse those whose general principles and aims they profess to share. What the influence of Imperialism and aggression abroad is likely to be on home politics, they do not stop to think, and probably if they did stop to think they would not care. They had a close parallel in the French Chauvinists, also styling themselves Liberals, who were always assailing the Government of Louis Philippe because he persisted in keeping the peace, and one of whom said in a manifesto, "I want to see the liberties of France radiate abroad: we have forgotten that this is the land of Louis XIV. and Napoleon." They have persuaded themselves that Russia is the Devil of Europe, and that they are themselves the Other Power. The following of Mr. Cowen and his compeers is large. With them is the mass of the populace in the cities, ignorant, irresponsible, scarcely conscious of taxation, revelling in the roar of the British Lion, full of bluster, greedy of excitement, loving war—that is at a distance—and "a long butcher's bill" for much the same reasons for which it loves dog-fights, cockfights, and the spectacle of dangerous tight-rope dancing, or of a woman shot out of a cannon. With them are the taverns, gin-palaces, and music halls, especially in the metropolis, with all their crew. If you meet a rowdy staggering away from one of these places, you may be sure that whether in his home sentiments he is "Blue" or "Yellow," he is for a spirited foreign policy, for making Zulus and Afghans feel his imperial power, and for asserting, through the mouth of the cannon, his ascendancy in the Councils of Europe. The

lower Metropolitan constituencies are very largely—not Conservative—but Jingo.

The general character of each of the two regular parties is well known. The line which divides them and renders a struggle between them inevitable, is real and distinct. Toryism, broadly speaking, is the party of aristocracy, while wealth, for the most part, is drawn to the same side by social affinity, as well as by the common instinct of resistance to change. Liberalism in its ultimate tendency is democratic. But there is a distinction between the two which is not commonly observed, though it is one which, in all struggles, unless the nation at large is aroused and united in favour of some great reform, gives an enormous advantage to the Tories. The Tory party is distinctively a party of interest; the Liberal party is distinctively a party of opinion. Interest is single and unites; opinion, especially on the side of progress, is various and divides. Hence the compactness of the Tory party, its perfect obedience to discipline, and the extreme rarity of any show of individual independence much more of mutiny, in its camp; while, on the other side, the ranks, both in the House and in the country, are with the greatest difficulty held together, and one Liberal government after another is overthrown by the rebellion now of the "Adullamites" of the right, now of the "Tea-roomers" of the left wing. In 1858, Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, having brought in a Bill against conspiracies to murder foreign Sovereigns, the Tories voted in accordance with their principles for the introduction of the Bill, which was carried, after a fierce debate, by 318 to 173; but the division having disclosed the fact that there was a split in the Ministerial ranks, of which advantage might be taken to throw out the government, they, at the word of command, wheeled and voted against the second reading, which was lost by 234 to 215. They had done much the same in the division on the Irish Coercion Bill which overthrew Peel. Every Tory who, at his leader's bidding, voted for household suffrage in 1867, as a stroke of party strategy, had placed upon record in speeches and election

addresses his belief that a large extension of the suffrage would be dangerous to the Constitution, and had vociferously cheered Mr. Lowe's eloquent denunciations of the more moderate reform proposed by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone the year before. Mr. Lowe repeated his appeals with increased force against a far more democratic measure ; but instead of applause from the Tory benches, he was met with enforced and moody silence. It was notorious that, with regard to the Bill creating the title of Empress of India, there were many suppressions of real opinion. The Tory party in London, and, indeed, throughout the country, consisting virtually of a limited number of people of rank and wealth, is a close social confederacy, which would visit with serious penalties any one of its members who should vote against a Tory government, and if his vote turned it out, would mark him for the rest of his life. But Professor Fawcett could with perfect impunity combine with the Tory opposition to overthrow Mr. Gladstone's government on the Irish University Bill, though it was generally believed that he did this for a selfish end. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen voted against their party on the County Franchise Bill, yet they keep their places as leaders. It is the same in the elections as in the House. Scarcely such a thing is ever heard of as a split on the Tory side : the nomination is settled by the local magnates, probably in the dining-room of one of them ; the rank and file bow to the irresistible mandate and move in docile unity to the poll. An independent Conservative candidate, if such a portent should appear, would occupy in county society about as pleasant a position as a man who had shot a fox. In the club, or at the hunting-meet, he would hardly dare again to show his face. But on the Liberal side double, and even triple, nominations are common : splits are the order of the day ; elections are thrown into the hands of the enemy by Working-Men's candidatures, which the Tories have now learned to foster as the means of ruining their opponents. The adoption by the Liberals of a system of nominating conventions has been censured as an imitation of the party tyranny of the United States.

It is open to objection, no doubt, as trenching on that freedom of individual thought and action which is a fundamental article of the Liberal creed : yet it is a measure of absolutely necessary self-defence, without which the Liberals would have no chance of polling their real vote, or of holding their ground at all against the serried phalanx of their opponents. No machinery of coercion which party tyranny ever devised can exceed in intensity of pressure the social sentiment of a Tory county or of a Tory drawing-room.

The great Conservative interest and the solid nucleus of the party is, of course, the territorial aristocracy, embracing not only the peers and baronets, but the landlords generally, whose tenure of their estates is aristocratic, and who are socially identified with the higher ranks of their order, into which every one of them hopes in his own person or in that of one of his descendants, some day, to rise. With this aristocracy is now closely united a vast mass of commercial wealth. Before the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the landlord, whose interest made him a Protectionist, and the manufacturer, whose interest made him a Free Trader, were separated from each other by a deadly feud, and the manufacturer in those days was almost invariably a Liberal ; but that question having been settled, and the manufacturer having obtained his cheap bread and the labour which he needed, wealth yielded to its natural bias. At the same time the social exclusiveness of aristocracy began to give way to political necessity, and the millionaire without a pedigree was admitted to the edge, at least, of the charmed circle towards which he pressed with the eagerness of the true Briton, whose character is a singular mixture of civic sturdiness with social servility. This junction of plutocracy with the aristocracy is the critical event of recent English politics : its fruit was the Conservative victory of 1874. Aristocracy and plutocracy between them bring into the field an immense clientage. In England the landlords have hitherto commanded absolutely the votes of the farmers, who have been tenants at will, and generally at an easy rent, the difference being taken out in social and political alle-

giance. In one or two constituencies there have been slight insurrections and tenant farmer candidates have been brought forward ; but these candidates, when elected, have turned out mere Tory rank and file. A great change may take place in the political as well as in the social character of the county if the Land question follows the course on which it seems to be entering and the farmer strikes for a lease ; but as yet his fidelity to his landlord seems unshaken, and if it is, the Tories will make a clean sweep of all the English counties in which there is not a large commercial element, saving the few in which the Liberals have a seat reserved to them by the operation of the Minority clause. Of the clergy of the Establishment, under the strange system of family livings, many are actually nominees and often relatives of the landlords ; and the privileged Church, as a whole, has always cast in her lot with other privileged orders, and faithfully followed the fortunes of the Tory party. A certain number of High Churchmen have gone against the Mahomedan policy of the Government and in favour of the Eastern Christians, with whom they have a special sympathy ; but the High Churchmen, at least the more thoroughgoing of them, are now on the brink of secession from the Establishment itself : their political independence, therefore, is an exception which proves the rule. The bulk of the rectors will see with the same eyes as the Bishop who declared that he distinctly discerned a spiritual object in the Afghan war. They will lend, as nature bids, their strenuous aid to the party which is the bulwark of their institution ; and though the cry of " Church in Danger " is no longer what it was in the days of Sacheverell, the influence of the clergy is still great. In the rural districts the parson is not only the preacher but the squire's prime minister, and, in the squire's frequent absence, the vice-squire. In the cities he has his following. It would be much larger, and he would cast a much heavier vote if the Social Radicals in the House of Commons could have their suicidal way and give the Suffrage to the Women ; as was clearly enough seen by Lord Beaconsfield, who always helped

the Female Suffragists to apply the knife to their own throats and that of their party, by giving not only his vote, but all the personal support in his power, to the Bill.

Another ally the Tory party has, not robed in the surplice of a Christian minister, yet to the full as powerful as the ally who is. We make a great fuss about our grogeries in this country, but we do not know what a strong Liquor Interest means. In England, a sum nearly equal to the national revenue, according to Lord Chancellor Cairns, is now spent in drink, and the number of persons engaged in the sale is about one for every thirty-five houses. The trade is a league with its grasp on every city, village, and hamlet in England; for two or three cottages can hardly rise together, before the emissary of the Liquor Interest is there, in a house which he often occupies rent free on condition of his selling, by any means and allurements in his power, a certain quantity of beer. The capital embarked in this business is enormous; the partners, active or sleeping, are innumerable. The present House of Commons has been nicknamed the "Bung" Parliament: there are in it twenty-three brewers and distillers, while the number of members in some way connected with the Liquor Interest has been reckoned as over fifty. In the cities the number of people connected with the taverns and gin shops, or in some way under their influence, is immense: we have heard an experienced ward-politician estimate it, in one case, as a fifth of the whole constituency. Besides this, the taverns alone can bribe with perfect safety and impunity. They have only to broach the cask for a week before the election and let the poor and thirsty elector have the beer nominally on credit, but really free. No one who has been at a contested election in an English city, where a brewer was a candidate, can have failed to observe the effects. The trade is represented by a powerful morning journal entirely devoted to its service, and its action in politics displays the unity and vigour which association in questionable lucre never fails to inspire. Its resentment at a limitation of the drinking hours, in which the more respectable publicans acquiesced, but which

offended the trade in general, was among the main causes of the overthrow of the Liberal government in 1874. Against such a Hydra the struggle is one not only for release from moral thralldom, but for political life; and reformers in England may have the warrant of supreme necessity for measures which here would be an unwarrantable interference with private liberty. For reasons which it might perhaps be a delicate undertaking to analyse, the Liquor Interest adheres steadfastly and enthusiastically to the Tory party. It pays the Established Church the same compliment, and the election placard coupling "our national beverage" with our "national religion" was no fable. Sir Stafford Northcote appeals to the susceptibilities of the Publican and the response will not be doubtful.

This influence has been largely increased by the Tory Reform Bill of 1867, extending the city franchise to the lowest class of householders, whose qualifications for holding political power may be readily divined by any one who has the fortitude to make a tour of inspection through the back streets and slums of an English city. It has been proved in election trials that voters of that class literally did not know the names of the parties or of their leaders. There need be no hesitation in saying that the ignorance of these masses, their levity of character, their openness to the arts of wirepullers and their amenability to the influences of claptrap, treating, and beer, were the real motives for giving them the suffrage. The agricultural labourer, a more respectable man, and certainly not less in need of any protection that the possession of a vote may afford, was left unenfranchised, though from his relation to the landowner, he might specially claim the care of the Tories, and was, in fact, the object of their almost tearful solicitude when they were struggling against the admission of foreign grain. The same party, it will be remembered, which carried Household Suffrage, had just thrown out, with the aid of the Adullamites, a moderate extension of the franchise, which would have brought within the pale of the constitution a body of tradesmen, and of the more educated artisans. This

is Tory democracy. The Conservatism of Sir Robert Peel aimed at basing government on intelligence and responsibility, and it looked for support specially to the middle classes, ranging from the merchant, the yeoman, or the professional man, to the educated and thriving artisan, in which those qualities are peculiarly found. But Tory Democracy aims at allying the extremes of society against the middle classes. It is locally the invention of Lord Beaconsfield, or rather he borrowed it from the Jacobites, who, under the leadership of Sir William Windham, wanted to introduce universal suffrage, because they saw in it a hope of raising a political mob which would overturn the Whig government and the Hanoverian throne. But in fact the tendency of despotism and oligarchy to call the populace to their aid in extremity is not confined to one nation; it has been exhibited on many political stages: by the Bourbons in their alliance with the lazzaroni at Naples, by the Southern slaveowners in their alliance with the Irish mob of the Northern cities. This stroke of an unscrupulous policy has not failed of its effect. The day may come when the "Residuum," as it is styled by political courtesy, veiling "dregs" in the decent obscurity of a learned language, will begin to think, or at least to covet, for itself; when it will find leaders of its own who will hold out to it bribes more substantial than a word of flattery from a nobleman on the stump, a Jingo song, and a pot of beer; but at present it is, in the main, the docile client of the Tory aristocracy, and has been the means of turning many city elections in its favour. It is arrayed under strict discipline in Conservative Working Men's Associations, which are alleged not seldom to serve the purpose of treating as well as of organization. It of course accepts the party nomination blindly, and marches in close column to the poll.

Other special auxiliaries of the Tories might be named. The wishes of the Court, while they will not be openly exhibited, will be felt to be on Lord Beaconsfield's side; and to extend Court influence, though not in the interest of the Court.

itself but of the aristocracy, is an aim of Tory policy, which in this instance also, has been successful. We mean with regard to the masses: no policy was needed to induce upstart wealth, of the more vulgar kind, to throng Court Drawing-rooms and Levees. The military interest also is strong: in the House of Commons two hundred and sixty members are connected with it, as actual or retired officers of the regular army, militia, yeomanry, or volunteers; while through the country it is represented by a multitude of half-pay or retired officers, many of whom are unemployed and can make themselves very active in elections. On the last occasion, incensed at the Army Reforms, it did its worst against the Liberals, and was thought to have had no small share in their overthrow. Apart from any special grievance, it is the natural adherent of the Tory policy which promises military expenditure and opens a dazzling prospect to military ambition. The military adventurer, of the Baker Pacha and Hobart Pacha type, is a character which has of late appeared in England with increased definiteness, and is not unlikely to grow in importance. The war trades, such as manufactures of small arms and iron-plating, are also powerful; and of course they vote for war.

If the political distribution of the wealth of England could be ascertained it is probable that a full moiety might be found to be on the Liberal side; but of the great fortunes, and therefore of the wealth available for election purposes, an overwhelming proportion is on the side of the Tories. Of direct bribery at election times there is now said to be not much: it has been nearly killed by the strictness and the Rhadamantine administration of the new law. But the influences of wealth have only changed their channel. Constituencies are "nursed," that is bribed all the year round with gifts, subscriptions, and entertainments. We could point to a constituency which was literally rented by a millionaire who distributed every Christmas, through a political friend, a large sum in gifts to the poorer voters, asking no questions about their votes, but letting it be understood that the stream of bounty would continue to flow

so long as he remained their member. In so money-loving a country, indeed, a rich candidate fascinates in himself, irrespectively of any actual largess: it is always believed that, in some way or other, he will descend to the embraces of the constituency in a shower of gold. Wealth is also of unspeakable service to the Tories in providing them with a perfect organization. Thanks to its aid, they possess an army of political agents distributed through the country, always engaged in canvassing, drilling, bedevilling local sentiment, and reporting to headquarters its state from day to day. This is the special department of public business to which Lord Beaconsfield's industry has been applied. The larger and the looser is the Constituency, the more necessary, and the more expensive, organization becomes: in this way also the great extension of the Suffrage in 1867 has helped the Tory game. An attempt to create a counter machinery, of a voluntary kind, has been made by Mr. Chamberlain, the great organizing genius on the Liberal side; but he has not the long purse at his command; and on this most vital point the Tories have an enormous advantage.

Of the Liberal party, the strongest and most indomitable fortress is Scotland, in which Mr. Gladstone, whom his enemies imagined to be discredited and depressed, met the other day with a reception which loosened the knees of Toryism with fear. The reasons of this fact are clear. In Scotland, the people are universally educated and trained to self-government in Church as well as in State, while the farmers instead of being tenants at will, and political vassals of the landlords, have leases, and generally long leases, of their land. That the Liberals will gain in Scotland seems to be expected on all hands. In England, they have always been in a minority; but their ranks are there formed of the elements akin to those which man their lines in Scotland, comprising a large proportion of the middle classes and the more skilled and better educated artisans. A few Whig landowners, retained by old connection rather than by conviction, at present form the head of the spear; but the tie which fastens the head to the shaft has now become so loose

and attenuated that it is doubtful whether it will hold through another battle ; through a battle fought on the issue of the Land Law it certainly will not. Several Whigs have already made the Foreign Policy question a bridge for a virtual secession without an avowed apostacy. In 1874, almost the whole of the clique openly or covertly betrayed Mr. Gladstone, and the *Edinburgh*, their regular organ, exulted without disguise over his fall. Now, on the eve of a decisive contest, that journal assumes towards the Liberals an air of insolent exclusiveness, stigmatises the conduct of their leaders, including Mr. Chamberlain, as though it had nothing to do with them, and in the most offensive manner gives them to understand that they are to have nothing to say to the policy of the party on the Land question. Beyond doubt the writer would rejoice in a Liberal defeat. Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and the Duke of Argyll behave to their companions-in-arms like men of honour, but they cannot make an aristocratic clique love a democratic party. Yet the rank of the Whigs is of use in a country so imbued with respect for those distinctions, and there is a reluctance to part with them, though some day the parting must come.

The Old Guard, in England, alike of domestic liberty and of international morality, are the Free Churches, dubbed by the Privileged Church "Dissenters." That he has ruined the power of the Dissenters by ruining that of the Middle Class, is the special boast of Lord Beaconsfield, to whom Middle Class and Dissenters have always been equally odious. That his Reform Bill let in a flood of political elements, decidedly not Methodist, has already been admitted. But the main explanation of the fact—for a fact we believe it to be—that the strength of the Free Churches has declined, is to be sought probably in a different direction. Being without State aid or legal privilege, they subsist entirely by conviction, and therefore, on them the decay of conviction has told most heavily. The State Church, indeed, paradoxical as the statement may seem, has rather gained by the decline of religious faith. Scepticism,

socially conformist, finds in it an easy pew, and many sceptics being political Conservatives, support it all the more strenuously as a bulwark of Conservatism. Some even avowedly uphold it as a safeguard against religious enthusiasm. Moreover, whether it be the Church of the Apostles, or not, it is unquestionably the Church of the genteel. Wealth desirous of gentility comes over to it, and it is said that, even in Scotland, Presbyterians are often turned into Episcopalians by their success in trade. Disestablishment in England appears not to gain ground: it will come; but it will probably be brought about by disruption from within, rather than by the battering rain of the Free Churches from without. Since the removal of their disabilities, not a few of the wealthier Nonconformists, especially of the Wesleyans, have been becoming Conservative. But as Christians and philanthropists they are all opposed to Jingoism, and will, no doubt, cast a solid vote against it at the coming election.

Of the intellectual and literary force of the country, a large proportion is with the Liberals. Considering how lavishly the Tories have subsidized the press, it is creditable to journalism, as a calling, that the best writing on the whole should have been always found upon the other side.

In the days of O'Connell, Ireland used to furnish a large contingent to the Liberal forces; yet even then the connection was compromising, and brought weakness as well as strength. In these days of Home Rule, it is not only compromising but dangerous in the highest degree. Lord Beaconsfield sees this, and in his letter to the Lord-Lieutenant tries to fix upon the Liberal leaders the odium of encouraging disaffection in Ireland. The answer is conclusive: Ireland would be now one mass of disaffection had it not been for Catholic Emancipation, Disestablishment, and the Reform of the Land Law, of which the last two were carried by Mr. Gladstone, while the first, though carried by the Duke of Wellington and Peel, was a Liberal measure which they had been compelled to adopt, after protracting their resistance till the choice lay between concession

and civil war. These measures have brought the upper classes, who are usually the leaders of the people, almost universally to the side of the Union, and have thus averted the danger in which, had the maxims of Lord Beaconsfield's party prevailed, the Empire would long ago have been involved. Apart from any object of electioneering tactics, justice and conciliation towards Ireland are the natural policy of Liberals, while coercion is the natural policy of the Tories. The Irish, who are now strong, not only in Ireland but in many of the English cities, especially in the North, have extorted Home Rule concessions from candidates of both parties. Lord Castlereagh, after winning a seat in Ireland by an alliance with the Home Rulers, received the public congratulations of Lord Beaconsfield; and a Home Rule leader, stung by seeing his party treated as unclean beasts, contact with whom is pollution, has been disclosing the flirtations of other Conservatives with the agitation. In the House of Commons the Home Rulers have not supported the Liberals any more than they have supported the Tories, to whom, on the Catholic University question, or any other question, their votes have been always welcome. But Lord Beaconsfield has learned from the success of the slanderous attacks on Sir Robert Peel by which he made his political fortune, that the effectiveness of an accusation depends, not upon its truth, but upon the intensity of the passions to which it is addressed. The English people, though not so infuriated against the Home Rulers as the Landlords were against the repealer of the Corn Law, are easily excited on that subject. For the Irish land question they care nothing; they regard it as a nuisance: they do not want to protect the rents of the absentees: they would willingly consent, if they were asked, to legislation enacting that all the potatoes should grow with their roots upmost. But upon the question of the Union they feel strongly. Mr. Gladstone has positively disclaimed any sympathy with the object of the Disunionists. But as anger is blind, his undeniable sympathy with the Irish people will probably lend credit to the calumnies of his rival, and cost him

and his party many English votes. What the Home Rulers will do it is as difficult to say as it is to divine their real object and the specific means by which they propose to attain it. Hitherto, they have seemed to delight in ruining those who, so far as their aims were reasonable and practicable, were their best friends. The Government attempted to draw the Liberals into apparent complicity with Obstruction, by bringing forward the new rules of debate without that previous communication with the leaders of the Opposition which usage and courtesy required; but the trap was clumsily baited and the device failed.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the votes under their immediate influence, both in Ireland and in England, have been secured to the Tories by the Irish University Act. Apart from this, however, the priests, their own religious grievance having been removed by Disestablishment, and the only object for which they allied themselves with Liberalism having thus been accomplished, are drawn by the bias of the priestly nature to the party which is a limb of the European Reaction. This tendency has been very visible of late. At Southwark the Catholic organization was brought thoroughly into play in favour of the Tory candidate. If the Liberals are wise, they will without more coquetting or paltering, frankly take up the gauntlet. By doing so they will at once gain strength in the Presbyterian North of Ireland, which is by nature theirs, though the cross-accidents of Irish history have thrown it into the arms of their enemies.

Prediction we leave to those who can read the stars. Some good judges are of opinion that the result will be a Liberal gain, but not large enough to turn out the Government. If we were to say that we think this, our wish might appear father to our thought. Nobody can discern the real set of national sentiment at a distance from the scene, let him read as many English journals as he will; he will not learn it from the *Times*, which is now a thorough-going Ministerial organ. Besides the great issues, minor influences, local, sectional, and personal, eccentricities, crotchets,

cupidities, jealousies without end, will assert themselves everywhere and play freely under the screen of the Ballot. As was said before, there are some thirty boroughs in which, at the last election, the majorities were so small that a feather's weight may turn the scale. For our own part, we have faith in the solid and compact strength of a great aristocratic and land-owning interest, which has a large portion of the constituencies securely in its grasp; in the influence of the State clergy; in the power of drink and of the Licensed Victuallers; in the ascendancy of wealth among a money-loving people; in the efficacy of a well-paid, complete, and all-penetrating organization; in the force of excited passion, as well as of grosser allurements, among masses of ignorance and intemperance; in the ease with which ordinary men, though neither ignorant nor intemperate, are led by appeals to patriotism, whether true or false, and to the love of glory, whether moral or immoral. Be the result what it may, it need shake nobody's confidence in the ultimate triumph of reason and humanity; it need cause nobody to doubt that it is righteousness alone that exalts a nation.

A further reason why even those who desire the ultimate success of the Liberal cause should not be anxious for its immediate victory is that it must soon be left without a great leader. Mr. Gladstone has kept his seventieth birthday. Nature has cast him, physically as well as mentally, in the strongest mould: his powers of labour have been, and still are, almost superhuman, of nervous energy he has almost too much, since his character lacks that element of repose which is seldom wanting to greatness; and he knows not how to resign himself to a masterly inactivity, when for the moment action is inexpedient. But he is mortal and must soon betray his mortality. There is no one at present to take his place. Lord Granville, the official head of the party, is a thoroughly able, cool-headed, and sagacious man of the world, whose winning manners and consummate tact have been displayed for many years in carrying the legislation of a Liberal government through an adverse House of Lords. It did him no harm to be the Master of the

Buck-hounds before he became a statesman.' But he is a great noble, and to see him before a popular assembly is to be convinced that there is little in common between him and the people. Lord Hartington, the leader of the party in the House of Commons, was a last resort: in truth his elevation was partly the work of intriguers, who thought that he would be a puppet and that they should pull his wires. He has in every respect greatly bettered expectation, and is assuredly no puppet. As a speaker he has improved; his character has risen under responsibility; his manly frankness and straightforwardness have won general confidence; his temper, sorely tried, has always stood the test; and he has succeeded beyond hope in holding together the discordant sections of the party. But he also lacks the popular fibre of Mr. Gladstone. He can hardly inspire the enthusiasm which he does not feel. He is a hereditary, and, though he does the duties of his post, almost an amateur, politician: and there is probably a good deal of truth as well as point in the common saying that he gives the week to the turf, and reads up his Blue Books on Sunday. His nonchalance is not merely manner: the story of his yawning in the middle of his own speech would not have been told of another man. Mr. Lowe has brilliant gifts and immense mental wealth; but though a thoroughgoing Liberal in philosophy, he is an intellectual aristocrat, mistrustful, almost scornful, of the people; besides he is nearly as old as Mr. Gladstone, and he seems to be content with the conversational empire which he enjoys. Lord Cardwell, the great administrator of the party, and the only survivor except Mr. Gladstone of the staff of Sir Robert Peel, is but three years Mr. Gladstone's junior; and he has always shrunk from leadership more than leadership has shrunk from him. Mr. W. E. Forster, a vigorous man of business, and a strong though uncouth speaker, has, by his tortuous ways, lost the confidence of a large portion of the party: he now sits for Bradford by Tory votes; "the best stage Yorkshireman on any boards" he has been called in reference to his outward bluntness and inward freedom from that infirmity;

and it might be added that he is the best servant out of livery whom the Tory aristocracy possesses. Mr. Goschen surprised the world by his display of administrative ability as First Lord of the Admiralty, but he has no other hold on the House or country, and he shares the anti-democratic tendencies of Mr. Lowe. Sir William Harcourt, is a most powerful and effective speaker in the forensic style, though better on the platform than in the House; but his speeches lack the stamp not only of statesmanship but of conviction: an ex-member of Mr. Gladstone's government, he committed the great mistake of striking his chief when he was down, and paying open court to the leader of the enemy; and thus created a decided impression that the choice of parties was with him only a choice of markets. Among the new aspirants, the star of Sir Charles Dilke seems to be in the ascendant; but there is in the whole group an apparent lack both of definite purpose and of unity, as well as a good deal of the jealousy which usually prevails among subordinate ambitions in the absence of a commanding power. A party of interest may get on with a bell-wether; a party of opinion needs a chief. What the Liberals now want is a Gladstone of thirty-five, less the ecclesiastical element, to begin where the Gladstone of seventy is leaving off. Yet it must be owned that it is difficult to see where the man is to be found, or how, if found, he could make his way into the House of Commons: he could hardly do so unless, with popular sympathies and the requisite breadth of view, he united wealth and station which commonly bind a man to a class. The Liberal representation has suffered, even more than the Tory, from the absorbing claims of local ambition. In former days, the rich trader or manufacturer was content to show his influence in the election without aspiring to a seat himself, and openings were thus made for the rising hopes of the party. Now the rich trader or manufacturer aspires to the seat himself, or, if he does not, his wife does. The Liberal benches in the House are filled with rows of men who have been brought into Parliament late in life without political training, and who can hardly

make good members of Parliament, much less leaders. The last Speaker was heard to say that he did not know, when the old men were gone, who was to govern the country. Reformers begin to regret the Rotten Boroughs.

To the absence of a leader in Parliament, really equal to his position, must in the main be attributed the fatally weak and wavering attitude of the party on the Eastern Question. An immense quantity of blank cartridge has been fired in declamatory demonstration, but in action the party has confined itself to thwarting the Government, thereby bringing upon itself the odium of an unpatriotic factiousness, and of seeking to weaken the influence of England in the Councils of Europe. Had it been better led it would have frankly confronted the policy of Lord Beaconsfield with the policy of Canning. It would have made the nation feel that intervention on the side of generosity and justice was a different thing from isolation, that the greatness of England would not be betrayed nor her place in the councils of Europe forfeited by exhibiting her as the chivalrous friend, not the jealous enemy, of the struggling nationalities; that Russia instead of being abetted in her schemes of ambition would be deprived of her greatest advantage when she was prevented from appearing as the sole deliverer and patroness of the oppressed. Fanatical friends of Islam, such as Mr. Cowen, might have done as they thought fit; their votes would not have been many, and their rhetoric would have lost its sting when they could no longer appeal to the pride of the nation against a policy of inaction and self-effacement.

In one respect, at all events, the Government was well-advised in not delaying the Dissolution. The Ottoman Empire, upon the life of which their whole policy is based, is now actually in its death throes, and England is likely soon to have upon her hands a vast anarchy, the remote frontier of which, to aggravate the difficulty of her task, she has bound herself to maintain against a great military power, her own army being barely sufficient to furnish troops for a Zulu war. The time can

hardly be far distant when the very Jingoës will be sorry that she did not take a loyal and straightforward course at the Conference of Constantinople ; that she did not press effectively upon Turkey the reforms in Bulgaria, in favour of which all the Powers had pronounced, and thus save the Ottoman Empire from a war that was certain to be its death-blow. There would then have been no Sepoy demonstrations, no Berlin Councils, no diplomatic thunder or parade of British power ; none of the excitement afforded to the lovers of martial spectacles by the most butcherly of modern wars ; but the Eastern question would have been settled for the time, and put in the way of gradual and pacific solution hereafter, by consigning the Ottoman power to slow decay instead of headlong ruin. Truly, the English Liberals may afford to wait awhile.

—If a speech of the Dean of Westminster is correctly reported, it is “irrevocably settled” by an overruling power that there shall be a monument to the late Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. Evidently the poor Dean is in a most unpleasant position, and he shows his sense of it, in answering remonstrances, by a tartness which is utterly foreign to his general character. He cannot really imagine that the Prince “died for England.” The Prince met his death in an attempt to win a military reputation for himself, with a view to the furtherance of his own designs as a Pretender to the French throne. The plan had been conceived and adopted with that object in the unscrupulous councils of the leaders of his party. So far from his being in the service of England, he had applied for admission to it, and his application had been refused ; he was on the field as a mere spectator, and in this, as in more essential respects, his case differed from that of the French Princes who were attached to the staff of General McClellan, even admitting the Dean to be right in supposing that, had one of the French Princes fallen, the Americans would have heaped unbounded honours on his grave. There was nothing heroic in the circum-

stances of this Prince's death ; he fell into an ambuscade and was killed in endeavouring to escape. Pity is always awakened by the loss of a young life ; but, in this case, it is pity qualified by the recollection that the youth was taking part, for a purely selfish purpose, in the butchery of an unfortunate race, who had done him no sort of wrong. His moral position was worse than that of a mercenary soldier. The erection of a monument to him at Westminster is inevitably construed as a demonstration of sympathy with Bonapartism and Imperialism on the part of the English Court, and, if the Heir Apparent continues politically in the frame of mind in which he at present appears to be, it may prove the commencement of a more serious divergence of sentiment between the Court and the people.

It happens that, at this moment, a work which throws a vivid light on the character of the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty and of modern Imperialism is in all hands. The general trustworthiness of the 'Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat' cannot be doubted. Her acuteness and correctness as an analyst of character are abundantly proved by the portraits of Talleyrand, Maret, Duroc, Savary, Murat, and others, in which her minute delineations are confirmed by history. She had the best opportunities of observing Bonaparte as a man, and of seeing clearly what lay beneath his uniform and his purple. Every one, we think, must feel that her impressions of him in the earlier portion of his career are fresh and genuine, not fabricated by hostile retrospect after the estrangement, the ultimate occurrence of which she never attempts to keep out of sight. Her censure is not indiscriminate ; she lets us distinctly see, not only the extraordinary mental power of Napoleon, but the better parts of his character, or rather the promise of something good which attached her to him and made her hopeful about him till a complete victory was given to the evil part of his nature by the possession of unbounded power. In the house of the late Jerome Bonaparte, at Baltimore, stood a bust of his uncle taken at the time of the expedition to Egypt, and retaining a linger-

ing gleam of something like sentiment and enthusiasm, which was utterly lost when the countenance had become fixed in the hard lines of an absolutely selfish ambition. That gleam appears in the pages of Madame de Remusat. Scarcely ever does she use the language of hatred, or even of indignation. What a Moloch, and what a sharper, France and Europe worshipped is rather discerned through her than proclaimed by her. The vices which she depicts in the Bonaparte of the inner circle are the very same by which, on the greater scene, he brought ruin on himself and his institutions after turning Europe into an Aceldama and France into a house of weeping. His domestic impurity and that of his family and set are matters of history, as certain as they are revolting, and were only a signal instance of the general destruction, by the Revolution and the dissolving forces which had prepared the way for it, of the old morality, in place of which no new code had been formed. His astounding lack of the sense of honour, his habit of unabashed lying, and his spirit of low intrigue, were, in like manner, shared by the swarm of vile adventurers which arose from the wreck of revolutionary effort, though in this also he overtopped them all. Madame de Remusat says that he avowed to Talleyrand that nothing would deter him from any act of baseness which it might be expedient to commit: she represents his sycophant, Maret, speculating on his trick of opening other people's letters as the means of bringing fabricated proofs of devotion under his eye. What is there in this more startlingly vile than we find in his policy and in his diplomacy, in his treacherous sale of Venetian independence, or his more than burglarious seizure of the crown of Spain? What picture of mendacity can go beyond the bulletins, or the despatch to the Senate, which, with portentous circumstantiality of lying, describes Waterloo as a victory? That the first general, and perhaps the greatest master of state-craft in his time, was inwardly what Madame de Remusat paints him, may be a fact difficult of digestion to the worshippers of intellectual force, but it is only the most striking of many such facts which they have to accept. In callous sel-

fishness and utter indifference to human suffering, Bonaparte stands first among civilized, if not among all, men. He met, as Metternich tells us, with an outburst of contempt expressed in language too brutal to be repeated, the suggestion that he might listen to overtures of peace for the sake of the lives of his people. In his flight from Waterloo, one of his officers, who told the story to Lord Brougham, seeing him deeply dejected, and thinking that he might be grieving for the slaughter of so many of his companions-in-arms, tried to comfort him by saying that Lord Wellington must have lost almost as many. "Ah!" replied the Emperor, with a coarse oath, "but he has not lost the battle." The officer shrank horror-stricken at the revelation of the demon whom he had served. The very first bulletin issued after the retreat from Russia shows that the author of that hideous catastrophe thought of nothing but himself. The announcement that his ambition had made widows and orphans by hundreds of thousands ends with the gratifying assurance that "the Emperor was never in better health."

Bonaparte used to be compared to Cromwell. Each was the offspring of a revolution which he mastered, and for a time brought to a close; but in every other respect never was there a greater contrast between two men. Cromwell was one of a great group of political and religious reformers; that character predominated in him above all others: not till he was forty years old did he draw his sword in defence of his cause; and when the cause was saved, he at once and for ever sheathed his sword again, and devoted himself to the fulfilment of his plans of political and religious reform. Napoleon was a professional soldier and a military adventurer: he never had a cause, except that of his own aggrandizement, for which the general break-up opened the way: we have his own assurance that he cared not for the Revolution except as it levelled the obstacles in his own path: not only was he a professional soldier but a Corsican, one of a half-barbarous and half-bandit race: at the root of his character was the lust of war, and one who saw him at Elba said that when war was mentioned the

passion gleamed in his evil eye: his politics were mere statecraft working for his own aggrandizement, and if he studied the ideas or the moral forces of his age it was to use them much in the same way as he used cannon. Cromwell was personally religious; he was intensely conscious of a Moral Power above him, of which he was the servant; and this feeling, ever present, was seen in his personal demeanour, and in the modesty of his Court, as well as in his freedom from cruelty and injustice. Of Napoleon, Metternich says that he was not irreligious: nor was he, in Metternich's sense of the word; he made good use of religion as an engine of state, and was supported and flattered by his priests, till he threatened their special interests, with a servility as abject as ever was a Babylonian conqueror by the priests of Belus; but of the idea of any power above him, of any kind of moral restraint upon his will and his lusts, he was, perhaps, more absolutely devoid than any other man who has ever exercised dominion over his kind: there is not a single sign of hesitation on moral grounds, of conscience or of remorse throughout the whole of his career. It has been truly said of him that the singleness of his evil mind, and his freedom from the internal strife which hampers imperfect characters, was a great part of his power. His insensate pride went the length of deploring that he could not give himself out as a god, and loved to mantle itself in a robe of tawdry pageantry, which would have been supremely ludicrous if it had not dripped blood. Of Cromwell, Algernon Sidney said that he very well understood the principles of liberty: forced, in the midst of an anarchy, to act as "constable," and to wield his truncheon for the restoration of order and peace, he never betrayed the slightest desire of arbitrary power, and he was always struggling to get back, as fast as circumstances would permit, to constitutional government and the regular ways of justice: he was too truly great to desire the false greatness of reigning over slaves. To reign over slaves devoid of any thought but that of abject obedience to his will, was the one desire of Napoleon's heart, in which it held such absolute sway that Madame de Remusat even thinks it

predominated over his love of war. His political institutions came to naught because he could not bear to leave in them the grain of freedom required to make despotism bearable, even to the French, in a civilized and thinking age. Rather than give that grain, he chose to gorge his people with perpetual repasts of "glory," in quest of which he continued his murderous raids over Europe, till trampled Humanity rose and put him down. Napoleon was a giant of intellectual power. Cromwell was one of the greatest of men. To decide which was the mightier force is impossible. Cromwell had far smaller means at his command and contended with far greater obstacles. Everything was broken up before Napoleon's advent, and he had but to fling the wrecks aside: instead of meeting in the establishment of his power with resistance so stern and resolute as that of the Republicans who opposed the Protectorate, he had but to put his foot upon the necks of creatures utterly destitute of moral force and self-respect, prone to servitude and eager to be bought. Even the victories which made his fortune as a soldier, and gave him the talisman and the ascendancy of success, were won with the enthusiastic levies of the Revolution over the hired machines of Austria led by superannuated pedants. With the first national resistance, though it was that of the undisciplined peasantry of Spain, his march of victory ended, his reverses began. Of material greatness nine-tenths are accident: the only thing which has nothing of accident in it is morality.

That which makes the character of Napoleon so transcendently evil is that, in the whole course of history, no man has flung away such an opportunity of doing good. Had he, when fortune put supreme power into his hands, thought not of himself alone, but of his country and humanity; had he remained a true servant of liberty and progress; had he, when France was secured against aggression, closed the era of the Revolutionary wars, and turned his mind to the work of peace; had he in a generous and unselfish spirit founded institutions which would have preserved the real gains, while they discarded the

chimeras and quelled the anarchy, of the Revolution ; had he spent the rest of his life in consolidating these institutions and providing that they should go down, a sure legacy of his patriotism and statesmanship to the coming generations, what fame would have been his, what blessings would have waited on his name ! France would then, thanks to his beneficent genius, have led the nations in the path of ordered liberty and peaceful happiness. Instead of this, the world owes him ten years of carnage, spoliation, havoc, and a misery, the extent of which is unknown to those who have not been led to examine the details of history ; a fresh series, on the most tremendous scale, of political convulsions, first in the way of reaction, then in that of recurrent revolution ; and now the military system, with its fearful pressure on industry and the social paroxysms which it is too surely preparing for Europe in the near future. He fancied, in the grotesque delusion of his vanity, that he could coerce or bribe art and literature into becoming the minions of what he styled his glory. Praise *me*, sing of *me*, paint *me*, were the commands which he fancied he could issue to the historian, the poet, and the artist. He suggested himself as a subject to Goethe. Had he chosen the better part, monuments, imperial indeed, would have been his, unbidden and unbought. As it is, he has what he could command and buy—official eulogies and the column on the Place Vendome made of the cannon which were the trophies of his fields of carnage. On the foot of that column was found written, perhaps by the bereaved parent of some youthful conscript, “ Monster, if all the blood which thou hast shed could be collected in this square, thou mightest drink without stooping.” And it is the system formed by this man and instinct with his spirit, the restoration of which is not only the aim of a reactionary or rather predatory faction in France, but the desire of some who profess allegiance to English liberty.

One curious fact, dimly perceived before, is clearly brought out and rendered historical by Madame de Remusat. Napoleon had a fixed idea, which in his endless, and apparently aimless wars, he was trying to realize. He fancied that he could restore,

in his own person, the Empire of Charlemagne. He fancied that he could reduce the other monarchs of Europe to feudal vassalage, exercise over them the powers of a feudal suzerain, compel them, in sign of their fealty, to build themselves palaces at Paris, to keep their archives there, to attend the coronations of the French Emperor. It was under the influence of this dream that he took the title of Emperor instead of taking that of king. No doubt he thought that Karl was a Frenchman, and imagined that under him Paris was the capital of a French Empire. Of the vast and fundamental difference between the two periods produced by the progress of civilization and the growth of the European nationalities, he could have had no definite conception. He had read just history enough to become the dupe of a historic fancy for which he and his kind paid dear. He is not the only or the last instance of such an illusion. Constantinople was the most important place in the world when it was the capital of the Roman Empire, and the link between its eastern and western portions; it is not the most important place in the world now: perhaps it is not more important to England than Antwerp or Elsinore, either of which may any day fall into the hands of a great European power, while England spends her whole force in keeping her stopper in the Dardanelles. Cyprus was of great importance in the days of the Phœnicians, of the Ptolemies, of the Romans, and afterwards of the Venetians, when it lay not in a dead angle of the Mediterranean but in waters full of commerce, and when its little harbours were large enough to hold the trading vessels of the time. But the much vaunted possession brings little beyond expense and odium now. The moral is that statesmanship ought to drink deeper, or drink not at all, of the Pierian spring.

—Among the events in the history of opinion may certainly be reckoned the appearance of the concluding volume of Renan's series on the "Origin and Early History of Christianity." In France, this work is likely to shape, to a large extent, the

popular idea of Christ and His religion. Few Frenchmen have hitherto known much about the Gospels. The devout read manuals of devotion, of which the least unevangelical is Thomas a' Kempis; while sceptics have got their notions from Voltaire. Most remarkable, and of infinite importance as an indication of the place which, when criticism and science have done their utmost, Christianity, apart from supernaturalism and dogma, will hold in the minds of men, is the difference between Voltaire and Renan. Voltaire, when he cried *Ecrasez l'Infâme*, saw the religion of Jesus through the smoke of an *Auto-da-Fe*; though even he got an inkling of something nearer the truth from the brief intercourse which he held in England with the Quakers. The fires of the *Auto-da-Fe* are now quenched; the Satanic counterfeit once installed in the persecuting State Churches, which Shelley, as well as Voltaire and Rousseau, took for the Christians' God, has departed, or is departing; the divine reality presents itself to view; and Renan, the most uncompromising of critics, though he certainly is not a witness in favour of orthodoxy, is as certainly a witness, unequivocal and loud-mouthed, in favour of natural Christianity. "The hour cometh," says Jesus to the woman at the well, "when ye shall neither on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father, but when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." "On the day," exclaims Renan, "on which Jesus spoke these words He was truly the Son of God. He uttered, for the first time, the saying on which the edifice of religion will rest for ever. He founded the true worship, without date, without country, that which the highest souls will practise to the end of time. Not only was His religion that day the religion of humanity, it was religion in the absolute sense; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed by the side of Jacob's well. Man has not been able to cleave to it, because we attain the ideal only for a moment. The saying of Jesus was a gleam of light in a dark night; it has taken eighteen hundred years to

accustom the eyes of humanity (rather, I should say, of an infinitely small section of humanity) to that brightness. But the gleam will become perfect day, and, after having run the round of all errors, humanity will come back to this saying, as the immortal expression of its faith and of its hope." Listen to this ye who say that nothing spiritual, nothing ideal, nothing absolutely true, can survive the destruction of superstition by science. Listen to it ye, also, who cling desperately to the dogmatic and the supernatural in the belief that when these are gone Christianity and religion must perish. Even if we could imagine that, under the destructive touch of criticism, the woman of Samaria, the well, the very Speaker himself, should disappear, or become doubtful forms, in a mist of legend, the truth of the words spoken would remain. It would remain even if we could be constrained to believe that they were the utterance of an unknown teacher recorded by an unknown hand. Most perplexing are the widely different pictures of the Founder of Christianity and of the details of His history presented by the multiplicity of Lives which the passionate desire to see Him closer and know more of Him has brought forth: each biographer, in fact, makes a Christ after his own image; and the result is painful doubt as to the definiteness and unity of the character itself. But the sayings are separable from the incidents; and we believe that those who are most conversant with antiquity would agree with us in thinking that, while the life of a teacher was far less likely to be written by contemporary hands and with critical accuracy in those days than in these, his sayings were more likely to be remembered.

In our last number we cited Mr. Herbert Spencer and another Positivist writer as witnesses to the probable occurrence of an interval of time between the decline of the old religious morality and the advent of the scientific morality that is to be. We might have added that the other Positivist, as well as Mr. Spencer, gives us to understand that when the scientific morality comes, it will be a rationalised Christianity. Rationalise Christianity as much as you will, it is essentially and immutably

Theistic, and instead of being preëminently conducive to the prolongation and enjoyment of life, which is the Spencerian test of all morality, it led its first teacher by a direct path to an early and painful death. So that if Christianity, in any form, is to be the Ethics of the future, the end of Theism, apparently, is not yet.

— Some uneasiness has been produced, in certain quarters, by the announcement that Mr. Ingersoll is to lecture at different places in Canada. No one, we trust, will be so ill-advised and so sadly devoid of faith in the ultimate prevalence of truth as to attempt to interfere with perfect freedom of discussion. If a belief cannot hold its own against platform ridicule, the sooner it makes way for one that can, the better. Religion has survived Voltaire, the shafts of whose mockery were a good deal keener and brighter than those to which it is at present exposed. Not that we mean to express sympathy with any one who cultivates in his hearers or readers the unhappy and ignoble spirit of irreverence. To the conscientious student and inquirer, however liberal he may be, however thoroughly he may have cast off the shackles of dogma and tradition, the exhibition of that spirit is as repulsive as it can be to any priest. It is in fact the evidence of a fanaticism not less narrow in its way than that of the priest. A truly liberal and comprehensive mind would never regard the religion of Christendom as a proper object of disrespect, much less of insult.

We had ourselves the advantage of hearing Mr. Ingersoll in the States. The lecture had evidently been well studied as a platform performance and, in that point of view, was highly effective; though we could not help mentally drawing a contrast between the performer and the Christian preacher, who, on Mars' Hill, delivered the truths he bore at once with the dignity of simple earnestness, and with perfect tenderness towards the beliefs which he came to supersede. The tone would, we think, have seemed offensive to any sensible and right-minded man.

As to the reasoning, it showed either a slight opinion of the knowledge of the audience or a strange ignorance on the part of the lecturer of historical philosophy and of the recent course of thought. A few pages of Colenso, with rhetorical amplifications, would have furnished all the instruction that we got that evening. The Theology, Cosmogony and Moral Code of the Hebrews are to be judged, as every man who has followed the course of investigation knows, not positively, or by comparison with those of modern communities, living in the meridian light of Humanity and Science, but by comparison with those of other primæval races; and judged by that standard they excite not ridicule, but wonder. The perceptions of primæval man are like those of the infant; Deity and the operations of Deity can be presented to him only in forms which to our more advanced intellects appear coarse and unworthy; the question is in every particular case, whether the ideas symbolized are higher or lower than other theologies of the same period. We still use phrases which are relics of a former mental state; we speak of "being in the hands of God;" and if anyone chose to spin this phrase out into a series of jests about the fingers, wrists, nails, &c., of the Supreme Being, his wit would be of the same type as that of Mr. Ingersoll. The Cosmogony of Moses will, of course, not bear the scrutiny of modern science; few probably are now so bigoted as to maintain that it will; but it need not fear comparison with the Cosmogony of any other race. It declares in language which, to Longinus, seemed sublime, the unity of creation, and is thus, unlike the Polytheistic ideas of the world, in harmony with the scientific conception of the universality of the physical laws. The moral code of Moses, again, is tribal and primæval: it is alien to us, who live under the ethical conditions of high civilization and the religion of Humanity; but is it worse or better than other codes framed in the same stage of human progress? We have little doubt as to the conclusion at which a candid inquirer would arrive, after studying any particular department of the Code—say that relating to marriage, to the rights of parents, to slavery,

to property, to the sanctity of human life—by the rational, that is, by the historical and comparative method. Even those internecine wars between tribes, the narrative of which now fills us with horror, belong not peculiarly to the history of the Jews, but to the primæval struggle for existence in the world before Humanity. In the lecture which we heard, Mr. Ingersoll carried his hatred of the Bible so far as to charge it with being the special source of Slavery. The slightest attention to the facts would convince him that in the ancient world Slavery was universal, that the Old Testament mitigated it, and that the New Testament did much—probably more than anything else—to abolish it.

Our experience is limited to a single lecture, and may have been exceptional. But so far as it goes, we should say that Mr. Ingersoll is eminently spicy and will, in that respect, well repay his hearers, or such of them as care for spiciness in the treatment of such subjects; but that his arguments are really telling only against the most irrational and obsolete orthodoxy, while the temper which his style tends to produce in his hearers is far from being that which is most needed in the search for truth.

NATIVE CANADIAN LITERATURE.

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