

even then he obtained a clerkship in a merchant's office at 125f. a month, when thousands are glad to receive an 80f. salary. But he was seduced by socialism and soon glided down to anarchism—that other “blood and iron” policy for making the world march. He positively on his trial created a feeling of fear by his intense *sang froid*, apropos replies, and was politeness itself in his avowals of barbarism. What wasted intellectual wealth and strength. He read his defence; apart from its atrocious and incoherent doctrines, as a mere literary composition, it was very clear. Many in the court cried, as did even one of the witnesses whom his bomb, thrown in the Cafe Terminus, maimed for life, from forty wounds inflicted. His counsel, whom he thanked, but repudiated, received from the body of the court a white carnation, with the request to hand it to the prisoner. Such was done, as the flower was said to have come from his mother. No such thing; it was from the anarchists—their last tribute to their “latest martyr,” white being their colours. Flowers were strewn on Nero's tomb.

The fete of Joan of Arc appears already to divide Frenchmen. The clergy are accused of farming the Maid, so that she becomes ecclesiastical, instead of national property, hence why the Republicans keep aloof. The Senate is not favorable to having an annual holiday to fete the memory of Jeanne, when men of all parties could, for twenty-four hours, unite in the common bonds of patriotism. The Senators think that for a fete—one in ten years—the International Exhibition decade would suffice. And that is where the matter rests. It may be taken as certain, that when Jeanne has achieved all the measures for her canonization, and will be formally placed in the calendar of Saints, she will be about as much remembered as Saint Genevieve.

The Second Picture Show, confined to national artists, has opened in the Palace of Industry; its rival on the Champs de Mars, and the most artistic, was founded to allow foreign artists to show, and the result is that they are rapidly eclipsing the French painters. The decadence of French Art is more manifest still in the Picture Show in the Champs Elysees. Art has been sacrificed to haste and commercialism; painters show themselves more and more averse to study their best and greatest of books, that of nature. Ary Renan, son of Ernest Renan, avows that French Art has drifted into twilightism. There are not a dozen good paintings in the whole 1,500 carpeting the walls. This will explain why the real lovers of art postpone their visits till the jury has awarded the prizes, and thus separate for them the wheat from the chaff.

Despite all the pressure brought to bear upon him, Admiral Vallon maintains his criticisms on the *Magenta* battle ship, the best the French possess; she is qualified to capsize, or to so show her keel as to explode her boilers. Deputy Lockroy maintains the Toulon arsenal could not turn out to-morrow more than five torpedo boats capable of fighting. He is equally pessimist about France generally; the war of 1870-71, despite all her sacrifices to regain her position, has placed France in a back seat, and that she is apparently destined to occupy for many a long day. She suffers because she has no more the prestige of strength, of power as formerly. The world no longer looks to her lead, initiative, or originality; in litera-

ture, thought, science, eye art, Germany and England are the shrines preferred; the same as in trade, industry, and commerce, the English, Germans, and Americans cut out France. The latter, says Mr. Lockroy, fears to take any step forward of her own, till she has first consulted the two countries in question—not a bad proceeding, since the others do not hesitate to have a peep at what France is doing. France has a trump card to throw, if she would only try it; take the lead of inviting European nations to disarm; she might not, and likely would not succeed, but she would not the less reap all the glory and honour—and the moral strength of the victory.

The public stands amazed at the audacity of many robberies committed in Paris, and of the thorough knowledge the thieves display of the houses and apartments they visit and loot. The rogues must work in with some people belonging to the houses. The police have helped to solve the riddle. A servant girl obtains a place, and without difficulty, since certificates of character are not at all reliable. She is a female thief. She takes a cast of all the necessary keys in wax; her pals make false keys, since some of them are locksmiths; they are fitted and a label attached to each indicating to what lock it refers. The servant then feigns to fall sick, obtains admission to an hospital for a few days, when her mistress and the family have gone to the country. The thieves break through and steal, taking advantage, it is concluded, of the maid's absence, who has established her alibi. The police have just exposed that trick.

Woman's rights pushed to the extreme. Widow Radot re-married in 1891, and brought as a fortune 40,000 fr. in shares. After the wedding the husband talked a little about business; he was a tavern-keeper. His wife informed him that she was a member of the Woman's Rights Association and intended to dispose of her fortune as she pleased. He discovered that his wife had raised a loan on the shares at the Bank of France. He offered to recoup the Bank the loan and to possess the values; this the Bank would not do, unless in presence of the wife and she giving a receipt for them. In an action for recovery by the husband, the Bank has been cast and with costs.

Baron d'Hannez, who was Minister of Marine in the Polignac Ministry, and who prepared the expedition to Algiers, gives a curious description of the Cabinet Councils that were held under the Presidency of the King every Sunday and Wednesday. Much time was devoted to discussing how a letter from His Majesty to another sovereign was to be folded and sealed. During ordinary discussions, Ministers occupied themselves oddly. The King cut up sheets of papers into various forms and brought the bits ever away with him. The Duc d'Angoulême, the Dauphin who married Marie Antoinette's daughter, turned over the pages of a military almanac. “What I'm going to say is perhaps foolish, but never mind it,” was always his preface to an observation. M. de Polignac and others drew pen and ink sketches; M. de Chabrol bored or drilled holes in sticks of sealing wax, after piercing his hand. One Minister generally fell asleep, when the King placed his snuff-box before him and roused him up by asking for a pinch. The Baron relates how he treated the English ambassador, Lord Stuart, who protested against the invasion of Algeria; telling his lordship that France

laughed at England's threat, “that the time was past when England could dictate her laws to Europe,” and that her “influence, based on her ships and her wealth, was now played out.” His lordship, adds the Baron, was reduced to silence. That part of the memoirs must have been written not sixty years ago, but yesterday; proof that the old Adam still survives. The English had already chastized, by Admiral Blake, a Dey of Algiers for insolence, and had no cause to complain of France doing the same. Besides, the internal state of France did not permit of any such tall talk; the French were not elated at their great victory, that Europe rejoiced over. They were more occupied with the expulsion of Charles X, which they effected within a month after the victory.

The Socialists in the Chamber, sixty in number and admirably organized, could not demand that Anarchist Henry be pardoned, so they organized a discussion, on a question raised by their very clever leader, M. Jaures, condemning the capitalists, as Baron de Rothschild and the Duchesse d'Uzes, for supplying funds to the anarchists in order to buy off their hate. Of course no one believes this; it was all for the gallery. Not quite so romantic was the charge against the religious journals employing clergymen to write anarchist articles. M. de Mun and his Christian Socialism—and who is viewed as the lay representative of the Vatican in France—was roughly handled. M. Casimir-Perier, with one of his short and incisive speeches, replied that the Cabinet intended to govern according to its own ideas, and not those of either the extreme Monarchists or extreme Republicans. It is the consciousness of that energetic resolution or character that has pricked the May Day manifestation bubble. The day was fine, so many went to the country. And those operatives compelled not to work, by reason of the factories closing, did not look quite contented. A few ephemeral sheets were published, full of fustian and written in the high-falutin' style intended to crack up the stalwarts. But no one appeared to buy them, still less to read them. There is no marrow, no back-bone, nothing practical in all these reiterated diatribes. Abusing society becomes just as insipid as covering it with fulsomeness. The most perfect calm reigned in Paris and in the provinces, and there was no difference in the appearance of the city from any other day. The public viewed the whole affair with indifference. Is it the beginning of the end? The deputations of five persons for each trade in the annex reception hall of the Chamber merely demanded eight hours a day work, a minimum rate of wage, no under cutting of salaries, and pensions for old age. These propositions are not nowadays terrible. But why lose a day's—even minimum—wage to ask all that?

M. Clemenceau is an alarmist. He discovers the population of France to be dying out, and asks, *urbi et orbi*, how to stay the evil. The *Gazette de Francfort* replies, “Get rid of the Republic!” Horror! Z.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertions. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.—Emerson.