

leader, intoxicated by the spectacle of his own marvellous success.

In the present case it is the Provincial, not the Federal, Governor who has ventured to exercise this exceptional prerogative. According to the doctrine laid down by the Imperial authorities the Provincial Governor "is directly responsible to the Governor-General" "for any action he may take." Presumably, therefore, Governor Angers obeyed the instructions of the Governor-General, whom he was bound to consult, before adventuring upon the *coup d'état* he has just effected. It must be taken for granted, also, that the Dominion Cabinet advised His Excellency in this drastic proceeding, and they must defend and uphold the Governor before Parliament and the country.

Mr. Mercier and his colleagues will need to "lock horns" with Premier Abbott as well as Governor Angers. The friends of popular Constitutional Government will look with anxious curiosity for the outcome of this sudden, haphazard appeal to an exceptionally ill-informed and incompetent tribunal for the determination of a great constitutional issue.

ONLOOKER.

### THE NEW YEAR BELLS.

To human hearts where gladness dwells,  
In gladness ring the New Year bells;  
A welcome herald of delight  
Their tuneful voice across the night.

To some, alas! In mournful swells,  
They seem the echo of farewells,  
And waken painful memories  
That linger when the cadence dies.

Thus, from our hearts the spirit wells  
That tunes the voices of the bells;  
The joy or sadness in their tone  
Is but the echo of our own.

A. M. BELDING.

### PARIS LETTER.

THE Marquis of Dufferin must be "on the side of the angels," so unanimous are the hosannas chanted in his favour by the French press. It is, if not fortunate, at least *apropos*, that the Russian ambassador is "down" with influenza, and so presumed to ignore the doings of the outside world. The something like the sudden squall—the weather is now permanently gusty—of cordial sympathy for *perfidie Albion*, will require at least the visit of half-a-dozen Russian war-ships at Brest or Algiers, with the dropping in of a live grand duke to Paris, to keep up the Cronstadt fire. The Marquis is accepted as a *persona grata* in advance; but if he aspires to be ranked as a *persona gratissima*, he must, it appears, undo all his work in Egypt by effecting the evacuation of the British from the land of Pharaohs. To accomplish that end would not only be a crowning glory for the ambassador's diplomatic career, but the most fitting political event with which to wind up the international harmonies of the expiring century.

It is in a sense lucky for the Marquis that Osman Digma has again "resurrected," as he is reported to be once more on the war-path. In presence of a descent into Egypt by his "furious Franks and fiery Huns," English troops will be marched into, rather than out of, that country, and so ease the Marquis of an initial difficulty. It was cruel to perpetrate the practical joke, that the new ambassador could not speak French; on the contrary, he is as expert in the *parlez-vous* as any ambassador need be. It is not by verbal communications that real business is transacted; all serious despatches before becoming definite are read and signed by the diplomatists on both sides, with the orthodox *vu et lu* appended. Being an Irishman, the Marquis will be sympathetic in advance; if he keeps fiddles and feet going at the Embassy, varied with the clatter of knives and forks, he will become immensely popular. The English colony here would like to see its ambassador climb down somewhat to the democratic temperament of the times, and not to forget one of Paddy's maxims, that "one man is as good as another—if not a great deal better."

Respecting the Parnell funds, in the hands of Bankers Munroe and Company here, some Americans resident in Paris are taking steps to bring about an amicable solution of the difficulty, and thus save the fund from being eaten up in law expenses, by proposing that the sum be handed over for the endowment of the Irish College in Paris, allowing the United States the right to send a certain number of sizar students annually to the college. Before the threatened suit be even commenced, the French Court will exact that the fund be lodged in court in the Chancery section, where it will carry three per cent. interest. If at the end of ninety-nine years the claims to the fund be not established, the money becomes forfeited to the public charity boards. Indeed, to all appearances, that will be its certain destiny if the war proceeds.

The public has not yet grasped the very serious situation in which France has been placed by the commercial union of the triple allies, who will certainly attract to their *zollverein*, the secondary European states, Spain herself included, as well as Scandinavia. The egoism of the ultra-protectionists of France, to buy nothing if possible from the foreigner, while compelling him to take French outputs of industry, has recoiled on themselves. France has

been out-China-walled! she will be admitted by some port-holes, but possessing no advantages for her manufactures, and she cannot, of course, consume all the latter herself, while her artisans must be employed and her people fed. The political consequences of this provoked boycotting, this *lex talionis*, become as plain as the road to the parish church. The French lay the flattering unction to the soul, that they will form a Franco-Russian *zollverein*; now the tariff of Russia is next to prohibitive, and her manufacturers want no foreign manufactures at all; their own industries suffice to meet on the whole the rough market wants of their country—a category of goods that France does not produce. In her recent Moscow Exhibition, France has been able to experience the rigorous application of the crushing Russian tariff. Besides, the revenue of Russia flows from the export of her natural products, of which Germany and England take from seventeen to twenty times more than France, and if the latter cannot dispose of her produce in foreign markets, she will not be in a position to import raw materials.

As an illustration of how the revision of the French tariff is proceeding without compass or rational aim: France has gradually progressed in the manufacture of window glass as to justify her to claim to that as a specialty for exportation; she sells to the foreigner seven times more of window glass than she buys from him, yet the new custom dues raise the rates for the latter sixty-seven per cent., while overlooking the possibility of retaliation. Now, the foreigner resembles those wicked animals, which, when struck, defend themselves. Stranger still, one of the chief drawbacks to the internal development of the national industries is the excessive rates of transport on the railways. Carmaux is one of the great centres of glass-making in France; in order to enable its products to reach the interior of the country, and so compete with the fabricants of Belgium, as well as of Northern France, the railway companies made important reductions in rates of carriage, and that the Government positively refused to sanction! That's how not to do it.

All that Paris, that is to say, France, could do to honour the remains of her great engineer, Alphonse, was done, and on the most sumptuous scale, combined with artistic effect and *apropos* surroundings. The gala wake, under the central dome of the 1889 Exhibition building, was in harmony with the deceased's life and works. There was an absence of all that was theatrical and flummery, which, in the case of the Hugo wake beneath the Arc de Triomphe, made the unskilful laugh and the judicious grieve. The Alphonse funeral ceremony was military, civil and religious; it commenced at nine in the morning and had to summarily terminate, fault of daylight, at Père Lachaise cemetery, much to the disappointment of orators, who had come primed and loaded with adieu eulogies. The remains repose in a temporary vault till their permanent sepulchre be constructed by the Municipal Council. The latter intends to invite competition of designs for the contemplated mausoleum.

According to many authorities the condition of the theatres could not be worse. They are said to be in want of regeneration. To effect this end, several theatres have sprung up like mushrooms, where anyone who strikes off a play can have it represented, provided he contribute to the expense—as a rule, not costly. The audiences generally consist of club men, mashers at large, young *littérateurs* and painters, with streaming locks like professors of the piano, the violin and the banjo. As a rule, the pieces are incomprehensible, that which appears to amuse; the poets are of all the schools, from the Symbolists, who symbolize nothing, to the Naturalists, who outrage nature. Happily the pieces are short, so the tax on intellect is not strained; but occasionally as many as six new pieces appear at once on the bills, and which are not played out till the sma' hours after twelve. However, the audience comes to stay; each spectator has a "won't go home till morning" expression. Occasionally an author is hissed or whistled down; this riles his friends, but the Montagus and Capulets are reconciled by a proposal, "Messieurs, let us have a drink!" I notice this resolution is always carried, *nem. con.* When in presence of political dissidence, Lord Eldon would say: "Gentlemen, let us dine!" It is by the stomach, observed Talleyrand, that you catch men. The Theatre d'Art is one of the new departure establishments coming within the foregoing lines. A few nights ago it commenced its fifth great attraction at one in the morning, subject, "Solomon's Song." Was it intended to be a Passion Play, or what? Each personage carried a different coloured lamp, and burning incense, advanced in turn to the foot-lights, recited a verselet and then retired—an actress succeeded an actor, music being executed in the background. After an artiste recited a verse, many only repeating the same, spectators would exclaim "Amen!" That continued for an hour. Such is the very latest phase in the regeneration of the theatre.

M. Carnot *s'amuse*: it is asserted that the *mitrailleuse* he has invented is the best machine gun yet produced. The wags call it *le président*, just as the guillotine is nicknamed the "national razor," and "the widow." Elector Frederick had only one cannon that he called his "aunt Catherine." When any of the barons to whom he loaned money did not pay, he set his "aunt" at them and their castles, and the account was settled.

A recidivist, on the morning of his trial a few days ago, wrote to the presiding judge, avowed his guilt, and begged to receive a long sentence. He asserted, and which was true, that nearly all his life he was in prison, where his conduct was exemplary. To be sentenced as he desired

he would receive a better dietary, be able to earn something at prison labour, to strengthen his health and buy a few necessities before sailing for New Caledonia. His request was granted. "Madame," said Louis XVIII. to the wife of General La Bédoyère whose husband was condemned to be shot, "I cannot pardon him, but I shall have masses said for the repose of his soul."

*Licht mehr licht.* The Paris lamplighters demand not to be forced to clean the panes of the street lamps on Saturdays and Sundays.

Z.

### A TWELFTHNIGHT EVE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

THIS, I need not inform the readers, was before the Fenian movement, and therefore long before the Home Rule question came to the front first under Butt, and subsequently under his greater successor, Parnell. It was about two years after the rising in '48, if rising it could be called, and the writer well remembers on days when he had the privilege of being driven to Cork by his mother. As the two walked along, she not much taller than her five-year-old child, begging of her to pause by a crowd gathered around a ballad singer, who sang a patriotic strain of which the chorus rang

Sooksees attind aitch wurthy frind  
Boath Protestan' an' Roaman,  
Who will lind a hand to Smith O'Brine,  
For to repale the Union.

We lived a few miles outside Cork, just pretty comfortably. There was a great deal of property in Cork, but heavily mortgaged, and the little woman referred to above had to attend to all the business connected with, and be always ready to provide wages for the men on the farm, and the men employed in the city by her husband, whose hobby it was to indulge a taste for building—nature, he thought, had intended him for an architect.

In 1795 Pitt founded the College of Maynooth, and in 1845 Sir Robert Peel passed his Maynooth Endowment Bill—\$150,000 for repairing the building, and \$130,000 annually, one of his objects being the main one of Pitt to keep the Catholic priesthood at home during their student days. Before this College was established the young acolyte either received the greater part or all of his education abroad. One of Pitt's objects was certainly not attained. Maynooth did not turn out priests more attached to British connection than those who came from the French College. There was even a drawback in loss of refinement. In 1850 there were still many priests of the old school, and Father Mac—, of —, whom I am about to introduce to the reader, was one of them.

I do think such a heteroclyte household as ours was not in all the country side. No longer rich, we paid our way; had horses and traps; and, as we were connected with the "ould families," were respected by the farmers, and not looked down on by the men of large estate. The lady of the house was a woman of original mind, fond of horses and dogs, a good whip, full of experiments, a daring readiness to take her own course, with an overflowing kindness of heart that sometimes warped her judgment, and a never-failing brightness, which no labours and no reverses could dim.

Molly Brown was an old retainer of hers. Molly was supposed to look after the children and the servants in the absence of her mistress in Cork. Molly always had a white handkerchief round her head; she either had the toothache or neuralgia or headache, and there were rumblings under her apron strings, which, to my mature judgment, suggest dyspepsia, but to the childish imagination, conveyed the idea of spiritual movements—for Molly was very religious. Promoted from the position of an ordinary servant, she had a becoming contempt for all who were not of aristocratic blood, and when anything was going wrong in the country, or on the farm, she would say to her mistress: "Well, ma'am, sure one can't be up to these pheasantry."

Molly had a daughter, Mary by name, and Mary had finished her education at Boston, U. S. A., and when she was hired out of good nature as governess to the sister of the writer, his stepfather would say to his beloved spouse: "My dear, that is a truly original idea of yours. You bring a lady from the States to teach your daughter a good English accent. She will be sure not to have the provincial twang of a Dudley or a Devonshire," and he would laugh, for in truth the good-natured old gentleman looked down on all peasants and farmers and Yankees, and even lords, unless they had a long pedigree.

His wife, for all her lightness of heart, was very religious. She was, therefore, very much opposed to swearing, while, on the other hand, her husband was very much addicted to that habit, at once vicious and vulgar. She greatly objected to the habit—a habit that was almost inveterate—of using explicatives. What was to be done? He loved his wife very much, and would naturally do all things in his power to break a habit of which she did not approve; but we know the proverb that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and, unfortunately, it is a hard thing for old dogs to unlearn old tricks. One day she said to him: "What benefit do you get from damning a thing?" and, as he sometimes qualified a too express verb in the imperative mood by a sacred name, "What benefit do you get from that sort of thing? It would be almost as good if you were to *grandmother* it or *great-grandmother* it." He was a man of some humour. He struck his stick upon the ground and declared that she had