

Gladstone. The appeal ought not to be in vain. Mr. Gladstone is committed to the maintenance of a State Church, not on mutable grounds of expediency such as those on which Sir Robert Peel, before his conversion, was committed to Protection, but on the immutable grounds of principle. His principle, we believe, as set forth in his memorable work on the Church in its relations to the State, he has never renounced; but he says that he was absolved from allegiance to it by the act of the nation in augmenting the grant to Maynooth. It is difficult to see how the defeat of a principle in a particular instance can absolve any man's conscience from allegiance to it; still more difficult is it to see how it can warrant him in heading an attack upon it, and riding into power upon its overthrow. Yet some ambiguous phrase of about as much value as the words which an Inquisitor used in delivering a heretic to the mercy of the secular arm will be all that Lord Selborne's affectionate adjurations will produce. If Disestablishment is the winning card, Mr. Gladstone will play it. In his craving for one more spell of power he has passed the moral bounds of ambition, and he hears such voices as that of Lord Selborne no more.

NOTES ON NEWS FROM PARIS.

THERE are strange "toquades" in the world, but that of fasting seems certainly the most novel and least comprehensible. Signor Succi, savouring a little of the quack with his mysterious elixir, has had difficulty enough in forming a committee of surveillance. At last the desired number of gentlemen have volunteered to watch, and mark the efficacy of the dark liquid, which, its discoverer pretends, makes eating unnecessary during a certain period of time. The faster has begun his task—for the sake of science, or rather to obtain a sale for his drug. However, since he is willing to attempt to prove the virtue of his prescription by the unusual method of testing it himself, we can scarcely quarrel with him. In the meantime a rival enthusiast has been edifying the learned and the curious by his feats in this new art. The young Merlatti, if he is still alive, is now finishing his thirty-fourth day. But this abstemious youth does not seem to be prompted by any ardent love of either science or humanity, only moved by the same feelings that urge small boys to walk on shaky bridges and narrow ledges. Nevertheless, he kindly offers himself to the faculty to be studied.

A new play of M. Dumas', "Francillon," is about to be given at the Théâtre Français. His last, "Denise," was not a little appreciated by the sympathetic auditors, to whom the maudlin spirit of this playwright is peculiarly attractive. There is something grimly amusing in the tears of these old *roués* weeping over catastrophes, the like of which their own peccadillos brought about so oft in days past; nay, may in all probability be causing at the very moment! It is to be hoped the key-note struck in the "Dame aux Camélias" and "La Dame aux Perles" will be changed in this, their author's latest effusion, and we shall at last hear something of "La Dame Moraliste."

At the Gymnase a dramatised version of Georges Ohnet's "La Comtesse Sarah" will be played shortly. This is another of the Parisian's favourites. Though he takes all the Gaul's usual delight in the questionable sides of life, still a certain virility, rather lacking in M. Dumas, makes some atonement. His "Maitre de Forge," you will remember, began its marvellous "run" about three years ago.

In "Michel Pauper," by Henri Becque, Mlle. Weber reappears at the Odéon. Some ten months since this young actress made her *début* in "Les Jacobites," and then the most experienced critics expressed unbounded delight, and hailed a new Rachel. But, strange to say, in no other rôle besides this one of "Marie," where she seemed, it is true, rather to be acting out her own nature, *playing* hardly any part, has she been extraordinarily successful. However, she possesses all the passionate nature of a *tragédienne*, and we have a right to expect great things from this young girl, with her pale, expressive face, flashing eyes, and deep-toned voice.

It was proposed a short time ago to remove the Gobelin tapestry manufactory to Compiègne, but so great was the despair manifested by the workmen engaged in it, who declared all their cunning and genius would take flight once away from inspiring Paris, that the scheme was abandoned. These artists live, move, and have their being in this *entourage*. The manufactory is to them home and studio, and the ground adjoining it a place for recreation, where each cultivates his little garden when the day's work is over. Though the pay is small—an apprentice receiving three hundred francs a year, and the most skilful artist three thousand francs—employment in the Gobelins is much sought. But the father's vacant place is almost always filled by his son; indeed, the ancestors of some there now were workers in the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The manufactory received its name from one Jean Gobelin, who, four

centuries ago, erected a dyeing establishment on the banks of the Bièvre, a brook on the left side of the Seine. Later, tapestry began to be made in the same building. This manufactory was bought by Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV., and afterwards carried on at the expense of the Government. It was found in time not to pay, so its products were excluded from the public market, and reserved henceforth for the family of the reigning monarch, or presented to foreign courts and dignitaries.

In the exhibition rooms we find to-day pieces of tapestry copied from paintings, all more or less famous, but many most valuable ones were destroyed by the Communists of 1871.

Where work is going on we might learn no easy lesson of patient perseverance. There they sit, these pale-faced men, copying in wools and silks with magic fingers the picture at their side. The stretched threads of the loom before them, a loom resembling the ones in general use, bear a part of the design, upon which they are actually engaged, drawn in chalk. At present hangings for the Palais de l'Elysée, the Luxembourg, and the Panthéon are in the hands of the artists.

Monsieur Caro—*le philosophe des dames*—has distinguished himself this year at the Académie Française by his sympathetic and eloquent panegyric on virtue, delivered *à propos* of the "Prix de Vertue," which were being awarded to the doers of noble deeds. About a century ago M. de Montéjou bequeathed a considerable portion of his fortune to the Académie, requesting it, at the same time, to eulogise in a public discourse every year the most virtuous action recently accomplished. A little later Chamfort rather ridiculed this idea, asking if it were possible to pay virtue, and adding, if we wished to honour it, a worthier homage would be given by allowing it to be its own reward. But M. Caro cast very far from his *confrères* the imputation that they presumed to set a price on the brilliant deeds he was about to record. Even if they could be paid, what mines of gold or diamonds would they not exhaust? No; all the Academicians pretended to do was to hold up for admiration and imitation these heroic creatures, to whom such recompense alone might be acceptable, and the money offered—merely a slight aid to prolong their self-sacrificing lives. With regard to the classifying of the actions recommended to them, again the modest speaker disclaimed for himself and his colleagues any pretence to that degree of perfection which would warrant their standing in judgment—"Amis de la vertue plutôt que vertueux." (I suppose this is on the principle of critics being those who have failed in literature and art.) But is there no deep-rooted affinity between that taste which is excited by the beautiful and the sympathy which what is good inspires—another form of taste? Is not the discernment that the study of letters produces an initiation, as it were, to the study of charity? This latter is perhaps the best thought M. Caro's speech contained; but, unfortunately, it is only one of Rousseau's ideas inverted. With regard to choosing the worthiest among the extraordinary actions, the record of which lay before him, the orator vowed he found it difficult enough. Still, self-sacrificing joy in one's family was certainly more comprehensible, a more natural outcome of nature, than devotion to beings unknown. Whereupon the Academician immediately begins to speak of deeds belonging to the former category as first worthy of notice! A poor child was dreadfully burnt from the chest to the knees; the only means of salvation was by epidermic graft. Without hesitation his parents offered themselves to supply what was necessary to save him. Five large grafts were taken from the father, and twenty-two smaller ones from the mother. The boy survived; and so on, many other accounts of like devotion. Then came the stories of those actions "more shocking to the common sense of this good world"—life-long sacrifice to creatures having no other claim than "I am cold, hungry, sick; I am dying." One noble woman, whose face is completely disfigured by a terrible cancer, not content with bearing bravely her own troubles, is unwearying in her care of others. Some time ago a young consumptive, forgetting all that was revolting in her appearance, and seeming only conscious of the exquisite goodness that pervaded her whole being, prayed his devoted nurse to kiss him before he died!

Though a little outside the rules of the Académie, its members had, however, decided to grant to the Institut Pasteur several thousands of francs from the fund Comte Honoré de Sussy. It was edifying in no small degree to hear the warm praise M. Caro bestowed on the scientist of whom to-day France has most reason to be proud—the untiring worker who realises so thoroughly Buffon's words, "*Le génie est une longue patience.*" "*Quand je ne travaille pas il me semble que je commets un vol.*" Yes, but robed science is not his only thought; the poor, frightened humanity, waiting without his door, are also remembered.

By some Nature is called immoral. No, it is not immoral; it merely ignores, takes no account of morality. Provided the species still continue, the death of the individual is of no account. Therefore is it she sows the