

as usual. "Papa, you have tears in your eyes," said his little daughter. "No, *ma chérie*, it is the cold window of my study did that." "Let me brush them away," she replied, but so anyhow they only welled up more. Toché drove to the northern railway terminus, took a ticket to Chantilly. Here he posted his two letters; one to his wife, asking her pardon, and that his body would be found in the forest; the other to M. Blum, wherein he related the history of his usurers; that he had given an appointment next morning at a café to Tamin, who would arrive, in the full expectation of receiving cash and arranging a bill for 80,000 frs.; to make sure and have him then and there arrested, or it would be too late; Tamin had ruined him, and by pulling him up others might yet be saved. Tamin was punctual and so was M. Blum, with two detectives, who lodged the usurer in prison. The wife, too, was punctual, with her married daughter by her first husband, and her son-in-law. They at last found the body in the Dame Blanche Lake, close to the edge, into which it had fallen when Toché lodged two revolver bullets in his head. They succeeded in dragging the corpse out. The Archbishop of Paris allowed the remains of the poor suicide to receive Christian burial, and the Madeleine Church was almost too small for the crowd of mourners. The hearse was laden with wreaths. One, the most prominent, in worked natural flowers, displayed the words: "To poor Papa?"

The press has only blessings to bestow on the police for their capture of Tamin. It led to a great "find." That individual resided in a leading avenue near the Arc de Triomphe and occupied large apartments on the first story. He had no furniture, save an old straw chair, wooden table and camp bed. But the police found 15 trunks full of letters and documents, corded and ready for removal at a second's notice. Tamin had no money, he was the go between the pigeon and the pluckers. The latter are generally small provincial "bankers," who keep just above the load line of legality; shop keepers and rural publicans have no objection to advance a little money at 60 per cent. on condition of getting the moiety of the discount. The Tamin trunks will reveal that army of social brigands; if the documents be not over three years old the writers can be, and will be, prosecuted; but nothing, when the trials come off, prevents the press from giving elegant extracts from the archives of usurers retired from business. Borrowers, who are on the books of Tamin & Co., may sleep soundly as to their bills; the law will annul the debts, and the letters of borrowers, following circumstances, will be returned to writers, but through their parents, guardians, or, if in public employment, to the chefs. It will be a terrible Augean stable to clean and flush, but the moral good will be incalculable. Parisians may well be excused concentrating their attentions on the event.

A burial of another kind took place just at the same time as Toché's funeral—the departure of the strange ex-President, Casimir-Perier, from the Elysée. A more gloomy "Fontainebleau adieu!" never was witnessed. On entering his carriage to carry him to his private residence—and to forgetfulness, for the French have relegated him long since to the political limbo, the soldiers on guard presented arms, the trumpets—day of judgment was in a way—sounded, and the drums beat—say funeral marches to the political grave; so ends the last hours to the late President, who deeply deplores now his going into sulks and huffs. M. Felix Faure, a very business man, has taken up the presidential running as if he was dealing with a commercial transaction. No one would ever conclude from the ease with which he fills the post that he is not yet a week in office. He, at least, has come to stay; he leaves political programmes to his ministers, and the latter to the parliament; he has no intention of passing over their heads. The difficulty in the formation of the cabinet is due to able leaders who hold opposite views on the proposed income tax bill, which, after all, is the question of questions. Let the president suggest other and newer men for the post of Minister of Finance—plenty of competent candidates exist. M. Honotaux, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the best France has had for years, was simply selected from the high functionaries of the foreign office. That plan will reduce the monopolist pretensions of the so self-estimated indispensables. M. Faure is a "Protestant," but that will not prevent his having Catholic Bishops at his table, and officially handing the *beret* or Cardinal's hat to the French Bishops, when His Holiness bestows that honour. M. Faure is a known out and out free

trader, and being almost a native of Havre, having passed his life in the French Liverpool, he shares the reputation of the Havrais: that of possessing the cool and practical common sense of Anglo-Saxons.

The President is claimed by his baptismal certificate, just published, to have been born in the house bearing the number 71, Rue Faubourg St. Denis; he was baptized in the St. Vincent de Paul Chapel, as the register testifies, so it appears to be an open question as to his creed. With the French, that is not at all a matter of vital importance. The tenants of No. 71 are delighted their President was born there, but it seems that several street changes have taken place since 1841, the year of his birth, and that No. 71 now corresponds with 65 then—the latter is correct; but the tenants of the two houses not the less dispute the honor. Seven cities claimed to be the birth place of Homer. All are agreed, however, that the President's father was a working cabinet-maker in his own home, his speciality being arm chairs. Curious coincidence; the wives of President Jules Grevy, Carnot, and Felix Faure have been born in the neighborhood of Amboise. Now the girls of Touraine in these instances have not belied their reputation—that of making model wives.

France has at last a crumb of consolation on the matter of her dying out population. The foreigners have stood by her; no less than 9,000 persons of both sexes, and of legal age have become in 1893 naturalized French. More than nine-tenths of the men delayed taking the step till past the age of military service, but their children will have to make up for that prudence in due course. Among the new arrivals were 388 Germans; 1,431 Belgians; 1,279 Italians; 84 Russians and Poles: Only two Chinese exchanged nationality; the English were equal to the Celestials in backwardness, one of them hails from Guadalupe, and the other from New Caledonia, but none from London town. Brother Jonathan is also conspicuous by his absence; however, it is only when they die that good Americans come to France.

The *Debats* pays high tribute to the colonizing genius of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in his having carved out of East Africa a new Empire for England nearly the area of Europe. That great work has been accomplished at a relatively small cost, observes the journal, and there has been no speculation of the funds, that is to say, no Panamaism. The best thing France could do is to negotiate for the loan of the services of M. Rhodes to organize Madagascar.

The sewer men of Paris demand sanitary reform; six of their order die monthly from diseases contracted in the execution of their duties, and that could be prevented. They work by lamplight, of course. Now their lamps are very bad and the light dim, so that the mens' eye-sight has been injured and hence how they are exposed to greater risks. A small increase in the living would combat the death wage.

A murder was committed at Rochefort a few days ago; the catch penny journals did a good business by printing the fact as the murder of Rochefort. The latter playfully asserts that no attack has been made upon him—not even upon his modesty.

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Letters to the Editor:

ERASMUS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I have read with much interest Mr. O. A. Howland's review of Froude's "Erasmus." It is needless to say that I admire Erasmus; no candid student of history can fail to do so. But I cannot regard him as Mr. Howland does, or put him in the high place to which he assigns him.

Let it be admitted that Erasmus was erudite—perhaps the most learned man of his time. Let it be admitted also that he was "sane" and "humane." Let it be admitted that his life was pure as his ideals were lofty. Let it be admitted that he was an earnest searcher after truth and an honest believer in its efficacy when discovered. There remains the patent fact that he was not actuated by the heroic spirit which was manifested by two of his contemporaries as eminent as himself—Sir Thomas Moore, who died a martyr to Roman Catholicism, and Martin Luther, who never hesitated to risk a similar fate as the chief promoter of Protestantism.