

True, democracy, such as governs in the United States both theoretically and practically, and is in Canada at any rate theoretically avowed, would receive a sad blow, were matters of national importance to be settled, in the former country by religious strife, or in the latter by a strife between Catholicism on one hand, and on the other what Prof. Bryce, in his able work on "The American Commonwealth," calls "that childish and mischievous partizanship, which leads the Orangemen to perpetuate Old World feuds on New World soil." It would indeed be deplorable if the Roman Catholics of either country, should as a religious body, bind themselves together to obtain political control. But until that is done—until it is within the region of probability that such control in any large measure may be within their grasp—it is equally deplorable that a course should be adopted which must tend to consolidate their ranks for self-defence, and make each of them a Catholic first, and only a citizen afterwards. For such must be the effect of an organization aiming at their political weakening or annihilation.

And it is true that, as in Canada the intellect and true patriotism of the country are out of sympathy with the principles—if such they may be called—of Orangism, so in the United States the intellect of both parties is against any religious organization, founded on creed, whose aim is the control of matters political within the commonwealth. Their arguments are few and simple, but they are clear and convincing—they may be reduced to three and may be stated as follows:—

1. Such organizations, whether strong or weak, successful or a failure, tend to provoke among citizens religious prejudices and hatreds, the worst prejudices and hatreds known to man.
2. They tend to strengthen and consolidate the very institution attacked, and thus of their own action defeat themselves.

3. They are contrary to the great democratic principle, which underlies the Constitution of the Union and of every State of the Union, that every citizen is to be at liberty to worship God according to his conscience, or not at all, if he sees fit to. WILLIAM CREELMAN.
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PARIS LETTER.

The Congress of Social Economy ought not to be classed among the numerous societies that sprout up and disappear like mushrooms. It has "come to stay," as the Americans say. Its members are hard, serious, level-headed men. The President, in his opening address, does not mince matters respecting France. He avows, that many evils exist in the country, and that these are due, not to the institutions, but to the men. The moral level of France, he asserts, is daily lowering, and there is also a depreciation in the national character. The acquired fortunes and the accumulated ruins of recent years, attest his judgment. Ideas about right and morality are changed. Divorce has compromised the institution of marriage. Employers and employed, instead of tending to

be associates, are tending to become mortal enemies; irreconcilables in a word, where force replaces justice. There is a good deal of truth in all this; the worst feature of the situation is, that no solution is visible.

It is gratifying to perceive that the Siam difficulty with France will have no complications; it will remain a local question; that is wise, as it could lead to serious collision with other powers. Observers wonder what can be the aim of ex-Foreign Minister Flourens, a man of no extraordinary parts, continually writing in the press to cause trouble between England and France? He cannot but know that he can do no good, and it is fortunate that he can work no harm. The French know full well on which side of their bread is the butter; they have enough to do in keeping an eye upon the Triple Alliance, with out provoking England to join it. M. Flourens has claimed the paternity of the Franco-Russian Alliance; no one knows exactly where that alliance is now—if it ever existed—and the Czar does not appear inclined to risk a war for any cause.

The special correspondents at Chicago for the Paris journals are anything but enthusiastic over the Fair; they next to predict, or pronounce it, a failure. It appears to be a vast mansion, never likely to be completely finished, and never likely to have a large number of tenants. The "Fair," to impart to it an animated look only, would require to have daily 300,000; the daily average is under 16,000. Foreign exhibitors have quite a waggon load of grievances. The attractions at Chicago is the city itself, and its life, business and speculation are intense. The land-grabbers are very numerous; they offer the most desirable of investments; urge visitors not to hire apartments, but to purchase part of a house for just the same money; they send plans. When the purchaser arrives, he is placed in presence of his "lot," a piece of pegged-off quagmire or marsh, with bull-frogs as the only living objects, and who protest against possible expulsion. As for food and accommodation, a little Vanderbilt purse is a prime necessity. It is the Lake Side that is most surprising for Europeans; there, at some 1,200 miles from any seaboard, are steamers as large as any Atlantic liner.

M. Leguire, the Academician, is 84 years of age, so he has naturally a rich stock of souvenirs and of experience. He was informed by a relative, who generally passed much of her time in the gardens of the Tuileries, that she can stantly saw Napoleon I. In 1813, he was one day driving in an open carriage, going to the Corps Legislatif, to demand a further calling out of conscripts; he was in his "theatrical toilette": a cocked hat with a plume of feathers fastened by the famous Regent diamond, that blazed like a star; velvet mantle, and uniform of general. As he drove by the "crowd hooted and whistled at him." Two years later, a squib, attributed to Horace Vernet, representing a plow drawn by an ass, the latter conducted by a child, while a woman held the handles; that is "what France is reduced to; the glory of the emperor has devoured all our horses and men." Yet six years after-

wards, at the close of May, 1821, France was sorely depressed; many were in tears, several put on mourning—Napoleon was dead. Strange, the Bonapartists never celebrate a memorial mass for the repose of his soul, who expired on 5th May, 1821, though they do for his nephew's, Napoleon III. Hated in 1815, wept over in 1821.

M. Guizot had one of the early copy books belonging to Napoleon when a boy pupil. It contained a description of the continent of Africa, and among other notes was: "St. Helena, a little island." M. Legoure informs us, that passing ships went out of their course to call at St. Helena, ostensibly to salute the great prisoner. So, after all, it seems sea captains are politicians. On the 28th August, 1840, when the demand of one million francs was proposed to the Chamber of Deputies, it was voted unanimously, less a single vote, and this vote was Lamartine's. But all that attention to Napoleonism, did not prevent Louis Philippe from losing his throne. "I desire to be the Napoleon of peace," said the King. This was the time of the Pritchard affair with England. "Sire," said Thiers, "the Napoleon of war perished by war; and the Napoleon of peace may too perish by peace." M. Legoure does not believe in a second resurrection of Bonapartism; the dynasty has been definitely killed by Sedan. The legend of the great emperor too has been destroyed, not only by the memoirs of Madame de Remusat, which depict the home life of Napoleon I. so unsavoury, but also by the description of the Comte d'Haussonville of the treatment of Pius VII. when a captive at Fontainebleau. Colonel Charras has exhibited the fading talents of Napoleon at Waterloo, as he was a combatant; he accuses Bonaparte and supplies proof from eye-witnesses, that he was guilty of want of foresight, perspicacity and generalship. When Guizot was ambassador at London, he had a chat with Wellington about Waterloo: "I was lucky," replied the Duke, "and the Emperor Napoleon was sometimes more skilful." Lanfrey's work on the Napoleon dynasty, made most havoc with the idol; the book is said to have shaken even the Bonaparte cult of Thiers. Odd not the less, than capable judges view the campaign of Napoleon in 1814 to drive the allies out of France and from Paris, and the rapidity with which he organized an army after escaping from Elba, to attack the allies, and in which he collapsed at Waterloo, as acts worthy of the best of his marvellous genius.

The French Derby this year presented a few particulars; the first and second places were gained by Baron de Schickee's stable, who was similarly fortunate last Derby day; the favourite was only second; lost caste by having caught a cold and having to drink honey and water. The day was fine, so 30,000 Parisians railed down to Chantilly, and if they did not make money, their breath must have been bettered by the open air. The Duc d'Aumale entertained his intimate friends at lunch in his box on the grand stand.

M. Roybet, the painter, is, he says, more happy than any king. His picture of "Charles the Bold" has been awarded the gold medal as the best painting in