

his hand to have never written the philippic. Rochefort scarified him for that merciless act. It is well known that the defunct was a natural child, but less known is the fact that he was not legally recognized by his "awful dad" till seven years old. The doctors are still unable to state what was the nature of Dumas' complaint. "Overpressure of the brain," say some; others have other explanations. The best yet given is that by one of the Galens—"a sudden cessation in respiration."

Respecting the Turkish question, the public appears to be, like the six officially-United ambassadors, quite at sea. In France, people confess they know nothing at all about the matter, but hope the powers will keep shoulder to shoulder, and not yield to the Sultan's whims. The maintenance of the unity is the sole means of warding off the but too possible conflagration. The Ottoman empire was born in fire and blood and may well so expire. The strain on all nation's nerves by the attitude of Abdul-Hamid has well nigh reached the snapping point. Persons who know the Levant well, assert that nothing would terrify the oligarchs of the Yildiz Kiosk so much as a good insurrection among the Arabian Mohammedans—who regard the Sultan as a usurper and a kind of heretic. If the prophet only pulled him up at once to paradise, he would confer a boon on Christians. Prudent foreigners commence to send their families out of Stamboul. One political writer, passing as a great gun, thanks the gods that, France and Russia being united, the peace of Europe is secured. We have day dreamers still.

The French at last commence to take in that Madagascar bristles with difficulties, and these have not been lessened by the murder of missionary Johnson and his family. At present Madagascar is like Mahomet's coffin. The French Government intends to revise the treaty of peace, but whether that may turn out a song or a sermon remains to be seen. The prospect is not bright, and the night is not yet far spent. It will be an awkward predicament for the French should general war suddenly break out. Then in the Burma-China affair, their situation is not clear and France must always count with Siam. It is accepted that England is quietly settling her disputes with China, and is expected to astonish the world with her policy of results. In the Far East the Japs appear to be the only happy people; they must be sitting in their gardens counting all their money obtained from China. It is unlikely that Russia will make any move towards Port Arthur till spring; only the Japs go ahead whether wind and weather permit or not. In their leisure moments they are clearing the wild men out of the bush in Formosa. Soon they will be able to announce the country to be so civilized that Cook's excursionists may safely visit the island. If a general war breaks out Japan will be expected to play a decisive rôle in the Chinese seas. The Son of Heaven ought to follow the setting sun of "The Shadow of God on Earth"—the Sultan—and note how effete sovereigns are disposed of.

The special correspondent—just sent out—of a leading Paris journal to Constantinople writes that matters cannot be worse in Asia Minor, and that the tranquility existing is but apparent. As the winter approaches the news as to massacres will be more difficult to ascertain. The Kurd is, for the moment, resting after his murderings and enjoying his loot. The murderers always massacred the fathers and husbands, well-knowing the famine that has now set in would make short work of the wives and children, and which it is accomplishing the anticipated finish. At some places, even for gold, food cannot be obtained. At Trébizonde, a seaport town, five francs will not purchase now what ten sous would have done before the troubles. In the Sassoun all the population is doomed to disappear, so the Sultan is right. Give him time, and quietness will set in. In Syria there is the calm before the storm. The Druses are ready to attack the towns. That means pandemonium.

M. Zola intends to enjoy "a little rest" by writing actualities for the journals. He has just completed one article devoted to the coming "schism" in the Roman Catholic Church. He announces that the Holy Father is unable to struggle against the modern forces that are sweeping away theological creeds and replacing them by a religion of humanity and in harmony with advancing democracy. His Holiness is being driven from concession to concession till he is left alone with dogma. Zola thinks the revolt against the Vatican will commence with the United States.

A kind of hole-and-corner inauguration of a statue, "The meeting of Lafayette and Washington," has just been inaugurated. Parisians displayed no enthusiasm for the gift—from an Americanized Austrian, the proprietor of the New York World. However, statuomania still rages in France. The French are not at all unanimous respecting Lafayette's character; they state had he merited a statue he would have been given it long ago. The history of the rôle of Lafayette in the war of American Independence has yet to be written. Ostensibly, he set out with a few adventurous spirits like himself to make a diversion against England—a step that Louis XVI. felt cost him his throne, as the consequences did later, his head. Lafayette was "financed" by Beaumarchais, who was a trader as well as playwright; he speculated in American tobacco and cotton, and the Americans knew well that while naturally accepting the French help against the pig-headedness of George III. On returning to France Lafayette and his followers brought home the seeds of the rights of man and the sacred right of insurrection. These principles took root and ripened into the revolution where the French monarchy disappeared.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1895.

Z.

Waking and Sleeping.

Mother! pray do not let me sleep
For my love is out on the storm-tossed deep!
Do not let my eye-lids close to-night!
Turn brighter still that flick'ring light!
I am weary, and yet I dare not rest
While the foam rides fierce on the waters' cres
When asleep I dream, when awake I weep—
Mother! pray do not let me sleep!
I fain would sleep if death would find
A way to loose from the chains that bind
This soul of mine, and set me free
To seek that home where the weary be.
But, when I sleep I seem to see
Into a world that is strange to me—
A world where grisly phantoms dwell—
Shades of a burning, torturing hell—
I hear the screaming, the dismal crying
As mortal souls in torment dying—
I see them stretch their arms to clasp
My love within their fiendish grasp—
They scream—he turns his face to me,
Then sinks beneath that burning sea
Twice as the waves on yonder deep,
And then I wake—but wake to weep.

Oh Love! come back to this heart of thine!
Return with life to this soul of mine!
Leave me not thus with the years to be,
Speak to me! Call to me! Comfort me!
When I sleep I dream, when awake I weep.
Pray mother, dear, do not let me sleep.

My angel mother, pray let me sleep
For the storms are hush'd on the restless deep,
The winds and sea-birds cease their screaming;
Say, mother dear, can this be dreaming?
The waters dark have turned to gold,
The warmth of spring replaced the cold;
On the further side of the burning sea
My Love is beckoning, calling me.
I come! I come! Mother, let me go!
What is it keeps me, holds me so?
Quick, let me reach him! God is kind—
This is no dreaming, wand'ring mind!
My Love is guiding, leading me
To the silver strand o'er the golden sea.

ARGYLL SANBY.

At Street Corners.

AT the recent military fête in Hamilton there was an interesting collection of curios and relics. They were as a rule, more genuine than most exhibitions of the kind, but some of the articles shown gave considerable scope for skepticism, while in others the good ladies who were in charge had displayed more zeal than accuracy in their descriptive cards. One item on the list was a pair of spurs that had been worn at Waterloo, the wearer of which had had three horses shot under him; and another was a saddle, also from the field of Waterloo. By some mischance, the fact about the three horses was attached to the saddle instead of to the spurs. A visitor was being shown through the room by one of the committee. "This," said the lady, "is a saddle used at Waterloo; and, would you believe it, there were three horses shot under it." "That's funny,"