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## Editorial Notes.

### A "SCANDALOUS CHRONICLE."

"SOME books are lies frae end to end," sang glorious Robert Burns. Such would certainly appear to be the character of a book which has recently been published in the German capital, and which is just now receiving a good deal of attention at the hands of the Parisian and London journals. Its title, translated into English, is *The Courts of Europe*. The author, who wisely prefers to remain anonymous, entertains but slight reverence for that divinity which doth hedge a king. He—or more probably she—professes to know a good many royal secrets, or rather, a good many stories—mostly of an unsavoury character—which, upon the assumption of their truth, the illustrious personages chiefly concerned might well be excused for wishing to keep secret for all time. The book affects to penetrate beneath the surface of much of the current scandal relating to crowned heads, and to tell the unvarnished truth about the domestic quarrels and conjugal infelicities of some of the great ones of the earth.

### THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS.

THE pages relating to the English Court are naturally those wherein Canadian readers are likely to take the keenest interest, and there is one chapter which we in this Dominion may be expected to read with a good deal of amused curiosity. It deals with the personal relations existing between our late Governor-General the Marquis of Lorne and his royal spouse, the clever and accomplished Princess Louise. All the world knows—or professes to know—that the marriage between the future head of the house of Argyll and the fairest of our Queen's daughters has not turned out happily. The most preposterous stories have from time to time been set afloat as to the cause, and the persons who have been most busy in circulating the stories are precisely those who know the least about the matter in hand. Gossip

from the back kitchen and from the lips of discharged tire-women is not generally entitled to much credit, nor does it receive much from sensible people. But gossip, whether true or false, about those who sit in high places has always possessed great attractions for a certain order of minds, and during the sojourn of Her Highness and His Excellency in Canada we were ever and anon regaled with stories, some of which at least possessed the merit of being highly ingenious. The Saga of Clan Campbell was sung to a wide variety of new tunes, and if there is sooth in by-words, the ears appertaining to Canon Duckworth and Lord Rosebery must have been in a state of chronic irritation. Of course nothing came of all this senseless slander. The Marquis preserved his stolid coldness of demeanour through it all. He did not win his way to our hearts as did his more brilliant predecessor in office; but he discharged his functions to the satisfaction of those best entitled to pass judgment upon his conduct, and when the time came for him to leave us we managed to reconcile ourselves to his departure. He has busied himself more or less about Canadian affairs ever since, and has apparently done his best to carry out his limited mission in life. Her Royal Highness, as was her wont before her appearance in the Canadian horizon, has occupied herself with art, literature and amateur philanthropy, seeing little of her liege-lord, and apparently giving herself very little concern about him. Out of sight, out of mind, and most of us in this country have ceased to think about her, except when Mr. Labouchere temporarily brings her to our recollections for a passing moment by one of his incisive little paragraphs in the columns of his much-misnamed newspaper.

### THE GREAT MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

BUT there has always been a limit to Mr. Labouchere's revelations. Even he is not omniscient, and he has never professed to unravel the whole mystery surrounding the relations of the Princess and her frigid spouse. It has been reserved for the foreign author of *The Courts of Europe* to make clear the whole sensational story. He—or she—has gone to the bottom of the deep well, and if he—or she—has failed to find truth there, it has not been for want of indefatigable searching. It does not appear that he—or she—has, like the late George Count Johannes, been taken into confidence by both parties; but there is more than one pretty plain intimation that the writer is, to use an expressive Americanism, "solid" with the whole family connection, and could reveal still more tremendous secrets if so minded. We are gravely informed by this veracious chronicler that Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is tortured by a ceaseless jealousy of her lord, and that her