

court. Louis Napoleon, though very far from a great man, was by no means wanting in ability. He had nothing of the heroic will, and the intrigues, rivalries, hatreds of his *entourage* were a constant source of difficulty to him. Morny, Rouher, Fould and de Persigny were leaders in these intrigues. The letters of their colleague and fellow courtier, M. Rouland, lift the curtain on a miserable scene, where we see men whose duty it was to enlighten and strengthen the man they professed to serve, moved by personal resentment, practically fighting against him. That is what we see. What all but astute observers saw in the theatrical light of that Byzantine rule was a body of great and important persons filling high offices, a council presided over by a man whose judgment they enlightened, and from whose lips dropped sibyllic phrases, pondered by expectant and anxious nations. He had made the fortune of his friends. His generosity with the money of France was great. When de Persigny married he gave him, as a wedding present, 600,000 francs. But neither honour nor gratitude is in such as they.

Breathing pity, despair, fatalism, the letters of M. Rouland, addressed to the Foreign Minister, lay down principles of action which prove the writer to have been a good and wise man. Writing on the 21st of June, 1863, he apprises his friend that among the changes which might take place on the reorganization of the Cabinet was his losing his portfolio, for M. de Morny coveted it. The men having the honour or the peril of giving advice to the Emperor at a time so serious, will they, he asks, "prefer the interests of the State and of His Majesty to the temptations of their personal sentiments?"

He proceeds: "I see clearly that we have amongst us two sets of men, neither of whom considers the public welfare and the interests of the Emperor." (M. Rouland evidently thought these were identical.) "The one will act and advise, influenced by their friendships or enmities, the other by their own calculating egoism, seeking the most attractive positions or those surrounded by the least danger. To my thinking," says this true man, "each should bravely do his duty according to his talents and aptitude. I remember your saying to me that in the face of political necessities men ought to be, as regards the Emperor, good servants, not egotistical and capricious intriguers." Read in "country" for "Emperor" and you have what is called for everywhere in a time of crisis or transition at the hands of patriotic men.

Further on he says: "The essential thing to-day is to escape from difficulties which have to be promptly met. The Emperor should be able to count on the willingness of his friends to suppress at least for the present their complaints, even though just. But for God's sake beware of the new Duke (de Morny), for I do not quite understand the morality of those ambitions which have not even the excuse of fatigue of service, and climb not by inherent force but by jockeying others. I detest coteries which seek the opportunity of the present time to war on those they do not like."

It is instructive to mark the character of the men we have referred to. De Morny was a reckless *viveur* who, as his career in the Chamber long before he thought his brother would ascend the Imperial throne showed, cared not with what party he acted, provided only he was on the successful side. In 1851, when some hours before the explosion of the *coup d'état*, a lady said to him, "If they give the broom to the National Assembly, what will you do?" "I don't know what may happen," he replied, "but if there is a stroke of the broom, be sure I will seek to be on the side of the handle." Though his life was a series of brilliant scandals and shining ancient fish-like with elegant corruption and dissipation, he amassed an immense fortune and left his children several million francs!

Fould was a banker who became Napoleon's Finance Minister. In appearance very active and resourceful, in reality a mediocrity. He mismanaged the finances while he pushed forward his favourites and made the fortune of himself and his friends.

De Persigny started as a journalist on the *Temps*. But he sought a more rapid road to fortune than journalism. He was the instigator of the Strassbourg affair. He was one of the principal conspirators who strangled France on that dark December night. He rose to be duke and to wield great power.

All these and such as these were determined to play each for his own hand, and their intrigues keeping down or out ability in order to have Napoleon in their leash, and bent on self aggrandizement, left him without wise and true advisers. He set quietly by and saw Austria crushed and German unification go forward. At last with a dreamer for Premier, and a Leboeuf for War Minister, all unprepared, he went into a struggle out of which if prepared he could not have emerged victorious. No longer near him was counsel, wise, weighty and commanding enough to hold him back and rouse to appreciate the dangers of the situation, a judgment grown dormant from indulgence. Yet in 1863 and on to 1870 the paid writers cried up his wisdom and the wisdom of his Ministers and nearly all France believed in them.

No reconstruction, such as would give renewed vitality to his Ministry, ever took place. All was outwardly prosperous. The only policy was drift, and this ended in power passing into the hands of men who could not rule, and who, above all, could not carry on the business of Imperialism. The career of Olivier since his fall proves he was wanting in the stuff which goes to make up the "outfit" of a ruler of men; that nature had not designed

him for a statesman. Men do not gather acorns from maple trees nor grapes from thorns.

Returning to our own country, the people still look for reorganization at Mr. Abbott's hands, and will, we believe, not look in vain. There are occasions when the portals of a new and better era are thrown open by time. Come the era will, and the wielder of power may facilitate and fashion or clog and disfigure what should be a happy and beautiful birth. Canada at this hour might be spoken of in language like to that magnificent poem which burst from Milton musing on England's greatness and England's resources, and the heart of hope and power and heroism stirring in the young England of his day, when he saw her mewing her mighty youth and kindling her eye at the sun's full mid-day beam. Nothing has occurred for many a year so calculated to fill with hope and courage and to deepen faith in free government as the magnificent vindication by the Quebec electors of their worthiness for free citizenship in a self-governing Commonwealth, and the clear insight evinced by the constituencies in the bye-elections. They have done what the country and a Government whose cardinal principle is faith in Canada deserved at their hands. All she wants is a policy of expansion, first and above all a great immigration policy which will crowd desirable settlers into the North-West, the seat of a boundless reserve of power.

The special difficulties of eight months ago, the difficulties from faction, the danger of embarrassing the Government by exciting jealousy and individual resentment, all that might lasso the will with hesitation, and sickly o'er resolution with "the pale caste of thought," is gone. Mr. Abbott, happier than poor Louis Napoleon, is master of the situation, and may do for Canadian what Sir Robert Peel did for English politics, train and leave behind him a band of men who, while rendering great services to their country, will keep his name in grateful remembrance as the "Peelites," with Gladstone at their head, have kept that of the Repealer of the Corn Laws.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

"NOT LANCELOT NOR ANOTHER."

TRIOLET.

NOT Lancelot nor yet another knight,
But Arthur—in the midst of men, a king—
Stands ever in my soul's keen, loving sight,
Not Lancelot nor yet another knight,—
But one who, still for God and for the right,
Could count his peerless life a paltry thing.
Not Lancelot nor yet another knight,
But Arthur—in the midst of men, a king.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE danger of Boulangism had welded the several factions of the republicans together; that danger definitely laid, it was not to be expected the fractions would long continue sitting still like ancient Egyptians. The political work of the republic, of the revolution, remained to be completed. At what pace was the work to be executed? To promise reforms, or to achieve them? Such were the issues. Then the present Cabinet was a long time in office, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of those expecting to figure in a new one. The first reform on the roster was the Associations Bill; it has, in fact, been there since 1789. The measure, to be effective, said the advanced republicans, must be thorough; and the measure brought in by M. de Freycinet was sweeping indeed. It was accepted, as it was understood to be the first act in the melodrama of separation of Church and State. The hostile attitude of the Episcopal Bench had much to do in the framing of the Associations Bill, which ostensibly meant the secularization of the religious orders and their revenues, and placing all under the inspection and the legal control of the Government.

Then came the manifesto of the Cardinals, gingerly accepting the present Constitution, while liberally condemning, or anathematizing, its measures. This was met by a motion in the Chamber to at once proceed with the Associations Bill, and then the Cabinet declined to state it would or would not. This evasion led to its overthrow. Indeed M. de Freycinet aimed only to keep the Bill *in terrorem* over the heads of the Cardinals. At this juncture appeared the Papal Encyclical, calling upon moderate Catholics to loyally accept the Third Republic. The intention of His Holiness is good, but in conciliating the irreconcilable, its effect will be unhappily small. The royalists will keep a milk-tooth for the Pope for his effort to proselytize them into republicanism, while the radicals politely remind his Holiness they are masters of their own house. It is well to understand the commencement of this strife, which will last, say, till the British evacuate Egypt, and that must have important influence on the destinies of France. The wine is poured out and must be drunk.

Much fuss is made of the injury that will be inflicted on French interests in the eyes of foreigners, of the Russians in particular, by the knocking over of the De Freycinet Cabinet, which is the natural consequence of the collapse of the Boulangist poly-party conspiracy. No matter what Ministers are demolished, no matter what statesmen are devoured, France always comes up smiling, and the Gallic cock crows alike, whether victorious or vanquished. The mania for Russia is not based upon the existence of any

Minister; it is the outcome of the popular desire to have a big ally, able and willing to assist her when the necessity arises for whapping mutual enemies. There will never be an anti-Russian government in France till Russia gives occasion for its existence. But in the interim there will be several new Cabinets in France; that of to-morrow must take up or repudiate the Associations Bill, for the horns of the dilemma are painfully pointed. The radicals have put their hands to the plough, and will not look back.

Two deputies figure in the recent debates, and who are destined in due course for high office, Messrs. Camille Pelletan and Pichon. They are respectively first and second lieutenants of M. Clemenceau. The former is forty-two years of age, deputy for Aix, and who, after being a brilliant parliamentary chronicler, became a member of Parliament. He studied law, was destined to be an archivist, but drifted into journalism. He is an accomplished free lance, witty, incisive, sparkling and original. He speaks as he feels, but writes as he thinks. He is mordant, but not wicked; he loves to be free and independent, even in his paradoxes. Tall and slender, careless about the latest fashions, and indifferent in regard to hair-dressers, when his tall, slender form appears in the tribune, leaning like a Pisa tower, his sparkling, penetrating eyes and slightly upturned nose stamp him as a foe worthy of any adversary's steel. He has the habit of working one arm like a Catherine wheel and an aerial telegraph; then he commences to lapidate ministers with ironical arguments, and to bombard their supporters with sarcasms. He has become an authority on finance, in the sense at least in seeing that the national book-keeping be truthfully executed, and that no tricks take place with the estimates. Thanks to his early education of Dryasdust, he will devote twenty-four consecutive hours to the Benedictine examination of an estimate, and his memory is prodigious, as his colleagues of the Budget Commission can testify.

M. Pelletan is a co-proprietor and chief editor of the *Justice*, M. Clemenceau's journal. M. Pichon belongs to the staff; he is thirty-five years of age, and, although not so frequently in the tribune as Pelletan, he has a good financial head, and has the secret of making a short speech the right way and at the right moment. When a debate wanders he brings it back to the business point, and arranges that it shall rest there. Impossible to throw dust in the eyes where he is to speak; he has, for those who desire to cushion a debate, the awkward habit of dotting the *i's* and crossing the *l's* of what they wish to suppress.

During 1891 French naturalization was accorded to 5,371 strangers, of whom 4,398 were men, and 973 women, whether wives or spinsters; one-half of the total number of men were born in France, and 3,218 of these were married or widowers. Further, more than the moiety of the men naturalized were married to Frenchwomen; and, in point of nationality, three-tenths were Alsations, Belgians, Germans and Swiss, as regards nationality, were the highest Frenchified foreigners; the Russians and Austrians were ninety-seven and seventy-eight respectively. Strange, the Italians, who swarm in France, do not figure among the re-naturalized, save in, perhaps, the "187," which includes dwellers beyond Mesopotamia. As usual, Anglo-Saxons find that "there is no place like home." Among the 2,088 individuals who had acquired the right by birth to French nationality, 521 repudiated the right; of this number twenty-eight were Italians and twenty-four Anglo-Saxons.

Nothing succeeds like success. On Monday last I called to see Miss Nelson, the plucky English fasting young lady, wind up her thirty days' fast. She surprised me by stating it was her resolve to continue the fight against hunger a few days longer. Her motto was: "Never give up, 'tis the secret of glory." Her medical attendants attest there is nothing in her condition to prevent the continuation of the experiment some time longer. The cardiac muscles denote a weakness, but nothing of a dangerous character. She has not the slightest intention of jeopardizing her health, like her rivals, Merlati and Succi, and while prepared to dare much, she has the will to stop in the nick of time.

The statistics of the municipal circulating libraries for 1891 show that the literature most devoured consists of romances and travels. Among the former the most favourite author of the past is: Dumas père; Georges Sand, Balzac and Gaboriau are on the decline. Among contemporary novelists Zola is the first letter in the first line; there are always eight applicants in advance for his volumes. Odd, there is a revived taste for poetry, Hugo taking the lead. There has been a spasmodic demand for colonial literature; only the aged consume historical and biographical volumes. The books are lent free, to be brought home or used in the reading-room, and the number of readers in both cases is nearly the same. Most readers reside on the fringe of the city.

M. Janssen, President of the Academy of Sciences, has just presented to his colleagues some splendid photos of the enormous fugitive "spot," or mark, on the sun's surface during the last fortnight; each spot, or succession of spots, was one hundred times larger than the surface of our planet. He could not state if these phenomena had aught to do with the prevailing atmospheric perturbations that tell so dreadfully on health. However, he has no doubt that there is a close connection between magnetic disturbances and the aurora borealis.

Trains leaving the St. Lazare Railway terminus for Versailles, Dieppe, etc., have to pass through a villainous