

A FRAGMENT.

And finding that of fifty seeds
He often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod.

When this I find, I falter not,
But lightly tread as one on air,
To see in Nature everywhere
Such lavishness. On wings of thought

I mount from realms of wood and field
Into the realm where words and deeds
Are broadcast sown, like fruitful seeds,
That shall a living harvest yield.

And here, as in the lower earth,
Are myriads that reward not toil,
That fall on rock or barren soil
Where feeblest life-spark ne'er had birth.

But while I tread in careless haste
Beneath my feet earth's scattered seed,
In this high realm of thought and deed,
How can I mourn a seeming waste?

MARTHA E. RICHARDSON.

PARIS LETTER.

One adjective suffices to describe the crime of which poor and inoffensive M. Carnot has been the victim—it is abominable. There are many points that are still obscure in the tragedy—rendered more tragic by its unexpectedness. Is the assassin Santo, Swiss or Italian and what prevents the Italian Embassy from settling the point? Between Italian Switzerland and the Italian frontier proper, the division is of the hair-breadth kind. The antecedents of the murderer have to be made known, a matter that ought not to be very difficult for an individual aged 22. Many doubt his real name, and opinion is not quite sure that he is an anarchist of the tramp wandering kind. Is he a monomaniac with hatred of France, of capitalists, of the bourgeoisie on the brain? Then how was he allowed to jump on the step of the carriage, poignard M. Carnot, and, like all Italians either with dagger or knife, turn the weapon in the wound, as the orifice of the latter was less than one inch wide, while it was six inches in the liver? The police of Lyons appear to be at fault, or the Presidential escort. Imagine the Bishop of Lyons congratulating M. Carnot on his visit, and three hours later, administering to him the last rites of the church.

M. Carnot had no enemies; the proof is that every journal laments his fate. No man was more honest; he was the type of a correct constitutional President. Not even the suspicion of scandal touched either his public or private life. He made it a fixed rule to be impartial with all the political schools, placing the interests of France above the petty intrigues of partisans and parties. To preserve that neutrality, he remained reserved, and that impassiveness which was his protection, was erroneously mistaken for coldness and disdain. He was naturally a timid and retiring man, and was only truly happy when in his family circle, or in his private study off his bedroom, where he worked till late in the morning examining piles of documents awaiting remarks and signature. He never lowered France, and her dignity was ever safe in his hands. It was of late a stage secret, he had no intention to seek re-election. He was not fussy or authoritative like Thiers, nor military as was MacMahon, or tarnished with cupidity as Grevy. He was true to himself and to his mission. He was not, happily for France, a great man, the worst calamity that could afflict her; he was a fair, civil engineer. The memory of

his grandfather's renown—the organizer of victories—aided his political career. In the 1870-71 war, Gambetta dominated him commissioner for Normandy, to organize the forlorn forces of France, an impossible task, since the victorious invader could not accord time for the training of that resistance. And M. Carnot was among the few who committed the error of opposing the signing of peace with Germany, and at the moment when France lay crushed and bleeding. After the war, he was elected deputy, and was distinguished for the thoroughness with which he handled all subjects connected with public works; then he drifted into finance and did good service by his refusal to cook the public accounts, and by his obstinate probity. He died aged 57, like a soldier on duty, and as a good and faithful servant. France may well mourn for him, and accord him all her highest mortuary honors.

Stabbed at nine o'clock in the evening, he expired a little after midnight. But what an agony till death terminated his sufferings. To try and save him, the surgeons opened his abdomen, but soon found the liver was too torn to admit of any hope. "Spare me!" was his last appeal to the six surgeons; then he fell into a comatose condition that aided his life to ebb away. A spark of intelligence burst forth to enable him to mutter, "I depart!" Six choking sighs followed, and Nicobar lay dead in his harness. To comply with the law, the doctors made a summary *post mortem* examination and ordered the remains to be partly embalmed. The body was then clad in evening costume, placed in a leaden coffin awaiting the arrival of Madame Carnot and her four children. The final adieu taken, the coffin was closed, and later transported to Paris, where it was placed in the Elysee Palace awaiting the ceremonial interment.

The news of the crime stunned Parisians and for a long time they could not take in the reality; then the streets became covered with an army of newspaper vendors and their legions of purchasers. Consternation and pity were on all features; people could not see clearly into the matter; M. Carnot's removal could not be of service to any party; it could not cut short an ambition that never existed; nor were people quite satisfied the deed was the work of the anarchists though the result in any case would feed their revenge. There was only the consolation that the crime was not committed by a Frenchman. But why by an Italian, and on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Solferino, when in Italy and France that co-operative glory was being celebrated? Soon indignation concentrated in Italy—the erring Latin sister. The authorities quickly took in the situation; the troops were kept in barracks, with stacked arms in the yards, ready to suppress any attack on the Italians of whom there are 20,000 in Paris; every policeman was called out. Italian workmen, organ-grinders and artists' models were requested to remain within doors—but so far no riots took place.

It would be folly to conclude that M. Carnot's death will not affect the destinies of France. His successor would have to be named in any case next December, but then time would have been afforded to maturely select the new President. At present the Chamber counts five chief groups; the Republicans are moderate, advanced and extreme; the Monarchists, who are Conservative and prepared to sustain the Republic, because it means France, and no

royalist restoration is possible, and the other moiety that is destructive, and ready to aid the socialists to trip up the existing regime. If the new President can steer an impartial course like M. Carnot, well and good, but if he drift to a partizan, not a national, chief of the State, the consequences will be in the end sad. M. Carnot's abruptly terminated presidency will remain marked by three historical events; he suppressed Boulangism before it suppressed him; he softened historical asperities connected with the 1889 Exhibition and its centennial significance, and he may be said to have arranged the emotional friendship with Russia.

A new Cabinet follows as a matter of course; this will be the first test for the President's tact and leanings. Then time must be allowed for the disappointed and their friends to work off their queerness. There are plenty of questions awaiting settlement and that demand extremely delicate tact and handling. It remains to be seen what will be the nature and extent of the reaction certain to follow the murder of M. Carnot; if society, which appears to be a little unhinged, can be brought back to more common sense lines, and still abide patiently the effects of time to work remedies. Then again socialism has so "caught on," that it cannot be cleared away by broom and shovel.

The movement on foot to provide cheap dwellings for the working classes, can never be solved for Paris so long as the Municipal Council will not construct underground railways, or allow those ready to do so at their own cost, communicating with the suburbs. The moment that revolution is accomplished the working population and the small tradespeople will quit Paris in mass, because the expenses of living outside the fortifications is 27 per cent. less than within them. Of course this means the tumbling down of house rents; and less food supplies being required for city wants, the octroi, or entry dues—a total of 150 million frs. annually, or nearly the half of the city's revenue will be reduced. There would be no necessity to ask the State to loan some of the cash in the savings banks—some six milliards, to build houses, and secure an interest of 4 to 5 per cent. instead of at present, less than 2. Of course the Government could not repay in hard money the total deposits, as these are chiefly invested in the public funds; but they are safe because backed by the credit of the nation. Give citizens the facilities of cheap and rapid transport into the suburbs and speculators will soon provide the house accommodation, but not in the sense of cottages or villas; that kind of home is good for Parisians during the dog days only; for the rest of the year they prefer the barrack plan. The new houses being run up in the environs of the city are substantial and plain, capable of lodging 30 to 50 families; the premises are supplied with gas, water, electricity, lifts, and in a few cases are heated, and still, with these luxuries, 15 per cent. cheaper than at Paris. The dwelling house of the future must have a common kitchen, bath and wash rooms. A group of such dwellings could have their own markets—become truly compound householders.

Treguier is a village in Bretagne and celebrated as the birthplace of Ernest Renan. Admirers of the latter have subscribed for a statue to the apostle of free thought and the artist of beautiful phrases. But to set it up, a site must be conceded by