

As you see, nothing tallies; neither you with yourself, nor your certificates with your books. Do not demand from the public a credulity that would be ridiculous, but remember, you who insult me every morning in the columns of your paper, that the \$1,368 of 1865 are now worth over \$3,000, and that if I do not demand from you the reimbursement thereof, I have at least the satisfaction of considering myself your platonic creditor for life. I will not go into any further comments, for you already understand the whole thing. May I be simply allowed to add that, by means of anonymous articles in a newspaper, you thought you could hire injustice and spread it around you with impunity, forgetting that the paths of journalism are not those of the stock-exchange. Your specialty as a destroyer wrecked on the very threshold of our province, as if an avenging arm had cast you on the way of expiation. You stepped in journalism with the idea that prose or marmalade, talent or flannel could be purchased indifferently. In your hands of petty shop-keeper, prose remained marmalade, and Nabille talent mere buffoonery. As regards yourself, not being destined to change, you have the means to bear humiliation, and the fortunate faculty of not realizing the position to any extent. That is one of your many blessings which nobody seems to envy, but which it is important for you to preserve. I know how stock speculations dull all sentiments and shrink the soul. I take that into account in your case, for the same phenomenon exists in all countries. A few days ago, I read an eloquent page from Jules Simon, of the French Academy, in his book "Le Devoir". Here it is: "We seem to be more scrupulous in money matters. Theft proper is branded by public opinion, but it remains to be seen whether, outside of theft and swindling, as defined in the law and condemned by our morals, we do not tolerate, under assumed names, real assaults upon our neighbor's goods! Among well-bred people, who would honestly take care of a deposit, and whom you might, without fear, trust with the key of your safe, there are many who would not hesitate to speculate on public anxiety or credulity, and pocket millions as their share of profits in an enterprise the plans of which have not yet even been traced on paper.

Those big stock speculations, in which so many fortunes are made and by means of which one can get rich without talent or work, are, for the most part, swindles, and in default of the courts, should be punished as such by public opinion.

You sentence a starving man who steals a loaf of bread from a baker's shelf, and you spare a millionaire who, making use of all possible advertising, trebles his fortune, by means of shameful devices, and sometimes ruins as many as one hundred families in a single day.

There is no honest way of earning a million, without previously investing money, WITHOUT WORK, or without some useful invention.