

ing there. Men there must be more or less human, or perhaps even capable of conducting themselves respectably, since the eye of the world is upon them, and there is no power at hand that can stifle the voices of those who would expose their misdeeds, and punish severely any word spoken against them. That a contrary state of things has prevailed in Ireland we all know. We have, indeed, lately seen an attempt made, but fortunately in vain, to continue it there in spite of the determination of the Irish people to put an end once for all to everything of the kind. The curious spectacle was seen of a judge on the bench shedding tears over the recollection that a magistrate had dared to be honest and independent, and condemn as it deserved the injustice measured out from the seat of justice by a brother magistrate. We allude to the case in which an action for libel was taken against Mr. Trimble, proprietor of the *Fermanagh Reporter*, for libelling the Rev. John Frith, J.P., who had inflicted a heavy sentence on certain Catholics charged with riot at Enniskillen, while he had let off certain Protestants charged with the same offence on the payment of a small fine. Capt. McTernan, the Resident Magistrate, gave evidence directly against Mr. Frith at the trial, referring to which, in a very one-sided charge to the jury, Chief Justice May went so far as to shed tears—the jury, nevertheless, being influenced neither by the tears nor the charge, but returning a verdict in favour of the defendant. Mr. Clifford Loyd, however, went to Egypt with his Irish honours thick upon him, and carrying with him the traditions of Dublin Castle to be applied to dwellers by the Nile. But unfortunately for Mr. Loyd's success—and although certain interpreters of prophecy tell us it is the inevitable destiny of Egypt to be the servant of servants—he did not find there a foreign official, inimical to the interests of the country, and holding its population in contempt—if not in detestation—such as the Chief Secretary is in Ireland, to support his tyranny, and excuse all his excesses. He found no Dublin Castle to defend him with the ægis of its corruption—but much to his astonishment, no doubt, for experiences gained in bullying the people of Ireland are not to be undone in a day, he found that the Egyptian officials he had to deal with had the interests of their country more or less at heart, and that he must learn to conduct himself with some degree of moderation. He had hardly arrived there when we heard that disagreements had occurred between him and Nubar Pasha, and now we find that he goes back to England on sick leave without any intention of a return to Egypt. It is easy, we need hardly add, to decide, in this case, as to the true nature of that convenient indulgence—sick-leave. But from this failure of Mr. Clifford Loyd's, we obtain a true insight into the nature of that Government whose service so brutalises its officials that they are unfit to serve in any capacity where rational conduct is required of them, or where an unscrupulous department, a powerful Press, and innumerable and strong prejudices can not hide their excesses from the world. English officials may act with all the brutality that is required from them in Ireland without compromising before the world the character of the Government that employs them, and so as to deserve well of that Government. When infelicitously formed in the school of tyranny, however, they cannot be employed elsewhere without danger of mischief and exposure. The tyranny that has prevailed for centuries in Ireland must be strenuously avoided in Egypt.

Of the effect to be produced on the French nation FINE FELLOWS, by the three years of military service now made obligatory on the men of the country, we may obtain some idea, if the account given by the correspondent of the *London Times* in Tonquin concerning the conduct of the French soldiers be correct. If ever the soldier of the poet or the romance writer were true to life, he has been replaced by a creature in every respect his opposite.—

"D'insulter des homm's vivant encore,
Quand j' voyais des lach's se faire un jeu,
Quoi ! mill' ventrebleu !
Devant moi, morbleu !"

So cries in indignation the brave Fanfa La Tulipe of Emile Debraux. But now-a-days it would seem there are French soldiers who make it their practice to ill-treat not only helpless men, but women also, and there is no one who thinks it worth his while to interfere. "A few minutes since I was on the banks of the Song Tambac, the creek by which vessels pass up to Hanoi, and along the side of which nearly the whole of the town of Haiphong is built," writes the correspondent in question. "Behind the house of some officers of an Algerian regiment were four of their soldier servants. To beguile the time they were pelting every boat that passed with stones. One poor woman—Tonquinese boats are almost without exception paddled and steered by women or boys—was hit on the head and fell into the water, out of which she only escaped with difficulty on to the slimy mud bank, under a regular battery from all four men. The men's masters could not help seeing them if they had looked out of the window, and if they did not look out, they must have been singularly callous to the uproar that was going on. How long the thing went on I do not know. My intervention would only have called forth insolence and increased zest in the amusement." The

correspondent, indeed, admits that such a case as this is probably rare but he qualifies the admission considerably by the paragraph that follows. "It is in their foraging expeditions that the soldiery do most mischief among the people. A couple of days ago I was told by a French gentleman that he had met a couple of soldiers carrying off two large baskets of eggs and followed by some crying women. He found that they had forcibly taken 150 eggs and given three sous for them. Remonstrance was of no avail and the men went off triumphantly with their purchase. Incidents of the same kind can be seen at any time all over the town, and nothing seems ever to be done to put a stop to it. Beating the men and pulling about the women is the ordinary pastime of the average line-man." And the strange reason that is given for all this misconduct with impunity is that the men are intelligent. The intelligence, perhaps, of our century, concerning which so much is boasted, naturally bears such fruits. "Why do the officers not interfere? you will say; why are the men not punished? No satisfactory answer is to be got out of any I have ventured to speak to on the subject. *A la guerre, comme a la guerre*; the men are too intelligent to be punished; there is no means of punishing them; there is nothing for it but shooting or flogging, and the officer, that ordered either would die in the next action; they are not well enough paid, they only get a dollar a month, and Liu Jung-Fu actually pays the Black Flags nearly twice that amount. These are the sort of answers one gets, when one does get any more than a shrug of the shoulders and a stare. It all comes to this—that the French officer has no command whatever over his men, and that there is an almost entire absence of even a semblance to discipline. They salute no officers but those of their own company, and sometimes not even them. They smoke and talk with anyone that comes up when they are on sentry duty. They laugh and joke when they are at drill. They are too intelligent to be brought to the machine-like precision of an English regiment, or the 'stolidity' of the German. Therefore the Tonquinese must suffer." It appears, moreover, that there is a lower depth still in this army than that occupied by the men thus spoken of; there is a corps of military recidivists, who must be noble warriors indeed, and knights of an exceptional calibre. "The 'Zephyrs' are indeed worse than the Turcos," says the correspondent, "but they have only just arrived and no one expects anything but devilry of them. The regiment is composed of all the broken non-commissioned officers and the most incorrigibly bad characters of the French army. It shows, at any rate, a desire for better things on the part of the French authorities that the 'Zephyrs' are kept down in Halong Bay as long as possible, and proceed direct from their transport ship to the front. Heaven help the poor Chinamen at Bacinh whom the 'Zephyrs' may chance to surround!"—On the whole, then, the description is an amiable one, and lays before us the prospect that opens for France in forcing military service upon all her males.—A nation trained in such a school should, indeed, figure admirably upon the stage of the world.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF IT.

(Bombay Catholic Examiner.)

A MAJOR FREEMAN writes to the *Lahore Church Gazette* a thrilling story called "A Forgotten Persecution." Like all similar stories the time and scene of its enactment are both remote, the one being about the year 1845, and the other the Madeira Islands. Somehow or other we never hear of Protestant triumphs or martyrdoms except in distant countries about which nobody knows very much. Here we are told how the work of evangelisation is making astonishing progress in Mexico; and probably the good people there are told every now and then that the population of India is becoming completely Methodist. But let us return to Major Freeman's story of a persecution which has long ago apparently vanished into mythology and become forgotten before it was known.

In 1838, one Dr. Robert Kalley arrived in Madeira. He was a medical missionary. Finding the people of Madeira grossly ignorant, for the Bible was a sealed book to most of them, he set about trying to convert them. He ordered out a cargo of bibles apparently and scattered them broadcast over the land. The effect was wonderful. It is really strange how natural it is for people to become Protestants after reading the Bible! But the process of Protestantising Catholics does not everywhere succeed equally well. In countries that we can get to know anything about, tons upon tons of bibles and tracts are imported without producing any other effect than affording an honest livelihood to a score or two of missionaries and a swarm of evangelistic small-fry. However, in little out-of-the-way places that are never noticed in the newspapers, Protestant missionaries have only to import the Bible and give it to the people to study. In Major Freeman's eyes a man only requires a few "half-hours with the Bible" to cease absolutely to be a Catholic. This was the case, it seems, in Madeira where the Bible was so flagrantly hostile to the clergy that they declared war against it. "One priest declared it to be a 'book from hell,' and the bishops, in a pastoral issued in 1843 and published in all the churches, excommunicated *ipso facto* all who read it." After reading this preposterous statement we cannot help ordering the witness out of court and refusing to accept his sensational accounts of "A Forgotten Persecution."

[ADVT.]—Why do Hop Bitters cure so much? Because they give good digestion, rich blood, and healthy action of all the organs. Read.