

believe, a local parliament would be a very desperate remedy for a very slight complaint. County Boards, such as have been proposed, and can easily be established, would meet every such need quite as effectually as a Scottish Parliament, and without entailing the host of evils which would result from the realizing of this craze about Home Rule.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

If Canadians had been asked, nine months ago, which way their sympathies leaned in the coming presidential contest, the vast majority of them would have answered that they hoped President Cleveland would be re-elected. If they had been asked the same question about nine days ago, they would have given, with almost the same unanimity, an answer entirely to the contrary effect. They would have said they hoped he might be beaten.

Few incidents which have sprung out of the relations between Canada and the United States have aroused such a feeling of disgust in this country as the action of President Cleveland in connection with the Fisheries dispute. We cannot tell what chances there were for Commercial Union before he hung out the Retaliation flag, but we are quite certain that the chances were diminished after that event. We believe that there are a good many annexationists living under the British flag in Canada. We cannot positively assert that this number was decreased by the President's action, but we are quite sure that they would not, after that, have given the same publicity to their sentiments. It is said, and truly, that a straw will show which way the wind blows, and one of those straws which shows whether the wind in Canada is favourable to the States is the exhibition of the Stars and Stripes, in our streets, on our public holidays, in conjunction with the Union Jack. Sometimes the American flag appears so abundantly that we are apt to doubt on which side of the border we are. At the last provincial exhibition in September we are informed that only two American flags were displayed in the city. For aught we know, there may have been more, but most persons saw not one; and this is certainly a straw which shows the direction of the wind.

The President had appointed Americans to sit on the Fisheries Commission with English and Canadian Delegates, and they had recommended a certain course to be taken. The President and his Ministers approved of that course, but the Senate rejected it. In consequence of that rejection by his own Senate, not by the Canadian Parliament or the Canadian people, President Cleveland threatened retaliation, and asked for special power to carry it out. And his friends defended him by saying he did not really mean it—it was merely a political dodge. This for a defence! But it has not answered, and all honourable men must be glad and thankful for its failure.

It cannot be said that the Sackville affair has reversed the state of feeling towards the President either in England or in Canada. Certainly no one approves of Lord Sackville's imprudence. He was caught by a device which most diplomatic persons might have suspected at once. But, as the *Saturday Review* has remarked, if an American minister had done the same thing in England, nobody would have paid any attention to it; at least, no official notice would have been taken of it. But the authorities at Washington could not, apparently, afford to be so magnanimous. And this, too, has failed; and most people here are glad. And we must do our people the justice to say that they are not glad of the lesson taught merely because an Englishman has been treated ungenerously, but because ungenerous conduct is ignoble in all men, and especially in those who occupy the highest places.

We do not for a moment suppose, that these matters have decided or even largely influenced the decision of the election; at the same time they have had their influence. The English vote in the United States must be a considerable factor in the political problem—of course, nothing like the Irish vote; but still it has to be reckoned with. Now, unless we are misinformed, the English vote was largely Democratic, and this for other reasons besides the leaning of the Democrats to free trade; and we may be quite sure that President Cleveland has not received the English vote.

Again, the very classes who would be conciliated by the bullying of England were already on the side of the Democrats, who possess to a large extent, if not altogether, the Irish vote. On the other hand, some of the very best of the Republican supporters of Cleveland at the last election, namely those who could not bring themselves to vote for Mr. Blaine, were precisely those who would have been disgusted and repelled by the President's "dodge." Men who would not vote with their own party because they judged that their candidate had acted dishonourably, would be very little likely to support the nominee of the other party, when they regarded him as having acted in a discreditable manner. Besides, the better class of

Americans have no love for this manner of insulting the Old Country. They are proud of their English origin, and their English blood.

We are far from thinking that we have exhausted the explanation of the Presidential contest. Undoubtedly the President may claim that his free-trading propensities have lost him many votes; and to this extent he may deserve the sympathy of those who believe in the evils of the system of protection. Moreover, there is a tendency in men to fall back into party lines, and this more especially when they saw that by their divisions they have helped the rival party into power. Many Republicans who supported Mr. Cleveland, and many more who abstained from voting four years ago, have been little pleased to have their own friends deprived of posts in the public service, or to see the country governed by those whom they have been in the habit of regarding as more or less disloyal.

If we add that the fickleness of a democracy may always be reckoned upon, we shall perhaps have enumerated the chief of the reasons for the rejection of President Cleveland by the votes of his fellow citizens.

### PARIS LETTER.

A FINE statue of Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot hero, is going to be put up on the spot where he was assassinated on the night of St. Bartholomew massacre, in the Rue de Rivoli, nearly opposite the Louvre. Reading over the subscription list, one is struck by the number of Catholics who have come forward to honour the grand old Huguenot. The Comte de Paris starts the list with 1,000 francs. The monument consists of a group composed of Coligny, France and Religion. The Admiral will be seen standing, waiting for those told off to murder him; at his feet lies France holding a crown in her hand on which is inscribed *Saint Quentin, 1557*, recalling the Admiral's defence of that time against the Spaniards; and Religion, a veiled figure bearing the martyr's palm; between them an open Bible and the Coligny arms. The group is the work of M. Crank, a well-known French sculptor.

Apropos of the recent railway racing on the lines between London and Edinburgh, a well known French writer, M. Thomas Grimm, has given some interesting remarks on French railways. It used to take from three to four days and nights for the mail carts to go from Paris to Marseilles, changing horses at short relays.

A French lady in old Revolutionary days thus took a pardon for her husband, a royalist officer imprisoned at Montpellier, having bribed the driver to give her a seat at his side. When she reached the prison gate she fell fainting with the pardon in her hand. And as to travellers of high distinction like Madame de Sevigné, they spent weeks on the road between Paris and Provence. When the famous line, commonly called the P.L.M., was made, people thought it most wonderful to get down to the Mediterranean in two days and one night. Then they hit on what was the new plan of missing the smaller stations, and did it in twenty-four hours. Then they got a little quicker and successfully reduced the time to eighteen hours, and fifteen hours and a half. The lightning trains are talked about but are still in the future.

And even now the French railways are far behind the Flying Dutchman. The quickest is the Bordeaux Express, which puffs along at the rate of 70 kilomètres an hour; and the mail from Calais to Paris only manages 67½ and our old friend, the P.L.M., may be said to still hobble along at 62 kilomètres, or perhaps fifty miles an hour, which is really for these modern days a miserable rate of progression!

I hear that M. Eiffel has sold his famous tower to a company, who mean to work it next year and ever after, for the sum of five million francs, pledging himself to deliver it over finished by April, 1889.

The old question as to whether a theatrical censor is necessary has again come to the front. It is a question in which all French literary men take the keenest interest *pour et contre*, as embodying a certain principle of liberty in matters of art. Those in favour of total abolition of all censorship quote the liberty of the press and public meeting which in France, as all are aware of, is carried to a strange degree of license. Those against the abolition of "*la Vieille Dame*" i.e. *la Censure*, give obvious reasons which would be quoted by their English contemporaries as settling the question.

M. Zola, when lately interviewed on the subject exclaimed, "When a candle maker sells his goods to the trade does a government official certify that the tallow is pure and the wicks straight and dry? Well, the manager of a theatre sells retail to the public goods that we, the dramatic authors, have to produce with labour and time; so let them leave us alone to manage our own business with the managers, and at least try to fly with our own wings!"

Coming after this it is funny to hear M. Renan expounding his views as follows: "The theatre may be likened to a public market where all go in and buy the wares. You would be glad to have your eggs certified as fresh, and the vegetables as of good quality. Well, the *bourgeois* who takes his wife and daughters to the theatre and who, mark you, pays for the pleasure before he has seen the play, has a right to a moral certificate of the piece." Alphonse Daudet refers his fellow workers to his new play of *Sapho* as to how far the Censor's patience or conscience will allow him to go in licensing a piece. It is curious to note that the *naïf* author of *L'Immortel* is the only man among those interviewed who cites his own works, but this is set down to his Southern gush. Continuing his personal reminiscences, he admits that at three and twenty he would liked to have strangled *La Censure*; it was during the third empire, he had written a small *lever de rideau* named *Le Lys*, in which the hero, a young marquis, falls dead at the end of the piece crying, "*Vive le Roi!*" The Theatre