

to be our economical dictators, the arbiters of our industrial, and, as they must also to a great extent be, of our moral and social lives? It has been noted as a curious fact that the workingmen are always showing mistrust of their own leaders; not without reason if many of them are like the Labour representative in the British Parliament, who the other day was morally pronounced guilty of peculation by a jury. No intelligible plan for a Socialistic government, we repeat, has yet been propounded; nor has an attempt been made to show that such an economical despotism as it is proposed to establish could be made compatible either with personal liberty or with industrial progress. To make the case complete, the Socialists are split into two sections, the Democratic Socialists who want a government armed with absolute power to carry their principles into effect by force, and the Anarchists who want to get rid of government, and not only of government but of social and domestic authority, altogether. The world may reasonably ask that the slight difference between despotism and anarchy shall be settled before it consents to being turned upside down in the interest of either.

By the death of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, England loses one who, though neither a brilliant orator nor a figure such as fills the popular imagination, was a strong, upright, and faithful servant of the State. He departs at the moment when he could least be spared; for while a steady Liberal he was a staunch upholder of the Union. As Irish Secretary, struggling to maintain the authority of the national Government and the law against the terrorist domination of the League, he was ill-supported by the Government, two or three members of which were always caballing against him, and assailed with intense and persistent bitterness by Mr. John Morley, the present Irish Secretary. But loyal men thanked him for bravely doing his duty under an adverse star. At the time of the great Irish famine he went to Ireland as the distributor of a relief fund and distinguished himself by his untiring zeal in his mission. His rewards at a later day were torrents of savage calumny and repeated attempts to murder him. Perhaps he has been withdrawn from that which he would have been unable to prevent, and which it would have been agony to a patriotic heart to see.

THE Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union have a first instalment of one thousand dollars ready for transmission to Ireland.

BRITISH investors are said to be eager to invest in gold mines anywhere. England, as the creditor country of the world, has profited so greatly by possessing the gold standard—which, in the presence of a universal fall in prices of commodities, has added thirty or forty per cent. to her vast wealth—that she may be supposed to be wedded to that standard, for the present at any rate; and the knowledge of this has filled British capitalists with a desire to get as much gold as they can, in the certainty that its purchasing power will not be diminished in the near future.

THE *St. James's Gazette* pokes a little fun at Mr. Labouchere. King Charles II., it says, happily for his own peace of mind, lived before the days of Mr. Labouchere; otherwise there would, no doubt, have been a frightful row over the expenditure incurred by order of that gay and thoughtless monarch in making and maintaining the decoy for ducks in St. James's Park. Some of the items in the original account of "workes and services" relating to the decoy, done by royal direction, dated 30th of May, 1671, and signed by the King himself, would make a modern Radical's blood boil. For instance, no less a sum than £128 2s. 11½d. was paid "to Edward Maybanke and Thomas Greene for digging the decoy, and carrying out the earth, and levelling the ground about the said decoy." To Oliver Honey was paid £1 10s. "for paving the feeding-place for the ducks and breaking the ground." There is also in the account a charge of £246 18s. "for oatmeal, tares, hemp-seed and other corn for the birdes and fowles from September, 1660, to 24th June, 1670. This charge for "hemp-seed" is well worth attention, as it led to a frightful abuse, alluded to and exposed in the following note in Nikols's *Tatler*, published in 1780:—"I have heard that when Berenger was writing his 'History of Horsemanship' he made the proper inquiries everywhere, and particularly at the King's mews. There he found a regular charge made every year for 'hemp-seed.' It was allowed that none was used; but the charge had been regularly made since the reign of Charles II.; and it was recollected that this good-natured monarch was as fond of his ducks as his dogs, and took pleasure in feeding these fowls in the canal. It was therefore concluded that this new article of expense began in his time, and continued to be charged regularly long after any such seed was used or provided." It is to be hoped that Mr. Labouchere will ascertain by inquiry at the royal mews or elsewhere whether this charge for "hemp-seed" for Charles II.'s ducks is still going on.

"DESULTORY READING."

O FINEST essence of delicious rest!
To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.
This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.
I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget:
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

—The Spectator.

A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy.]

HE was in the habit of writing in an abridged style, and without punctuation, in his diary a summary of the occurrences of the day. He began at twenty years of age, the 3rd of October, 1869, and this is the little note written on that date:

"I have been appointed sub-lieutenant in the 21st Chasseurs."

The 31st of December he would lay aside his diary of the past year and go on to that of the next.

She, with more care and attention to detail, in a little blue morocco volume which she kept under lock and key held minutely the account of what took place each day of her life when she was a young girl. She commenced at sixteen years of age, and her first sentence began the 17th of May, 1876; and here it is:

"I wear for the first time a long dress."

She was married on the 17th of August, 1879, when her diary was brought to a close; but she kept hidden away in a secret drawer the diaries between the months of May, 1876, and August, 1879, that is to say, between the wearing of her first long dress and her marriage.

He also was married on the 17th of August, 1879, but his daily notes were not interrupted; in fact, so well were they kept up, that in one of the drawers of his desk might be found thirteen small notebooks where each incident of his life was jotted down, and of much interest, notwithstanding the dryness of their form. From time to time he would take out at random one of these notebooks, open it, and read fifteen or twenty pages, thus recalling the past.

On the 19th of June, 1881, this sub-lieutenant of 1869 was appointed captain of his battalion. He was alone in his room one evening about ten o'clock, seated before his desk, wondering whether it was in the spring of 1878 or '79 he had published in the *Bulletin de la réunion des officiers* an article on the new order of equipment in Austria-Hungary. It occurred to him that he would probably find in one of his memorandum books the exact date of the publication of this article.

He opened the drawer containing these books, and the first one he put his hand upon was dated 1879. He began to turn over the leaves of this volume, when suddenly he stopped and read with much earnestness a passage which caused him to smile. He got up, went away from his desk, sat down in a large armchair, and continued reading. He thought no more of the organization of the Austrian order of equipment. Old associations evidently stirred his heart, for a slight smile played upon his lips, and a soft expression was apparent in his eyes; but as he continued to read an emotion was visible, and he made a gesture as if to brush away a tear.

He was deeply engrossed in his reading when one of the portières was lifted softly—so softly: a lovely blonde head appeared as if set in a frame of old tapestry.

What is he doing there in that armchair? Is he asleep? He had cruelly sent her away half an hour before, as she was teasing him and putting ideas into his head not altogether those of work.

She in her white muslin wrapper, whose folds did not conceal her slender, graceful form, glided into the room, then taking two or three steps on tip-toe inclined a little to one side. . . . He is not asleep. . . . He is reading very attentively, for he has heard nothing, and does not move. . . . "He was quite right: reading is work, I suppose."

Holding her breath, she walked slowly, very slowly, towards his armchair . . . and all the while asking herself this question—she was still quite a child. . . . Twenty-one years of age, and very loving. Let that be the excuse for the question she was putting to herself:

"Where shall I kiss him? Upon the brow, the cheek . . . on this side, or on that?"

She approaches him. . . . She nearly touches his hair with the tips of her fingers, and she is going to decide whether on this side or on that, when suddenly a deathly pallor spreads over her face. . . .

Upon the two open pages of his diary she begins to read:

"16th of June,
I love her!
17th of June,
I love her!!"

Only one point of exclamation after the first "I love her!" two