

"rotten to the core," is a loud call to patriotic men everywhere, and to the men of that Province particularly, to unite in finding and applying a remedy. While we do not believe in one law as a panacea, or in the power of any law to change the heart, law can do much to encourage the good and discourage the bad. It is specially made, the Apostle tells us, "for liars, for perjured persons, and if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine."

G. M. GRANT.

PARIS LETTER.

FRANCE has had such a surfeit of mushroom strikes that the very mention of the word "strike" suffices to break up a conversation. Dissatisfied workmen before going out, or calling their fellows out, have recently adopted the plan of taking a ballot, which has been attended with praiseworthy common-sense results. To this break on irreflexion and hastiness is to be added the formation of mixed councils, composed of masters and men, *ex-quo*, to examine grievances. Many employers offer to take their hands into partnership, or to regulate salaries on the system of profits sharing, provided the workmen will bind themselves—which they refuse—to accept, when necessary, their dividends out of the sweet uses of adversity, as the East African Company pays its shareholders in philanthropy.

While England is occupying herself with a scheme of Federation for her Colonies, based on a recasting of duties, M. Benoist, one of the best authorities on Algeria, proposes that the painter be cut between that colony and France. Algeria costs the Mother Country annually eighty million frs. It is not expected to be a reproductive investment before fifty years, and till a further half milliard of francs is expended, and to be added to the total of ten milliards sunk in the colony since 1830. Loan the necessary cash to the colony, exact payment of interest thereon, and let Algeria cease to look to Paris to make its laws and to design its destinies. Colonial representation in the French Legislature is, at best, but a fiction, for the colonies are only so many costly prefectures, far distant from Paris. France is to be delivered from the incubus of decentralization, to be commenced by autonomizing the colonies, and first of all Algeria. Their connection with the Mother Country, concludes M. Benoist, is something factitious and inorganic, which has no roots in life and that cannot produce vitality.

Of the multitude of Leagues formed in France for everything and nothing, that having for aim to check the rising tide of obscene literature is timely and meritorious. Formerly, when the authorities prosecuted libidinous publications, they feared an acquittal; now they seem to dread a condemnation. In any case the League supplies a want; its members bind themselves not to purchase journals or periodicals from any news vendor who sells immoral publications. Private Catos make the best censors.

I have been informed that England has given the Sultan to understand she will deal with the evacuation of Egypt when her commercial treaty with Tunisia expires, about the year 1893. Then the right of France to run Tunisia on lines partial to her own commerce will raise the question of the evacuation of her "protectorate" also. The French will never give up Tunisia, nor re-allow outsiders to trade with it, except upon conditions formulated by themselves. Cyprus, by the Berlin Congress, is held in trust for Turkey till Russia evacuates Batoum and Kars, and Austria Bosnia. Were France to annex Tunisia, Austria would seize Salonica; Italy, Tripoli; England, while gripping Egypt, would occupy Besekia Bay, and Germany, Alexandretta. It is rumoured here that the Triple Allies and England have plainly told the Sultan that no two weights and two measures will be tolerated in his guardianship of the Dardanelles, and should the latter be declared free, they will exact naval stations in the Black Sea on Turkish territory.

The Director of Posts has taken a drastic decision against the cowardly system of calumination by postal cards, where the writers, persons of straw, defame with next to impunity respectable people. The latter are defenceless, for in wrestling with sweeps you catch dirty clothes. Henceforth, all postal cards with defamatory writing on the address face, will not be delivered, but thrown into the dead letter office; if the writing be on the other side of the card, the clerks and postmen have nothing to do with the matter, save to regard it with the secrecy of a letter.

The Russomania malady is on the decline; patriotism is seeking, if not healthier, at least quieter forms for expressing the sympathy of Liberal France, with the great autocrat. Whether there be or be not an executed alliance between the two Governments, people await its action and events to interpret and test its signification. There is a great deal of sentimental war-whooping in the air, but that is losing the "charm" of frightening. I observed a curious scene a few days ago where a crowded *café* listened in solemn silence to the private band playing the "Russian Hymn." It was succeeded by the "Marche aux Morts," when instantly a group of Anglo-Saxon tourists stood up, removed their hats, and so remained till the conclusion of the piece. The scene plunged the French into a brown study. Outsiders have been astounded at Senator Jules Simon, aged seventy-eight, a good man gone politically wrong, writing in a journal that since the Cronstadt internation "the face of the world has been changed,"

and that "France has now a true friend in the innumerable array of Tartars." What an inoculation for the leading philosopher, philanthropist, and liberal of France! Jules Guesdes, the leader of the Socialists, asserts that the Muscovite is only using France to promote her own ends in the East and to borrow money from her. More than Socialists think the same. Which of the "Jules" is nearer the truth? I pity M. Floquet in the present juncture; he abstains from all the Russophilism, doubtless feeling that his cry of "Vive la Pologne!" in 1867, under the nose of the late Czar, is a Cain-mark on his brow.

The "Positivists" have had their annual manifestation in memory of their founder, Aug. Comte, the man who claimed to replace God by Humanity. There was no falling off in expounding speeches, but no vital statistics were adduced to show the Positive was becoming a superlative—ism.

The historical fair of St. Cloud—which lasts a month—opened on Sunday last, and most brilliantly. At least 400,000 people were present, for not only Paris, but surrounding regions, contributed their tens of thousands. I have witnessed many of these gatherings, of all the entertainments peculiar to village fairs, fêtes and kermesses. I have seen the late Prince Imperial at this Greenwich fair riding a cock horse on the merry-go-rounds; paddling his own canoe in the swing boats; enjoying the delights of the peep shows, and applauding various learned cats, dogs, monkeys, birds and serpents, while nibbling a hot *gauffre*, or sucking a stick of barley sugar, with a six feet *mirliton*, like a lance at rest, by his side. But no St. Cloud fête has been more attractive than the present, due to the Franco-Russian alliance, no doubt, as it would be flat burglarly to attribute it to any other cause. There was one draw-back—allowing perambulators to circulate among the crowd. Between cyclists on the high-roads and baby wheelers on the foot-paths, walking has become well-nigh dangerous, or impossible.

A French Sunday crowd is ever a spectacle to be admired; it is so orderly, so elegant and simply dressed; takes its pleasures so gaily and unboisterously; the ring of merry laughter is incessant, and wit is as improvised as the fun. Most things are sold in booths by the wheel of fortune. Not many symbols of Muscovy were to be encountered; even the "blast organs" of the circuses had not the Russian hymn in their repertoire. The speculators in gesture dances, and the pornographic somnambulists had been weeded out by the police—so moral sanitation was secured. Perhaps the dominant amusement was the shooting galleries, and the targets proved a fruitful mine for Gallic ingenuity. One especially, which represented the life of a called-out militia man, the latter typified by the well-known Pierrot, or Jack Pudding. Each telling shot sets springs in motion, that revealed camp life incidents. A lucky bullet exhibited Pierrot bidding adieu to his bride-wife; another rouses him up from his camp bed, with knapsack falling on his head; the latter he hides under the bed clothes, and he expresses his fear by the shivering of his exposed feet. Another bullet presents him eating his meal of beef and bread on a log; a mouse attacks his loaf while he glances round for the disturbing enemy. Next scene he is at a campfire, making soup in a kettle out of a captured cat; a bullet causes a shell to explode; the pot is blown to atoms, the cat returns to life with a rat in her mouth, and bolts. Another scene presents Pierrot on guard, near an oak; a bullet leads to an explosion of the tree, and out comes an army of rats that threaten him like the bad bishop of the Rhine. Lastly, he arrives home after his twenty-eight days; one more bullet, and his cottage door is opened by his abhorred mother-in-law, while he observes a stranger making love to his wife in the hall. I notice the increasing number of ladies that enjoy the shooting gallery, and capital markswomen they are in general; right and left their bullets fly into the winning marks. Might not Bouguereau, whose cupid subjects are reproached as being too idealistic, make a plunge into pre-Raphaelism for the next Salon, and give us a god of Love, *mouillé* or *Victorieux*, with a Lebel or a Mannlicher pea-shooter, smokeless powder and nickel missiles? Z.

THE RAMBLER.

MDME. PATTI'S Opera House—its electric blue silk plush *tableau* curtain, its act-drop representing the *diva* as Semiramide driving a pair of fiery steeds, its capacity, appliances and decorations—is the leading theme of many English papers. There is something very genuine, very frank and very winning in the character of Patti. Since her marriage to Nicolini she has made hosts of friends by her staunch attachment to him, and by the independence characterizing her speech and actions. A perfectly natural, kindly, sensible, unperturbed little woman she appears to be, perhaps deficient in the deepest feeling, but not so utterly spoilt by the caressing hands of good Fortune as to have grown selfish, soured or capricious. For although she does build theatres and organize charity concerts and ask enormous prices *et al.*—there is method in her madness, and she shows less trace of caprice than most *prime donnas*. As for jealousy—we hear very little of that too. *Prima donna assoluta* though she be, she has dangerous rivals in a few others, but she is great enough to observe, like famous physicians and men of science, certain rules of professional etiquette. On the whole, the present generation approves of Patti.

I wonder if many people read "Clara Howard" in these days! I ask, because I was looking over a girl's shoulder in the car the other day and she was deep in that old-fashioned but powerful book. At first I thought it was "Clarissa Harlowe," but I soon saw my mistake, and how I had made it. I recommend a study of Brockden Brown's novels to all who are at present interested in the various phenomena gathered under the head of Hypnotism. "Wieland," "Edgar Huntly" and "Ormond" will repay them if they consider how long ago they were written—before the days of Conway, Haggard and Co. Conway revived the simple metaphysical novel, and put in various modern and commonplace touches of his own, thereby strengthening and completing the illusion. The strictly modern mind does not believe in ghosts, in haunted houses, in visions or in supernatural noises and lights. Therefore, if these be your stock in trade, be assured you will not get an audience. But take—after the Conway or Anstey style—a purely modern house; fill it with ordinary matter-of-fact people—a young lawyer, a widowed lady and her daughter, an elderly broker and a spinster aunt; bring on in the first chapter something like this—"I have a story to tell. I think—that in justice to all concerned—and to myself—that story should be told. I—Edgar Cronyn—having witnessed the singular events which the following chapters attempt to chronicle—believe that it is absolutely my duty, as an Englishman, and a lover of liberty, to give those events as they occurred to the public. In these pages nothing is exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nothing *imagined*. You shall hear in plain and unvarnished language, from me, Edgar Valentine Cronyn, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, fourth son of Sir Valentine Cronyn, of Cronyn, Ross, Rutlandshire, my Story of a Life. My own Life—and my own Story—you shall judge of both. For me, I am almost past both"—and you have immediately "fixed" the attention of the general reader. The second chapter in all probability will open somewhat in this way: "There is a quiet, suburban road near the western extremity of Hyde Park known as Kildare Gardens. If you walk up this road you will notice a white brick house standing slightly back, destitute of ivy or creeper, but neat and clean, and with a certain air of old-time dignity about it. Yet it is only a lodging-house. Look at it well. Thirty years ago it was my home. I—a young student—fresh from the country side of Rutlandshire and all its beauties"—etc., etc. The end of this chapter *must* see the arrival of the heroine, and so here she is. "At last I saw the occupant of that room opposite to my own. A woman, older, far older than I was, majestic, exclusive, richly dressed, with a certain air of something dusky, spiced and foreign about her—she glided noiselessly, and as I thought, furtively, to and from her lonely room at regular hours of the night and morning. At last we spoke. She had watched me—as I had watched her. One night she stopped me on the stairs with her rich dark silks and laces falling about her and her great eyes looming in the dusk and said, 'I have need of you. I have work—Work—that you alone can do. Will you do it? Will you follow me?'"

"What was my answer? Heaven knows I *did* do it, that I did follow her—that my punishment is—that I am still following her—whither, I hardly know."

With regard to Hypnotics and Hypnotism, scientifically the system is of use and may be in the future of even greater use, but I should strongly disapprove of people, and particularly young people, attempting experiments either in the direction of magnetism or hypnotism so called. Henry Maudsley remarked once that there is more to be done to prevent hallucinations than to cure them. Healthy balance of all the faculties is to be observed. The study of some natural science should be the best cure for morbid tendencies on the part of abnormally active minds. The Russel Wallaces of science are happily very few. Next to religion science will do most for us in the direction of informing our minds properly with regard to things of the unseen world.

THE LAST PALSgrave.

(LUDWIG UHLAND.)

I, PALSgrave, Goetz of Tübingen,
I'll sell both burg and town,
With rents and people, wood and field;
With debts I'm broken down.

Two rights alone I'll never sell,
Two rights both good and old;
One 'neath the dainty convent towers,
And one in the good green wold.

For convent gifts and buildings brought
Our old house to the ground;
Therefore the stately abbot he
Must feed me hawk and hound.

And, monks, when once ye hear no more
My bugle horn so free,
Then toll the bell and seek me out
Under the greenwood tree.

Under the green oak bury me,
To the wild birds' merry song;
And sing o'er me a hunting-mass,
That lasteth not too long.

THOMAS CROSS.