

despot. Man is an animal. Naturalists rank him amongst the gregarious mammalia, kings are not a sophistication of political idiosyncracies; they supply a want of human nature that amounts to a positive craving. To supply this sentimental appetency in a regulated way—to feed this yearning after some being to render homage to—to satisfy this longing of human tribes to be governed, to be subject to somebody whom they may honour by methods that are guided by wise principles and shall be ruled—that is really the great problem of politics. Not whether men *shall* be ruled, but how, and by whom, is the only open question of public law.

Man, ignorant and blind, groping about the world, is wisest when he knows he cannot see, and calls to him who can, to lead him safely amid its labyrinths, keeping his feet out of the pitfalls. No nation without the spirit of loyalty can ever be really great—no people without the instinct of reverence will ever respect itself.

Veneration is the cardinal virtue of England—we hail its manifestation among her transatlantic descendants, not as a fond weakness, but as the most precious attribute of a people. What man—what authority—do Frenchmen respect? They decapitated a king without any trial that was not a mere mockery—the poor widow Capet—the whole of their nobility they could catch—the most of their gentry—in fact, all the leaders of society. Of their republics and restorations what can be said but that they were accidents of an accident. The last Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, say what ye will, went through the kingdom amid sullen subjects—no hat lifted, no knee bent—no—

“Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
But in their stead curses, not loud, but deep—
Mouth-honour,—breath which the poor heart
Would fain deny, but dare not.”

Respect for law, and love of order have been wanting—only the bullet and the bayonet have had worship—the army alone has preserved obedience or warded off anarchy—the nation has loved nobody, revered nobody, regarded nobody. No Frenchman's greatness is the property of his country—there is no citizen of whom it is proud, no man whose memory or character is endeared to his countrymen. A nation that is disloyal can never be free. A king is the incarnation of the laws—he embodies the sentiment of the love of social order. It was an Englishman who felt the full force of the aphorism that “the king's name is a tower of strength”—who knew that his countrymen would understand him when he said, “Herein you may see an image of authority—a dog's obey'd in office.”

He is a shallow politician who sneers at the heroic devotion of the Scotch and Northern English to the Stuarts, or who holds lightly the sentiment—

“Angliæ nolunt leges mutare.”

Our loyalty has been the cradle of our freedom—is the source and centre of our security and stability. It is the glory of Britain that the constable is supreme—that she can crush treason and quash rebellion with the truncheon of the policeman. It is the surest sign of the strength and solidity of England that loyalty is progressive with us—that the Queen can depend upon more devoted subjects than the greatest of her ancestors. Loyalty to the throne puts a constable into every breast—means peace, law and order—it arms the lawgiver with his power, and clothes the subject with his rights. Men will worship man, else there would be no community, no society, no consentaneous action and common sympathy to produce that co-operation wherein consists the strength of nations. That instinct in a monarchy is regulated by the laws and directed by the Constitution, with secure order to its legitimate object, to which it is addressed by the consent of the nation, and in obedience to the will of the whole people. In a republic, it still exists, irregular in its action, violent and unsafe in the choice of its object—ever threatening usurpation, and tending to revolution.

But while the intelligence of the country becomes daily more satisfied with the wise policy of our Constitution, loyalty itself faithfully suggests to royalty the advantage of yielding up the mere traditions of etiquette to the progress of the age. It is plain that the tinsel trappings and buckram ceremonial of the times of Divine right, when kings called themselves the Lord's Anointed, are as entirely out of place in the nineteenth century as the hauberks and buff jerkins of the Plantagenets, or the stuff breeches and shoe toe-points of the Tudors. Simple dignity, elegant plainness, composed and intelligent propriety, are infinitely more imposing upon rational subjects in broadcloth who read newspapers, than all the devices of traditional masters of the ceremonies. Above all, let Queens and Princes obey the proprieties of nature. All etiquette that offends the ordinary observances of society is derogatory to the majesty of Royalty.

Quevedo Redivivus.

EXTRAVAGANT PERSONS.

A great many persons live too fast, spending much more than they make in their business; they seem to live in hopes of some big windfall or other. They rent mansions and in some cases build them, mortgaging the building to pay the cost of erection; they buy extravagant furniture, pictures, &c., keep

horses and fine carriages and attract public attention—all on credit. They buy the best of everything from their tradesmen, running up frightful bills as long as they can in one place, and when they can do this no longer they proceed to go through the same process elsewhere. But this does not last for ever—they are at last reduced to such straits that they may be said to live from “hand to mouth;” the wives are afraid to ask for credit for fear of being treated insolently and the husbands are afraid to go to their office on account of duns, and cross from one side of the street to the other to avoid creditors. In this pass, they either pawn what they may be possessed of, or borrow from any friends who may be silly enough to lend and whom they always forget to pay. They tell all sorts of falsehoods about their affairs and prospects, continuing as far as possible to live in the same reckless, extravagant way. But soon they are unable to either beg, steal or borrow and they are forced to go into bankruptcy or to make a private settlement at ten cents on the dollar; as soon as they have effected some arrangement or other of this kind, they take a deeper plunge into the sea of extravagance and the dividends which they have promised to pay to their unfortunate creditors are as far off as ever. Then they effect a new settlement, and have a much larger number of creditors amongst whom are usually found some privileged ones—these latter being in the majority of cases personal friends who have put in a bogus claim in order to protect or serve the interests of the living shams.

These extravagant people are in every case lying frauds; further the evil effect is seen in all their children who aptly learn to trick others and be deceitful, besides blunting irremediably the moral perceptions. In truth, they are of the opinion that they are safe and proper people if they can only avoid the clutches of the law; as for morals, any infraction of them is only to be regarded as such when it makes them liable to legal punishment. A boy is told by his fashionable mother not to use a certain expression and asks in wonder:—“Why? is it wrong?” “It is worse,” replies his mother “it is vulgar.” Now, with these extravagant people who live too fast, nothing is immoral unless it is illegal. What do they care whether they can pay other men what they owe them or not? In some cases, they argue that, as their creditor is rich, he does not need the money—an inadmissible argument. In most cases, their creditors do need the money most urgently, and not getting it, are obliged to succumb financially. In this way extravagant living breeds distrust and ramifies through the circle causing bankruptcy. In our big city many traders have doubtless been obliged to go through the Insolvency Court solely because they have given too much credit to these “fast” and fashionable persons, and an honest man, simple if you will, suffers. Why should he suffer when he thinks other people honest? The consequences are not just and it is an exceedingly mean phrase to say—“oh, he was a fool to trust them.” The feeling of distrust caused by extravagant living affects honest people who find themselves distrusted and also feel that in commercial dealings suspicious thoughts have to be displaced before any engagements can be entered into; this is not as it should be—the present maxim “Think every man dishonest until you have proved the contrary” ought to be reversed.

The clerk on six hundred dollars a year lives as if he had three times the salary, aping the style of merchants who have thousands; these merchants, brokers and do-nothings all live so as to make it appear they enjoy double the income they actually do. Then the *vulgus mobile* make invidious comparisons and one is tempted strongly to follow their example, and once in the whirlpool of extravagance, recovery is almost impossible. Extravagant people admit the folly of extravagance—but they do not stop in their mad career and the shorter and quicker it happens to be, the better for the community.

The *morality* of extravagance which necessarily leads to sharp practice, can not be made out or maintained. It is an exceedingly serious matter that in society, a man who “keeps up an appearance” is considered a *moral* man, though he may be dishonourable in his dealings, may rob the poor man of his scanty savings in the Savings Banks and may grow rich by selling an inferior article for a good one. A *moral* man of society may be the very highest official in a Temperance Association and may yet rent a property for the purposes of vending liquor (as I have known to be the case in Montreal). A moral man of society may be a Director in a banking institution and the bank's money all be lost and yet this moral man may still continue his social extravagances (as has occurred in our good city of Montreal). George Eliot has made some very stern remarks upon the “shrunk meaning that popular or polite speech assigns to morals.” The meaning of the statement that a person is “immoral” is, in ordinary parlance, limited entirely to one vice. In the study of the history of words, we frequently find changes in the meaning of words, but where the change has been very great we find that another word or expression has come into use as a substitute for the original. If we have a noble thought or duty expressed by a word, and we find that this word has in after-years taken a common-place meaning, and that no word replaces it—are we not justified in saying that the users of this word have degenerated? When we have a grand ideal expressed in a word, it is very important that we should retain its grand meaning and apply it accordingly. It is not true that a man is moral, if he is not lewd or debauched; *moral* is far wider, far higher, and far grander in its significance. When young people hear individuals spoken of as “well-behaved