

The North-West Courier.

Up, my dogs, merrily,
The morn sun is shining,
Our path is uncertain,
And night's purple curtain
May drop on us verily,
E'er time for reclining;
So, up, without whining,
You rascals, instant,
Come, into your places,
There, stretch out your traces
And off at a canter.

Up, my dogs, cheerily,
The noon sun is glowing,
Fast and still faster
Come, follow your master;
To-night we may wearily,
Tired and drearily
Travel, not knowing
What moment disaster
May sweep in the storm blast,
And over each form cast,
A shroud in its blowing.

On, my dogs, steadily,
Though keen winds are shifting
The snow flakes, and drifting
Them straight in our faces;
Come, answer me readily,
Not wildly, nor headily,
Plunging and lifting
Your feet,—keep your paces,
For yet we shall weather
The "blizzard" together,
Though evil our case is.

Sleep, my dogs, cosily,
Coiled near to the fire,
That higher and higher
Sheds its light rosily
Out o'er the snow and sky;
Sleep in the ruddy glow,
Letting "Keewaydin" blow
Fierce in its ire;
Rest, my dogs, soundly,
For to-morrow we roundly
Must buffet the foe.

BARRY DANE.

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Parisian Affairs.

THE contemplated movements of the Czar at Paris continue to be methodically uncertain, save that he will arrive at Cherbourg from Balmoral, and will put up when in the Capital at the Russian Embassy. It is likely he will arrive in the suburbs of Paris at a special railway station to be constructed, and then enter Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, as did the Shah of Persia on his first globe trot to this city. The Arc de Triomphe is at present surrounded on one side by a scaffolding for executing repairs of the border sculptures round the monument, and that are far from being completed. To remove, as some propose, the scaffolding, would cost 150,000 frs. and then the same sum to re-erect. Better to mask the sticks, or eye-sore, as was done during several halts for Catherine of Russia, when she was *en route* for the Crimea. It is thought their majesties will remain five days here, and will pay a visit to Versailles, and enjoy a breakfast at Fontainebleau. There will be a gala representation at the Opera, even the upper gallery seats are solicited by the "upper suckles," because the spectators will only be admitted by invitation in the name of M. Faure. Except from the Municipal Council, all addresses of congratulations will be accepted as read, and duly acknowledged. Patriots are puzzled how to edge in proofs of their devotion for the sovereigns. Even the press of all shades is not likely to obtain an exception for its address and sword gift. The French are delighted at the visit which, it is to be hoped, will infuse fresh courage into their public life, that indeed was drifting into a hum-drum groove. This is the more necessary, as not a particle of interest is taken in home politics and all the plans for making the country great, glorious, and free.

After being rather severe on Li-Hung-Chang, the Continental journals commence to examine his mission from the philosophical point of view. He was declared to be a mystifier, because nowhere did he "place an order," or promise any. But he plainly told his national hosts, that he simply

Europe. It is difficult to determine the reason for the rising or series of risings which occurred in the year 1848. Perhaps they were the legitimate offsprings of the centuries of discontent which had long sought an outlet, and had found one of narrow dimensions at the close of the preceding century in the more troubled and consequently more revolutionary kingdom; and which, having exhausted its energy in this greater though less skilfully conducted conflict with authority, was now too weak to accomplish a second time its cosmopolitan design. Whatever the cause may have been, the result occurred, and 1848 found Europe again ready to pour out blood in an unorganized endeavour to obtain an undefined supply of uncertain liberal concessions. In Ireland and in Italy, the twin hearts of Europe, the spirit of rebellion centred, and here the concessions were least although the sacrifices were greatest. The Government of Germany avoided the result of a contest, and acted wisely by choice instead of delaying until it would have had to act foolishly by compulsion. Saxony profited by Germany's example, and Beust, now in his fortieth year, was recalled from his embassy and invited to lend the assistance of those abilities which he had displayed in the years of his troublesome, though trifling, international negotiations with foreign powers, in the conduct of the department of foreign affairs in his own kingdom. Seated here in the centre of continental unquietude, he surveyed the scene, planning no vast schemes, and devising no important measures, but with that calm fortitude which distinguishes supreme genius, awaiting the offensive hostilities of the neighbouring principalities, confident in the strength of his titanic resources, if not to conquer, certainly not to be vanquished, and at least to save his small State from ruin and destruction amid the general wreck of greater thrones.

Beust has been condemned by the voice of history because of his arbitrary and tyrannical measures during these years covering the first portion of his home service as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is true that during this period he was tyrannical at times, and that even construed with the greatest favour to the accused his dominion must be regarded as at least arbitrary if not coercive. Yet, in spite of the despotic character of his administration, history is scarcely justified in pronouncing condemnation upon the absolute and determined statesman. Beust moved in the centre of a circle of despotism. His native country, inconsistent and uncertain in many things, was at least consistent and certain in its affection for extremes. If its subjects were not embracing one another they were in fierce fits of passion seeking one another's lives. Rank, title, power, and glory were no barriers to their malevolence, no protection for the objects of the momentary antipathy. In the hour of their wild enthusiasm even the dust of the earth was sacred, and in the day of their wrath and anger God and the angels were profane. When Beust took his seat beside the throne, he saw that a certain and a resolute policy alone would save his kingdom should a stormy epoch open and the power of a people come into collision with a throne. It is scarcely probable that he knew of the impending danger, for Bismarck was too subtle to disclose his designs. But if he did not know Bismarck's intentions, he at least knew this, that so great a statesman as the German Prince was scarcely trifling in his series of manœuvres, and that in the absence of intelligence the highest wisdom consisted in being prepared for any emergency. The foundation of that preparation invoked a species of despotism inconsistent with "common law," with "original compact," with "national liberty," and with "vested rights." Only incidental prerogatives were suspended. Inherent liberties were not imperilled. And when the hushed silence before the storm arrived, Beust was master of his resources, and not only was he enabled to defend his frontiers in the hour of action, but he was also permitted to act on the offensive, and mingle the thunder of his invading cannon with the sound of the defensive artillery which feebly armed the fortresses along the boundaries of the neighbouring States. To the Saxon Minister it was due that the minor kingdom, lost in the centre of Europe, instead of sharing the fate of Italy, of Poland, of Ireland, and of France during the tempestuous continental rearrangement, rose to greatness, and compelled Prussia, instead of becoming the mistress of the continent to the west of the land of the Czar, to divide that vast and splendid empire with a rival which was destined to arise from among the ruins of ancient things.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.