

## A RONDEAU.

Beyond the clouds the sky is bright,  
The arch of Heaven is flushed with light,  
The shades, which dull our paths to-day,  
To-morrow will have passed away,  
As darkness passes with the night.

To-morrow's wind will put to flight  
All which to-day obscures from sight  
The glories, which the heavens display  
Beyond the clouds.

Be patient, brother; soon the flight  
Will end, and holy peace requite  
All suffering. Therefore watch and pray.  
Love ever holds a royal sway  
Through all the regions in the height  
Beyond the clouds.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

Swindon, Wilts., England.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

President Harrison has not carried into his retiring message the dignity wherein he wraps himself in personal intercourse. Though ostensibly meant for Congress, the message is really addressed to the country and is, as it was doubtless intended, a polemic. Could he have concealed the bitterness of his defeat he might have done his successor, or that successor's party, more harm.

For nearly four years President Harrison has been doing or conniving at things from which his average American propriety and his considerable sense of self-respect have recoiled, and this he has done or suffered because he desired to forward his re-election prospects. His predecessors, after Washington, were all subjected to the like sinister influence, and all yielded to it in greater or lesser measure, Lincoln not so much as the most and Grant in still smaller degree, owing to special circumstances in their cases, but still they all yielded. So will it be with the successors of Harrison, till a constitutional change is effected in that deplorable system that dooms a President in his first term to rig and pull for a second at any sacrifice of personal respect and public interest, and renders him ignoble in the popular eye and on the page of history should he fail of a re-election. The nature of man is not so ordered as to be capable of withstanding the temptation. That modern Aristides, Mr. Cleveland, proved no more capable than the rest when put to the extreme test during his former Presidency.

Hence General Harrison must not be judged too harshly for his spiteful, malicious and not over honest valedictory. He has made sacrifices, held cheap what is most dear, and has missed the paltry reward of his pains. That he is a sincere believer in the protective system is unquestionable, but that all he says upon the subject in his late message is sincere the dispassionate mind cannot believe. Nor is the message what he meant it originally to be in tone or temper, so far as the present writer can learn. His feelings apparently got the upper hand as he progressed with his work. He has doubtless been influenced too by his recent intercourse with some members of his party who refuse to accept the late election as other than an accident, the consequences of which can be overcome four years hence. Aggressiveness has grown much among Republican politicians the past fortnight; yet they bottom their courage not on the merits of their party or its stock of principles so much as upon the assumed discredit their enemies, the Democrats, are going to bring upon themselves within the next two years. That this result will follow is by no means sure. Mr. Cleveland holds a mandate from the people that is likely to make itself respected through all the ranks of his party, and, what is equally to the point, he knows how to use it wisely and bravely. Nor does the party lack able men to help while they follow him. However it has been in times past, there is no question now that the Democratic party is less under the influence and control of its baser elements than is the one-time "party of moral ideas." No doubt these baser elements will make themselves heard in

a disagreeable way, but they will not be felt in the outcome.

Mr. Cleveland comes back to the Presidency with an aggregate moral and intellectual force behind him such as no statesman has had since President Lincoln found himself similarly sustained in his honest attempt to serve the nation. Mr. Cleveland is neither unaware nor unappreciative of the sources or nature of his support, and, unless he should make a complete and astonishing reversion, he will not hesitate to grapple with foes in the rear as well as in front.

President Harrison, in his message, treats the factory artisan as a class segregated from the body of the people. This is an echo of the conviction that has been growing upon him, that it was the Homestead strike and not the McKinley Bill that defeated him. B.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In an age in which scepticism is prevalent rather than credulity, when doubt is a more normal state of mind than confidence, when the gravest matters are felt to be open questions and so many of us have lost the energy of protest—at such a time one may not indeed hope, but one may not unnaturally consider the value of Hope—dispassionately, objectively. It is to be observed that this train of thought is in line with the genuine decadent, the man "who thinks about thinking rather than thinks," at the same time, as the "decadence" is not merely a phrase, it may be interesting to discuss its *raison d'être*.

To us—let us assume a virtue if we have it not—who are neither, there appears a difference between the pessimist and the decadent. The fact that the former is in earnest as to the futility of effort presupposes that he has had some experience of it; with the latter, however, effort is an unknown quantity. From the pessimist we expect a growl not without a certain rough manliness; from the decadent merely a wail. Admit that Hope is illusion, and that illusion is delusion, and you will become one or the other. Happily it takes, for the most part, a life-time to cover the first stage. What, then, is the value of Hope? The word "value," in passing, is not to be associated in this instance with the familiar "what you can get for it," in which case we should be nonplused at the very commencement!

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—  
When all the sister planets have decay'd;

writes the poet Campbell, flushed with the fire of enthusiasm. They who can view it in this manner never grow old; with them the light of life still lingers on the threshold of the years, cheering, illuminating even to the end. With Hope dwells all the power of the impossible, all the charm of the unknowable, all the mystery of the infinite. Eternal hope! What though the rose-bleu is never quite reached; what though one sees through the vista of years pictures which have never been quite completed—surely the first flush of triumph is worth the after sigh of regret!

To some this will seem an altogether unballed for outpouring of platitudes, while others will be inclined to tone down this conception of Hope, in short, to compromise. "L'Esperance," they will exclaim in the words of the inimitable, untranslatable De La Rochefoucauld, "toute trompeuse qu'elle est, sert au moins a nous mener a la fin de la vie par un chemin agreable." Admirable conclusion! We are not going to disparage that which alone renders life tolerable. We look at it, indeed, without poetic fervour, but from the calm standpoint of those whose ideals belong entirely to the past. True, the exaltation of the poet and the dreamer is a little annoying, even troublesome, but on the other hand we will have nothing to do with those far more objectionable people who are so anxious to remind us of what we wish most of all to forget. On the whole, our preference is with those who chant the strains of the roses of life rather than with those who would repeat the oft-told tale of Dead Sea apples.

The not unexpected death of Cardinal Lavigerie is not only a loss for France, but for the cause of civilization in Africa. He was a man of grit, made of the metal out of which the heroes of the Middle Ages were moulded. He was the son of an excise officer, and was only 67 years of age. What a Pope he would have made! Could His Holiness have named a successor to the tiara, his choice was soon made—the deceased came up to his ideal. The Cardinal was born in Bayonne, so had an inborn taste for adventures, for the unknown. He united the characteristics of the Gascon and the Norman; he had also a John Bull tenacity about him in the common sense he displayed in his plans; his courage was on a par with his resolution; his role was to lead men, to conduct enterprises, and while he combated for the greatness of his country, and the propagation of his creed, he was the faithful ally of all powers and projects that aimed at the suppression of the slave trade, and the resistance to Islamism. His "White Fathers," and "Armed Monks," in addition to the "Sword of the Spirit," relied on repetition rifles and sabre-bayonets. They were the advanced guard of France and of civilization in Southern Algeria. He was a man of broad church views; when the Archbishop of Paris refused to allow the Madeleine in which to celebrate the obsequies of Thiers, the "Liberator of the Country" from the grip of Germany, the great Cardinal in his cathedral at Algiers celebrated at once an in memoriam mass for the deceased statesman. Nor, royalist as he was, did he hesitate a few years ago to rally, like the Pope, to the Republic. But that conversion cost him his life; broke his heart; the royalists who were the chief supporters of his armed crusaders declined to contribute funds, and the "Fathers" and "Brothers" are now collapsed institutions.

Since Villemessant founded the Figaro, by holding out to subscribers the bait of premiums in the form of baskets of oysters, boxes of oranges, toys, money prizes for guessing all manner of solution puzzles, that kind of gambling, or industrial journalism, has made great strides. The latest novelty is that offered by a paper giving subscribers the right to a weekly free visit to a medical adviser. And, when graduated, gifts of cod-liver oil to quarterly, half-yearly and annual subscribers!

Senator Simon relates that Napoleon III., when a deputy under the Second Republic as Prince Louis, in taking his seat, opened his desk and took out a large eye-glass, and passed his time ogling the ladies in the tribunes, who paid him back in his own coin. He invariably wore lilac gloves, but never removed them. During the six months that he was deputy, he only ascended the rostrum twice, and on each occasion pronounced but two words. In the "lobby" he always pointed to the statue—Napoleon I.—on the summit of the column of Vendôme, remarking: "That's my electioneering agent."

A few days ago I was passing a grocer's shop, and stopped to look at a barrel of "Alsatian gherkins." Recently I noticed the consignment of the barrel had been rebaptized "Russian cucumbers." The colleges now have classes to teach Russian, and why not? Few shops now but sell articles whose name terminates in a sky, vitch, a koff, an off or popp. Already shops display the "lei on parole" of Rome.

"Marietta Alboni" has just issued invitations to assist at her "Artiste Golden Wedding." In the corner of the letter are the dates "1842-1892"—what a period of souvenirs the half-century covers!

Deibler, the executioner, has at last secured a house, but on wheels. A showman has sold him his van. Rest at last for the weary. Z.

When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.  
—James Russell Lowell.