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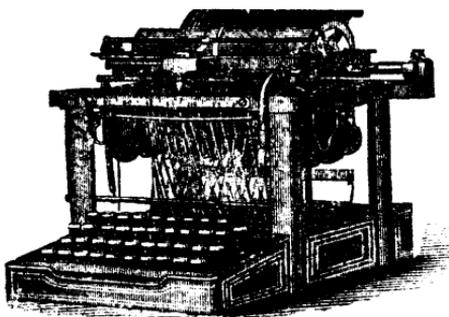
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THE BYSTANDER.

APRIL, 1883.

BY the meeting of the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Election, we have been once more launched on the full tide of politics. Here, and in all communities governed like ours, politics are the conflict of parties. As was said before, we must take things as they are. We must accept Party as the established system, and judge the characters and actions of public men by the moral standard of partisans, which is lower than that of ordinary life. We must not blame the combatants so long as, to use the phrase of Lord Dufferin, "they do not strike below the belt." We must assume that to party, above all things, their allegiance is due and try to believe that they identify the victory of their own side with the welfare of the country, though the degree in which they do this will necessarily be in inverse proportion to their breadth of mind. We must expect of political journals, not impartial criticism, but advocacy, and be satisfied if their advocacy is at once effective and kept within decent bounds. But while we take things as they are, we may be allowed to cherish the hope that they will not be so always, or even very long; for party, when it has outlived great issues, is nothing but faction; and faction, if its reign lasts long, will assuredly wreck liberty.

The abuses of the old monarchies and the revolutionary sentiment developed in the struggle to overthrow them have impressed men with the belief that a strong government is an evil. A strong

government which is not impartial is an evil; but a strong government which is impartial, and at the same time able and enlightened, would be a blessing. Towards such a government not jealousy, but confidence and loyalty, would be the rational attitude of those beneath its rule. What the mass of us want is simply a good and responsible administration. That we can ourselves take part in the work of government is an illusion. Before the Ontario Elections, two great party conventions were held. The people flocked to both of them, glad no doubt of an excuse for an excursion, but also full of the sense of political importance: yet, if they had reflected, they might have seen that they were brought there to surrender their electoral powers into the hands of the central wirepuller. This they might have seen, if they had reflected, and they might also have seen that the game of faction was played at their cost. At present, however, it must be owned, there seems to be little chance of their breaking the yoke. Hope that the National Policy would put something into their pockets induced some of them twice to cross the party lines; but the Ontario Elections saw them within their lines again, as resolved as ever to follow "standard bearers," to turn a deaf ear to independent candidates and to read nothing but the campaign literature on their own side. The party conflict combines the excitement of a bloodless battle with that of a lottery in which any active partisan, however humble, may hope some day to draw a prize. It is easy to understand that which reason and patriotism must deplore.

—The Ontario Election was a Dominion battle fought on a Local field: the whole artillery of Ottawa was brought into play, and its fire told heavily on the result. Nor has the Provincial Government any reason to complain: by plunging into the fray at the last Dominion election, it provoked the Dominion Tories to reprisals, and brought the war into its own country; while by identifying Local with Dominion party it overthrew the real rampart of that Provincial independence which it professes so zealously to defend. That the Government would win we fully expected. In men, the Opposition, in spite of the marked pro-

gress recently made by its leader, was weak. In position it was equally weak, for no disclaimers could dissipate the impression that on the Boundary Question its course was controlled, through the head of its party at Ottawa, by French jealousy of the British Province. There are more Grits than Tories in Ontario, as there were more High-healers than Low-healers in Lilliput; nor was there anything which by appealing to interest, as the National Policy did, seemed likely to draw a Grit from his camp. In the recent bye-elections the Government had signally triumphed. It is rather the reduction of the majority therefore that surprises us. Party journals on both sides find a strange difficulty in ticking off the names upon the lists of candidates, with the party to which each candidate belonged, which they had themselves published before the election. But the majority has been reduced from something like twenty-eight to something like ten. Every party government, having a number of retainers to feed and of interests to propitiate, must accumulate in its course a certain amount of disappointment and disaffection: this may have been in part the cause. Perhaps also the many-headed monster is fond of change and was rather tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. But to the power of Ottawa, which had not been put forth in the bye-elections, we are disposed mainly to ascribe the result; and if this surmise is correct, a light has been thrown upon the real distribution of force between the Central and Local elements of the Confederation. Ten is a working majority in a house of eighty-eight; English Governments have been carried on with majorities far less in proportion, though the waning of a star is apt to beget rattling, for which precedents are not wanting in the history of the Local Legislature of Ontario. But on the issues between the Local and the Dominion Premier the Dominion Premier must be held to have gained a moral, or an immoral, victory. Nothing, indeed, short of a unanimous rush of the Province to arms would have sustained the position taken up by the Local Premier on the subject of the Boundary Award. The contest was marked by the usual incidents of a faction fight. Issue there was none of a kind to lend any colour of reason to the division of the community into two armies fighting against

each other with the rancour of civil war. Neither the Boundary Question, nor that of the Streams Bill, was political, apart from the feeling excited about them : the first was a question of mixed law and history ; the second was a question about the principles of jurisprudence. On either Lord Salisbury might have differed from Sir Stafford Northcote and agreed with Mr. Gladstone or Prince Krapotkine. Power and patronage were the real objects, and in the temper which a struggle for such prizes engenders, the battle was carried on. For six weeks we had a carnival of mutual vituperation from which regard for truth and justice was banished on both sides. Neither speakers nor writers are to blame, because they are all merely playing the part assigned them by the system, as a lawyer does in wrangling for victory, or a soldier in firing upon the foe. But there can be no doubt as to the effect of such a bath of calumnious passion upon the political character of the people, and not upon their political character only. A religious contemporary tells us that we ought to vote as we pray : no doubt we ought, and religion is valueless unless it guides us in the great duties of life : but the faction fight is more likely to react upon the voter's frame of mind, than the praying is to act upon the vote. One of the Ministers, in the course of the campaign, took pains to prove by rule of three applied to salaries, that the Catholic Church had its full share of pelf ; a singular development of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth. An unusual amount of money appears to have been spent, much of it, no doubt, in corruption.

The election was preceded by a session equally illustrative of the system, since it was a mere prelude to the faction fight, each party trying to get the weather-gage of the other in public opinion. No more business was done than a small body of men going to work in a practical way would have accomplished in half the time. Self-government, to a people worthy of it, as the people of Canada are, will in the end, as we hope and trust, prove a boon. But if the system of faction were destined to last for ever, there would be reasons, both on political and moral grounds, to look back with regret to the rule of a good Governor or of any man of sense and honour.

—In West Toronto the Machine narrowly escaped being broken by a Labour Candidate. Anything like representation of special classes or interests is, of course, in itself an evil; but unluckily interests, those of the railway men and the master manufacturers for example, are represented with tremendous effect already; and a single delegate of labour can do no harm by his presence among all the delegates of faction. The artisans—that name is better than “working-men,” which includes all who work either with hand or brain—are now not only a powerful but an intelligent body: to make them thoroughly loyal to the institutions of the country is an object of the highest importance; and the way to do this, and thus arrest the dreaded growth of Socialism, is to let them feel that everything is perfectly open to them, distinction as well as the suffrage, and thus to render it impossible for them to nurse the suspicion that they are ostracized as a class. Supposing it were merely a point of honour, the point of honour would deserve consideration. To pluck a thorn out of the breast of any important section of the community is a great thing, even if it be attended with some risk. Risk, however, there is none in the occasional election of an artisan: of that English experience assures us, whether it assures us of any positive benefit or not. Mr. Burt has been useful in the British Parliament on mining questions, and it is easy at all events to understand the wish of the artisan that when matters relating to his calling come before the Legislature there should be some one present who looks at them with an artisan’s eyes. The feeling of other callings and professions is the same: every one of them insists upon being represented, except the clergy, whose interests are not of this world. That a man who works with his hands is unlikely to have a highly trained intellect or the political knowledge requisite for general legislation is not to be denied; but a highly trained intellect and political knowledge are not qualifications strictly exacted of candidates by the Party Machines. Nor are the manners of a Party Assembly in danger of suffering by the intrusion. The thing most endangered is the character of the man himself, who, when he has become a member of a legislature, can scarcely remain an artisan, and is too apt to become a mercenary politician, plying

that which, though the highest of all callings, is the lowest of all trades. But this liability would have been reduced to the minimum in the case of a working-man elected to a legislature which holds its sittings in the city where he earns his bread. The contest in West Toronto was conducted on the part of the Labour Candidate and his friends with little skill, but without appeals to class enmity and in a manner free from reproach. Probably the large measure of support received from other classes has not been without its good effect as a pledge of social unity.

—Both the Boundary Award and the Streams Bill have been made Machine questions, and we cannot doubt that on the first of them the Dominion Government, in the attitude which it assumes towards Ontario, is representing the feelings of the French. But each of them has its merits. As to the Boundary Award, the truth seems to be, that there is a legal boundary on the west but not on the north. There is at least evidence of a western boundary such as might be submitted to a legal tribunal, the sentence of which would probably be in favour of the claim of Ontario, making the limit a line drawn along the Eastern bank of the Mississippi, and Northwards from its source to the limit of the Hudson Bay Territory. With regard to the northern boundary, evidence appears to be wanting. If therefore, what the arbitrators were directed to find was a legal line, they, in drawing one on the North without legal evidence, merely to complete the settlement of the question, exceeded their commission; and the Dominion Government is within its right in refusing to ratify the award. The assertion that ratification has never been withheld when negotiators have overstepped the limit of their powers shows a total ignorance of diplomatic history. On the other hand, the position of the Dominion Government is that of an interested party, and will always be the same so long as that Government rests upon the support of Quebec. How is the question to be settled? The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is a legal tribunal, and will not, any more than an ordinary court of law, undertake to decide a point upon which no legal

evidence can be submitted. The best course, perhaps, would be to get the Crown to appoint a Commission with full discretionary powers, for the purpose of framing a settlement, and to embody that settlement in a Declaratory Act of the Imperial Parliament, the authority of which could never be questioned. The Commission might issue at once, and the materials being ready, the Act might perhaps pass the Imperial Parliament in this Session.

As to the Streams Bill, there is no denying that the Dominion Government has the veto power, nor is there ground for saying that the power was not intended to be used. We are dealing not with antiquated practices or vague traditions, but with a constitution recently framed, which must be supposed to be operative in all its parts. Of course, the veto is not to be exercised without good reason, but two good reasons at least for its exercise may be assigned. One is, an excess of powers on the part of the Provincial Legislature; the other is a breach of the fundamental principles of public morality and justice by which all legislation ought to be restrained. Nothing can be more likely than that such bodies as our Local Legislatures should occasionally betray an ignorance of the great rules of jurisprudence and require to be called to order by superior authority; such a check is made more essential by the increasing tendency of the Machines to ostracize the best intellect of the Province. The Bill breaking Mr. Goodhue's will was a case in point, and formed a proper subject for the veto. Whether the Streams Bill is actually a breach of the principle which forbids legislative aggression upon vested interests, is a question which turns partly upon disputed matters of fact and on which there is sincere difference of opinion among persons free from the party bias. On its face, the Act certainly seems to be one confiscating improvements and assigning only an arbitrary compensation; it also looks very like a law directed against an individual under colour of a general enactment. In any case, however, the contention of Ontario ought to be that the Bill is unobjectionable in principle, not that the veto is a nullity.

—Why is there any doubt as to the mode in which disputes between the Dominion and a Province, or between Province and

Province, are to be decided? Why does not the Constitution speak plainly and precisely on a point of such vital importance to the working of Federal institutions? It is vain to appeal to the "well-understood principles" of the British Constitution as the Urim and Thummim by which all doubts are to be resolved. The British Constitution is National, not Federal, and its principles, even if they were as well understood as the framers of our Constitution assumed, could throw no light on Federal questions. Nor are British judges likely to be the best arbiters: their total ignorance of Canada might secure their impartiality, though it would perplex their apprehension; but they are almost sure to have a leaning to the side of the central authority. We were taken to task the other day for denying that Mr. George Brown was the father of Confederation. Our critics will see that we spoke not without evidence, if they will refer to the important memorandum which is published in the work of Col. Gray (p. 22), and which seems to prove as plainly as anything can that what Mr. Brown demanded in the name of the people of Upper Canada was representation by population without any separating line between the Upper and Lower Province, while he regarded a Confederation of all the Provinces as a remedy not acceptable to his clients, and in itself, though desirable and destined in the end to come, a measure for which the people were unprepared and the adoption of which was uncertain and remote. The Father of Confederation was Deadlock: and Mr. Brown in common with all the other leaders of the jarring factions, as he contributed to the creation of the deadlock, was in that sense a parent of Confederation. Nor did the offspring fail to bear the impress of its origin.

" Got while their souls did huddled notions try
And born a shapeless mass like anarchy."

One man, Mr. Dunkin, scrutinizing the plan like a statesman, tried to forecast its working, and his predictions are being fulfilled. The main principle of the Federal system, which was the separation of the Central Government from those of the Provinces, has already been broken down by the fusion of Local with Dominion Party. One party being in possession of power at Ottawa, the

other in Ontario, those two Governments are now running foul of each other. The Senate is a total failure, or worse; and yet there is no legal mode of enforcing reform, an unlimited creation of members, the *ultima ratio* by which the British House of Lords has been compelled to yield, not being lawful here. There is no regular tribunal for the decision of Federal questions, nor is there any power of constitutional amendment. As a step towards nationality, Federation would have been intelligible. But apart from this, of which the leaders evidently had no idea, while we loyally celebrate Dominion Day, and have a vague sense of gratitude for vast benefits received, it is not easy to say precisely what those vast benefits are. The objects for which the American colonies after their severance from the Mother Country embraced Federal Union—external defence, internal peace, and freedom of intercourse—were already secured to these Provinces by the supremacy of the British Government, under which the Provinces were practically federated, though Canadian statesmen do not seem to have been conscious of the fact. Confederation has brought an immense increase of the expenses of Government, a heavy public debt, and worse than all, an enormous development of demagogism and faction. What else it has brought, let its authors say: perhaps they may succeed in showing that the honour of having given it birth is worth a suit in the court of history.

—It is difficult to say whether the Licensing question or the Education question was present to the minds of the constituencies, or had much influence upon their votes. On both, however, the reduction of the majority will perhaps lower the tone of the Government. As to the perversion of the License Act to political objects, the testimony of Judge Hughes is direct, and even when divested of campaign typography, appears trustworthy on the material point: yet it was hardly needed to assure us that party would use patronage for party ends. The Ethiopian does not change his skin, even when he becomes a Christian Statesman. What the chiefs would shrink from doing, underlings do; and the underlings, if called to account, are defended by the chiefs. It is the Premier

himself, however, who proclaims, as the verdict of his personal experience, that Acts of Parliament can be satisfactorily carried into effect only by the friends of Government, an avowal of the Spoils System which would startle by its frankness, even if it came from the lips of an American politician. A Machine, by the law of its being, grows the more corrupt and jobbing the longer it reigns; the Republican party in the United States began by being the organ of a great cause, with an animating spirit of genuine enthusiasm; and we see what it has become. Abuse of the License Act will increase. So will the evils which, as experience has now shown, are bred by the connection of Public Education with political party, including the tendency to make adherence to the party in power a qualification for appointments. In private, few deny that the administration of a permanent Superintendent, with a Legislative Council formed of the heads of Education in the Province, would be preferable, on general grounds, to a succession of Ministers of Education pitchforked, as political leaders are, by party and cabinet exigencies, into the post. Of all matters, Public Education most needs stability, and shrinks most from the touch of 'prentice hands. Commonly, however, the Minister's unfamiliarity with the subject will compel him to leave the office in the hands of one or two subordinates, perhaps not the most trustworthy of the staff, whose irresponsible actions will be covered by his formal responsibility, while he in turn will be shielded by the Cabinet and the Party. Public criticism, it has been justly observed, has no value or force where political feeling intervenes: what the organs of one party attack, those of the other party defend; and the public looks on as it would at two sets of boys pelting each other with snowballs in the street.

—When our last number appeared the agitation against Disallowance in Manitoba was at its height. But we then expressed a doubt whether the Province in the present stage of its existence would have strength enough to prevail against the power of the Ottawa Government combined with that of the Railway Company, which, albeit it has laudably abstained from meddling

with politics or the press, cannot fail to exercise enormous influence. Our doubt has proved well founded: the election has given the Government a large majority, though the popular vote is more equally divided than the seats. But this is not the end. It is vain to think that restrictions can be permanently maintained on the free development of the Railway system in a new and rapidly growing country. Something Mr. Norquay seems to have owed to his personal superiority over his rival, and he went to the constituencies with a promise that he would re-enact the railway charters. The Ottawa Government, though victorious, will understand the nature of its victory, while the Company must feel that it could not afford long to live at enmity with the Province, of which, moreover, it is the great landowner. An arrangement by which the Company should take its land grant and the completed works, give up the subsidy, pay back the thirty millions which the country has spent, relinquish the monopoly clauses, and be itself released from the obligation to build the unprofitable parts of the road, would be beneficial to the Province, the Company, the people of the Dominion, and everybody except the Knights. The construction, on a vast scale, and at an enormous cost, of political railroads is an attempt, in the interest of the decaying aristocracy of England and its feeble offspring, the Canadian Knightage, to introduce into this continent the principle of the balance of power, which is obsolete as well as loaded with the curses of history in the hemisphere which gave it birth. It is a hopeless struggle against Nature, for which Canada will pay dear. Such is the heresy of the BYSTANDER, held with the contumacious obstinacy which is characteristic of heretics. Already the power with which we contend is beginning to mock at our efforts. When the Railway was undertaken it was proclaimed that this great rampart against the aggrandizement of the United States was to remain entirely in Canadian hands. The thought of American participation was treason. Now a New York firm is in the Company, and the colossal shadow of Vanderbilt has fallen upon the scene. It is needless to say how little chance there is of seeing what the BYSTANDER desires come to pass, especially since the Company has been extending

its gigantic enterprise by taking Eastern railways into its hands.

In the North-West the cold is so dry that people never feel it, but now and then they are frozen to death. It is a struggle between the immense fertility of the land and the scarcity of fuel. Good coal in abundance, Science says, has been found on the flank of the Rocky Mountains. Its appearance in the market would at once turn the wavering scale of destiny. At present the British emigrant spends in two or three months on fuel what would pay the difference between his passage to Manitoba and his passage to the mild and delightful climate of New Zealand. It is not impossible that the desolation of the Turkish Empire and the occupation of Egypt by England may open up to British enterprise new realms under genial skies in the Eastern Mediterranean, and turn the stream of emigration in that direction. There can be no use in concealing facts. The English people have plenty of informants, and they have learned the value of word pictures, even when the painter is a person of the highest quality.

After the Saturnalia of land-jobbing, it is not surprising to hear that municipal corruption has broken out in Winnipeg. Unless it is quelled, the poison will run in the veins of the community for generations; and it can be quelled only by a vigorous application of the criminal law. Put two or three of the knaves in the Penitentiary and the rest will be tired of the game.

—After the Manitoba and Ontario elections the Liberal Conservative party, no doubt, feels its hold upon the country firm, and promises itself a long reign. Yet the sword of doom is always suspended over it by the thread, inevitably dwindling, of its leader's political life. It is the party of a man; or rather it is not a party at all, but a combination of heterogeneous elements formed and held together by an artificer who, in the course of a long career, has acquired a thorough knowledge of all the men, the interests, and the passions with which he has to deal, uses that knowledge with consummate skill, and shrinks from the employment of no means of influence, while, like Walpole, in the midst of corruption, he remains personally pure. Conserv-

atism in England is a party; it has principles, or at least objects of its own: it remains a living organism, though the pulse of its life beats low. But who can define the principles or the objects of Conservatism in Canada? What is it that the Orangeman of Ontario and the Ultramontane of Quebec desire in common? What would hold them together if the manager's hand were removed? The principle upon which the party rode into power in 1878 was Commercial Independence, which its leader has now proclaimed in no ambiguous terms. Commercial Independence is a very good thing; but is it the special tenet of Conservatives? Do we not remember the time when Conservatives would have denounced it as treason? Loyalty, both the parties profess, and we do in our conscience believe that they both profess it with equal sincerity: of that, indeed, the Home Rule Address, lately adopted by them in common, is the proof. At the present moment Conservatism happens to be identified with centralization, while Liberalism is identified with Provincial Right: but this is merely an accident of the war: in federations the party in possession of the Federal Government is naturally inclined to an extension of the central power, which the other party as naturally resists. Put Mr. Blake in the place of Sir John Macdonald, and there will be disputes between the Grit Ottawa and the Conservative Quebec, the counterparts of those which are now going on between the Conservative Ottawa and the Grit Ontario. A Bleu Mowat will be calling his province to arms, and a Liberal Macdonald will be charging him with conspiring against the integrity of the Dominion. If the Party system were sound, its operation would not be thus dependent on the life of a man.

—Though the public affairs of Ontario are not tending in the right direction, they are not so far gone in the wrong direction as are those of Quebec. If Ontario is living on her capital she has still capital to live on, and her public men, though servants of faction and no saints, keep themselves, for the most part, in decent moral vogue; they may job but they do not steal. Quebec has nearly reached the bottom of the descent. French character,

less sturdy than the British, lends itself to the ascendancy of the boss, and demagogic corruption has had full swing. By the retirement of Mr. Joly from his leadership about the last ray of honour was extinguished in public life. Nothing but a chaos of intrigue and speculation remains. A minor rival of Fiske and Jay Gould seems, more than any one else, to be master of the political situation. The treasury is empty; direct taxation stares the Province in the face; a conspiracy is in progress, under the name of a demand for better terms, for extorting more money from the Confederation. In the meantime the demagogues are raiding on the commercial companies, against which suits are being brought in the mass at the public expense instead of trying a test case; nor have they shrunk from resorting to lotteries, an expedient absolutely criminal. Everybody talks of retrenchment, and, at the same time, takes everything that he can get; the expense of the Lieut.-Governorship grows apace and the Legislative Council still draws its pay. The commercial men of Montreal have been inert in suffering scoundrelism to rule them without resistance; perhaps they have been worse than inert; but allowance must be made for the difficulty of moving the French. Nor is it easy to organize a revolt against corruption when all the regular organs of the popular will are in the hands of the men who are to be put down. Thus it was that Tweed and his gang were able to reign so long and fill their den with so enormous a booty. Still the end came in New York, and the end may come in Quebec. Unlike a military tyrant, the demagogue has not force upon his side, and when the community, goaded beyond endurance by his villainies, puts forth its power against him he must fall. Tweed's castle of iniquity came to the ground like a house of cards. The elements of moral resistance are not wanting to Quebec. She has yet an honest and industrious population. Let the young citizen remain loyal at heart to the community, and he may live, if he is in the volunteers, to form one of the guard of honour that will escort plundering demagogism to its long home.

—A sudden revolution in New Brunswick has turned the eyes of the political world to that Province. Of revolutions in New

Brunswick, the father of political science could hardly have said, "that though their occasions were slight, their causes were deep." No cause appears to be at work deeper than the desire of the Outs to be in. Whatever lines of principle divided parties before Confederation were obliterated or confused by that event; so much so that the very names Conservative and Liberal seem to have changed places, as Lord Stanhope, the historian, fancies, though erroneously, that Whig and Tory have in England. Politics in New Brunswick are now personal; in plainer language, they are a mere struggle for place. Look where we will, the elective system of government, in its crude and imperfect state, is seen to be a contrivance for persons who are not fond of steady industry to live and enjoy distinction at the expense of those who are. The problem before us, is in fact, that of preventing politics from being a process of natural selection, acting the wrong way and selecting the least trustworthy members of the community as the depositories of power. It is interesting to find that the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, is put to exactly the same use as its larger counterpart the Senate of the Dominion. It is a political infirmary, almshouse, and bribery fund at the same time. In that triple capacity it is cherished by the politicians. Like the Senate, it does no legislative work, and the people were apparently becoming unconscious of its existence, when their notice was attracted by the noise of a scuffle for one of the seats which was alleged to have been vacated by the lapse of the residence qualification. Nothing is wanting to complete the parallel, but the appointment in New Brunswick as legislators for life of men to whom the people have just refused their confidence in the elections. As usual, while the grand game of politics is being played, the material interests of the country are left to take care of themselves, and the forests, which are the wealth of the Province, are for the want of proper law and administration, being rapidly destroyed.

In general opinion, the government of Sir John Macdonald seemed till the other day to be gaining ground. Provincialism, however, and attachment to local magnates appear to be stronger than anything else, and the name of Mitchell or Snowball is more potent in its district than those of the Dominion parties. Mari-

time union is dead, or lives only in the attachment of inflexible opponents of Confederation, who desire it practically as a measure of Maritime secession. Its difficulties would not be trifling. The smaller the parish, the stronger the parish feeling, and it would be easier to appease the susceptibilities of a great state of the German Confederation than those of Prince Edward Island. If forces of repulsion exist, they are sure to be called into play by the federal relation, unless they are restrained by some very strong bond of interest, or by the still more powerful influence of a common fear. Saving of expense is the sole inducement, and we learn from the example of the larger Confederation that whatever extends the area of party war, and intensifies its passions brings increase of expenditure in another way. Besides New Brunswick has spent two hundred thousand dollars in Parliament Buildings at Fredericton, so that, unless the other Provinces would consent to make Fredericton the maritime capital, which no Prince Edward Islander not lost to honour would do, the die is cast.

To keen-eyed observers on the spot, it appears that there is a quiet, but rapid and steady growth of feeling in favour of Independence. In certain districts it is found, on probing the minds of the people, to be general; and it prevails not only among the young and enthusiastic, but among the elderly and cool-headed as well. Nobody likes as yet to speak out, least of all the politicians, to whom nothing is so terrible as the premature. But the minds of men are turned in the same direction, and they wait for some one to give the word. The two bugbears employed by the enemies of Independence, are Annexation and Expense. New Brunswickers will learn in time, that there is not the slightest tendency or desire on the part of the people of the United States, or any section of them, to put force upon the inclinations of Canada, and that so far as her political relations are concerned, she would be just as much mistress of her own destiny after becoming independent as she is now. Nor is it easy to see why there should be an increase of expense; our only neighbours are pacific; they keep up no armaments; and a single envoy at Washington, would do all the diplomacy that we should require; whereas, if England

were engaged in war with a naval power able to send cruisers to sea, and Canada, as a dependency, were involved in the quarrel, our maritime commerce might be ruined for the sake of a stock-jobbing interest in Egypt, or a scientific frontier in Afghanistan.

—For a month the Dominion Parliament has done nothing but carry on the party battle in Ontario. Electioneering is now the main business of statesmen. At the time of our going to press, the Budget speech has not been made. The Finance Minister will be able to glory in a large surplus; but he will have to admit a large increase in expenditure. The second of these things is apt to go with the first, and government, especially in circumstances like ours, ought to be forbidden ever to take from the people more than the public service actually needs. It is to be hoped that somebody will muster courage enough to raise his voice against the coal duty. That tax has not even served the bad purpose for which it was imposed, and it would be difficult to devise anything more absurd than a policy which attempts to force manufactures into existence in a Province destitute of fuel, and at the same time imposes an import duty on coal. The Finance Minister stood originally upon safe ground, professing only to adjust to the circumstances of Canada the new taxes which the deficit rendered necessary. But since, carried away by success, and spurred on by interested supporters, he has passed from Adjustment to Protection, and is leading the people to believe that he can make them rich by increase of taxation and by raising the cost of living. He is thus causing an over-investment of capital in manufactures, and a general inflation, of which the Nemesis will come. A few years ago the balance of cheapness was decidedly in favour of Canada against the United States: there is now little difference, and should the balance incline the other way, the Finance Minister will be taught by an increased exodus what are the real effects of his system.

—Mr. Charlton moves, practically, to make the illicit intercourse of the sexes a crime, and punish the male offender alone.

To protest against the injustice would be idle ; philanthropy likes injustice. But does not Mr. Charlton see that he is taking away the principal safeguard of female purity by declaring, as in effect he proposes to do, that breach of chastity is no offence in the woman, and that even when she allures a lover, as it is preposterous to doubt that licentious women often do, she is to be regarded as a passive and guiltless victim ? Law will, as usual, mould opinion, and less shame will attend what the law proclaims to be merely a wrong involuntarily undergone. In civilized countries a woman is protected from violence by the government ; against the enemy in her own breast she must protect herself ; she is the keeper of her honour, and she knows that a promise is not marriage. It is singular that those who wish to call her to the exercise of political power should at the same time treat her as a creature devoid of sense and will. Violent legislation is the nostrum to which minds of a certain type are ready to fly whenever they see anything amiss, without considering what the general effect will be. A new weapon will be put into the hand of the female blackmailer, to whose machinations the characters of clergymen and medical men especially are exposed, as has just been proved by a signal example in this country, and by a tragical example in England. There are varieties of character, female as well as male, and female as well as male fiends. Of this enthusiasts take no heed : male reputations, even when they are of the highest importance to the community, being beneath the notice of benevolence. By the provision that the offender shall be let off if he can plead that he has married the girl, a vista of conspiracy, forced marriage, and domestic misery is opened to view. Any woman who can entrap a foolish youth will be able to compel him to marry her on pain of being put in the dock. Experienced lawyers say that real cases of seduction are rare ; but if Mr. Charlton's bill becomes law, fictitious cases of seduction are likely to abound. Such acts have been passed, no doubt, by legislatures in the United States. Legislatures in the United States will for show pass anything that is sentimental with more ease than they would pass an effective law against corruption : but to what extent have these enactments been put

into execution? The illicit intercourse of the sexes is a sin which, besides destroying purity and beauty of character, poisons the very well-spring of human happiness. A crime in the legal sense it is not; much less is it a crime in one party alone. In the real interest of morality, it is to be hoped that Mr. Charlton's proposal will never become law.

—Speculation has been active about the successor of Lord Lorne, and conjecture has ranged widely, extending to the names of some of whom it may safely be said that they would prefer being cabin-boy to being figure-head. Sir John Macdonald prefers above all being captain, though, were he made Governor-General there need be no fear about his impartiality, for he is no more a Macdonaldite, than Wilkes was a Wilkesite. After the appointment of a Canadian, the next step, no doubt, would be the abandonment of Crown nominations and the completion of Canadian self-government. Such a thought sends a thrill of horror through the hearts of many whose sentiments claim respect. Yet, who can believe that this merely formal office, the holder of which is nothing but a puppet and a mouth-piece, with the paltry paraphernalia which surround it, is destined to be the great bond between two nations, a Mother Country and her offspring, united by race, by language, by history, by sympathy, by essential identity of institutions? Even as a political tie, the Governor-Generalship is far inferior in importance to the community of citizenship which makes every Canadian an Englishman, every Englishman a Canadian, as soon as he sets foot upon the shore of his kindred, and which no change of our relation to the Colonial Office would annul. This is the real Imperial Federation, which it is to be hoped will continue to link together the communities of British race all over the world, when their growing greatness and the divergence of their commercial interests shall have rendered palpably futile the attempt to hold them in a state of dependency and administer them from a central office in Downing Street. In the heart of the British aristocracy there, no doubt, lingers a hope that the Vice-royalty may yet prove the means of introducing the heredi-

tary principle into this Continent, and rescuing a portion, at least, of the New World from Democracy. If there are any here who share that hope, let them once more consider what are the prospects of the hereditary principle in its own hemisphere, and thence endeavour to learn what chance it has of extending its sway to a hemisphere not its own. A century ago, it occupied, in apparent security, all the thrones of Europe, and dominated the legislatures, where legislatures existed; for the majority even of the British House of Commons was in those days made up of sons or nominees of the aristocracy. It now retains not a single legislature, the House of Lords having on all great questions sunk to complete and almost avowed impotence; while the dynasties have nearly all received rude shocks from the revolution, been shorn of their ancient powers, been divested of their traditional divinity, and reduced to an existence which is felt to be provisional as well as precarious. The principal exceptions are such as prove the rule; being those of almost Oriental and half-civilized Russia, where hereditary autocracy remains as yet intact, though with the knife of Nihilism at its throat, and England, where monarchy keeps its social crown on condition of abstaining entirely from the exercise of political power. France is a Republic, and though a restoration of the Empire is not impossible, that dictatorship can hardly be called dynastic, since neither in the person of the First nor of the second Emperor did it last through the life of a single man. A tree so sickly will scarcely bear transplantation to an alien soil. Canada, in fact, has tried an almost decisive experiment. In the days when monarchy was a real power, and the king was at once the ruler and the captain of his people, there seems to have been comparatively little of etiquette. The monarch appears to have lived and fought much like his feudal comrades. But to modern monarchy of the constitutional type etiquette is the breath of life; and the attempt to introduce etiquette into Canada was received by our people, first, with bewilderment, and then with laughter. It is not revolutionary sentiment, but Conservatism, that bids us use our intelligence on this subject. A bruised reed will pierce the hand that leans on it; and a vague trust in the mystical virtue

of the hereditary principle, and in the Vice-royalty as its embodiment, will only turn our minds from the necessity of providing those rational and substantial securities for order and stability, without which freedom may become a curse. In phrases or phantoms, of whatever kind, there is no salvation.

—The Vice-royalty removed, the “fountain of honour” would, no doubt, cease to flow. Has it, so far as Canada is concerned, been really a fountain of honour, or merely a conduit of title? Anybody can answer that question for himself, while a rehearsal of the facts would entail the revival of unsavoury recollections. Perhaps a reference to the latest example would suffice to prove that here, at all events, political knighthood has not always been the reward and seal of public virtue. Nor does title appear to beget the merit which it does not find. “Noblesse oblige” is a very fine saying, which was miserably belied by the conduct of that very nobility for which it was coined, through generations of profligacy, both public and private, down to the last ignominious flight before the gathering storm of Revolution. A nature, such as that of the common title-seeker, is far more likely to be made indifferent to opinion by the possession of artificial rank than spurred to noble effort by the obligation which it entails. We think we could point to a case in which a man of immense wealth, with a title fresh from the fountain, had scornfully refused to listen to the call of family honour, when he might have feared to brave opinion if he had not felt that his rank and the homage of its worshippers were secure. That every man should stand always upon his own feet, and be rated or disrated according to his behaviour, is the dictate, not of levelling democracy, but of a higher and more moral civilization. The best colonists have refused titles, and their verdict is decisive.

The little Court of Ottawa would also depart. Is it really a school of refinement and manners, even to the few who come under its influence? The idea is somewhat humiliating: it hardly accords with the accounts that come to us of Ottawa life, or with the pictures drawn by residents; nor does it seem to be

shared by Royalty itself. The determination of the Princess to winter at Bermuda, overwhelmed, we were told, with affliction certain Americans who had taken apartments at Ottawa, in the hope of enjoying the raptures of Court life. Our tears are due to the disappointed Republicans, but the gratification of their tastes and the maintenance of the ideal which they embody are hardly sufficient motives for keeping up an expensive institution. Neither national self-respect, nor national self-reliance would lose anything by the change. A correspondent of one of our journals, the other day, transported with delight at the report that the Prince of Wales intended to visit Canada, besought the government to bring this blessed event to pass, declaring that to secure the presence of the Prince and Princess with their suite in the Queen's Park would be "the supreme effort of our existence." This perpetual craving for the notice of England, and especially for that of the English Court and aristocracy, does scant justice to the qualities of our own people, and is sure to degrade us in the opinion of those whose patronage is so slavishly solicited. Courtiership in these days has lost the redeeming feature which in more primitive times it possessed: it is no longer the heartfelt worship of an earthly deity or of a beneficent protector; it is nothing but a mixture of personal vanity with innate servility, while the reverse side of the courtier's character almost always is insolent contempt of the people. That the atmosphere of scandal over Ottawa is not less mephitic than over grander courts has been too well proved by the publication of gossip the purveyors of which ought to be ashamed of their trade.

The expense of the Governor-General's office has been growing since the advent of Lord Dufferin, touring and the delivery of speeches having been added to the duties. If increased expenditure has become necessary, the means for it will not be withheld; but it ought to be distinctly stated, that the people may know exactly what the office costs, not hidden in the holes and corners of contingent estimates, so that only careful research can tell what the Governor-General is really drawing. In England, the seat of Royalty and aristocracy, concealment would not be endured; and there is no reason why it should be endured here.

Both parties need to be reminded of this; for the Liberals have succumbed to the social influence of Vice-royalty just as much as the Tories. Indeed, it is not easy to say who at Ottawa can be relied on in matters of this kind to see that justice is done to the people.

—A parade of the Agents General for the Colonies before the new Colonial Secretary on his accession to office, something like the parade of mail-coachmen in former times on the king's birthday, was chronicled as a step of great importance. In what direction? If these envoys are Ambassadors, England is a foreign power. Perhaps it is enough to say that the Agents, being conscientious men, feel it necessary to do something or to appear to be doing something for their salaries. But, if the truth must be told, they had better do nothing than do what the eloquent and versatile representative of Canada has been doing. Airing theories of Imperial Federation is harmless; nobody, even when Jingoism ruled the hour, ever attempted to carry those theories into effect. Preaching Home Rule for Ireland, in face of Irish insurrection, is not so harmless, nor can any disclaimers prevent people from believing that the accredited representative of Canada speaks the sentiments of his constituents, especially after an all but unanimous vote of the Canadian Parliament in the same sense. That distant dependencies are a source, not of strength, but of weakness, to the Mother Country, is the conviction of every one who has looked into the question with an open mind; and the people of the Mother Country are gradually becoming aware of the fact; but scarcely any one could have divined that the dependencies would become active solvents of the integrity of the United Kingdom, as some of them have at the present crisis under the influence of the Irish vote. Sir Alexander Galt is roundly abused by the *Journal of Commerce*, which fears that he will break the salutary slumber of the Canadian people. He might retort by a reference to the turbulent *Examiner* of former days. He has at all events not treated Canadians as babies, unfit to be consulted about the great questions of their own future.

—In our last number it was remarked that the Liberal party, though it had changed its leader, had not changed its editor, and that the consequences of the omission had been disastrous. While the number was in the press the editor was changed. The importance attached to the event and the sensation which it created were proofs of the growing power of journalism, and, let us not forget to say, of the increased responsibility which attaches to those who wield it. In England, fifty years ago, a political leader would hardly have bestowed a thought on the newspapers, and sentiment almost received a shock when Sir Robert Peel, discerning with his usual sagacity the advent of a new force, addressed a letter of thanks to the editor of the London *Times* for the service rendered by him to a Conservative administration. Now the organ is not by many degrees of less importance than the leader, and it addresses the party daily while the leader speaks only on special occasions.

The change was received by the rivals of the *Globe* with expressions of chagrin, which furnished the best evidence of its wisdom. Streams of obituary inanities flowed, as they must upon every demise, whether personal or official. But even on financial grounds the proprietors might well be desirous of a change; for the enmities of which the late manager chose to make his journal the organ had already cost it dear, and were likely to cost it dearer still. As to the interest of the party there could be no doubt. The former Manager was bent on suppressing Canadian nationality, and Canadian nationality was resolved not to be suppressed: the consequence was a growing schism among the Liberals, to which only the removal of one of the contending forces could put an end. It is not likely, the nine days of wonderment being over, that Grit mourners for the loss of the late Manager will be so tenacious of their sorrow as to carry it into the bosom of Sir John Macdonald. The "loyal Scotch," whose desolation Tories have bewailed with politic tears, can hardly fail to reflect that Cameron is fully as Scottish a name as Brown. They and all other genealogical sections of the population will find it their best course, if they wish to retain their share of power, to be loyal Canadians, for the day of the immigrant is past and that of the native has come.

Journalism as a profession has certainly no reason to mourn. The new Editor, by his appearance and his genial language at a Press dinner, accepted the association from which his predecessor had stood aloof, and showed that he was prepared to treat his fellow-journalists as brethren, not as poachers. In all questions relating to the rules, privileges, and courtesies of the profession, the *Globe* has hitherto set honour and decency at defiance, but at last the black flag is hauled down.

—Co-education is again pressing on the attention of our University authorities. The question is not quite so broad or so difficult as at first sight it appears. If all the young men and women of the wealthier class between the age of eighteen and twenty-two were to be thrown together in the same colleges, Presidents would indeed have to undertake, to a formidable extent, in addition to their present functions, the duties of a duenna. But this has hardly been yet proposed. Few mothers, probably, who can command a separate education for their daughters, would desire to launch them into a male University. Some of the Co-educational Seminaries in the United States are not Colleges for adults, but schools for boys and girls. Vassar and the other great female Colleges seem to have been deprived of none of their popularity by the movement in favour of Co-education. The demand comes mainly from young women destined for the calling of school-teaching, which has now largely fallen into female hands, with advantage to the public in point of economy, but less unquestionable advantage in other respects, to judge by the loud and increasing complaints of want of thoroughness in American education. In the case of such female students, the danger, whatever it may be, is evidently reduced to its lowest point. The President of Toronto University, who has shown his interest in the improvement of female education, proposes that there should be a College for women adjoining the University and receiving instruction from the University Professors. Such is the plan which to us has always seemed the most likely to combine intellectual advantage with social safety. To think that precautions are altogether need-

less is a mistake. In the United States their necessity has been seen, and Zurich, by disregarding them, produced a set of female burschen which startled Europe. The indescribable persons who head what is called the revolt of woman wish simply to break down all barriers of sex; but this is not an object which women in general seek or which the community has yet stamped with approval.

Another agitation is on foot for abolishing residence as a qualification for degrees, and giving them upon the examination alone. This would completely change the significance of the degree and deal a heavy blow to the whole University system. What can be done in an examination hall is a poor criterion of the benefit which ought to be reaped from a three years' course of study under good teachers and in the stimulating company of active-minded class-mates. Such advantages as there may be in social intercourse, college friendships, corporate spirit and the attachment of the Alumnus to his Alma Mater would of course be entirely lost. The tendency among the most eminent University men at present is rather to reduce the importance of the examinations than to make them the whole system.

In order to preserve the free exercise of their judgment and do what is really best for their institution, the University authorities will have to keep their nerves braced. They will remember that to submit to what is forced upon you is one thing; to make yourself responsible for a concession which you believe to be wrong is another. We live under a demagogic system which teaches us all to regard popularity as the breath of life, and we are apt to cower before anything which assumes the guise of public opinion, though it may be stuff manufactured by a single agitator pushing his way through notoriety into political life. We all know, too, how a gust of sentiment is apt to sweep the popular press. Firmness in the discharge of a public trust is nevertheless respected and will generally be upheld by the people. As to petitions, it would probably be impossible to frame one too absurd to obtain the signatures of some hundreds of people out of a population of ninety thousand. Those who do not sign may be taken, by their silence, to dissent.

—A By-law imposing a tax for the maintenance of a Free Lending Library at Toronto has been carried by energetic canvassing and a lavish use of posters and declamation. The people were told that a lending library would extirpate vice. We are beginning to see that there are limits to the influence of all intellectual appliances, even public schools, over character; but an evening walk through the streets of those English cities in which lending libraries have long been in operation on the largest scale, would at once modify an enthusiast's belief in the efficacy of this particular specific. The recent extension of cheap printing has greatly diminished the usefulness of lending libraries of any kind; and the number of subscribers to one in New York is stated, in consequence, to have fallen from 15,000 to a third of that number. This was the main fact in the case, and it was very studiously kept out of view. Nor was any attention bestowed on the alternative scheme of a good library of reference with a reading-room, or if the size of the city requires it with two or three reading-rooms, for the journals and periodicals; though it is really in this way that provision would best be made for the requirements of the studious artisan whose aspirations form a popular theme for rhetoric. Experience has apparently proved that of the books taken out of lending libraries two-thirds at least are not such as are studied by the rising Watt or Hugh Miller, but novels, the taste for which hardly needs to be stimulated by subsidies from the public purse; while the readers, as a rule, are not artisans, but people well able to provide light reading for themselves. Scarcely had the vote been cast in Toronto when we learned that St. Louis in the United States, Hull in England, and other towns, had refused to adopt the plan. A free lending library will, moreover, be apt to kill the little home libraries, which, now that books are so cheap, might otherwise be formed, and from which a man would be more likely to take down a book on a winter evening than he would be to fetch one from the public library.

The cost was disguised by the usual artifices of language. It is more than equivalent to the addition of half a million to the city debt; and citizens have been somewhat startled by learning

that it is in the power of the Council to raise by debentures at once, and without any further vote, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. By tacking a by-law to an election, advantage is taken of the excitement which draws the citizens from their homes, and the polling paper for the by-law is then thrust into their hands. Perhaps even this device would scarcely have succeeded, if the community had foreseen into what hands the administration of the fund would fall. Party finds its way into everything, and special qualifications, however eminent, can make no stand against it. Colonel Gzowski was beaten by a good Orangeman in the election of Water Commissioners. Professor Loudon is beaten by staunch politicians in the election of Library Trustees. Democratic jealousy of any distinction which seems to exact recognition may be in part the cause. But every office, even unpaid, and however apparently unattractive to any one not specially interested in the matter, is coveted as the passport to public life, and the first step in that ladder of notoriety at the top of which are the great prizes of the politician. This is a feature of the demagogic system which the social observer may note with interest. As a tribute to the aspirations of a generous ambition we drink bad water and read inferior books. But this is far better than war, which was the game of kings; and slowly through cycles of gradual change the planet moves towards something better still.

—Public gratitude is due to the *Toronto World* and other independent journals which fearlessly denounced the Masonic Lottery. Party journals were muzzled by fear of the Masonic vote, though the *Globe* did as much as could be expected. Of all gambling hells about the worst in its general influence on the character of the community is the hall in which a lottery is drawn. Yet it appears that most respectable people have no scruple in raising money by this criminal device, provided it is called by a soft name. A love of obtaining money without labour, combined with the pleasure of fierce excitement, makes the gamester; and it is startling to see how strong and how general the passion is even in a community such as ours. Like inflammable gas it blazed up

on all sides at the kindling touch of the London lottery. Every buyer of a ticket must have known that the chance which he purchased was not worth the money given for it; but the frenzy got the better of common sense. In this matter of lotteries it is to be feared the churches, though they mean to do no wrong, are not entirely blameless: they now see to what dimensions a bantling of error may grow. By the Masons generally the proceeding has been condemned, though they have not seen their way to more effective measures. But people will not be prevented from asking themselves whether there is really any virtue which is best cultivated with closed doors, and whether a Christian and a citizen may not find sufficient scope for all his benevolence in two societies, the Church and the State.

—Lincoln fell a martyr to the Union after encountering the grand Secession of Slavery. Garfield fell a martyr to Civil Service Reform, after encountering the petty secession of corruption in the persons of Messrs. Conkling and Platt. Civil Service Reform, like Union, has triumphed, thanks, in no small measure, to the unwearied efforts of Mr. George W. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who has taught us by this achievement never to despond, however dark the sky may be, and shown us that courage and constancy may do great things with small means. Fortune was at last kind. The Republicans were going out and their interest in the patronage was reduced: the Democrats were coming in upon the cry of Reform. Neither party, and certainly not the Democracy, would have willingly parted with the engines of corruption: their loud professions were never intended to be carried into effect: but in the happy conjuncture which the good genius of the Republic had brought about, both voted with sadness in their hearts. The Act introduces competitive examination for all appointments, and strictly prohibits assessments for political purposes as well as political coercion and solicitation of every kind. It appears to satisfy the friends of reform, though it does not contain what we should have thought essential, a prohibition of dismissal except for written cause. If the Spoils

System has really received a death-blow, it is an event to be celebrated with bonfires by all good citizens of the United States and by all who follow with sympathetic interest the great experiment of popular government. In itself, as we have always believed, the public service differs not from any other service: appointment of subordinates by chiefs, supposing it pure and independent, would probably be the best, and even a little nepotism, where fitness went with connection, might be favourable to corporate spirit, and to the maintenance of administrative tradition. Competitive examination is not an infallible test of business qualifications, much less of integrity; and by making these appointments prizes the minds of too many young men, especially of the aspiring youth of the United States, may be turned that way. But, in the present case, the special exigencies of the situation are decisive. To get rid of the Spoils System is the paramount object: revision, if experience shows it to be needful, may come hereafter.

One clause of the Act has an ominous sound. In providing that of the three Civil Service Commissioners not more than two shall be adherents of the same party, it legally recognizes organized faction. Yet the absurdity and immorality of organized faction never were more apparent than at this moment, when the two parties, all their old issues being exhausted, are actually wandering in search of new issues to form a warrant for their existence. Here lies the root of all the evil, and till it is torn up, no good thing will be safe, not even this measure of Civil Service Reform. There is nothing which demagogism, in the agony of a struggle for office, shrinks from doing; there are few things which, with the power of the State in its hands, it cannot do: let the law be what it will, the administrator is a man; while the public, which ought to be judge, consists, itself, of partisans whose passion would find Abel guilty if he was on the other side, and Cain innocent if he was on their own.

—At last, after a protracted and wavering struggle, the American people have obtained from Congress a reduction of taxation

and one which wisdom welcomes as half a loaf, and the earnest of a whole loaf hereafter. Resistance came from the protected interests, especially from the iron and steel men and the wool-growers, who, by their desperate efforts, nearly succeeded in wrecking the ship at the mouth of the port. This is the danger always attendant on the policy of artificially fostering infant manufactures, which in itself, and where circumstances are in its favour, is no more open to objection on grounds of principle, than any other policy which sacrifices a present interest to a larger interest in the future. A Ring of manufacturers is formed ; the Legislature is corrupted or coerced by the Lobby ; the nation loses control over its tariff, and continues to be loaded with taxes which have no object, except to keep up the rate of profit on certain goods for the benefit of a small number of producers. The manufacturers, it must be owned, can scarcely be blamed for fighting desperately in defence of their incomes. The workmen are persuaded that their bread too depends on the system, though the fact is that they would find, as a class, far more abundant and more lucrative employment in the natural industries, which protection practically suppresses when it forces capital and labour into artificial trades. Artisans always think of the nominal rate of wages, never of the cost of living, which under a protective system is invariably raised to the whole community. Of Lord Bute, and powers behind the throne, the world has got rid ; but no Lord Bute ever was so formidable or so noxious as the power of the Lobby behind the Speaker's chair.

—A series of lives of American Statesmen edited by Mr. John E. Morse, junr., brings before us, as did the work of Van Holst, the change which passed over American statesmanship a generation after the Revolution. Washington, Hamilton, and their compeers were English gentlemen with British ideas and sentiments, who had fought for the Great Charter against arbitrary taxation, but feared and hated the tyranny of a mob fully as much as they feared and hated the tyranny of kings. In framing the Constitution they guarded against the excesses of

anarchy not less than against the excesses of power, and they detested Jacobinism as heartily as did Pitt or Burke. In the Adamses, father and son, we see the same political character, but with a tinge of New England Republicanism, a spirit adverse to hereditary monarchy and aristocracy but by no means adverse to the exercise of lawful authority, or to the leadership of wealth, social station and intelligence. Jefferson, the Slave-owning champion of equality, the universal philanthropist who is believed to have left his own children in bondage, was a scion of the French movement which ended in the Revolution, and had he been a member of the Convention, would have joined in the cant and shared the crimes of the Jacobins; but the towering popularity of Washington overshadowed him, and his hour did not come till he had himself left the scene. "We may appeal to every page of history we have hitherto turned over for proofs irrefragable, that the people when they have been unchecked have been as unjust, tyrannical, brutal, barbarous and cruel as any king or senate possessed of uncontrollable power:" such is the language of Adams in his Defence; and the whole work is instinct not only with disdainful hatred of demagogism, but with mistrust of popular rule. "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people," is a sentiment totally alien to its pages. Nor did the people themselves at first aspire to the exercise of power: they were content, like the English, with security from oppression, and left the work of government to a class qualified by social position and education, or, as the English would have said, to their betters. This could not last very long, especially when a bias had been given to the national mind by the struggle of the Revolution. English tradition and sentiment died away; the people became conscious of their power and wished to use it; while ambition and cupidity were awakened amidst those active spirits in the lower walks of life who now furnish the noble army of place-hunters, wirepullers, and ward politicians. Then drawing after him a train in which the violence of the slaveowner was combined with the violence of the multitude, Andrew Jackson, on the wings of his military fame, mounted triumphantly to power, and the reign was inaugurated of the Democratic Party.

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The leader of a mob is a tyrant; and now was realized the prophetic portrait of a demagogic despot drawn by Adams forty years before. "The way to secure liberty is to place it in the people's hands, that is, to give them a power at all times to defend it in the legislature and in the courts of justice; but to give the people uncontrolled all the prerogatives and rights of supremacy, meaning the whole executive and judicial power, or even the whole undivided legislation, is not the way to preserve liberty. In such a government it is often as great a crime to oppose or deny a popular demagogue, or any of his principal friends, as in a simple monarchy to oppose a king or in a simple aristocracy the senators; the people will not have a contemptuous look or a disrespectful word; nay, if the style of your homage, flattery, and adoration is not as hyperbolical as the popular enthusiasm dictates, it is construed into disaffection; the popular cry of envy, jealousy, suspicious temper, vanity, arrogance, pride, ambition, impatience of a superior, is set up against a man, and the rage and fury of an ungoverned rabble, stimulated underhand by the demagogic despot, breaks out into every kind of insult, obloquy, and outrage, often ending in murders and massacres, like those of the De Witts, more horrible than any that the councils of despotism can produce." The last words are exaggeration; the rest was fulfilled. The power of Old Hickory was as personal as that of Louis XIV., and hardly demanded less of personal homage. The Great King of the White House was, as Quincy Adams said, "an illiterate barbarian;" behaved in accordance with his character, and vented his rage with as little restraint as an Indian chief. He is described as beslobbering his chin in the transports of his wrath. He was, in short, an incarnation, as well as the idol, of a mob. But he was not the less an autocrat, nor were his satellites the less a court. The episode of Mrs. Eaton, flirting Peggy O'Niel that had been, was as ridiculous, and almost as injurious to the public service, as were the court intrigues of Versailles. From this dark era date the complete organization of Party and that Spoils System, to rid the country of which is now the supreme object of patriot endeavour. In the destruction of the Bank was seen the determination of democratic tyranny, to grind to powder

everything that had an existence independent of its will. Two mighty forces of evil were afterwards added, the identification of Slavery with State Right and the growth of the Irish vote. Not by the genuine Republicans, whose home is in New England, were the worst excesses of democracy committed, but by the Slaveowning Oligarchy of the South, in league with the populace of the Northern Cities. From that source came, among other outrages, the attacks on the independence of the Judiciary. Massachusetts retained her independent Judges. To revert to the Republic before Jackson, if it were desirable, would be impossible. Government by the people, as well as for the people, must now be the accepted principle of American statesmen. To give democracy eyes, to teach it self-discipline and self-control, to secure to national reason the ascendancy over popular passion, to develop the conservative forces of the future, is the patriot's task, the fulfilment of which his grandchildren may see.

Hildreth is an honest and candid writer; but too many American histories are hardly more trustworthy than those of the Celestial Empire. The historian is always on the stump, and ministering to national vanity and passion. The school histories among the rest are, or till lately were, without exception, most poisonous food for young minds; and there can be no doubt that they have produced their effect on the character of the nation. Mr. Morse's series is defaced, though not in an inordinate degree, with those peevish and calumnious attacks on the Mother Country which are supposed to be always congenial and welcome to the soul of the American reader. "Whatever inconsistencies England may have been guilty of," writes one of the biographers, "she has never swerved in civility and respect for success, strength and wealth, and this Hamilton well knew." So, no doubt, say the histories of the Celestial Republic: common histories say that the great examples of success and strength in their respective days were Philip II., Louis XIV., and Napoleon; and that England, instead of fawning on them took each of them by the throat. The American Republic, on the other hand, in the last mortal struggle of the European nations for their independence against the tyranny of Napoleon, was found lending her aid to the tyrant.

and this was done, as a writer in this series candidly intimates, in the belief that Napoleon would be victorious, and partly from anxiety to come in on the winning side. It may be added that the feelings of Alexander Hamilton might possibly find a more infallible interpreter than the present writer of his life.

We are quite accustomed to the assertion that nothing in history except some affront offered to the American Republic, "can afford a parallel in hideous criminality to the long and dark list of wrongs which Great Britain has been wont to inflict upon all the weaker or the uncivilized peoples with whom she has been brought, or has gratuitously forced herself into unwelcome contact." If the writer who has relieved his righteous soul by this outburst, will step to the Canadian side of the Line, he will find Indians not worse treated, nor less happy in their relations to the whites, than are those on his own side, and he will see French Canadians, originally a conquered race, living on terms of perfect equality, and in perfect amity with their conquerors, as well as in the full enjoyment of their ancestral religion, which was guaranteed to them by the British Government in spite of the protests uttered against the recognition of Popery by the offended Puritans of New England. Of our behaviour to the Negro none of us have much reason to be proud; but those who at last emancipated voluntarily and paid the cost, may surely hold up their heads beside those who emancipated under the pressure of necessity and as a measure of war. No man of judicial mind and historical culture would think of condemning a nation merely for the possession of an imperial heritage transmitted from an age in which aggrandizement was nowhere deemed immoral. If England is mistress of India, it is not because she was more unscrupulous than France, but because the arms and hearts which seconded the enterprise of Clive and Hastings, were stronger than those which seconded the enterprise of Dupleix and Lally. Mr. Morse's ancestors in New England followed with beating hearts and glistening eyes the conquering career of Chatham. England could not now annex India; not a few Englishmen regard the Indian Empire as a curse, and would gladly retire if it were possible, without giving up the country to anarchy and blood; but it is certain that no

such attempt has ever been made to render conquest, what unhappily it cannot be, the instrument of civilization. No government is purer, or in intention more philanthropic, than that of British India; the growth of population beneath its peaceful rule has been rapid, and is partly the source of its embarrassments; it has established a system of education, and improved the laws; it is now covering the country with railroads; and though there has been a mutiny, and one of which no humane Englishman can ever think without horror, among its troops, it has never provoked a rising of the people. The relations of the conqueror to the conquered never can be happy, but let that of the British conqueror to the Hindoo be compared with that of the Romans, Spaniards, French, or Dutch, not to speak of Turks or Moguls, to any subject race. Some years ago India was visited by Dr. Prime, an American, apparently not wanting in moral sense. He emphatically condemns the crimes of the conquest, but adds, that the purpose of government is now changed; and he testifies strongly, not only to the conscientiousness and intelligence of the administration, but to "the promising aspect of the country in all respects, national, educational, social and religious." Though we may not all share his hopes, what he says as to the disposition and objects of the government is the simple truth, and it would not be easy to find such testimony paid by a foreigner, and one from a not very friendly country, to the administration of any other conquerors. American writers may possibly be justified in assuming, as they habitually do, the enormous inferiority of Englishmen to themselves in morality as well as in dignity and amiability of character; but the English naturally ask for proofs. Insolence, unscrupulousness, inhumanity, are too surely begotten by conquest, yet not by conquest alone. Mr. Morse himself has occasion to refer to the "irregular proceedings" of General Jackson in Florida. "Turned loose in the regions of Florida, checked only by an uncertain and disputed boundary line, running through half explored forests, confronted by a hated foe whose strength he could well afford to despise, General Jackson, in a war properly waged against Indians, ran a wild and lawless, but very vigorous and effective career in Spanish possessions. He hung a couple of British sub-

jects with as scant a trial and meagre shrift, as if he had been a medieval free lance; he marched upon Spanish towns and peremptorily forced the blue-blooded commanders to capitulate in the most humiliating manner; afterwards when the Spanish territory had become American, in his civil capacity as governor, he flung the Spanish commander into jail." All these outrages, committed as the writer avows, against the defenceless, were as dastardly as they were atrocious; and among them were two most foul murders. Yet Mr. Morse plainly intimates that the American people liked them, and his tone indicates that he does not greatly dislike them himself. "The country, right or wrong," was a maxim, not coined we believe in insolent and buccaneering England. It may have been the maxim only of a section of Americans; but let it be remembered also that the Rottenborough Parliament was not the English people.

It surely ill beseems a nation which has risen to unquestioned greatness, to be for ever feeding its soul on a malignant and slanderous hatred of the Mother Country of its race. If England, and her annals are what American stump-orators and stump-historians paint them, the blood of the American people must be deeply tainted, the origin of their institutions and of their religion must be vile, their intellectual life must have flowed, and must still be flowing from a polluted spring, and the English pedigrees which they are so fond of tracing, must be genealogies of dishonour. It is not possible that they can regard an ancient quarrel with George III. and his ministers as an adequate cause for an interminable feud with the British nation. There is something servile in the composition of the feeling: no Englishman, when the conduct of his nation is arraigned, thinks of screening it under American example, but Americans seem often to think that all their faults are covered if they can only point to something as bad in England. Among Americans in general, however, the feeling against the Mother Country has decreased almost to vanishing point, and given place to a friendliness which betokens the complete reconciliation and moral reunion of the race. There is no country in which individual Englishmen are half so kindly received, or in which they find everything so generously thrown

open to them as the United States. The bitterness lingers in the breasts of literary men, soured by rivalry with British authors whose competition presses upon them unfairly, because in the absence of international copyright, the American publisher chooses rather to appropriate than to pay, and thus starves the literary profession in his own country. One of these gentlemen has been graciously describing the women of England as so grossly devoid of delicacy that a trait of it on the part of American women, whose character is its special seat, is enough to provoke their hatred. A man who goes through London society in this frame of mind, and in the belief, which often crops out, that the kindness shown an American is not courtesy, but the tribute of fear to the power of the republic, may easily bring back impressions the truth of which is limited to his personal experience. American periodicals circulating in England, which make themselves the vehicles of this antipathy, pay a compliment to British magnanimity, which we will hope is not ill-deserved.

—Whether the demand for the extradition of Sheridan will be pressed at all, is as yet doubtful. We may be sure that it will not be pressed with unbecoming eagerness. If there is evidence of this man's complicity in murders, the British Government is bound to make the demand; bound by the spirit of the treaty, by its duty to the community of civilized nations, finally by respect for the American Government, which might otherwise have deemed itself tacitly accused of unwillingness or inability to prevent its country from being used as the den of assassins. Certain New York journals, usually more honourably employed, are beginning to provide pretences for non-compliance. A political motive was not held to divest murder of criminality in the case of Wilkes Booth, or Guiteau. Religion is a motive perhaps not less respectable than political malice, and the murders perpetrated by the Thugs were always sacrifices to Bowannee. If the extradition of Sheridan should be refused in the face of facts, the responsibility will rest on his protectors, who will also retain him as their citizen. A common peril, if Americans could only see it, links

America to England in this matter. Not in Great Britain only, but in the United States, and in all communities of English race, civilization and liberty are assailed by savagery and superstition armed with political power. United we shall certainly stand divided we may fall.

—An English squire, being a virtuoso in his way, bought a Druidical temple in one of the Channel Islands, and transferred it to his park in England. This was no platitude compared with the reproduction of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play in New York. Most interesting and touching when acted in a spirit of genuine religion by the simple believers of the secluded village, where it was a local tradition of the Middle Ages, the play, performed by professional actors in an American city, to stimulate the appetite of a crowd sated with all ordinary sensations, will be simply revolting. It will disgust not only every Christian, but every man who has a particle of taste or a vestige of reverence in his soul. Nothing that Voltaire ever said, or that the blasphemous revellers of Medmenham Abbey ever did, could be more deeply offensive to a religious heart.

—It is needless to rehearse the hideous annals of Irish conspiracy which has now, in the usual course, arrived at the stage of mutual betrayal. They surely were not the worst enemies of Ireland, who at the outset, knowing well what Fenianism was and what it would do, besought the British Parliament at once to lay faction aside, and by an effort of unanimous vigour bring the rebellion to a close. A rebellion it plainly was, and a rebellion fomented by a foreign organization formed of the enemies of the kingdom, so that constitutional punctilio was out of place, and the public safety became the sufficient warrant for every measure consistent with humanity, and calculated to avert a civil war. Had this course been taken, it is highly probable that not a drop of blood need have been shed ; the consequences of the weaker policy we see ; and know also what must be the effects on national char-

acter and on the relation between classes of a civil war of assassination waged for three years and closing with executions by the score. Retrospective disgrace is thrown by the disclosures on what is called the Treaty of Kilmainham, though in the political statute of limitations, the term is short and nobody suffers for an offence which is a year old. It is not to be supposed that the Prime Minister and his colleagues, when they conceived the idea of pacifying Ireland with the assistance of Messrs. Parnell and Sheridan, suspected those agitators to be connected with assassins; though it might surely have been surmised that plotters who were drawing their funds almost wholly from American Fenianism, could not be entirely strangers to its objects, which were avowedly revolution and civil war. But honour is wisdom in short-hand, and honour forbade the British Government to have dealings with men whom they had themselves placed under arrest as movers in a conspiracy against the peace and integrity of the realm. If the Government could not stand without such aid, it ought to have been content to fall. That those who subsisted by sedition, into whatever agreement they might enter or whatever their professions might be, would sincerely labour for the restoration of peace and order, it was fatuous to believe. The result of this policy had always been the same. A demagogue who is won over or bought over, forfeits his influence and is supplanted by a more vitriolic rival. Scarcely had Mr. Parnell sealed the treaty of Kilmainham, when we heard that he wished to retire from politics, and even that his life was in peril. His restoration was an indirect consequence of the Phoenix Park murders, which tore up the treaty and drove the Government back to the line of action, the final abandonment of which the friends of Mr. Chamberlain had triumphantly announced a few days before.

The Crimes Act being vigorously administered by Lord Spencer, whom the Anti-Coercionists in the Cabinet do not dare to thwart, is doing its mournful work. The institution of a trustworthy tribunal in place of the Irish common juries was opposed by the friends of the rebellion in the English press, on the colourable ground that whatever change might be made in the Court, no evidence would be forthcoming. The answer in the first place

was, that it was the bounden duty of a Government charged with the protection of life, to see that the tribunals were trustworthy, and thus to show at all events that it was on the side of the murdered and not on the side of the murderers. But in the second place it was answered, that when there was a possibility of a conviction, greater efforts to obtain evidence would be made by the police, and the demeanour of witnesses would be altered, as they would cease to feel that they were merely exposing themselves to the vengeance of a prisoner who was sure of an acquittal; while for one class of testimony, which the Government could command, that of informers and men who had turned King's evidence, there would be a hearing before a special tribunal, while before a common jury there was none. These arguments received no attention till a member of the Government was murdered; then deference was paid to them and the experiment has proved that they were perfectly well-founded. It may still be questioned whether it would not have been better to appoint a judicial commission of men of high character, with a presiding judge than to resort to special juries, and changes of the venue, expedients which have an air of packing and evasion. Regard for constitutional forms is praiseworthy, even when it is carried to the verge of superstition, yet the straining of them is not without its evils, and the frank recognition of temporary necessity which calls for extraordinary measures, may do less injury to constitutional sentiment in the end. These are questions of universal interest, for every commonwealth may one day find itself placed by conspiracy, domestic or foreign, in the position in which Great Britain is placed now. A judicial commission of high character, openly doing justice on the scene of the offence, would have had a better effect on the mind of the Irish people, than the shifts to which by clinging to forms, imagined to be principles, the State has compelled itself to resort.

The scene now shifts from the lair in which assassination has been vanquished to the floor of the House of Commons, where the attempts of the Parnellites to wreck the Legislature by obstruction, will, no doubt, be renewed, though with a force greatly diminished, as already appears, by the moral blow received in

Ireland. Not in England alone, but everywhere, the life of Parliamentary government is threatened by this revolt, since it is plain that unless the minority will yield to the majority and all members will act loyally, no legislative assembly can long exist. The Thug-knife of anarchy is at the breast of liberty, and those who are true to liberty must be prepared to stand by her defenders, should it even be found necessary to suspend anarchic representation. Nor apart from their hatred of the United Parliament do the Celtic Irish care what mischief they do. The tendencies of that race, as its warmest advocates avow, are not Parliamentary. Everywhere, if it has not a king or chief, it adopts some leader, priest or layman, and makes him a despot. To England, the Irish Celts owe, at all events, the questionable boon of elective institutions, and if they were cast adrift they would certainly lapse into absolutism of some kind. There would soon be an end of obstruction, as well as of assassination, if the House of Commons generally were sound. But the House of Commons is by no means sound. On the Tory side Lord Randolph Churchill and his train, faithful imitators of Lord Beaconsfield, are trying to form an alliance with the Parnellites for the purpose of overthrowing the Government; on the Liberal side a number of Radicals, especially those who have many Irish in their constituencies, are countenancing the rebellion and thwarting all attempts to repress it, in the hope of ultimately ruling England by the help of the Irish vote. Radical journals actually exult in the result of the Mallow election, as the death-knell of constitutional Liberalism in the South of Ireland, and the pledge of a solid rebel representation. That the Radicals have made up their minds to consent to the dismemberment of the kingdom is not likely; they hope that when they have got power into their own hands by means of the Irish alliance they will be able to cajole and pacify their allies; but as yet their policy of reconciliation, whatever else it may have done, has plainly failed to reconcile, and they are binding themselves to principles which would constrain them to defer to Irish opinion whatever it might demand. It is true, inconsistency in politics is a jewel, and the English Radicals may, after all, when their disunionist confederates press for payment, give it them from

the six-shooter of the social future. But, in the meantime, the sons of England must be prepared to see what weakness and humiliation faction can bring on the first of nations.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have told M. Clemenceau, that the cure for Irish evils was decentralization. Local self-government may be the hope of the future: it is the only school in which political character can be well formed, the only foundation on which free institutions can securely rest. But to decentralize at this moment would be to hand over the police, upon the trustworthiness of which life and property depend, to the undetected accomplices of Mr. Councillor Carey. It would be to give the island up to anarchy and murder. Such a design on the part of the Prime Minister would be madness. Nor is it likely that, as another report says, he proclaimed himself convinced, by what he had seen during a short visit to Cannes, of the advantages of peasant proprietorship and determined to propagate it in Ireland. It is true that he has seen more of the French peasantry in this trip than he has ever seen of Ireland, his acquaintance with which is confined to a short oratorical tour, and respecting which and its people, he is, with all respect for his great name be it said, under a strong illusion. It avails little to talk either of new political arrangements or of new land laws, unless you can give Ireland a different soil and a different climate. Nature has denied her cereals: an evil destiny has sent her the potato; on that, at once the lowest and the most Anti-Malthusian of all kinds of food, her people multiply in wretchedness, sharing their cabins with swine; and their civilization, as is always the case, corresponds to their food and habitations. As they have votes, their misery becomes the capital of political incendiaries, who make no attempt to improve their condition, but, on the contrary, thwart as much as possible all efforts to improve it, their own trade being dependent on the discontent. The elements of disturbance have been greatly increased of late by the growth of American Fenianism, which seeks to kindle in Ireland the fire of civil war. Capital is driven from the country, commerce is paralysed, and such resources as the island possesses are left undeveloped. This is the Irish question viewed practically and apart from those historic wrongs, which,

like the wrongs of Italy or the Low Countries, have now fairly receded into the past. The only remedy is emigration, and emigration on a large scale, such as shall transfer the population of the unfortunate districts to happier abodes, and allow the districts again to become pasture lands, for which they were destined by nature. Without emigration, perhaps, we should add, without Protestantism, the Highlands would be another Ireland; another Leinster, Munster, or Connaught, we should rather say, for it cannot be too often repeated, that Ulster, Teutonic, Protestant, prosperous and contented, stands by itself, a conclusive proof that not in political institutions, which are common to the whole island, but in the character and religion of the Celts, is to be found the main source of these evils. Mr. Chamberlain and other English politicians of his stamp, when they promise Ireland redress of all her grievances, pledge themselves to change her climate, as well as to make the Catholic a Protestant and the Celt a Teuton. Whatever binds the people to the Irish soil will chain them to misery; whatever multiplies their numbers will deepen their degradation. Peasant proprietorship may strengthen the foundations of society by increasing the number of owners of land; but the alleged dictum of Mr. Gladstone as to a happy state of the French peasants is contradicted by the verdict of less cursory inquirers, who represent their life as hard, sordid, unclean, and almost brutish; while, in point of productiveness, small holdings and spade husbandry are so inferior to scientific agriculture on a large scale, that the political and social advantages of peasant ownership must be vast indeed to turn the balance. Productiveness must always be the main test of land systems and land laws; it is the thing in which the whole community has an interest. A new era was to be opened in Ireland by the late agrarian legislation; it opens in famine; and the Irish are coming for alms to those on whom they have just been showering calumnies and curses.

That there must be a large emigration from Ireland, if a radical cure is to be effected, is certain. But to what shore is the emigration to be directed? The Commissioner of the Irish Government has been surveying the United States and Canada, two

countries which, as has been dolefully remarked, seem to be on a par in his eyes. It is for England to consider whether she can afford to multiply the number of her deadly enemies on this continent. The people of the United States have no sympathy with Fenianism, nor would they even think of lending its poniard the aid of their sword ; but awkward questions may arise between the governments ; and the Democratic party, which now that it has its foot on the steps of power, is greatly swayed by the Irish vote. In their own land, the Irish have been the dupes and victims of conspiracy : why send them to be again the dupes and victims of conspiracy here ? Their happiest destination for the present would be a Crown Colony or some shore on which they might enjoy a respite from political strife, better their material condition, improve their industrial character, and thus qualify themselves, in the only way in which any people can be qualified, for the use of the suffrage, by the misuse of which, in their present condition, they are threatening the integrity and stability of every commonwealth into which they come. Even Canada, though her social state is pretty sound, and she is capable of absorbing with impunity a certain amount of dangerous matter, may be allowed to pause and reflect before she welcomes a consignment of ten thousand citizens educated in terrorist conspiracy and agrarian murder. We have had proofs that savagery is not turned to civilization merely by crossing the sea. No doubt, if the ten thousand could be sent in a body straight to the North-West, and there set down on farms, whatever the agricultural result might be, the political and social peril would be diminished ; and it is to be hoped that such is the plan. It is in its economical aspect, however, that the question concerns us most. It is assumed in England that a new country must hail with pleasure every addition to the population, and that the pauperism and industrial refuse of every English parish, if they could only be sent to Canada, would be welcome. This belief is natural, but has ceased to be well-founded. Civilization in this hemisphere of progress, has traversed in half a century the space which it took the civilization of Europe several centuries to traverse ; and in many respects the new countries are already old.

Pauperism has shown its face, and those who are familiar with the administration of charity in Toronto know that the dark hour is at hand when it will be absolutely necessary to make some public provision for the relief of the poor. Whether immigration is to be welcomed depends now entirely on the character and calling of the immigrants. Of candidates for clerkships and every employment of that kind there is a glut: there is no demand for artisans in any line. For female domestics there is room. Otherwise immigrants are a mere burden to the community, unless they are agricultural labourers and can be at once sent out to farms. The Irish Government purposes to send out, not single emigrants, but families. There are few cottages on our farms, and the result will probably be that the men will go out to work on the farms, boarding with their employers, while the women and children will be left in the city, and in some cases thrown upon its charity for support. It is time that some independent friend of Canadian industry should take up this question in earnest, and try to trace the proper limit for the action of government in the matter of immigration. Agents naturally wish to earn their bread, and politicians are never very stalwart in questions between Canada and the Home Government, while they and their organs in the press are on the present occasion prevented from speaking out by their fear of those who wield the Irish vote. England is placarded with advertisements of the prospects held out to emigrants of all kinds in Canada, which, if they took effect, would bring upon us pauperism as a flood. Let our market be perfectly open to all who come to it of their own accord; but against the artificial importation of competitors at the public cost, Canadian labour has a right to protest. The British artisan, struggling to rise by his industry and thrift, has been dragged down by the perpetual influx of pauper Irish: this is partly the account of his failure to participate fully in the fruits of progress, as any one who observes facts in a British city, instead of spinning theories, will soon learn. Often he has been supplanted and driven from his native land. In Canada, too, the immigration of which we boast, is probably, to no small extent, mere displacement; a poor immigrant comes in the room of a better man who departs for the United

States. American statistics may have exaggerated the exodus ; yet it is large ; it must be so, or our population, with the immigrants added, would have increased at a greater rate. The emigration agency which Canada wants is one which will keep Canadians at home. When will the people rouse themselves and send to Parliament, among all these nominees of the Machines, a man or two who will represent the public interests alone ?

—A crisis evidently approaches in British politics. Marvellous as is the Prime Minister's fund of nervous energy, the announcement that he suffers from sleeplessness seems to show that the sheet-anchor of his constitution is beginning to lose its hold. Nor, though fond of the exercise of power, is he a man, who, like Lord Palmerston, or any mere politician, would cling to it to the end, because without it life would be a blank : they are rightly informed who think that it was his wish, after restoring order in the House of Commons, to retire. In him will depart, not only the virtual king, but the link between the two sections of the Government, the Liberals and the Radicals, whose official professions of unity do not hide from anybody the fact that they differ fundamentally in opinion and are moving opposite ways. Mr. Gladstone, while he retains his social connection with the aristocracy and his ecclesiastical connection with the High Church party, has become politically a Radical, and on the land question something more, while his commanding position, combined with the fear of losing the succession, has prevented most of the moderates from breaking away like the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne, though they must have followed with reluctant steps. Now, each of the two sections is evidently taking up its ground and bracing its sinews for the decisive hour. Lord Derby and Lord Hartington pronounce against Home Rule in speeches which are naturally taken as repudiations of the encouragement vaguely held out to it by Mr. Gladstone. The Radicals answer with angry murmurs, and the most extreme of them propose to fling all the Whigs, including Lord Hartington, overboard. Mr. Labouchere puts forth a fiery programme of socialistic revolution.

which, however, may be read with a smile, when we remember that its author is an intimate of Marlborough House, and that a great part of his journal is devoted to gossip of the most minute kind about the aristocracy and the Court. It can hardly be doubted that upon Mr. Gladstone's departure, the leadership in the Commons, and with it the real leadership of the party, will pass into the hands of Lord Hartington, a man who having been in his youth a loungeur, and having been put where he is, partly through the efforts of intriguers who believed him to be a loungeur still, and reckoned on pulling his wires, has risen to the situation and become the real chief of the Liberals. His connection enables him to stand without the brilliant and popular gifts which excite the enthusiasm of the nation in Mr. Gladstone, and have become more necessary than ever to the head of a party since the electorate has been enlarged and made to include masses little influenced by opinions which are not sensibly embodied in a leading man. His weak point is his fatal liability to being transferred at any moment to the House of Lords, though this, by keeping always open the prospects of succession, may help to attach to his government office-holding Radicals such as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, the latter of whom has been sedulously disencumbering himself of those youthful convictions which might disqualify him for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Lord Hartington would receive the support of most of those on his own side of the House, and, unless the Conservatives are mad, of a good many on the other. With Mr. Gladstone the grand cause of Conservative animosity will depart, passion which at present rises to the pitch of frenzy will cool, and a heavy strain will be taken off the situation.

—Conservatives have been debating in the press, with the freedom characteristic of an age of universal publicity, what is to be the policy and who are to be the leaders of their party. A party which has to go in quest, both of a policy and of leaders, is not far, one would think, from having to go in quest of a reason for its own existence. Let Conservatives, if they wish to

have any influence over the future, bid farewell at once to Tory Democracy, to the foreign policy of Rowdyism, and to the path of conspiracy and intrigue in which they have been led for the last forty years by a cosmopolite, using English politics as the field of his adventure. Let them become again, what they were under Sir Robert Peel, a body of honourable English gentlemen, united for the purpose of defending order, property, and organic institutions against revolutionary violence, yet ready to move with the times and carry forward administrative reform. They see into what a plight the strategy of 1867 has brought them and the country after having served the personal object of its contriver. Let them henceforth eschew all dark counsels, all legerdemain all wizard's phrases, and try to win back the respect and confidence of the country, by sterling patriotism, straightforward conduct, and honest language. For leader they want a highminded patriot and a true type of the qualities in which the English gentleman has been supposed to excel. Their present leaders are the bequests of the late regime. Lord Salisbury, a man unquestionably of great ability, was drawn into tortuous courses by the crafty guide, to whom, after denouncing him, he had submitted for the sake of the succession, and he has wrecked a great reputation by want of truthfulness as well as by his factious violence at the time when he ought, as a British nobleman, to have supported the executive, and adjourned the quarrels of his personal ambition till the country had been rescued from its peril. Sir Stafford Northcote was destined by nature to be a subaltern: in the vacuum created at the head of the party by the loss of Peel and the other chiefs, he rose to a rank to which his capacity has never been equal, and he is apt to be turned from the path of rectitude by weakness; nor can he be trusted to lead his followers back to the moral position which it ought to be their first object to regain. About Lord Randolph Churchill, with his second-hand Disraelism, and his shallow smartness, it ought not to be necessary to say more, after his open proposal to overthrow the Government by an alliance with the enemies of the Union. Conservatives may depend upon it, that, thanks to their own conduct for the last forty years, and notably in 1867, they have

arrived at a point at which they can no longer afford to sacrifice the interests of the country and their own to the scheming ambition of any scamp who is eager to clamber into power.

The party, if it wishes to live, will have to revise its traditions in the light of present necessity, and, above all, to abandon the desperate defence of an exclusively hereditary House of Lords. No institution could have more decisively proved its worthlessness. Not for a moment, during the whole of the Irish crisis, did the Peers rise above the most selfish motives of fear or interest: not for a moment did they make the country feel that special reliance could be placed in their wisdom, patriotism, fortitude, or honour. They were throughout a set of landlords trembling for their rents. Had they, after condemning the Arrears Bill, as they did, resolutely refused to pass it, and taken the ground that, come what might, they would not be parties to the taxation of loyal citizens for the purpose of paying blackmail to rebellion, victory was possible and dignity would have been secure. But the Arrears Bill contained a heavy bribe, which, after a little paltering, patrician honour took. About the first act of the new aristocracy founded by the Tudors on the ruins of the mediæval nobility was to sell the religion of the country to the Pope for quiet possession of the Church lands; and the fear of dispossession continued to sway the political conduct of the Peers in no small measure through the reigns of the Stuarts, and even so late as 1745. It is absurd to suppose that when the natural spurs to generous effort are taken away, when men are brought up amidst all the allurements of sybaritism and invested with honours which they have not won, nobleness of character will be produced. Selfishness, and even sordidness, have been the political attributes of Privilege, which is taught to regard its own preservation as an end sacred enough to hallow almost any means. That on which the influence of the Peers has really rested, their landed wealth, without which titles would be little more imposing than shoulder-knots, is now crumbling from beneath them. They will have to turn a deaf ear to the violent counsels of Lord Salisbury, and make an agreement with the nation while they are in the way with it. There are in the House of Lords elements of strength

and value which, separated from that which is weak and worthless, and transferred from an august limbo of impotence to the seat of real power, may yet be useful in regulating the course of progress. He is a Tory of the past, not a Conservative of the present, who sets his face against the change.

—English Economists of a certain school have been joyfully proclaiming that Radicalism has committed itself to Socialism by the Irish Land Act. The Land Act was not Socialism, any more than the Irish farmer is a Communist: it was arbitration or robbery, perhaps a little of both. But agrarianism profits by the disturbance in Ireland. The world must be in a strange state if people can listen with approval or even with patience to a philosophy of pillage which proposes to confiscate without compensation, by a plundering use of the taxing power, the substance of every landowner, and turn him and his family out to starve, handing over all real property to a gang of politicians, dignified by the name of the State. It is useless to dilate on anything so barefaced. Brigandage will not be much influenced by demonstrations of its immorality. If it attempts to put its theories into practice, it will receive from the strong hands of the farmers satisfaction of another kind. The land is nationalized already; improvements go, as it is alike just and expedient that they should, to those whose labour and capital have made them: but the productive forces of nature still impart their benefits freely to all. This has been proved clearly enough. The point is the more worthy of notice because socialistic agrarianism is beginning to creep into Canadian journalism, in quarters where it would be difficult to believe that such theories were deliberately entertained. If certain Liberals do not take care they will put life into the Conservative party with a vengeance.

—Christians and men of sense may hope that the wretched Bradlaugh case is now near its end. Nothing can more signally prove the truth of what has been said respecting the effect of weak-

ness upon integrity in the character of Sir Stafford Northcote than that he should have been fain to grasp this miserable piece of political capital and to march night after night into the lobby with such champions of Christianity as Lord Randolph Churchill, the Baron de Worms, and the Roman Catholic comrades of Mr. Parnell. Mr. John Morley, the brilliant writer, who has just been elected to Parliament, avowedly holds the same opinions as Mr. Bradlaugh: indeed, it appears that he, as well as Huxley and Tyndall, is threatened with a crazy prosecution for blasphemy; but he is not, like Bradlaugh, the object of social prejudice; and his unresisted entrance into the House will cast a vivid light on the futility of the formal test. In Quebec, it seems, a judge, who is no doubt a person of great practical piety, has been holding forth from the bench against the abolition of the religious test for witnesses in a court of justice. Christianity may well pray to be saved from its political protectors. If people would only read the Gospel instead of defending it, they would see how far from the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth is he who would attempt by any penalties or restrictions, political or social, great or small, legal or moral, either openly or covertly, to do violence to conscience and stifle the voice of honest opinion.

—It is the fate of a Quarterly to lag behind events: on the other hand, it has the advantage of looking at them when the dust is laid. We can now discern pretty plainly the significance and the immediate consequences of the death of Gambetta. What we are witnessing, as has been said before, is the second French Revolution. The first, though the crash was tremendous, remained political; it did not extend to the fundamental beliefs and sentiments of the people: hence its radical failure, for which Carlyle and historians in general have made no attempt to account. But now the fundamental beliefs and sentiments are attacked. The object of the revolutionists is thoroughly to extirpate religion and place society on the foundation of atheistic science; atheistic, we say, for the opponents of religion in France have never been mealy-mouthed and care nothing

for the soft title of Agnostic. Positivists exultingly proclaim that Gambetta is the first national chief who has been buried without any religious ceremonies, and they infer that the dethronement of God by Humanity is at hand. We have before us a contemporary print of the funeral of Mirabeau. The scene is a church, and the ceremonial is religious, though there is enough of paganism to show that the respect for a sacred edifice is no longer great. What Mirabeau was to the first Revolution, Gambetta was to the second. Both were kings of rhetoric and had, with the highest gifts, the faults of the rhetorical character, for though both were powerful neither of them was a wise man. The orator lives with a fancy in a constant state of excitement, sees everything through a medium more or less distorting, is always seeking immediate effect, and is too often the victim of his own art of representation. Mirabeau's declamatory violence in the earlier stages of the French Revolution, when the maintenance of calm and harmony was of the most vital importance, wrought mischief which superficial writers of the history have failed to mark, and though he was the idol of the multitude the amount of confidence placed in him by the best and most sagacious men was small. To Gambetta was due the ruinous prolongation of resistance to the German invader when all hope had fled, and when, the Empire which had made the war having fallen, the Republic might have made peace without dishonour; it seems that even after the fall of Paris he would, had he not been overruled by saner counsellors, have continued the struggle and constrained the conqueror to march upon the South of France. Few surprises in history are more laughable than the fall of his 'Great Ministry,' which, after presenting itself at last as the crowning work of destiny, disappeared as it were through a trap door a moment after its formation. Elaborate theories were invented to account for a catastrophe so unexpected; the apparent fiasco was supposed to be only a move in the game of a deep and far-reaching policy. But there was nothing for which the intoxication of the successful orator would not account. Gambetta fancied, from the loudness of the applause, that his power was absolute, and that the Chamber would at once, in deference to his fiat, assent to a change in the mode of election

which would have unseated half of the members while it would have given France completely into his hands. The result was what a cooler head would have foreseen; the Assembly declined to commit suicide and the dictator fell. Like Mirabeau, Gambetta was thoroughly selfish, as he showed by undermining and discrediting ministry after ministry to clear the ground for his own assumption of supreme power; and oratorical genius in both men alike drew its murky fire from a volcano of sensual passion which led to licentiousness in private life. Those who triumph in Gambetta's atheism and in his irreligious obsequies will, at least, be able to understand why minds of another cast refuse to mourn over his failure to impress his character upon the French nation. Mirabeau, besides being vicious was undoubtedly corrupt. Gambetta's enemies asserted that his pleasures were fed by money obtained by a use of government intelligence in speculation, which the public morality of England inflexibly condemns, though that of France, it is true, is more lenient. It is certain that he had about him as sinister a set of stock-jobbers as any in Europe, and that he furthered their designs by countenancing the Tunisian expedition. But men may be very useful without being pure, and to prove that Gambetta was very useful it is enough to point to the crisis of the famous sixteenth of May. About his power there can be no doubt: it was that of a dictator always in reserve.

It would be a mistake to think that the death of Mirabeau was the fatal crisis of the First Revolution. The fatal crisis was the attempt of the unhappy queen and her camarilla to crush the National Assembly by military force, which compelled the Assembly to accept the protection of the armed populace of Paris and thereby made the Faubourg St. Antoine and its leaders masters of the situation. But the death of Mirabeau left the Revolution riderless, and there was thenceforth no hand to check it in its headlong course towards the abyss. The removal of Gambetta is less momentous in proportion as the present movement is less violent, yet it has been profoundly felt, and its effects have shown with fatal clearness that France is still subject to the double weakness of being governed by rhetoric and of craving for a master. A

crowd of subaltern ambitions at once started forward to grasp the vacant throne, and strove to recommend themselves for the succession by the emulous violence of their proposals. Personal vanity, everywhere a source of political danger, is nowhere so great a source as in France. The executive government was overturned as usual, and that which has taken its place will rest upon the same quicksand, though M. Jules Ferry, if he will act with firmness, and appeal from the demagogues of the Assembly to the better sense of the country, has more chance than any one else of rallying around him the Conservative Republicanism of France. On the other hand, the exhibition of Anti-republican sentiment was not alarming. The manifesto of the Bonapartist Pretender would have expired in ignominious silence, or in laughter, if a mock explosion had not been kindly provided by M. Floquet. The ex-Empress, after swooping upon Paris, had at once to retire under cover of an excuse, the falsehood of which was rendered more transparent by her known hatred of the imprisoned Prince whom she averred that it was her sole object to console. In the army there seems to have been a thrill just sufficient to remind us of the formidable fact, that he who can control the suffrage of the camp is still, in the last resort, master of the destinies of France. The measures ultimately adopted against the Pretenders have not been extreme. No commonwealth will fold its hands while petards are being fixed to its gates. It would be a grave mistake, however, to suppress Plon-Plon, whose unpopularity, and the impracticability of the Count de Chambord, are the twin pillars of the Republic.

Once more has been seen the folly of the Constitutionalism which, running blindly in the rut of British tradition, confounds the functions of the legislature with those of the executive, and makes the existence of that which is the only guarantee for order and for the security of life and property depend from hour to hour on the shifting moods of an assembly divided into a score of factions, and as capricious as the gale. It is the instability of the executive government which prevents the Republic from being trusted by the people and causes its life still to hang by a slender thread. If the Executive Council were elected by the

Legislature for a stated period, and confined to its proper objects, the instability would cease and the nation would feel that, at all events, it had a government. If, in addition to this change, a Legislative Chamber of moderate size, elected by local councils, could be substituted for the mob of demagogues, France would be, politically, in a quiet haven; and the revolution of opinion, if there is to be one, might go on without keeping the nation in daily fear lest anarchy should break out and the whole fabric of civilization be overthrown.

Of one thing there can be no doubt; Gambetta's death improved the prospect of peace in Europe. Born of a war which had ended in defeat, he carried war and revenge in his heart. Had he become master of France, a renewal of the contest with Germany would have been at hand. It is now thrown again into the distance. When all the world was talking of the marvellous resources which had enabled France to pay the war indemnity, it was forgotten that she had not actually paid, but had borrowed the amount, and that what she had really displayed was the extent of her credit. Her finances are now less prosperous, and it seems likely that she will be compelled to retrench. Parisian orators or journalists and Madame Louise Michel may be burning for vengeance, but a Gascon peasant is not so anxious to leave his commune and face the shot for the sake of recovering Alsace-Lorraine. The question of peace or war in Europe is not one to which on this continent we can be indifferent; apart from our general interest in humanity, war would affect commerce in various ways; to its advantage, perhaps, at first, but certainly to its disadvantage in the long run: and the balance now decidedly inclines to the side of peace. The nations are still in arms, and it is mournful to think to how great an extent, after all our constitutional effort, each master of thirty legions has his finger upon the trigger a touch of which would be followed by a world-wide explosion. Still opinion is not without force, and fear of consequences is stronger than it was in the days of Philip II. or Louis XIV., while the freedom of the press is adverse to dark councils and sudden blows. Morality does not advance rapidly, but it advances; and war can hardly be made now as Attila made it,

from naked lust of conquest, without any other cause. The disaffection of the Slavs under Austrian dominion, and their desire to call in Russia as a liberator, is the most dangerous feature in the situation; but that quarrel does not seem to be rapidly drawing to a head. Russia herself will no doubt continue to press, as nature constrains her, and would constrain any great and growing nation, towards an open sea. If she is repelled from the Dardanelles she will make for the Gulf of Scandaroon. But on this subject the English people are growing calmer, and their return to reason will be assisted by their troubles and difficulties elsewhere. The aspect of the diplomatic horizon at present bids commerce speculate on peace. With Europe, the French republic escapes a peril: for war, successful or unsuccessful, could hardly fail to bring with it the ascendancy of the military element, and the ascendancy of the military element is the restoration of the Empire.

—In almost all the countries of Europe, except England, the conflict with Socialism is going on. England owes her immunity partly to the sobermindedness of her people; partly to the familiarity with political effort which leads them to seek redress of their grievances in the way of electoral agitation rather than of social conspiracy; partly to the promptitude with which a number of the members of the ruling class, when industrial war seemed to be impending, crossed over to the camp of the artisan, identified themselves with his cause so far as it was righteous, and induced him to consent to arbitration. It is in countries where political life is weak that Socialism assumes its angriest aspect. In no country is political life weaker than in Spain, where, extinguished by Charles V. and his successor, it has as yet revived only in a slight degree, so that governments are formed and changed by intrigues of the palace or the camp, the people generally remaining passive and using their nominal franchise as the power of the day commands. It is not surprising to find that Spanish Socialism, the child of darkness, is pre-eminently Satanic. In France, free institutions have as yet hardly had a sufficiently

long and uninterrupted existence to turn the workingman into a true citizen, and teach him to act through the community, not by revolting against it. Of Germany the same thing may be said, and the people there are oppressed at once by the military system and by the Jews. Socialism seems to gain ground; at least we hear more of it than we did; for in this telegraphic age, it is necessary always to be on our guard against mistaking increased notoriety for actual growth. But, those who watch carefully will see that, at the same time, forces opposed to social revolution are gradually being generated by dire experience, by disappointment, by lassitude, by dread of the abyss which the blue light of Nihilism reveals, and that if a battle takes place the victory is likely to rest with the armies of order, property, and civilization.

—Positivists, we have said, exult in the atheistic funeral of Gambetta as a sign that the triumph of the religion without a God is at hand. "Three persons and no God," was Carlyle's epigram on the Church of Comte. The first part of it is no longer true, for the Church of Comte now numbers thrice three hundred persons, including men of high mark; and its remarkable growth is a fact to be studied by any one who wishes to understand this wonder-teeming age. Comte's brain gave birth to two things, a philosophy and a religion. As he himself expressed it, in the first part of his career, he was only a second Aristotle, but his love of Clotilde de Vaux made him also a St. Paul. This self-apotheosis, and the exaggerated estimate which he continually betrays of his own position, talking of the whole line of great thinkers as precursors who had prepared the world for his appearance, naturally suggest that the insanity which clouded a certain period of his life was like most of the insanity which does not arise from physical injury or malformation, the consequence of egotism indulged without control, and untempered by a practical belief in a higher power. The main hypothesis of Comte's philosophy, his grand discovery, as he deemed it, is well known. It supposes the course of human society to have been governed by man's different modes

of regarding the phenomena of the universe in the successive periods of his existence. In his first, or Theological period, he regards phenomena as caused by the arbitrary action of Gods, or, ultimately by that of a single God, Fetichism, Polytheism and Monotheism being the ascending stages of theological belief. In the second period he regards the phenomena as caused by the action of metaphysical entities such as Nature. In the third and final period he renounces altogether the inquiry into causes and confines himself to the study of phenomena, with the purpose of modifying them in his own interest so far as they are susceptible of modification. All the Sciences have been evolved by a corresponding process, the simpler such as mathematics, emerging first, the more complex following, and Sociology coming last of all. The final period is that of Positivism, and Positivism means nothing more than Science, which again, it is well to remember, is merely the Latin for knowledge, though some sort of intellectual divinity having a paramount demand on our allegiance is commonly supposed to lurk in the term. An obvious objection to the Comtean hypothesis is that the terms of the supposed series are not mutually exclusive or necessarily successive, a scientific view and study of the phenomena of the universe being perfectly compatible with the belief that the whole was created and is sustained by God. Another objection is the impossibility of historically identifying the metaphysical era, even if Nature were ever conceived of as a distinct entity, and were not merely a phrase either for the aggregate of material forces or for God. With the philosophy of Comte a section of his followers rested content, refusing to embrace the religion. These are the Scientific Positivists; their chief exponent is Littré, and with them, it may be presumed, that Miss Martineau, the authoress of an abridged translation of Comte's insufferably prolix volumes, would have cast in her lot, as she had distinctly emerged from her theological stage of existence, though a trace of the grub lingered on the wings of the butterfly in the shape of mesmeric superstition and reverence for one of its hierophants who had bewitched her soul. The religion of Comte, like the community which professes it, has been the subject of an epigram: it has been called Roman Catholicism without

Christianity. For God it substitutes as the object of worship the Great Being Humanity, whose servants, Comte says, are to take the place of the Slaves of God, while the Heavens will henceforth declare the glories not of God, but of Kepler and Newton ; a sentiment which by the way both Kepler and Newton would have rejected with abhorrence. Humanity is to be symbolized by the figure of a woman with a child in her arms. There is to be a priesthood with a high priest at its head. There are to be regular services with a liturgy and sermons. There are to be sacraments connected with all the chief epochs of life. There is to be a calendar, the saints of which are to be the benefactors of mankind. Whence all this is taken, is not doubtful. No Utopian, however visionary, ever really soars beyond experience. The Republic of Plato is only an idealized Sparta, and the Church of Comte is an imitation of the Church of Rome. It has proved an imitation not less faithful than that of the British ship by the Chinese ship-builders who reproduced the model given them, dry-rot and all : for already it has a schism and an Anti-Pope, a rupture having taken place between M. Lafitte, the High Priest of Humanity, and Dr. Congreve, the English Head of the Comtist Church. M. Lafitte is accused by the Anti-Pope of straying from the Founder's path, making too much of mere science, and appealing too little to the hearts of the proletariat and the women. He has now given himself over to a worse heresy by turning Chauvinist, or to use the English phrase Jingo ; while Comte, though he was thoroughly French as well as Catholic in grain, and claimed for France the primacy of his regenerated world, was nobly strict in his international morality and opposed to aggrandizement and war. What is Humanity ? the Christian must ask when he is invited to accept it and its embodiments as substitutes for God manifested in Christ. Is it really a Great Being, or a being at all ? Is it anything more than an abstraction, such as might be formed by speaking of equine nature as equinity and canine nature as caninity, if we may be allowed to coin those terms ? If it is an abstraction, will not the worship of it be more absurd than even that of a stone idol, which at all events has a real existence ? If, on the other hand, it means the aggregate of human beings, and is

another name for mankind, it must comprehend the wicked and can hardly be a fit object of worship. A religion without a God as it is the last, is about the strangest, birth of time. Yet nothing can be more distinct or earnest than the claim put forward by the Comtist community to a religious character. The language of its preachers—and it has preachers of the highest eloquence—is not only spiritual but full of pious unction. Against Materialism, such as represented by Mr. Huxley and the extreme physicists, Mr. Harrison wages a vigorous war. The inference which those who are still in the theological stage of existence take leave to draw is that the religious sentiment is ineradicable, and that the disturbance of the Evidences is not the extinction of faith. In truth, the Positivist Church though it prefers to call the Christian Ideal Humanity can hardly be said to be outside Christendom the real bounds of which, as the world is beginning gradually to perceive, are wider than its dogmatic or ecclesiastical circumscription. Between Gambetta and Mr. Harrison, after all, the difference is wide.

—Mr. Romanes, of the Linnean Society, has published an epitome of the evidence of Evolution, which, he tells us, Darwin desired to see sown broadcast over the land. It gives succinctly the four sets of arguments; from classification, or the affinities of animals and plants; from their geological succession; from their geographical distribution; and from embryology. Evolutionists are a little apt, like Mahometans, to offer you the choice between conversion and the sword; those who do not accept their proofs being set down as bigoted fools. For our part, having no motive for rejecting any truth, we accepted the proofs from the first, subject to the rectifications of a vast and novel hypothesis which were sure to come and in fact have come; for heredity, which has been introduced as a supplement, is a cause entirely distinct from Natural Selection: subject also to the misgiving which we cannot but feel on account of the immeasurable tract of time required for the production of such things as the more complex instincts of animals, or the moral and intellectual nature of man, by the mere

improvement of accidental variations. To suppose that the Creator would deceive us by filling his work with elaborately false indications would be, as Mr. Romanes truly says, of all things the most fatal to religion. The only unwelcome part of the discovery was the cruelty of the Struggle for Existence, which seemed to show that we were not in the hands of Beneficence; but this fact, though presented in a more salient form, was not new, and, provided the indications of our moral nature can be trusted, a good deal of mystery may be endured with regard to the physical dispensation. That our knowledge of the universe, however scientific, bears hardly an appreciable proportion to the reality, seems certain, both from the nature of our physical perceptions, the completeness or finality of which, depending as they do on our limited organs, we have no ground whatever for assuming; and because Science, with her best telescopes and microscopes, will after all present the Universe as finite, whereas we know that it must be infinite. Our comprehension is probably not much nearer the truth than is that of a mole. Mr. Romanes discards the theory of intelligent design as supernatural and an offence against that law of logic which forbids us, in the name of parsimony, to assume the operation of higher causes when lower causes are sufficient to produce the effects. "Nature," he says, "selects the best individuals out of each generation to live." Does not selection imply design? And what is "Nature?" A female Creator or a self-originated combination of force and matter? If the first, Mr. Romanes will feel himself landed in what he calls "superstition" and his law of parsimony broken just as completely as if, instead of Nature, he said God; if the second, he will find himself landed in the inconceivable, or, to use the plainest word, in nonsense. Besides, does he think he can get rid of human design, and of design as a reality altogether? If he cannot, the monster will again present itself in his path. He will do well not only to profess to follow, but actually to follow, rather more closely than he does, the example of Darwin himself, who confined Science strictly to its own plane.

—M. Paul Janet, of the French Institute, in a volume of profound reasoning, vindicates the decried doctrine of Final Causes, not as a tenet of metaphysics, but as an induction at which we arrive by observation of nature, and which science may, without prejudice, accept. Where we find in the present adjustment of things an evident preparation for something that is to be in the future, we are warranted, argues M. Janet, in affirming the existence of a final cause. In the adaptation of the embryo, or of the chick in the egg, to the circumstances of the world outside, which is to be its sphere, we have a signal instance of such finality, and other instances countless in number, as well as infinite in complexity, may be adduced. When man uses means manifestly conducive to an end, we infer intention and design; not that we can actually see intention and design in the minds of other men; but we infer their presence by extending to others that of which we are conscious in ourselves. Why not extend the same inference to Nature? Man is a part of nature; therefore, we know, if we know anything, that there are in nature intention and design. The problem with which M. Janet does not seem to us to deal so satisfactorily is that arising from the appearances of waste, failure, abortion, monstrosity in nature, which seem to conflict with the assumption of final cause and directing intelligence. To say that these things may be necessary to the general balance of the Universe is merely to wrap the difficulty in words; and those who satisfy themselves by repeating that nature is prodigal, not because she is foolish, but because she is rich, forget that the prodigality of nature involves a great deal of cruelty as well as of waste. We cannot help remarking by the way, that in design, after all, there appears to inhere the notion of human effort and of human infirmity. Life, in its highest sense, seems a less inadequate and inappropriate term for the activity of Deity. No name is so free from the taint of anthropomorphism, or of anything incongruous and degrading, as the Living God.

In the course of the argument we find striking confirmations of our view that a great difficulty is presented to the theory of Natural Selection through the improvement of accidental varia-

tions by the immense preponderance of unfavourable chances, and the immeasurable tract of time, which evolution by that method would apparently require. A peculiarity of colour in a species of butterflies which is protective, because it makes them like certain other butterflies which birds avoid for their tainted smell, is ascribed by Mr. Wallace to natural selection. He is met by mathematical reasoning which seems to reduce his chances, if not to an absolute negative, to something so near an absolute negative as practically to annihilate his hypothesis, at least if fifty millions of years are to be taken as the maximum duration of animal life on the globe. Still there is a truth, no doubt, in the theory of Natural Selection, only that is a truth yet crude which does not warrant us in being dogmatic. We grant to Mr. Romanes that the idea of really misleading appearances in nature is incompatible with the truthfulness of God; but the appearances on which Evolution relies are compatible with any hypothesis of a continuous and connected process of development, say by intelligent effort, as well as with the special hypothesis of natural selection by improvement of accidental variations in the course of a struggle for existence. The universe cannot be the product of chance; for chance implies a number of possibilities, and there can be no possibility outside the universe. Let us remember, once more, that man with his morality, his intelligence, his constructiveness, is as much a part of the universe as anything else.

—In Renan's "Recollections of his Youth" there is a passage not merely of biographical interest. After giving up his religion, he says, he felt like a man who had lost his way. "The universe assumed the aspect of a cold and arid desert. From the moment when Christianity was no longer true, everything else appeared to me indifferent, frivolous, scarcely worthy of attention. The collapse of that which had sustained my life left a feeling of emptiness like that which follows an attack of fever or a disappointment in love. The struggle in which I had been absorbed was so ardent that now I found everything narrow and mean. The world looked mediocre and poor in virtue. I seemed to be-

hold a fall, a decay; I felt lost in an ant-hill of pigmies." Further on he, in effect, admits a perturbation of his moral principles, and avows that though he remained pure in his relations with women he felt that there was no good reason for his continence, and that it was merely a survival of his clerical obligations. Each man is an epitome of his kind. The shock which Renan's moral nature underwent, the moral giddiness with which he was seized when the belief of his youth failed, are indications of the effects which the general failure of belief is likely to produce on the world at large. They portend the crisis through which civilization is about to pass. Renan, strictly brought up, intellectual, and devoted to pure and elevating pursuits, continued to live much as he had lived before, and betrayed the disturbance of his principles only by the tone of certain passages in his works; but we can by no means infer that in the cases of common men, full of the ordinary passions, and exposed to the ordinary temptations, the paroxysm will be confined to opinion and will not extend to life. What has happened before when great systems of religious belief have given way, will in all probability happen again. In former days the progress of destructive forces was comparatively slow, because it was arrested everywhere, not only by popular ignorance and the feebleness of the Press, but by the barriers of national isolation. In these days, its march is like that of the fire across the prairie. It seems absurd, then, to deride those who say that an hour of danger may be at hand, and that if Science, or that which arrogates to itself the exclusive title, can provide a new basis of morality, it had better do so without delay. Every candid man must surely see the difference between this and impugning the moral character of scientific men or asserting the impossibility of morality without religion.

—A portrayer of the character of Bishop Wilberforce whose knowledge was limited to the first two volumes of the biography, would have been very imperfectly furnished with materials for a true picture of the man. The image presented by those volumes was that of a saintly, meek and martyr-like prelate,

wholly absorbed in spiritual questions, the persecuted but patient and devoted champion of the Church, amidst a perverse, gainsaying, and erring generation. The only thing which seemed to break this picture was a restless locomotiveness. The Apostles, no doubt, travelled much in the course of their missionary enterprises, but they would hardly have rushed about by train, as Bishop Wilberforce did, to dinner parties and country houses. The third volume, with the extracts from the Diary which have set the literary and social world by the ears, opens a window in the prelate's breast, and by its contrast with what preceded, warns us once more of the delusiveness of biography. The character of Bishop Wilberforce was eminently mixed and equivocal, but its chief infirmities were due less perhaps to natural temperament than to a desperate position. He was all his life shifting about in the attempt to find a solid basis for a High Anglican Church, with an authoritative Episcopate, independent of the Church of Rome. No such basis could possibly be found. The Bishop saw the leaders of the High Anglican movement, including his own brothers and personal friends, with Dr. Newman, the inspiring genius of the whole at their head, go, one after another, to the place to which their principles belonged, and to which, had he not been a bishop, he would, in all probability, himself have gone. His anguish, his wrath, were great; against his brother-in-law, Cardinal Manning, his exasperation was extreme, and has left the posthumous record which filial piety has given to an edified world. But arguments against their decision he had none, nor could he have stated his own position in such a way that its untenable character would not have at once appeared. It was as certain as any fact of history could be, that the doctrines and the system which, in order to give him the requisite footing, it was necessary to assume to have been always those of the Church of England, had not been hers during the first century after her separation from Rome. Proof abounded that the generation of Whitgift and Jewell held Episcopacy to be not a divine ordinance, but a matter of ecclesiastical government which might lawfully be altered by the State: that the English Reformers were in full communion with the non-epis-

copal Protestants of the Continent, and recognised non-episcopal ordination; that sacramentalism and sacerdotalism, things inseparably connected with each other, were in complete abeyance, and that Calvinism was the doctrine of the Church. Not till the reign of James I. did High Anglicanism appear, and then it appeared like Ritualism in the present day, simply as a party of innovation, which speedily met its doom. Its real nature was betrayed, on that occasion as it is now, by the number of the converts whom it sent over to Rome. That the Thirty-Nine Articles, the authoritative exposition of the Creed of the Established Church, are thoroughly Protestant is a fact which cannot possibly be denied, and which is emphasized by the repugnance with which they are regarded by the High Churchmen, and by the desperate attempts of that party to prove that the Liturgy, not the Articles, is the standard of belief. The Liturgy, no doubt, presents traces of its Roman Catholic origin; but verbal points which might help the technical case of a conveyancer, are of no avail in establishing a spiritual tradition. The question must be, what the Church of England really was during the first century of her independent existence, and the answer to that question cannot be doubtful. Even in the reign of the first Stuart, the head of the Church, Abbot, was a pronounced Calvinist, and the Church of England sent delegates to the Calvinist Synod of Dort. Not until the reign of the second Stuart, as we learn from Clarendon, was the communion table removed out of the body of the church to the chancel, or the congregation compelled to come up to the rails to receive the sacrament. This fact in itself would be total ruin to the argument from unbroken and immemorial tradition. If it is to Antiquity that the High Anglican appeals, we must ask what is included in that imposing name. How many centuries does it comprehend? Are all the writings of these centuries on a par as authorities, irrespective of their intrinsic merits? Where their testimony is ambiguous or conflicting, who is to interpret or decide? Above all, where can a line be drawn so as to include everything which is distinctively Anglican, and exclude everything which is distinctively Roman. It is this last difficulty that Cardinal Newman presses upon his Anglican antagonists, and

with fatal effect. If laying aside appeals to tradition, and authority of every kind, we go into the court of history and reason, the verdict here again is certain. No independent and competent scholar, it may safely be said, would now maintain that Episcopacy, sacerdotalism and sacramentalism were primitive, or that their origin could be traced further back than the end of the second century. The process of their growth is a matter of almost certain inference, while their non-existence in the Apostolic age and the age immediately following that of the Apostles can be proved to absolute demonstration. But supposing this triple mountain of objections to be removed by the faith which deems itself above fact and argument; supposing the Apostolical succession of the Episcopate and its divinely ordained guardianship of the truth to be proved or taken for granted, what follows? Beyond question it follows that the Anglicans ought to submit to Rome. For, if the Bishops are appointed by God the keepers of the faith, is it possible to believe that the vast majority of them, heirs, too, of an unbroken tradition, are in error, and that the truth resides exclusively in a small group, circumscribed by the political limits of a single kingdom and its colonies, in whose tradition there is a yawning breach, and who are at variance on fundamental points of doctrine with each other? From such a hypothesis, not only reason but sanity recoils. In fact, the High Anglicans try to lay a flattering unction to their souls, and to keep Cardinal Newman from the door, by cherishing the fancy that they are in communion with the Church of Rome; though they must be aware, and some of them perhaps know by experiment, that the first Roman Catholic priest in whose mass they seek to participate will tell them that, upon renouncing their heresies and doing penance, they may be received into the fold of the true Church. Either the immense majority of the Bishops are heretics, in which case Episcopacy can be no security for truth, or the Anglican Church is a schism: from this dilemma there is no escape. The strength of Ritualism, which, though an offspring, is by no means a continuation of Tractarianism, lies in this, that it does not reason, but like Spiritualism, simply appeals to certain tastes and tendencies, such as the love of ceremonial,

and the feminine craving for a spiritual director. Mr. Green proclaims an ecclesiastical anarchy: he declares that he will submit to nothing and be guided by nothing but his private judgment, or, rather, as judgment is out of the question, by his private taste and the private tastes of his congregation. If the Church will create a code of laws and an ecclesiastical system in accordance with his prepossessions, he will accept them and use them for the repression of all opinions different from his own; at present he claims to be a law to himself. But Bishop Wilberforce, as an ecclesiastical statesman, was compelled to provide himself with a platform; and it was in his efforts to do this that he floundered about like a man breaking through thin ice, and brought himself into disrepute as a shifty intriguer, when sheer perplexity was often the cause of his variations. Making theological platforms, it must be owned, is a business which, even more than that of making political platforms, affords openings for the scoffer. At one time the Bishop strove to combine the Evangelicals with the Anglicans in resistance to Rome and Dissent by superposing upon Anglican Sacramentalism the Evangelical doctrine of Conversion; and his soul, supposing it to have accepted his combination, would, if disembodied, have appeared like a man with two coats put on opposite ways. Safety and danger, not truth and falsehood, were his words: he altered his course according to the quarter from which the storm happened to blow; and just at the last, alarmed by the approach of the Ritualists to Rome, he, in a charge delivered at Winchester, put about with a suddenness which strained every timber of the ship.

In another respect, allowance must be made for the Bishop on account of his position. The excessive courtliness which earned him the nickname of Soapy Sam* sprang, partly at least, not

A strange controversy has been going on about the origin of the nickname "Soapy Sam." It was given to the Bishop on account of his suspicious se luctiveness of manner, alliteration perhaps lending its aid. On some festal occasion at Cuddesden Theological College, of which the Principal was the Rev. Alfred Pott, now Archdeacon of Berks, the hall had been decorated with the floral initials S. O. (Samuel Oxon) and A. P. (Alfred Pott). The decorator meant no mischief, but when the procession entered all eyes were caught by SOAP. The Bishop, with his ready wit, said "An enemy hath done this." The incident could not have occurred had not the nickname been previously in existence.

from personal propensity, but from the exigencies of his public policy. Cut off from the centre of ecclesiastical power and from the support of the European priesthood, Anglicanism has always been compelled to ally itself closely with the State, and to court the favour of the Crown, or the holders, whoever they might be of political power. This was the strategy of Laud, who fancied that he had placed the Church in complete safety when he had secured for her the protection of the king, and got bishops made ministers of State, though his more sagacious friends saw that he had provoked jealousies which would be his ruin. Bishop Wilberforce, as the head of a new Anglican reaction, taking up Laud's enterprise, after the lapse of centuries, followed in Laud's footsteps, and put forth all his powers of fascination to gain the patronage of the Court, of the political leaders, and of those through whom political leaders might be influenced, such as Lord Arthur Gordon, the son of Lord Aberdeen, who is the object of his most demonstrative affection. He took kindly, no doubt, to a task for which he was admirably endowed by nature, as well as to the social part which it seemed to justify him in playing, and the dabbling in politics for which it formed a good excuse: yet it may fairly be supposed that originally, at least, he had the public end in view. By a well known law of mind, however, that which originally is the means, is apt through association, to become itself an end, and the assiduity with which the Bishop cultivated his influence over all sorts of people and in all quarters at last reminded the beholder of a magpie collecting spoons. It used to be said that he would like to be on the Committee of every club in London, and on the Directorate of every railway in the country! His special anxiety to please at Court was manifest: it brought him into terrible disgrace with his own party in the Hampden affair, when he suddenly changed his course, and threw his confederates overboard on the strangest of pretexts, manifestly because he found that the Court had been offended by his opposition to its nominee. His almost equally sudden change on the Irish Church question, followed by his promotion to the See of Winchester, gave occasion for charging him with personal ambition: nor was he devoid of personal ambition; but we can easily believe

that in his mind his own aggrandizement was completely identified with that of his Church.

As a diocesan, Bishop Wilberforce was excellent, saving when the sympathies and antipathies of the party leader interfered with his sense of justice. His power of work was marvellous; abounding in life himself, he infused life into everybody and everything. He was also eloquent and effective as a preacher, though at last the substance of his sermons suffered from the lack of reading and thought, which were precluded by the restlessness of his practical activity, and for which his faculty of picking the brains of other people was but an imperfect substitute. Had he lived in ordinary times, and not been called upon to play a part at once conspicuous and hopeless, he might have won all suffrages, and preserved intact the veracity and simplicity of character which by walking in slippery paths he undoubtedly impaired. Great he never could have been: there was nothing about him which bespoke either depth of intellect or grandeur of soul; nor, had he possessed the insight of greatness, would he have spent his life in the attempt to realize a chimera. But he had gifts which threw a wonderful glamour round him. To do full justice to his memory, it may be added that his critics were mistaken in speaking with unqualified contempt of his horsemanship. He had a loose seat, which cost him his life; but he had a good hand. Perhaps his position as an ecclesiastical leader might be described in the same terms.

It has been the fate of this brilliant social leader to draw upon himself the wrath of society by a posthumous offence. That his diary ought not to have been published, and that a wrong has been done him by its publication, all agree. But why was it written? A man may let fall a hasty word in conversation, and if he is among gentlemen he will be protected by the sanctity of the social board. He may use an angry expression in a letter, which if his correspondent is a man of honour and a true friend, will be consigned to the safe keeping of the fire. But entry in a diary implies deliberation, and when the diary is left to fall into the hands of biographers, publication is morally certain. The day has gone by when the love of gratifying public curiosity and pro-

ducing a sensation could yield to any sense of delicacy towards the living or of regard for the memory of the dead. This every man of the world must know, and Bishop Wilberforce was a man of the world. Yet we need not charge him with having wished his diary to see the light. He was too much both of a Christian and a gentleman to make a posthumous attack on the character of a man who had once been united to him by such ties as Cardinal Manning, deep as was the injury which the Cardinal's conversion and his subsequent propagandism had done to Bishop Wilberforce's cause. A new terror has been added by this and similar publications to the lives of the great, not one of whom will be able to abandon himself to the enjoyment of the social hour, because there will be the haunting fear that one of the company may be a masked diarist. The keeper of a diary is likely to be an egotist, and therefore incapable of doing justice to others when he has conceived a prejudice or taken offence. Obscurity, however, may rejoice in its privilege: for the mass of us the diarist has no terrors: when we have once passed the Styx, biography will never drag us back again, nor will criticism disturb our serene and dignified repose.

—Another monument of that curious back current of opinion, the High Anglican movement, is the volume of *Reminiscences* published by Mr. Mozley, editor of the *British Critic*, the organ of the party, and a brother of Canon Mozley, the Professor of Theology, whose *University Sermons* are also a monument of the movement, as well as of the moral insight and philosophic subtlety of the preacher's mind. Mr. Mozley is piquant, trenchant, and interesting, but he leaves unchanged our general conception of Newmanism as a clerical reaction against the Liberalism which carried the Reform Bill, and by threatening to withdraw from the clergy the support of the State led them to seek another basis for their ascendancy, and to find it in Apostolical Succession; while the Oxford Colleges, celibate and medieval as well as ecclesiastical in their character, furnished a natural centre, and produced leaders well qualified to direct the hearts of the party

to the religion of the Middle Ages and at last to Rome. Kaleidoscopic variations of the High Anglican type are presented by the portraits of Mr. Mozley's series, and we perceive how the tendency Rome-wards is balanced by a benefice and by marriage, without which the secessions from the ranks of the Anglican clergy to Rome would be ten times, or perhaps a hundred times, more numerous than they are. Among these figures, perhaps the most sharply defined is that of Mr. Hurrell Froude, the elder brother of the historian, who in his "Life of Becket" and still more in a singular diary published after his death, and against his wishes, by his executors, gave the boldest expression to priestly and ascetic aspirations. The historian himself originally belonged to the party, and wrote under Dr. Newman's auspices one of the Lives of the English Saints, in the preface to which is propounded the ominous doctrine that historical statements may be salutary irrespective of their truth. In sentimental unverity and injustice the elder brother's "Life of Becket" almost equals the younger's history of Henry VIII. It is necessary that the reader should be on his guard against the party sympathies and antipathies of which Mr. Mozley's mind is not divested, though his convictions appear to be loosened, if he retains them at all. He lavishes praise on a member of the circle whose conduct has been dishonest, while he assails with the bitterest jibes the memory of Mr. Boone, whom Oxford tradition described simply as a man of brilliant talents and wasted opportunities, and whose ashes, if he was a failure, might have been allowed to rest in peace. An instructive chapter might have been written upon the wreckage of the movement, giving the lives of those, like Arthur Hugh Clough, whom it simply swept away from their old moorings and carried into the eddies of doubt, or drove upon the shore of unbelief: but to this part of the picture Mr. Mozley has not set his hand.

—The tendency of the appointment to the Archbishopric of Canterbury and other recent appointments in the Church of

England is High Church. Mr. Gladstone, though in politics he has advanced from Toryism to Radicalism, has always remained a Laudian in religion. Among the clergy, in truth, it is not easy for him or any Minister to lay his hand upon any one who is not a High Churchman. The current sets that way. Clergymen, as a body, are less well paid than they were; fewer of them are now educated at the Universities; fewer still are men of University distinction, for the most cultivated and thoughtful of the students are scared by the doubts which are abroad and unwilling to bind themselves to the tests. Hence there is a loss of moral, intellectual, and social influence, of which the clergy must be conscious, and to make up for which they are tempted to try to enhance their professional influence by all the means in their power. As the causes continue to operate, it is likely that the effect will increase, that the mental calibre of the order will fall still more, and that sacerdotalism will be carried higher. Ritualism will completely prevail in the Church, and a divorce between religion and intellect will follow. Of the Evangelical party among the clergy, the remnant is small and weak. Nor is the Liberal section much stronger. It lost its chief in Dean Stanley. Not that Dean Stanley was a great theologian or a powerful thinker in any line. His chief quality and the root of his liberalism, was an all-embracing sympathy, coupled with a wonderful eye for the picturesque in character, as well as in history and scenery. Far the best of his works is his "Palestine;" next ranks his historical sketches of the Eastern Church; his other historical and topographical works follow. In criticism, he was not strong, except where sympathy could help exegesis: in speculation he was weak: he seemed scarcely to feel the necessity of definitively settling any question: he was well content that the Church should be a museum containing specimens of all religious systems, and he forgot that in this museum the specimens would not lie still. His theory of the perfect identity of Church and State was a mere legacy from Arnold, who again had taken it from the politics of the ancient Greeks. Yet his popularity as a writer and a preacher, his social position, his personal and professional virtues, the charm

of his character, the number of his friends, the fearlessness with which, amidst all his gentleness and charity, his liberal opinions were avowed, made him, if not a great leader or teacher, a centre of union which cannot be replaced. His friend and associate, Dr. Jowett, a man of far greater speculative power, deserts theology and gives himself to Greek. Among the clergy there is hardly another Liberal of mark. Rational Christianity in England is the creed of cultivated laymen who think but do not write.*

—Among the incidents of the Sceptical movement has naturally been a disposition to bring other religions, especially Mahometanism and Buddhism, into competition with Christianity. The Speeches of Mahomet have been made up into a sort of Testament by one who is evidently an admirer of the Prophet. They are, as all who have read the Koran must see, pearls picked from a vast heap, of which no small portion is absurd legend derived from the Talmud or Pseudo-Christian fable. They exclude the traces of personal lust, vengeance, and ambition which undeniably appear in the later chapters of the Koran, written when the religious Reformer had become a successful leader and had opened his career of conquest. They could not possibly exclude evidences of the thoroughly sensual character of Mahomet's Heaven or of the thoroughly material character of his Hell. Few can compare them with the New Testament without recognising at once, in the difference between the two trees, the cause of the difference between their fruits. It is evident, also, that what is highest in Islam, notably its Monotheism, is not original, but derived either from Judaism or from Christianity, principally from the first. On Mahometanism and on Buddhism, as well as on Christianity, the title of universal religions is conferred. Universal they are in so far as they are not limited to a single nation or race, like the majority of religions, including Talmudic Judaism, but offer

* The change in clerical character has been pointed out before, and is attested in an acute essay on "Romanism, Protestantism, and Anglicanism."

themselves to the acceptance of mankind at large. In another, and a very important, sense they are not universal, because they are not purely moral. Islam is distinctly military: it is Arabian conquest extending itself, first in the void created by the decline of the Roman Empire, afterwards over neighbouring communities inferior in warlike prowess. It still spreads to a certain extent, by proselytism, in countries adjacent to the seats of its power, and specially subject to its influence. But it has not, like Christianity, sent forth missionaries to bear its gospel to distant regions and nations entirely alien to its sway. When its vigour as a conquering power declines, general decay sets in; and it is now on the point of abandoning Europe from a sense of political weakness which there is nothing in its religious faith to countervail. Moreover, recent inquiries have disclosed the fact, that in parts of the East where Mahometanism is professed, its ascendancy is merely superficial, and covers the retention by the mass of the people of their ancient superstitions. Buddhism is not like Mahometanism military or political, yet it is confined to a territorial group of populations, beyond which its missionary enterprise has not extended. Nor can its connection with climate be denied: evidently congenial to the languid resignation of the Hindoo, it is as evidently uncongenial to men of a hardier and more energetic race. It has not been found compatible with progress or supplied the animating spirit of a great civilization. Christianity alone is really universal: and if there is any Power, akin to our moral nature, which manifests itself in human history, it must have been specially manifested in the birth of Christendom.

The volume which gave occasion for these remarks suggests that a collection of the Words of Jesus might be welcome and useful at the present juncture. Without going again into the question of the Evidence for Miracles, it is enough to say that there are many religious minds to which it has ceased to seem sufficient; while even orthodox divines, such as Canon Farrar, are manifestly anxious to throw the Miraculous into the background and to separate belief in it from belief in the great doctrines of Christianity. To disentangle the Gospel history from the Miracles and present it in the form of ordinary biography, seems, as has been

said before, a hopeless attempt; and except as a piece of erudite poetry Renan's "Life of Christ" is a failure. But the Sayings of Jesus can be easily detached, and such of them as are moral or spiritual, not dogmatic, bear an unmistakable impress of character which is the seal of their authenticity. The trustworthiness of that seal is only enhanced by the confused manner in which they are often thrown together, and which is a proof that they are not the fabrications of the Evangelist, but recorded reminiscences or traditions. Biography is comparatively a modern art, but the sayings of a beloved Master were likely to be preserved, and memory in those days was more tenacious than it is in ours. It would be necessary, in view of the conclusions of Criticism, to abstain from resorting to the Fourth Gospel, though the words of Jesus to the Woman at the Well might fitly stand at the head of the collection as the Annunciation of the Universal Religion.

—Politics are always casting back their changeful hues on history. In France Chauvinism by the pen of Thiers deified Napoleon, while Liberalism by the pen of Lanfrey cast down the idol, though not till its worship had produced effects which threw France into mourning. The connection of the present school of English Radicals with Irish Disunionism conspires with their Agnosticism to make them hostile to the memory of Cromwell. They are saying that his policy was in Ireland only the shallow policy of the naked sword, and that in England also his government was a failure. In their eagerness to capture the Irish vote they do wrong to the greatest practical genius of their race. Cromwell had risen by the sword, but no statesman ever was less disposed to use it as an engine of government. By one decisive stroke he ended at once the Civil War in Ireland which had been dragging on for six years, with hideous atrocities on both sides. He put to the sword the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford, and the act has been applauded by the partisans of heroic surgery, in language which has confirmed friends of humanity in their reprobation of it. But the hero himself spoke of it with sorrow

as a measure inspired by dire necessity. It was in full accordance with the laws of war, which at that time, and long afterwards refused quarter to the garrison of places taken by storm after being summoned to surrender; while the Catholic soldiers in Germany and the Low Countries regularly massacred not only the garrison but the inhabitants of captured towns. The Catholic army in Ireland to which these troops belonged, had given no quarter to prisoners taken on fields of battle.* Resistance quelled, Cromwell at once proclaimed an amnesty and set himself to work, not to exterminate the Irish people, as has been falsely said, but to civilize the island. He united it to Great Britain and gave it a representation in the Parliament; he sent it the best administration he could find; he treated it, to use his own expression, as a white sheet of paper on which he might introduce reforms which deeply-rooted prejudice made it difficult for him to introduce in England; and he took pleasure in marking the superior despatch of justice in his Irish Courts. A few years more of him, or of a government administered in his spirit, would probably have settled the Irish question, and saved all the Anglo-Saxon commonwealths from the danger with which they are now threatened, by a perpetual stream of emigration from an island thrown back into isolation and barbarism by the ignoble policy of the Restoration. Consummated at that early period, before adverse opinion had taken shape in Ireland, when there had been no Swift or Molyneux or Grattan, or rising of the Volunteers, the union would by

* It may be as well to give the proof of this. Monsignor Rinuccini, the Papal Envoy in Ireland, says in his report of a battle to the Pope: "The Catholic horse broke the opposing squadron, and having come to pikes and swords, the Puritans began to give way disordered and confounded, so that at last they were dispersed or remained dead on the field; even every common soldier on our side being satiated with blood and plunder. Those killed on the field have been counted to the number of 3,243. It is impossible to know how many were killed in flight, but as the slaughter continued for two days after the battle, it is certain that of the infantry not one escaped. . . . The whole army recognised this victory as from God, every voice declares that not they but the Apostolic money and provisions have brought forth such fruits. Every one slaughtered his adversary, and Sir Phelim O'Neill, who bore himself most bravely, when asked by the colonel for a list of his prisoners, swore that his regiment had not one, as he had ordered his men to kill them all without distinction." Rinuccini's "Embassy in Ireland," (pp. 174-175.)

this time have been consolidated beyond any possibility of disturbance.

In England Cromwell contended during the whole of his Protectorate against a complication of difficulties, perils, enmities and plots which only in the very grandest of minds, backed by adamant courage, could have left thought free for the work of statesmanship. He had to drag the weight of his great error, the execution of Charles I. Above all, he made the unpardonable mistake of dying before his hour. But about his system there can be no doubt. It was a union of England, Scotland and Ireland, a limited Monarchy with a Privy Council of constitutional advisers, and a reform of Parliament which would have made that assembly a real and just representation of the people ; this, with administrative and legal reform for the State ; and for the Church not disestablishment, but the largest comprehension and at the same time emancipation from Prelacy. What was the "glorious Revolution" of 1688, but the acceptance of a part of this settlement ? What has the political history of England since been but the slow and imperfect working out of the other parts, including the Union of the Kingdoms. Colonial self-government may be added to the list, for Cromwell conceded it in full measure to New England. A foreign policy is always of the hour ; but the foreign policy which aimed at making England the protectress of Protestant Christendom, was at least as grand and as sound as that which aims at propping up the Turkish Empire or controlling the diplomacy of Cabul. Unquestionably the Radicals who wish the country to be governed by the "public opinion" of Irish terrorists, are moving on lines widely different from those laid down by Cromwell ; whether on better lines, remains to be seen.

From the ideas and sentiments of Cromwell and his contemporaries we are severed by a gulf of two centuries and a half, and in confidently presenting a finished picture of the man, biography has gone beyond the evidence. But as regards the broad outlines of the character, the consummate sagacity, inexhaustible energy, and unquailing valour, all under the strict control of the moral and religious sense, which made Oliver first the mainstay of his cause and afterwards the greatest of rulers, we have an-

other Cromwell in John Lawrence, whose life has just been written, and worthily written, by Mr. Bosworth Smith. It is far more pleasant to see Lawrence governing the Punjab with strong and righteous sway, than to see him quelling the Mutiny. Yet even in the suppression of the mutiny, appears in contrast with the infamies of such bloodthirsty terrorists as "Hodson of Hodson's horse," the steadfast humanity of the true hero. A few years of such a ruler as John Lawrence in the South of Ireland might bring the Irish question to a happy end.

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What a Bowmanville Editor has to say regarding Dixon's Catarrh Remedy.

BOWMANVILLE, CANADA, January 2nd, 1883.

To the Editor of the Statesman.

DEAR SIR,— Perhaps some of your readers are afflicted with that dreadful disease—Catarrh. If so, I ask permission to say through the *Statesman* that I have been a subject of Catarrh for the last twenty years, and for the last eight years no one can tell the pains I have endured. At times I had a dull, heavy headache, discharges falling into the throat of a thick tenacious mucus. My eyes were weak and watery, ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking and coughing to clear the throat, and at times I was almost suffocated. I consulted some of the best physicians of the day, but to no effect. I have tried every kind of patent medicine, washes and snuffs, that I could hear of, but did not receive the least benefit until I tried DIXON'S CATARRH REMEDY. On the 5th August last I procured the remedy and started its use immediately, and by the use of only three treatments I consider myself permanently cured. Its beneficial action was immediate and the cure speedy. Judging from the effects of this treatment on myself, I am satisfied that Dixon's is the only known treatment for Catarrh which will effect a permanent cure. To all who are suffering from Catarrh I must conscientiously say: Give Dixon & Son's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial; it is "worth its weight in gold."

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD OKE.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.—The Publisher of the STATESMAN has had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Oke for about thirty years, and can, with scores of others, vouch for the correctness of the above statements. We have never known so bad a case of Catarrh as Mr. Oke's was, and the use of Dixon's Catarrh Remedy has effected a perfect cure, so that no symptoms whatever of the disease remain. We gladly give space to Mr. Oke's letter in the hope that it may be of benefit to some victim of Catarrh. Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son will send a treatise on Catarrh free on receipt of stamp. The address is 305 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.