

For it your cosmopolitan hankerings, your peace societies, your solidarity, your humanitarianism are all but so much idle sentimentalism; your individual self-respect, your equality before the law are the subversion of order based on force, your religious toleration forgets that religion must be a department of state; as to your decency of speech, the less said about the name of Elizabeth in that connection the better.

These reproaches, as I said, might well be idle if they were only answers to praise of the Elizabethan time in its own age; very legitimate that praise surely might be. But they are not answers to anything so historically just or so unimpassioned; and though the peaceful author of this book may shrink from his conclusions, yet words have been heard from platforms supporting the cause he has at heart which have certainly turned against that cause those who have any sense that the world does not consist of the British Empire alone, and who, the more they find that Empire admirable, the less do they find it and it alone admirable, and the more they start in horror at the half lit cave in which Chauvinists of this sort glorify themselves in blind satisfaction.

The wrong it does a man's justice of mind is seen in this book itself, in the perpetual weary unprogressive state of mind which is always poking at the beam in the other man's eye, and never at the mote in one's own—to change the gospel so as to give oneself for the moment all the benefit of the doubt. This talk about "dishonest states and half-civilized republics" Mr. Goldwin Smith has lately called vulgar snobbishness; at any rate, as Mr. Arnold would have said, it is not just, it is not healing. One may add, as a reminder to the strongest Imperialist, that it certainly does not serve his cause in England. And then, as to France,—now really, are we fifty years behind the age, or back further, in the days of caricatures of Bony? It is too ridiculous; the colours are so very bold, or the shades are so very black. Somehow one thought that historical philosophy was telling us that peoples cannot exist inclined only to evil, that *a priori* a judgment of a literature recognized as great is incomplete if it dismisses it as merely the product of what is bad. May I illustrate this incident? During May, a German paper said France was pagan. So half truth decides. The other half truth is that no country in the world gives as many foreign missionaries, and that France gives more money to foreign missions than all other Catholic countries put together.

So this following statement is made: "The present state of France is a constant danger to the world." The other day when the Empress Frederick was in Paris, the *Cologne Gazette*—one does not perhaps wonder—said the lady had been insulted, to the astonishment of natives and foreigners in peaceful Paris, and to the expressed astonishment of the lady herself. It does not matter, we wish to say ugly things, so we will say them, then we know ugly things will be said in return. There was not a little of that sort of justice before 1870, and not all to the west of the Rhine. "It is not he who declares war that is to be blamed, but he who makes war necessary."

And this statement: "The provinces torn from Germany by fortunes of war, now by fortunes of war restored to her." To whom? To Germany? What Germany? Where was the modern Prussian dominion when Louis XIV. took Strasbourg? What had Prussia had to do with Alsace-Lorraine? If they belonged to "Germany," why does not Austria belong to "Germany" also? Surely that suggests another half truth besides the one suggested above. Or is that one above only a confusion of words? "America" in 1691 and in 1891, does it mean the same thing; can the one always renew the claims exactly of the other? And another consideration, in answer to the statement: "To Germany by race, language and religion they belong." Whom does Belgium belong to "by race, language and religion"? Whom does, or did, Ireland not so belong to? Whom does Wales not so belong to at the present moment? Not to England by any of these three marks. And shall we utter the words: Whom then does Canada belong to? That is a half unfair instance, perhaps. But when you take the instance of Gibraltar? of Malta? These be wild statements to go flinging about. Prescriptive rights to Gibraltar? Perhaps the history books tell which occurred first, the taking of Strasbourg or the Treaty of Utrecht. And how unreasonable it is of little Italian boys' history books to write as they do about annexed Malta.

But far beyond these discussions, what should appeal to every citizen of the new world, in the natural fairness of humanity, is this: that the flesh and blood of his fellow-men, the inhabitants of these provinces rebelled by love, by piety, by longing of heart against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. That is the only real question for us: that it is which makes this twenty-year-old question the threatener of the world's peace. A war occurs with us, Ontario is annexed, and to-morrow our brothers and sons fight against us, we ourselves fighting against our dead comrades, against our Mother Country, unless we choose exile. Never mind questions of whom the country did or did not belong to once: it is your generosity, your pity, your honour, your whole heart which is appealed to. You would despise yourself if you did not feel as every Frenchman now feels. And if the wish of peoples has nothing to do with modern settlements of maps, wherein are we more civilized as to these things than in the days of the wars of cruellest tyranny? But it has. In what

else depends the safety of the Belgium already spoken of, or the safety of Switzerland, or perhaps that of Canada herself?

W. F. STOCKLEY.

THE SUN BRIDE.

Lo! she comes with foot-fall faint in the lush grasses,
Up the flower-strewn aisle,
Soft scent making all the way sweet where she passes,
Rose-light mile on mile—

Seeking over lowlands wild, the red sun meets her
In the purple clover,
Flashing gold-light in her blue eyes as he greets her,
In fair fields a rover—

Where the lark builds, and the scarlet poppy-flower
And white daisies grow;
Snowy petals drifting in a silver shower
Where the blue-bells blow—

Crowning her with jewelled flowers his young bride,
Roses dripping dew
By the hedges where in pale, thin shadows hide
Buds and blossoms blue—

Straying over uplands unto golden heights,
Fountains, and white streams—

Twilight trembling, lavender, and grey, dull lights—
Soft imaginings
The sweet starlight brings,
Visions and dim dreams.

Pictou, June, 1891.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Melinite scandal exploded sooner than what was expected, yet when coolly examined, it partakes largely of the mare's nest. Such big words as high treason, selling the country, etc., impart a kind of sensation, but do not replace proofs. The popular belief in France was—and is—that her army possessed a secret explosive, with shells and guns to match, that no other war department had. For military chemists and projectile manufacturers there are no secrets connected with either new explosives or new weapons. What is new is not always excellent; and what is true partakes of the old almanac. Like authors, every government's representatives endeavour by hook or by crook to come at the secret of any discovery or invention for the destruction of armies, fortresses and fleets, for all is fair in undeclared war. But like the Spartans, the crime only lies in being detected.

A splendid proof of Anglo-Saxon pluck and endurance has been illustrated in the International Bicycle Contest from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles; that distance the champion, Mr. G. P. Mills, wheeled in 26½ hours—about half of that time is required to traverse the same distance by the mail train. Mills was followed 1¼ hour later by another Englishman, and after a lapse of 3½ hours more two others of his countrymen arrived—a tie. The first distinguished foreigner was 6 hours behind the winner of the prize. Mills arrived well travel stained, and not a little "raw"; he reached the winning post, at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, having experienced storm and rain during the last eleven hours. Nearly after starting, he fell and injured his hands and knee—hence, more glory. He changed wheels seven times *en route*, and was supplied *ad libitum* with good soup and the best cobwebbed claret. At each of the towns he passed through, an inspector on the way-bill certified to the sportsman's presence. The worst part of the road was in the hilly neighbourhood of Angoulême. The French velocipedists gave the "blue-ribbonist" a gallant and warm welcome.

It is for the French to wipe out this Waterloo at the race for the Grand Prix on the 7th June, when the winner of the Epsom Derby can try legs and lungs against "Ermak" the winner of the Chantilly Derby on Sunday last. Ermak was not the favourite, but in the *cantier d'honneur* his strides and splendid form soon satisfied his backers. He won the 75,000 frs. prize by a clear length and fair riding. The day was abominably wet; hence the 10,000 persons less than on similar gala occasions. The gate money amounted to only 73,000 frs., when ordinarily it is double that sum. As for toilettes, no lady seemed to appear in any wardrobe glory. A waterproof, the first robe at hand, and an old bonnet were the costume of the day. The only person who indulged in smiling was the lord of the manor, the Duc d'Aumale; gossip said, he was in ecstasies because he had received that morning a dozen of invaluable ancient books from his London collector.

The discussion on the revision of the tariff commences to be lively. It was a protectionist deputy, M. Viger, who carried the reduction in the corn due from 50 frs. to 30 per ton, from August next till June, 1892. This is considered to be a breach in the fortress of the ultra-protectionists. Under free trade, the duty was 6 frs. the ton, and the price of wheat was even then higher than it is at present, when the tax is 44 frs. per ton higher. M. Viger made the double-edged sword avowal that, if the reduction was not effected, the consumers would raise a crop that

would abolish all the duty. When the price of bread augments, owing to normal conditions, the consumer accepts the misfortune in silence; not so when the Government taxes his loaf. The war estimates have been increased by 5,000,000 frs. alone this year for bread-stuffs for the army, as the consequence of the new entry taxes on cereals. That augmented charge must be met by the tax-payer, who will have also to defray his personal quota of the artificial rise in the cost of his crust. The proposed tariff is a mess and muddle, which the Minister of Commerce declares saddles all imports into France 93 to 160 per cent. above existing rates. It is out-MacKinleying, MacKinley. Where is the country that will knit trade with France with such attractive handicapping?

Mdlle. Auclert, the standing counsel for woman's rights, complains that the wife is a slave, a Helot, to her domestic duties. She demands that the wife, when a bread-winner, ought to be assisted in the execution of her household duties by the husband. After the latter's daily factory or shop duties are over, instead of passing his evenings in the pub., he ought to help tidying up the house, in cooking, and—in nursing. With these attractions and the Clitheroe-Jackson right of a spouse to quit her husband when it pleases her, marriage is brought dangerously near to the failure point.

The encyclical of Léon XIII. on the social movement is well relished by the labour classes. He is on their side, though not accepting all their solutions. His Holiness admits that something must be done to ameliorate the condition of the working masses. The matter can neither be postponed nor shelved. Labour is determined to have its voice listened to. Thiers observed: "It is necessary to take everything seriously, but nothing tragically." The grand army of workers are not revolutionists. They want to ameliorate their condition—which is not a crime, and is at all events human. Nor must society conclude that every workman who demands eight hours a day carries half-a-pound of dynamite in his pocket. Neither academics, nor publications, nor speechifying command the ear of the working classes. The latter can only—in France, at least—be reached through parliamentary debates, where capitalists and employers will be confronted by the facts and figures of the Social movement, and where the merits of Free Association *versus* State Socialism can be threshed out, and Utopias and fads winnowed away. It is for the medicine-men of the Labour movements in Parliaments to embody their thought-out remedies in Bills, and have these fully discussed. Then will be known what's what and who's who.

The pending strike of the Paris omnibus employés is full of teachings for employers. The Omnibus Co's directors, with a Louis XIV. hauteur, and a board-room snobism, turn the adder's ear to a model body of servants, 7,000 strong, worked 16 hours a day, miserably paid, and kept in a slow, tantalizing fever from petty injustices and inspectorial persecutions. Like the worm, the men have at last turned, and the press, the public, and the municipality wish them good luck.

The King of Portugal is only in his twenty-eighth year and weighs 18 stone. It is rumoured that he intends visiting Paris to consult surgeons Péan and Labbé, whose specialty is to *dégraissier* fat boys. General Saussier, the military commander of Paris, from being a David Lambert is now relatively as slim as a whipping post, due to a surgical operation. Dom Carlos has no end of anxieties, and *Figaro* says: "Misery makes a man *gros* and *gris*," while Falstaff asserts: "Sighing and grief blow a man up like a bladder." If his Majesty comes to Paris he will "come to stay," like his astronomer cousin, Dom Pedro.

THE French Government has decided to cultivate the *isonnadra gutta*, or guttapercha tree, in Algeria. This is an example which it would be well to follow in some of our own possessions, for example Burmah. The tree has been all but exterminated in Singapore, and, unless a good substitute is found, our supply of guttapercha for telegraphic and other electrical purposes will soon come to an end. Karite, the gum of the butter tree of Senegal and the Niger, is believed by M. Heckel to be a substitute.

If ever there was a lovable time in the history of English literature, it seems to have been the time of Charles Lamb and his friends; yet no doubt the time had its hatefulness, and it is only a small literary group that one's heart may really warm to. Perhaps it is only Lamb himself: it will not do to enquire too curiously about any thing. But Lamb one may always make sure of loving; not for his weaknesses and errors, which were small parts of him, but for his good sense and kindness, which make him seem rather the best and wisest, as well as the delightfulest, of his contemporaries. The fact that he has been unsparingly sentimentalized, not only for his tragic experiences, his sacrifices and his sorrows, but for what his poor mad sister called his smokiness and drinkiness, without being rendered loathsome, is proof that he was too largely sound and sage to be made the prey of his weaker-minded worshippers. He had a robust, inward strength, like Keats, which has defended him from the worst endeavours of literary mawkishness, while his fortunes and his circumstances have moved the tenderness of all comers but Carlyle, who no doubt caught one aspect of him truly enough.—From the Editor's Study, in *Harper's Magazine*.