

depended upon to work for the interest of the burdened consumer against the manufacturer who has grown great upon profits extorted by the power of Government."

The Oleomargarine Bill was another which constitutional theories and partisan traditions should have made a mere test of party strength in the two branches. Alike because it involves an interference between rival industries such as certainly offends a "strict construction" of the Constitution, and because it levies a new form of taxes when an abrogation of old forms is demanded, Democrats ought to have opposed it *en masse*, while a solid Republican vote in its favor would not have been surprising. Yet one of its most earnest opponents in the House was a Republican Congressman from Chicago, with whom stood a number of his party colleagues, while 70 out of 156 Democratic votes were cast in its favor. In the Senate, 5 of the 28 Democratic votes were cast in its favor, and it finally becomes a law by the signature of a Democratic President.

Upon the question of civil-service reform each party has split to such an extent that neither can claim to be committed, as an organization, in its favor. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House, a Democrat who has repeatedly been elected Speaker by his party, led in a movement to annul the Civil-Service Law, but he was ably opposed in debate by Democratic Representatives, and beaten by his own party when the matter came to a vote. On the other hand, while the Republicans in the Senate have posed as the especial champions of the reform, the votes of Republican Senators have been ready to confirm the nomination of even such notoriously unfit Democrats as Thomas, Senator Gorman's unsavory protégé, for Indian Inspector.

The financial issue has ceased to divide the two parties. In the House 49 out of 112 Republicans, and in the Senate 13 out of 36, voted for the surplus resolution in its original form, which violated all the traditions of the party as a sound-money organization.

Even the purely political issues of the "rebels" and the "poor negro" no longer divide Congressmen according to party lines. Three Republican Senators voted last spring to repeal that section of the Revised Statutes which debars ex-Confederates from holding commissions in the United States Army; and this proposition, which only a few years ago would have been loudly denounced as "disloyal" by every Republican organ, only failed of passage because a fourth Republican Senator cast his vote in the negative through a misapprehension. Not long after, Fitz John Porter, whom but a few years ago it was a matter of Republican faith to condemn as a "traitor," was vindicated by the help of eight Republican votes in the same body; and on Monday a Republican Senate, by a vote of 33 to 15, confirmed his nomination by a Democratic President to his old place in the army. At the same time the fact came out that the rejection of a competent negro for the office of Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia was due to Republican votes, only one Senator of that party joining thirteen Democrats in voting to confirm a colored man for a lucrative position.

It is needless to multiply illustrations. Those which we have cited cover the field, and show that on no question now before the country, whether growing out of ante-bellum traditions, the "issues of the war," or new relations, does the line of division between men correspond with the nomenclature of parties. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that there is nothing left of the old parties except their nomenclature. One man calls himself a Republican, another a Democrat; but nobody can tell from that fact whether he is for or against any particular line of policy in public affairs.

CHARMING UGLY PEOPLE.

SAINT-SIMON'S *Memoirs* is the most consoling book in the world for ugly people. Half the men and women we meet in his pages are without personal beauty, but by no means without charm; and one is almost deluded into the belief that the body is rather as a costume at a masquerade than a costume on the stage, and neither indicates nor influences the part one plays. Occasionally he carries his liberal courteousness of description to a somewhat comic extreme, as when he says of Mme. de Foix: "She was the prettiest humpback ever seen; tall, in early years dancing most charmingly, and having so much grace that one could not wish that she were not humpback. She was very little at court, very much in the great world; . . . extremely amusing, without the least malice; and never more than fifteen years old, when she died childless at fifty-five, regretted by every one."

But other deformities than of figure abounded. The ugliness and suffering because the art of dentistry did not yet exist were widespread, and there was one poor woman whose toothlessness marred her fortunes. The King and Mme. de Maintenon, both of them, were always attracted by a pretty face and repelled by an ugly one—"ils se prenaient fort aux figures"—and they could not accept as a *dame d'atour* of Mme. la duchesse de Berri a certain Mme. de Cheverny, a person of much merit, but with "un visage dégoûtant." She was a niece of Colbert, and had decided cleverness and ability, and was agreeable in conversation. Moreover, she had been much liked at Vienna and at Copenhagen, where her husband was ambassador. But in Denmark she, and her husband also, had suffered from scurvy. "They had both left in that country almost all their teeth," says Saint-Simon, adding, "and perhaps they would have done better to have brought none back." This catastrophe, in connection with a bad complexion, was something the King could not accustom himself to, and he finally declared that he could not endure to have this face always about him and often at his table and in his society. "No one but the King would have felt so," says Saint-Simon; but none the less Mme. de Cheverny could not be *dame d'atour*. The King himself was sadly toothless in his last years, and one day, when dining, always surrounded by his courtiers, he complained to the Cardinal d'Estrees of the inconvenience of having no teeth. "Teeth! Sire," exclaimed the kindly, absent-minded, courteous old Cardinal. "Ah! but who has any?" The answer was all the more a jest to the bystanders because the Cardinal himself had very white and beautiful teeth, and his pleasant but very large mouth was so shaped as to show them fully. Even the King could not but laugh.

Most extraordinary must have been the appearance of Mme. de Nemours, the step-daughter of the famous Duchesse de Longueville, who had

"a very odd face, and a way of dressing herself, like the servant of a nunnery, which was still odder; great eyes which saw nothing; a tic which kept one of her shoulders always jerking; white hair, which was flying everywhere," and "the most stately air in the world"! "She was extremely rich and lived in great splendor and with much dignity. . . . She was haughty, too, to the last point, and had infinite cleverness, with an eloquent and animated tongue to which she permitted all things."

Carelessness concerning the toilette distinguished these real aristocrats—the beautiful as well as the plain. "The most beautiful woman in France," Mme. d'Armagnac—who, by the way, was so in spite of "a wretched figure, short and dumpy"—most beautiful to the last day of her life (when she was sixty-eight years old), and one of the greatest of the great—was always "without rouge or ribbons or laces, without gold or silver, with no sort of ornament, always dressed in black or gray, with her skirt caught up as if she were some sort of nurse, with a round mob-cap, her hair dressed low without powder or curls, a collar of black silk, and a short and flat coif—always the same, whether at home or with the King." This was a person who passed her life holding the greatest "state" of all the court, and who never in her life condescended to give her hand or an armchair in her own house to any woman of whatsoever rank.

In complete contrast to such an existence was that of Mme. de Luxembourg, the wife of the famous marshal-duke. She, one could almost believe, must have been the ugliest woman in France, and she and her husband were at first glance a terribly well-assorted pair in appearance, for he had a moderate hump in front, and a very large and very pointed hump behind, with all the other usual accompanying deformities of humpbacks. But he was like Riquet à la Houpe. His appearance, "*d'abord fort rebutante*," one became accustomed to, Saint-Simon says, to a degree "which can be understood by no one who has not seen him"; and there was about him an air "of fire and nobleness and natural graces which shone in his simplest actions." But his poor wife had nothing of fire and nobleness and natural graces; she was nothing but ugly and rich. "She was frightfully ugly both in figure and face; she had the air and look and demeanor of those great common fish-women who sit [at the market] in a barrel-chair (*tonneau*) with their warming-pans under them; but she was very rich." So M. de Bouteville (as he was then) married her as a stepping-stone to a dukedom. He soon sent her off to his castle of Ligny, where "her sad and darkened life" was passed almost entirely in melancholy solitude. She rarely came to Paris, and lived and died greatly ill-treated, greatly neglected.

The famous Duc de Lauzun was "un petit homme blondasse," and without "*agrément dans le visage*"; in fact he was insignificant in appearance, so that Marshal Berwick says of him: "Sa figure étoit fort mince, et l'on ne peut comprendre comme il a pu être un homme à bonne fortune." None the less La Bruyère, describing him (under the name of Straton in his chapter "*De la Cour*"), could say without exaggeration, "His life is a romance: no, it lacks probability (*il lui manque le vraisemblable*). He has not had adventures, he has had brilliant dreams and bad dreams. What am I saying? No one dreams as he has lived." Saint-Simon, his brother-in-law (they married sisters), referring to this characterization, says that to those who knew him most closely even in his old age "*ce mot semble avoir encore plus de justesse*." La Bruyère, it may be believed, revealed the secret, or at least one corner of the secret, of Lauzun's manifold multiplied, incredible, bewildering successes in

these cutting words: "Il a dit de soi, 'J'ai de l'esprit, j'ai du courage,' et tous ont dit après lui, 'Il a de l'esprit, il a du courage.'" But Berwick shows another corner in saying: "Il étoit noble dans ses manières."

The descendants of the Great Condé—himself small in stature—were scarcely more than dwarfs. His grandson, M. le Duc, was a gnome rather than a man, and in character as well as appearance; but he was a person of great importance and weight in the world. His three sisters were dubbed by the beautiful, cruel Mme. la Duchesse, "les poupées du sang"; yet one of them, the Duchesse du Maine, made herself one of the most conspicuous and remarkable personages of the day, and later won no little admiration from Voltaire, though to style her charming would be something of a misnomer. Another "petite poupée manquée" and very ugly, "was Mme. de Castries, a really learned and very brilliant woman, with the greatest grace and charm of mind and expression."

But we have left the most effective illustration of our thesis to the last. Even the Duchess of Burgundy, the enchanting young Dauphiness, was "unmistakably ugly," but, like the humpback of Mme de Foix, her "soupçon de goitre" was not unbecoming! The whole long description of her person is worth quoting, from the extraordinary vividness of the impression it conveys of sweetness, grace, and vivacity, transforming the most deplorable imperfections into almost desirable foils, as it were, of the charms they accompanied; or into shadows only heightening the glow of winning attractiveness:

"Regularly ugly, flabby cheeks; a prominent forehead; a perfectly insignificant nose; thick, pouting lips; hair and eyebrows of chestnut brown and very well set; the most speaking and the most beautiful eyes in the world; few teeth and all decayed, which she did not hesitate to refer to and jest about; the most beautiful color and the most beautiful skin; a small but admirable neck; a long throat, with the least little goitre, which was not amiss (*qui ne lui seyait point mal*); an elegant, gracious, majestic carriage of the head, and a glance imprinted with the same character; the most expressive smile; a long, round, delicate, flexible, perfectly modelled waist; the motion in walking of a goddess on clouds—she pleased utterly. The graces floated round her steps, and her manners, and her most common talk. She always charmed by her simple and natural air, not infrequently naïf, but flavored with cleverness, and by that ease which she possessed to such a degree as to communicate it to all who approached her. Her youthful, lively, active gaiety animated everything, and her nymph-like lightness carried her everywhere like an eddying breeze which fills many places at once, giving to them movement and life. She adorned every spectacle, was the soul of fêtes, pleasures, balls, and was ravishing there from the gracefulness and precision and perfection of her dancing."

This was the external delightfulness of this charming princess, whom Mme. de Caylus, no less than Saint-Simon, represents as in character and disposition no ordinary woman. But what we would particularly dwell on here and now is the comfort (and the lesson!) to be derived from such a picture, by young women who have flabby cheeks, ugly noses, thick lips, bad teeth—and a goitre!

THE ELECTIONS FROM AN IRISH STAND-POINT.

DUBLIN, July 24, 1886.

THE elections are over. Mr. Gladstone has been defeated. In Ireland the interest centred around four contests in Ulster, where the Liberal-Unionists have gained two seats from the Nationalists and the Nationalists have gained one. Mr. Healy lost South Derry to the Conservatives by 108 votes; Mr. O'Brien South Tyrone, by 99 votes. At a previous election they won as land-

reformers, in spite of their nationality; they have now lost as Nationalists notwithstanding their services as land-reformers. Mr. Sexton captured West Belfast from the Conservatives by 103 votes. Justin McCarthy has again unsuccessfully contested Derry City; he reduced his adversary's majority from 29 to 3. In this latter contest the Nationalists have petitioned for a scrutiny; and lodged the necessary £1,000. If they succeed, they will again hold the majority in Ulster. There have been no such close contests anywhere else in Ireland. The Unionists and Conservatives felt hopeful of winning South County Dublin, and one division of the city, but were beaten by increased majorities as compared with last election; the relative majorities being 1,768 and 2,443. The Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, which worked the elections in Ireland against the Nationalists and those in Great Britain against all Gladstone candidates, allowed most of the elections in the South and West to fall to the Nationalists uncontested. The Nationalists loudly protested against the uselessness and absurdity of many of the contests still forced upon them; but themselves fought Dublin University, where they were beaten by 1,870 to 56 votes. There have been several changes in the Nationalist ranks, but upon the whole, when Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien have been provided with seats, as, of course, they will be, the party will have been considerably strengthened. A bitter opponent has, however, been established in the person of Mr. T. W. Russell, who took South Tyrone from Mr. O'Brien. Born in Scotland, he has lived nearly all his life in Ireland, where he has devoted his talents as a speaker and organizer to the temperance cause, and where he became a prominent public character. Defeated as a Radical or Liberal at the previous elections in England, he has gone over to the I. L. P. U., and is likely to prove a thorn in the side of the Irish party and of many of his old English coadjutors, such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

There was some bad rioting in Belfast. It commenced with a savage attack on Catholic workmen in retaliation for real or supposed threats from a Catholic foreman of what he and his would do when they had home rule. These riots would not occur if neither party minded what the other said or implied by banners and processions—in other words, if human nature were perfect. But probably there is no civilized country where they could be avoided if a small dominant minority paraded from time to time their assertion of superiority and of right to ascendancy over the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and their opposition to national sentiments. Why are these Orangemen often armed while their opponents are unarmed even in districts where arms acts are in force? Because hitherto the magistrates who have the licensing power under those acts are often also Orangemen. How is it that the Orange party fight with so much spirit? Because they know that "the forces of civilization" arrayed against disorder are in the main directed by their own side; that if summoned they will be tried before magistrates and judges who in the main sympathize with them, and by juries where-on Orangemen will be the majority. All danger of trouble from this party will disappear when the majority rules in Ireland.

Turning to Great Britain, the first thing that strikes us is the extent to which dissenting Scotland and Wales have supported Mr. Gladstone—in the face of the fear of Catholicism in Ireland which worked so powerfully on the Conservative side, and which it was natural to suppose would have worked more strongly with Dissenters than with Churchmen. It is difficult to understand the dismay with which the result of the elections is received by many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. A majority on our side could not have been reasonably expected. Could any one have

believed a year ago that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and a score of other prominent Englishmen would come out as they have done on the question of home rule; or that 191 Englishmen and Scotchmen would be returned at a general election pledged to support the Irish Nationalists? The hopes of immediate settlement prevalent three months ago were as unreasonable as is the discouragement of to-day. Perhaps it is the same in other countries, but occasional sudden collapse of old systems and old wrongs in England is very striking. Up till the last moment the sustainers of rotten boroughs, Slavery, Corn-laws, Contagious Diseases Acts, Coercion, appeared to be skating on firm ice. Suddenly it gave way. They had not allowed for the forces quietly working beneath them. In the present instance the ice has, to a certain extent, given way; but the British public is, upon the whole, as yet too uninstructed to make the catastrophe so immediate or complete as in cases where the agitation had been carried on in and mainly affected Great Britain itself.

Mr. Gladstone and his friends are convinced (and even regarding their conviction some of us would feel more confidence in steady progress if the change had not come quite so suddenly—if there was not so much of the enthusiasm of neophytes about some of the converts)—Mr. Gladstone and his friends are honestly convinced; but the masses of the British people are profoundly ignorant on the whole question. Their inevitable ignorance is the measure of their incapacity to understand Ireland. The writer attended several meetings large and small in London during the late canvass, and was profoundly impressed by the sympathy shown towards Ireland, by the desire of the audiences to do her justice, by the attention with which Irish speakers were heard. It was also evident how easily on many important points those same audiences might have been swayed by speakers in an opposite direction. The English have not the same keen interest in politics as we have. Their minds are differently constituted. English audiences always strike one as guileless compared to our audiences—as if they were more used to being told the truth, as if they had not to discount speech on both sides as we in Ireland discount it. Our "frank open-heartedness" is really a myth. Whether in public or in private, we are deeper and more reserved than our Saxon neighbors. We may appear open enough on the surface, but you must long and well know an Irishman before you know him as you may often know an Englishman on short acquaintance. Hitherto the home-rule agitation has not been carried on upon the principle of instructing Englishmen. It is new for leading Irishmen to address English audiences with arguments based upon an essentially English view of the situation. So far as appears, until this election the National League never spent £50 on the dissemination of campaign literature in Great Britain. Within the past few weeks the League has largely distributed such literature across the Channel, but too much from an Irish point of view; too much in the spirit of ordinary Nationalist newspaper leading articles. The Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union has done better. Its literature has been prepared with greater care, has been better adapted to the English mind, has been more carefully and faithfully disseminated, and has had weighty effect in leading the issue of the elections.

It is noticeable the extent to which eminent literary and scientific men have taken sides against Mr. Gladstone—many of them Radicals in British and European politics, such as Mr. Swinburne. There have been also some strange cleavages. It is remarked by a competent observer that agitators for women's suffrage have