

ing the Revolutionary War. That war was made mainly in its interest; yet it threw the whole burden and sacrifice on the people, itself not giving up a single cent of its vast mass of patronage and sinecures, while its rents were enormously swollen by the rise in the price of grain which reduced the people to the brink of famine. The general loyalty of its members to public duty may be measured by the attendance in the House of Lords, however important the business, if it does not specially concern privilege or pigeon-shooting. Under the trial to which it is now subjected by reduction of rents aristocracy seems to put forth no heroic qualities, but to send its heirlooms to the auction-room, carry its coronets into the marriage market, both English and American, and speculate in land on this side of the water, sometimes under the guidance of colonists whom it requites with social grade. One can hardly believe that there is any chivalry, honour, or high sentiment of any kind to be derived from it which cannot be found in the field of honest industry or in the pure and affectionate home. There are, it is needless to say, members of the aristocracy who, not only in refinement of manner but in fidelity to public duty, fulfil the ideal of their caste and whose personal influence, wherever they go, is good and elevating in proportion. To cherish a prejudice against such men because they have inherited titles would be a sort of inverted servility. But the character of a few picked men is not that of the Order.

Democracy is our dispensation. It is not a millennium any more than aristocracy was a reign of Satan. It would be far enough from a millennium if it were, as demagogues would make it, a sovereignty of the people divorced from guiding intelligence and taking their own will for a law. To organize it, educate it, and temper it so that it shall be a sovereignty, not of anybody's will but of public reason, is an arduous task, and one which will probably not be accomplished till many a generation has passed, many a life of effort has been spent in apparent failure, and many a noble spirit has been broken by disappointment; though when the goal is won we have reason to believe that humanity will have attained a higher level and a happier state than ever has been attained before. But whatever be our difficulties in working out our own destiny, the intrusion of a totally alien, and so far, at least as we are concerned, utterly obsolete principle, will not help us to surmount them. Flunkeyism is no cure for the vices of democracy; it is simply an additional baseness and a fresh stumbling block. The greatest of all flunkies often is the demagogue.

Let aristocracy be content with its own domain: there, if it really has any political chivalry in it, and if it will brace itself to the need, it may possibly yet do some good: it can do nothing but mischief to us or to itself by seeking to propagate itself here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

PARIS LETTER.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S electioneering victory in three Departments has proved as great a surprise to himself and his friends as it has to his enemies. Even now no one seems to understand why he was returned; his political programme, "Dissolution and Revision," can but little interest the average peasant proprietor. His duel with the Prime Minister, instead of injuring him in public estimation, has attracted to him all the Anti-Floquists, a considerable number of Moderate Republicans, who before fought shy of him. His re-entry into the Chamber is awaited with considerable interest by all parties.

Bonapartist feeling in France has been raised into enthusiasm by the approaching marriage of Princess Lætitia and the Duc d'Aosta. The necessary sum for a suitable wedding gift from the women of France was more than covered by the subscriptions that came pouring in from women of all ranks all over France. Special circular tickets are going to be issued by the railway companies to enable faithful Bonapartists to assist at the wedding, which will be held at Turin, on the 11th of September. The bride, who was brought up in a convent of French nuns near her mother's castle of Moncalieri, has a fine and striking physiognomy, and is thought in the family to resemble physically and morally her great grandmother, Lætitia Bonaparte, Napoleon I.'s valiant mother, known during the First Empire as "Madame Mère." Princess Lætitia is one of the few people who has any influence over her father, Prince Jerome, who is fond of calling her "*l'homme de la famille*." Brought up with excessive simplicity by the good Princess Clotilde, her mother, she will be called upon to fill the post of reigning lady in Turin, and to be the social centre of Northern Italy.

Women always have and always will play a greater rôle in France than in other countries; thus, even at the present time, the Comtesse de Paris makes her individuality more felt in the Royalist party than does her husband, and Louise Michel undoubtedly takes the first place amongst the Communists. At the great banquet held in Paris last week, in honour of the Comte de Paris' fiftieth birthday, a great deal of attention was aroused by the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier's button-hole, which consisted of a gold rose sent him that very morning from Scotland by the Comtesse de Paris, who means to present a similar token of her regard to all the old faithful friends of the Comte. Fifteen hundred of these emblematic flowers have been ordered from a great Paris goldsmith, and will be shortly forwarded to Sheen House. For many years the red pink was the Comtesse de Paris' flower *par excellence*, but since General Boulanger adopted *l'œillet rouge*, the Comtesse affects *la rose de France*, a very beautiful pink variety. The Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, when proposing the Comte de Paris' health at the Birthday Banquet, wound up with these words: "Duguesclin was once taken prisoner by the English, who demanded an enormous ransom. All through Brittany rang the cry: 'Spin! women of Brittany, spin! Duguesclin is a prisoner!' And quicker and quicker spun round the distaffs, the ransom was soon paid. 'Spin! women of France, spin! the King is in exile. Do

all you can to help us; the cause is worthy of you. Your faith, the future of your sons is at stake! Help us!'" And these words provoked such a storm of enthusiasm that the cheers could be heard all down the Rue de Rivoli where the banquet was being held.

Paris is at last going to possess a fine statue of William Shakespeare, which will be unveiled by Lord Lytton and M. Jules Clarétie, of the Académie Française, on the 14th of October. Mounet Sully, the well-known actor of the Théâtre Français will recite some verses specially written for the occasion by M. Bornier, and Mr. Henry Irving will be present.

Those who are anxious concerning the longevity of the human race may be interested in statistics lately published for the department of the Seine, which affirm that five men and six women are now in their one hundred and twenty-first year. This has not occurred since 1761. The same authority audaciously states that the oldest woman in France inhabits a suburb of Grenoble, and is now one hundred and forty-three. If this be true we have a survivor of the year of Culloden, and a *concitoyenne* nine years older than the earthquake of Lisbon and Queen Marie-Antoinette. Some years ago a sharp controversy, in which the late Mr. Thom, of Dublin, took the principal part, took place as to the possible duration of human life. Mr. Thom refused to believe in popular stories of centenarians, saying that the registers were either imperfect or non-existent a hundred years ago, and that certificates of baptism were fallacious, because it often happened in families that after the death of a child the next infant of the same sex was named after the lost one, so that duplicate Johns and Mariés are by no means uncommon. In one family the name of Jane was given to a little girl after an elder sister who died at fifteen; and such an occurrence might easily falsify an apparently well attested centenarian story. Of course, Mr. Thom rejected with scorn the legend of the English countess who died in Charles the Second's time and was said to have danced with Richard Hunchback, and that of Old Parr, the Father of Pills, since he would hardly believe in man or woman surviving to the hundredth year. But of this there is no doubt, the English Registrar General tells us, that an insurance policy was paid on the death of one Jacob William Luning, who died in 1870, being then of the age of one hundred and three, as proved by documentary evidence. This is, however, the only one of the kind which has passed through an insurance office as yet. Again, it is quite certain that M. Chevreuil attained his one hundred and second birthday since I last wrote to you. But the old man is said to be getting weaker and passes much of his time in bed.

There is perpetual simmering of trouble with Germany and Italy. Crispien's visit to Bismarck caused great annoyance, and now, yesterday, comes news from Nice that an officer of the Landwehr, who passed as a professor of languages, had been arrested at the post office of Nice in the act of paying for one of the boxes of cut flowers so common on the Riviera, hidden in the depth of which was a cartouche Lebel. The professor had for some time been under suspicion, without proof positive being forthcoming. He had attended the manoeuvres on the Italian and French sides of the frontier, and is supposed to have possessed himself of the cartouche Lebel when the *chasseurs à pied* were on the field.

M. A. B.

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

THE halo of romance that used to invest the Western States of America is slowly but surely disappearing. Railway and telegraph lines have brought the most remote of them into relation with the most settled. Besides, every year thousand upon thousands of industrious, and in many instances well-educated, people from the East emigrate to States such as Nebraska, Wyoming, and Kansas to seek their fortunes, and under their influence the country has been almost transformed. Cowboys, it is true, are occasionally heard of, but the cowboy of fact and the cowboy of fiction are two very different beings. The cowboy of fact is a vigorous, and to some extent uncivilized, type of humanity, much given to drinking bad whiskey and chewing bad tobacco, and by no means a hero of romance of the Claude Duval type. Neither is he even as bloodthirsty as is represented, having much more craving for intoxicating liquors than for human gore. One might easily pass a cowboy in the street without recognizing his profession. Lynching, it is true, has not quite disappeared, if that can be regarded as a vestige of the romantic. It is certainly a most reprehensible practice as carried out, and yet the tolerance of such a practice reveals a characteristic of the American people. As a people they have no reverence for abstract law. That is to say they respect and reverence the law just so far as it actually protects them, and they disapprove of disorder just so far as that disturbs them. Hence their indifference to lynching. In Canada, in parts less settled than the Western States, such a thing would not be tolerated for a moment, save under the most exceptional circumstances. It would not be tolerated because respect for the law and obedience to it is almost an instinct in Canadians as it is in all Britons. The ordinary American, however, reads the account of a lynching without the slightest emotion either of pity or of indignation. Such an occurrence took place a month ago near Omaha, the largest city of the State of Nebraska, and a man was lynched for a murder that he had undoubtedly committed. But it was afterwards discovered that there was insanity in the family of the murderer, and, indeed, the murder was of such a nature that made it highly probable that it was perpetrated by an insane man. The newspapers of the vicinity merely said that "it was a pity that such things should occur; it would have been better to let the law take its course." So much for the influence of the press.

Romance, as we say, has vanished from the Western States, and has