

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE coming Jubilee year of the Queen is duly heralded by loyal publications. In the Jubilee Edition of Mr. G. Barrett Smith's "Life of Queen Victoria"* will be found fully chronicled and set forth all the doings and sayings, habits and customs, joys, sorrows, cares, love-makings, ceremonies, pageants, etiquettes, and costumes of Royalty. Some of the anecdotes are to us at least new. That of the first death warrant is both new and pretty. The first death warrant, it seems, brought the Queen for signature was that of a soldier condemned for having three times deserted. The Queen, we are told, asked the Duke of Wellington, who laid the warrant before her, whether there was nothing to be said in the man's excuse. The Duke could only say that evidence had been given to the prisoner's character, so that he might be a good man, though he was a very bad soldier. The Queen fervently thanked him for his words, and wrote "Pardoned" across the warrant. The chapter on "Wedded Happiness" may be read by Her Majesty's subjects, not only with interest but with profit, when so many examples of Wedded Unhappiness are being painfully thrust on their attention. Prince Albert was supposed to be very liberal, and even latitudinarian, in religion. By the Ritualists he was always regarded as an enemy. We are rather surprised therefore to find that he had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of the Sacrament, and did not like to be in company either the evening before or the day on which he took it. He and the Queen on those days always dined alone. It is rather amusing, by the way, to find Her Majesty, on mounting the Throne, solemnly disavowing a belief in Transubstantiation, and swearing that she has not procured and will not procure a dispensation for her disclaimer from the Pope. Suppose the Roman Catholics were now to agitate for a repeal of the law limiting the Crown to Protestants, what would the politicians do? An Irish Parliament would unquestionably repeal that law; and if the British Parliament refused to do the same, the "golden link" would become a link of a very Irish kind. For our part we would far rather read Mr. Barrett Smith than be at Court. We can never think of Court life without wondering at the attractions which it evidently has for a great many people, and the willingness of any one who can live free in a cottage of his own to wear the fetters of daily etiquette.

THE "Life of Queen Victoria" has, as its companion, "The Ministers of Queen Victoria," by the same writer. So tenacious is the constitutional illusion, that we may doubt whether the author himself was perfectly conscious that, in writing the histories of the Prime Ministers, he was writing those of the real kings. The theory, and not only the theory but the common belief, is that the wearer of the Crown governs, calls, and dissolves Parliaments, ratifies or vetoes laws, makes war and peace, appoints all the officers of State, all the Bishops, all the Judges, all the commanders by land and sea. The fact, as appears from the history of Sir Robert Peel, is that she has not the power of appointing her own waiting women. While the reputed sovereign rides in a gilt coach of state, with lords and ladies in waiting, and escorted by a glittering escort of cuirassiers, the real sovereign may be threading his way on foot unnoticed through the crowd. At the opening of Parliament she reads the speech to the august assemblage, while he whose speech it really is, perhaps, listens humbly among the Commons at the Bar. It is a curious and delicate arrangement, this of the king who reigns without governing; yet it has been adopted by almost the whole of the civilised world, though, as we cannot doubt, merely as a bridge by which society is to pass from Monarchy to Democracy. In England the seclusion of Royalty for twenty-five years has estranged it from the hearts as well as from the eyes of the people, and the Prime Minister has almost become ostensibly as well as really king. Mr. Gladstone's progresses were royal, and it was said that the people kissed his hand when he put it out of the window of the railway car. Royalty, however, still has the advantage of a consecrated name and of representing the nation, while the Prime Minister only represents a party; and the masses which now enjoy the franchise in England require a personal object of allegiance, which of late they have been finding in the G. O. M. It is conceivable that Royalty might again play a really considerable part, if there were upon the throne an able and active king, or if the Court had advisers who understood the times, and were competent to play the political game. But the lady to whom the throne belongs has practically left it vacant for any one who chose to mount it, and the real advisers of Monarchy at this crisis of its fate, unless English society is much deceived, are members of the household whose advice, as they are sure to flatter the Royal inclinations, must be worse than nothing.

* London and New York: George Routledge and Sons.

LIGHTS OUT!

THE sentry challenged at the open gate,
Who passed him by, because the hour was late—
"Halt! Who goes there?"—"A friend!"—"All's well,"—
"A friend, old chap!" a friend's farewell,
And I had passed the gate.
And then the long, last notes were shed,
The echoing call's last notes were dead—
And sounded sadly, as I stood without,
Those last sad notes of all: "Lights Out!"
"Lights Out!"

Farewell, companions! We have side by side
Watched history's lengthened shadows past us glide,
And worn the scarlet, laughed at, paid,
And buried comrades lowly laid,
And let the long years glide;
And toil and hardship have we borne,
And followed where the flag had gone.
But all the echoes answering round about
Have bidden you to sleep: "Lights Out!"
"Lights Out!"

And never more for me shall red fires flash
From bright revolvers—Oh the crumbling ash
Of life is hope's fruition: Fall
The withered friendships—and they all
Are sleeping! Fast away,
The fabrics of our lives decay,
The robes of night about me lay—
A cold air whispered, as I stood without,
Those last sad notes of all: "Lights Out!"
"Lights Out!"

ROGER POCCOCK.

THE POPULATION OF IRELAND, AND EMIGRATION.

SOME of the facts that follow have been obtained from a searching article by Mr. Albert J. Mott, F.G.S., in the English *National Review*. It is strongly recommended for perusal by all within whose reach it may come. It seeks by incontrovertible facts to disprove the aspersions which are cast on England by Irish orators, for the lessening of the population of Ireland. It is written without bias, and deals with truths.

At the close of the last century the population of Ireland was estimated at between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000. At the first regular census in 1821 it was 6,801,827; at that of 1831, 7,767,401. It is to be noted as a striking fact that in Leinster, a comparatively prosperous province, the increase in the ten years was at the rate of 9 per cent.; while in Connaught, where the numerous peasantry are permanently in a very depressed condition, the increase was 22 per cent., or nearly twice and a half as great. (Chambers's "Information for the People." Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1842.) This Province is described as "containing large tracts of mountainous and sterile land," and part of it, Connemara, as "a vast tract of mingled bog, lake, rocky moorland, and mountain." Other parts of the west coast of Ireland are little, if any, better, such as Donegal and Kerry, and the country is broken in parts by other bogs and mountains. In estimating the capacity of Ireland to sustain a large population, these facts must not be lost sight of. It is at present 160 persons to the square mile. This may not, perhaps, convey a very definite idea. It can be got at by comparison. A certain range of land in Canada lies under close observation. It is five miles long by one wide, and therefore contains five square miles. The land is good, and the situation central and favourable, lying along the shore of navigable water. It was originally laid out in what were called 100-acre lots, in fact, the sixth part of a square mile containing 640 acres. There were, therefore, thirty of those. The tendency has not been, as is so unhappily the case in Ireland, to divide and subdivide the lots, but in the opposite direction, as the tract now consists of only twenty-four farms. It is a very old settlement, dating back nearly 100 years, partly settled by United Empire Loyalists from the United States, partly by Irish. The inhabitants have seen four generations, and there must have been a very large increase of population. But it has been kept within due limits by emigration to other parts of Canada, and to the States. It numbers now, all told, though a baby or two may escape notice, 210 souls, including clergyman, store-keeper, farmers, mechanics, school-teachers, and hired labourers (very few of these), with all their families, where they have any, thus averaging 42, or about one-fourth of the Irish population to the square mile. It is in all respects a fairly prosperous community, possessing moderate abundance but little wealth, a picture in little of the Province of Ontario, that is, outside of the cities and towns. Here, then, we have emigrants, to and from, with the most satisfactory results. And yet a proposal for enlarged emigration from Ireland is stigmatised as barbarous. Imagine, for a moment, that there had been no emigration from this settlement under notice; that the Irish plan of division and subdivision of the land had gone on. We should have had a wretched impoverished community, working under every possible disability, discouragement, and disadvantage—a practical farmer alone knows how great; a hive of starving bees, from which the swarms have not gone forth, striving to wrest an impossible subsistence from honey only enough