

August 15th 1890.

that is what all South Germany, Austria and Hungary want."

And again in 1813-14. Austria negotiated, at the same time, with France, and with England and Russia for an alliance. Money, said Metternich, she must have, and England offered it, while France refused it; so she nominally joined the Allies. But what was the result? In 1814, Blücher declared that the Allies had been successful everywhere except when the Austrians were present; and his own army was two thirds composed of Russians under their own generals, and a third of Prussians. The late Lord Broughton saw a letter in 1814 which was addressed by the Emperor Francis to Napoleon. It informed Napoleon that the writer was the only one of the allied Princes who was resolved not to dethrone him; that he had only consented to join the Allies because the Emperor Alexander had threatened to overthrow his dynasty and occupy Hungary unless he broke with France, but that he was doing all in his power to keep back the Allies. This was so true and Marshal Schwarzenberg was so passionately opposed to Blücher's army being directed to cross the Rhine into France, that Lord Castlereagh had to inform him that, as England was paying Austria for her co-operation, she had a right to expect that Austria would not put obstacles in the way of the necessary military operations of the other armies, and that if she continued to oppose the Russian and Prussian advance, he should be compelled to advise the non-payment of the subsidy. Yet this is the ancient ally on whom we are in future to depend.

The marriage of the late Emperor Frederick with the Princess Royal of England appears to have been arranged very early between their respective parents; and with this prospect before his daughter, the late Prince Consort naturally took absorbing interest in Prussian affairs. Those who were much in his confidence like Baron de Bunsen, Baron Beust, and Count de Vitzthum have related how, even before 1848, he had in prospect made over Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia, and driven Austria out of Germany, but compensated Austria with Moldavia and Wallachia (then a semi-independent portion of Turkey under Russian protection), and to get rid of her more effectually had pushed her into the southern provinces of Russia.

The great difficulty in depriving Austria of her position in Germany in those days was her alliance with Russia, who had thrown a protecting arm around the young Francis Joseph; and by taking the part of his loyal Slavonic subjects in the Hungarian Revolution he had prevented his dominions from being disintegrated. In addition, the Emperor Nicholas had acted the part of peace-maker, and by persuading his brother-in-law of Prussia to make a slight concession to Austria, called by the war-party, the humiliation of Olmütz, in 1850, and inducing the Emperor of Austria to do the same by Louis Napoleon, the new French President, had twice prevented the general war which was considered so essential for the fulfilment of the schemes of the Prince Consort and the leaders of the Pan-Teuton party in Prussia. The Emperor Nicholas had an undue confidence in the old Quadruple alliance, and was not aware that a party, unrepresented in the Government of England in Pitt's days, but admitted to the suffrage by the Reform Bill of 1830, were admirers of the French Revolution, and of Napoleon, whom they looked upon as the offspring of it, and had long treated with ridicule, if not hatred, the conservative principles of what they called the treaty alliance. England was the ally in whom Nicholas placed implicit confidence, and, as his correspondence shows, he had not the smallest idea of ever being involved in a war with her.

It is curious that in the last century Russia was called, by our ambassador, our ancient ally, but there had been practically a change of dynasty in England since that day. The Saxe-Coburg family, like many of the smaller German princely houses, had shone at the Court of the Tuilleries after the battle of Jena. The Prince Consort's father had been engaged for some time to a sister of the Emperor Nicolas. Her mother broke off the engagement for reasons that will be found in "Memoirs of Carolina Bauer," and as two copies of those memoirs are in the Foreign Office Library, which is without many much more important works, we presume that the details are substantially correct. The Prince Consort's stepmother had been born and brought up in Russia, and was a warm pro-Russian. She was his father's own niece, but such marriages are allowed in Germany. In addition to this connection, three Princesses of Saxe-Coburg went to Russia in the last century that a bride might be selected from among them for the Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovitch. They were sisters to the late King Leopold, the Duchess of Kent, and to the father of the Prince Consort. Constantine did not want to marry either of them and the one selected was so unhappy that she left him when, he was but twenty-one, and would never live with him afterwards. She died in 1861, leaving a large fortune saved out of the handsome allowance made to her by the Russian Government; but she felt that the Emperor had neglected her. It is easy to see that out of these complications a good deal of personal friction may have arisen between the families of Saxe-Coburg and Romanoff.

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(To be continued.)

CARDINAL MANNING'S aversion to strong drink in every form is so great that twice in *articulo mortis* he has refused stimulants, and he alludes triumphantly to the fact that he got well each time as proof that stimulants are never necessary.—*Morning Star*.

## A MODERN MYSTIC—VI.

AFTER hearing the Rev. Mr. Herridge preach on the subject of faith, I went—or to adopt the elegant English of the newspapers—"repaired" to Madame Lalage's. In the stillness of a Sunday night you can, from the door-step of Madame's, hear the murmurous song of the Rideau as it hurries to join the larger stream. There was a moon. The shadows of the trees lay black on the dusty roadway of Sandy Hill. The "buildings," as the House of Parliament and the Eastern and Western blocks are familiarly called, rose black and pointed, etched on a ground of deep blue starry sky and night-robed hills. Though the rippling music of the Rideau sang clear and delicate, like a young bird's earliest song, one yet heard the far muffled roar of the Chaudière, solemn, sonorous, fate-like, awful, imparting at once a sense of the pettiness of this mortal life and of eternal power, unknowable, incomprehensible, terrible, about which thought flits like a butterfly over the rainbow'd spray of those down-plunging waves.

I rang the bell. The tinkle jarred on the mind as out of keeping with the measured cadence of the river and the deep and distant bass of the Chaudière, whose voice the painted and feathered Indian heard ages before the white man came here, and which will arrest the ear of, and stir reflection in other races, when ours shall have passed away.

Mr. Herridge had preached a longer sermon than usual, placing, as McKnom assured me Plato does, the source of Atheism in the heart and not in the head—in moral feeling rather than in the intellect; and I found in the drawing-room, ready to go into supper, our hostess, McKnom, Helpsam, Lampman, Waters, Dr. Facile, M.P., George Rectus, M.P., and Professor Glaucus, with the young ladies of our afternoon tea.

As Madame Lalage asked McKnom to have some chicken, and the gentleman who sat at the other end of the table helped one of the young ladies to pigeon pie, and the servants poured out the wine and beer, Helpsam said: "By Jove! This salad is delicious—I wonder if the Greeks knew how to make a salad. To-night we ought to have some olives, and, instead of claret or Perrier le Joux, Chian wine. Now, Mr. McKnom, we will not let you off to-night. You must apply your Platonic philosophy to Canadian politics."

"O yes, Mr. McKnom," said Madame Lalage, with a hurried laugh, "you have your subject to-night—Canadian politics—the virtue of the politician—what does that consist in?"

"The virtue of the politician!" cried Glaucus, as though one had said the whiteness of the blackamoors. "The virtue of the politician!" and he laughed. "The virtue of the politician," he reiterated, "I suppose that consists in keeping the eleventh commandment—mind number one—and breaking the other ten."

"The Professor," said Rectus, laughing, "shares the common idea respecting politicians. For so great a philosopher it might be worth his while to consider whether society could exist if politicians were as they are conceived by the vulgar, and by those enlightened persons who stand aside from the great struggle of life in a free community, and shoot epigrams at those toiling and sweating in the service of their country. In order to know whether politicians have virtue or not, Glaucus, you should become a politician."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "like those wise disciples of Plato who killed themselves in order to test their great master's argument for the immortality of the soul."

All excepting McKnom laughed. Mr. Sage sipped his wine. But Madame Lalage took the word and said:—"I suppose you must touch pitch to see whether it defiles."

"I don't agree with you, Helen," said one of the young ladies who has distinguished herself at college, but who will not allow her name to be made public. "Mr. Rectus is quite logical. Those preachers who denounce dancing should dance and then they would find out that the evils they find in Terpsichorean measures are of their own imagination. No one ever saw so much villainy in waltzing as Byron and he was lame. I am sure"—and she looked at Rectus with a smile, sweet as morning sunbeams playing hide-and-go-seek in the cup of a tulip rocked by a zephyr—"I am sure I know virtuous politicians."

"Ah," said Madame Lalage, "the days of virtuous politicians will not dawn until we women are emancipated, and you and I thunder in the Opposition."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Glaucus, lifting his eyebrows. "The lightning of beauty's eye," cried Helpsam, "and the roar of rustling silk."

"Scoffer!" said Madame Lalage with mock indignation.

"Are you aware," asked Glaucus of McKnom, "that we owe the invention of the convention to a lady?"

"It is," said McKnom, "not the only evil thing for which they are responsible, but I did not know they had to blush for that."

"Well, a lady shares the honour with a wily ruler."

"Who was the lady?" asked Madame Lalage.

"She was a namesake of yours, Madame."

"Lalage?"

"No; Helen."

"Helen of Troy?"

"The same—but the event occurred while she was as yet only a Spartan princess."

"How was it?"

"What is the object of a convention?"

"To fix on the best man," said Dr. Facile.

"The best fiddlestick!" growled McKnom.

"Its object," said Glaucus, "is to gag people—gag all aspirants—shut all up to one—not necessarily the one the constituency would desire. It is a disfranchising instrument. It—"

"Oh, well," said our hostess, "tell us the story."

"You have heard," continued Glaucus, "of the wooing of that lady dog, as Helen calls herself in one of the last books of the Iliad when she addresses Hector—'O, brother-in-law of a mischief-making she-dog!' All the young princes of Greece were her suitors—we know of at least a couple a dozen—Ulysses among the number. What did the intriguing Ithacan prince do? He foresaw he would fail of her hand, so he went to Helen's reputed father and told him he would extricate him from his difficulties if he would give him his niece, Penelope—who was herself very good looking—in marriage. Tyndarus consented. Ulysses then advised the king to bind all the suitors by a solemn oath that they would approve of the uninfluenced choice which Helen should make of one among them, and engage to unite to punish any one who should entice or force her from her husband—her choice fell on Menelaus."

"I see now more than ever," said Helpsam, "how much we are indebted to the Greeks."

"Helen," said a voice out of the shadows, "was one of those few women whose beauty lasts into old age—like Ninon de L'Enclos. She must have been over forty when all the youth of Greece were dying for her—and fully sixty years of age at the close of the Trojan war. She came from the same hatching as Castor and Pollux. But these accompanied the Argonauts to Colchis. This took place thirty-five years before the Trojan war, and supposing her brothers to have been only fifteen years of age at the time of the expedition, Helen at the commencement of the Siege of Troy would have been fifty years of age."

"But you slanderer," cried Madame Lalage, "if this be the origin of the convention the sin lies at the door of your sex."

"I think," said Helpsam, "we are forgetting that the theme of this convivium should be political virtue—the virtue of the politician. What does it consist in?"

"Nay," jested Glaucus, "you should wait until a little wine has sharpened our faculty of analysis ere we approach so abstruse a topic."

"If your faculty of analysis," said Rectus, "should prove true you will find that Canadian political life is purer than most people think."

"What then," asked McKnom, laying down knife and fork, "mean those scandals which arise under every Government, Grit and Tory, Provincial and Dominion? Look at the way constituencies select men to represent them. Do they ask themselves, Who will do best for the country in Parliament? You know well they do not; they evidently do not care for ability. The fact is we have, instead of an ostensible tyranny, a secret tyranny, instead of the tyranny of one, the tyranny of petty organized intriguers. Then take what you call the stump. Is it truth the people seek who flock to hear two politicians abuse each other and their respective parties? No, they repair to the political meeting as a certain order of sportsmen to a cock fight, and their sympathy is with the bird whose gaff has the surest aim and whose pluck is the more enduring. Their delight is in contest—as Cicero says, '*Contentionis avidiores quam veritatis*.' If pugilism were allowed, we should see them crowd to the arena, as they now throng the courts of justice, idling away precious time listening to lawyers wrangling over issues in which they have no interest. Quibbling and wrangling became a fashion at Athens, and the Sophists were paid well for instruction in the intellectual game. This barren exercise of mind, at the call of vanity, was revived in the old scholastic disputations, and Royal visitors used to be entertained at Oxford early in the day listening to eristic struggles, and after dinner a couple of learned men would be chosen to do battle over the walnuts and the wine on some worthless problem."

"But surely," replied Rectus, "there is no analogy between the follies of the schoolmen and their contests during election time. My own experience is that the people have a careful eye to what is for the interest of the country. I fear you take your views of politicians from their traducers, as you do your estimate of the Sophists from their enemies, Plato and his set."

McKnom looked grave and after a pause said: "Interest of the country! You mean what they consider their own interest. If you show them that a given policy will help them, serve those who hear you—save their money, or give them more, I grant you have them. But you know as well as I do that they form no just or wise or any conception of a policy for the country at large."

"I certainly cannot agree with you," Rectus replied, "nor was that strife of which you speak without good; it sharpened men's wits and gave rise to logic which has been of incalculable service in producing correctness in thinking. To this day the word 'Wrangler' at Cambridge is an honourable memorial of those clashings of mind."

McKnom: "I do not say that such disputations do not sharpen the wits, but I say this, that when men thus sharpen their minds and the awful gift of speech, in wordy pugilisms on futile themes, it is a proof that there is no earnestness, and the rise of this pest at Athens and subsequently in Europe was contemporaneous with a frightful laxity of morals; and I say, further, when you politicians go on the stump you are not seeking for truth, but bat-