

## THE LONE WIDDY MAN.

Och, Biddy, Malone, if you know half my sufferin' You'd pity the case of a lone widdy man, Who's a burnin' disgrace to the face of the Parish.

Thy'n't to keep house on the bachelor plan Like the bear in the chany-shoo, look at me athinnin' round.

Botherin' the wind and slamin' the door; Mo parlor turned into a crockery campin' ground - Taucups and dishes all over the floor.

'Tis meself that can face any rals'nable dhrudgorry, But pullin' plates and dhravin' out tay isn't work for a man who's been used to the luxury

Iv havin' things done in the 'ould-fash'oned way.

Thin I sit be the pots that won't bite till me face becomes Red as the mate which I clap on the fire. While the 'more I wash up, sure the dirtier the place becomes - So come and relave me, for love or for hire.

When I look in the glass, sure 'tis hardly I know meself, A beard like a stubble all over my face; A poor wifeless baste, it's ashamed I'm to show meself, Wandherin' about like a ghost in the place; A lone widdy man turnin' thitty and childherless!

Pouder and think 'of it, Biddy Malone. Cry'n' out in despair from his womansless wild-h-rance, "Take me and make me a man of your own."

Me shirts and me shinnal clothes are rippin' and tearin' too; Buttons, mavrone, are the 'plague o' my life; Thin jabbin' me thumb's sets me yellin' and swearin' too - I'm goin' to the dogs for the want of a wife. The dhrill that's gone was a girril from the city, dear - Her illigant dhrress now lies on the shelf Growin' mouldy for air, and I think what a pity, dear - She was just the same solze, Bidd, agras, as yourself.

So, pay off your 'missis and finish my sufferin', Nobdy's kitchen's his mate as one's own; Sure the wurruld will tell you that Mrs. Mike Dufferin Sounds prouder and grandher than Biddy Malone.

So I'll tackle my team and I'll dhrive in so grand to you - I've mourned and wore craps, for the most ly a year; And this bit iv a note, faith I'll post it by hand to you. And bring back the answer yourself, Biddy, dear. M.S.

## THE CONTEST OF PRINCIPLES OR OF NATIONALITIES.

(From Broad Arrow).

A very few years ago the contest presented to the eyes of the world was apparently one of principles. Speaking broadly, the politics of the civilized world were divided into the two great classes represented by autocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other. When Spain threw off the yoke of Christiano absolutism, or quasi absolutism, and French agitators had the opportunity of supplanting the Empire, for the moment the prospects of Republicanism seemed to brighten. The sky of European Liberalism has, however, since been overshadowed. The excesses of the Commune first, and since then the timidity of Frenchmen who would probably like to see a solid Republic founded if they did not dread the cost, in unrest and perhaps blood and treasure, of its establishment, together with the extreme in consequence and instability of the Spanish character, which is apparently incapable of any sustained effort in any direction of substantial democratic government as unreal and problematical as ever. The only real democracy of Europe is to be found in England, but we are *hors la ligne*, both geographically and politically. Moreover, the tremendous step taken by this

country in the direction of a democratic form of Government by the establishment of house-hold suffrage with its consequent placing of political power in the hands of the working classes, has been, for the time, deprived of its results by the slowness of the present depositories of political power in apprehending their position, and by the disgust which has been caused in every class by the excesses of the extreme party in France. Looking to Germany we are at a loss to say whether the progression of that country is in the direction of democracy or autocracy. That there are intense movements and power in German life is an incontrovertible fact; but the vitality comes, for the present, almost wholly from above. The movement which is going on—a movement which jars us in this country hedges far too little—takes its origin in the brain of one man—Prince Bismarck. If the workings of that mighty brain could be accurately apprehended and described, we should know what the future of Germany for many a long year would be; but the inherent vice of an autocracy is evident here also: a fit of gout, a plurality, may alter the policy of a whole nation of even strong men. We do not know, no one knows, what the German people are striving for in their home politics. We can only say, with some moderate certainty, what are some of the things which Bismarck is aiming at. And these appear to us to be connected rather with the attitude of Germany to the outer world than with her internal progress. Even the great contest between Bismarck and the Pope is, before it is anything else, a determined expression of a strong Prussia not to allow any interference on the part of an outside power with her internal homogeneity, even when nothing more than a sentiment is concerned.

Thus, then, we are inclined to contend that the principle of internal government—that is, whether liberal progress is being made or not, has no very strong hold on the European mind at the present moment. Of course the thinkers the men of theories, are as active as ever; but they have, just now, lost their audience. Europe will not listen to them. They had their chance four years ago, but they lost it. On the other hand, there is another contest which had its roots in the Franco-Prussian war, and which is gaining in importance every day.

It is a somewhat humiliating confession to have to make, at this period of the nineteenth century, that nations hate and love one another, as nations, just as much as ever they did. Perhaps the advantages, of intercommunication, of the civilizing influences of railroads and telegraphs, of the blessings of the interchange of culture, have been discounted too soon. It may be that several centuries, instead of little more than a generation of these influences, will be required to make them universally or even generally felt. Certainly the old animosity which once made Frenchmen and Englishmen "natural" enemies, because they lived next door to one another, appears to have worn away to a very great extent. May we not hope that, when the facilities of communication are as great between the other nations of Europe as between France and ourselves, a similar result may ensue? In the meantime, it must be allowed that the contest of European nationalities, is every day giving indications of what its ultimate form will be. It is no longer a question, whether that contest will take place, or it was already begun. No declaration of war has been, nor, in our opinion, is likely

to be made between contending nations, but, not the less for that is a great conflict at hand. The battles of diplomacy are, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, quite as important in their results as victories and defeats which are sealed with blood.

Germany is so strongly in the ascendant that she naturally rouses the jealousy of neighbouring nations. France of course, hates her; but it is by no means certain to our minds that the dislike at present existing between the two countries is greater than it was five, fifteen, or fifty years ago. The direction of the force—to use a mathematical term—has only changed. The result of the present state of affairs upon other countries is curious. France recognizes Spain because she thinks that Prussia will not approve the step, or at least that she may take independent action on an important point, without reference to Prussia. Yet this recognition of Spain is a matter of great inconvenience to France, and is not unlikely to result in far from pleasant consequences. It is said that the Duke Decezes endures the most intolerable demands on the part of Marshal Serrano and the Spanish Government. The frontier has never been well guarded between the two countries; but as Spain cannot put down the Carlist insurrection, she is demanding from France what no other Government but Metcalhon's would be likely to concede. Then it is said that Bismarck is behind Serrano, urging him to ask always more; but there is a perfect mania just now about the influence which the great German prince is supposed to exert in every direction, so that we only allude to the subject of his supposed Spanish influence to show how widely spread is the result of the contest of nationalities now raging between France and Germany. If we turn to another side of Europe, we shall find fresh, and scarcely less exciting, subject matter for thought. Eight years have now elapsed since Austria was compelled to admit herself to have been, not only beaten, but crushed. Her part in the game of European politics is now but a slight one; nor do we anticipate that she will ever again, as the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, compete with the German Empire for supremacy or even for considerable influence in Europe. It is gratifying to observe that she is accepting with equanimity the position which Providence and Prussia have assigned to her. But a very different state of feeling is to be detected when we turn to Russia. She is giving unmistakable signs of her determination not to allow her own career to be interfered with by Germany. We do not lay any great stress on the position of the German provinces of Russia, although there can be little doubt that these may eventually become the debateable ground between the two countries. Prussia has absorbed so much within the last few years that she is hardly likely to move again until the progress of assimilation has made some progress. A great deal of German territory, pure and simple, lies on the Austrian side of the present boundary line, but for a generation or two it is probably safe, and yet it would almost certainly be grasped by Berlin before the Baltic provinces of Russia. Nevertheless, there is a most distinct political feeling between Russia and Germany at the present moment. It is as the atmosphere were heavily charged with electricity, which might, indeed, be drawn off by the bursting of a thunder cloud; or, on the other hand, might continue to oppress the whole neighborhood for a considerable