

tory—antagonisms happily dispelled by the common-sense and patriotism of men of both races—so we should look forward in the future to a friendly rivalry on the part of the best minds among French and English Canadians, to stimulate the genius of their peoples in art, history, poetry and romance. Each should give every possible sympathetic encouragement to the intellectual efforts of the other. By cultivating that social and intellectual intercourse, which may at all events, weld them both as one in spirit and aspiration, however different they may continue in language and temperament, many prejudices must be removed, social life must gain in charm, and intellect must be developed by finding strength where it is weak and grace where it is needed, in the mental efforts of the two races. With this widening of the sympathies of the two national elements of the Dominion, with the disappearance of that provincialism which means narrowness of mental vision, with the growth of experience and knowledge, with the creation of a wider sympathy for native talent, with less of that spirit of self-depreciation which is so essentially colonial, and with the development of more self-reliance and confidence in our own mental resources, we may expect to reach a condition of far higher intellectual life and feel the full influence on our national character, of what can best elevate Canadians and make them even happier and wiser.—

"The love of country, soaring far above  
Dull party strife;  
The love of learning, art, and song—the  
crowning grace of life."

#### PARIS LETTER.

M. Flourens, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, having, like the frozen-out gardeners "got no work to do," takes in hand the defence of Holy Russia. He proves at the same time, how poor is the supply of statesmanship in France. He commences by a fling at the Anglo-Saxon race, that can only be kept in check by the Slav. He is indignant at Mr. Gladstone's assertion, "in violation of all treaties to the contrary, that France has no more right to meddle with Egypt than any other European nation." It may be accepted that if France possessed these rights by treaty, she would have acted upon them long ago. The right of conquest, due to the invasion of Napoleon, was superseded when the British drove him out of the Land of Pharaoh. M. Flourens next deplores the neglect of France to materially succour the starving Russians during last year's famine; in this they were cut out by the Yankees, who sent ship-loads of grain, accompanied by cartoons representing the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race giving the Moujiks barrels of flour, while the French only chanted the "Marseillaise" for the empty stomachs. M. Flourens also asserts, that the Czar does not expel the Russian Jews from Russia on account of their creed, for in point of religious toleration Russia surpasses France, but because they are usurers. These Jews, it appears, are free to remain in Russia, if they return to their native heaths, and obey the Russian will. What does "Stepniak" or "Free Russia" think of the ex-Minister's apology?

Those who have been counting upon a reduction of the Custom Dues, may abandon that hope. Deputy Meline, the leader

of the Protectionist majority, has not the slightest intention of reducing the minimum tariff. Hence, no commercial treaties, can be negotiated. He asserts, while facts and figures attest the contrary, that everywhere throughout the country, work is prospering; that it would be more so if the manufacturers and traders displayed more enterprise by establishing agencies in foreign countries. The railway returns, those best of business barometers, do not attest a flourishing state of affairs. The Protectionists are to bring out a journal in Paris, to defend and propagate their views, as the newspapers of the capital are heretical; the latter believe the doctrine of M. Meline to be, to prevent importations, and restrict exportations.

The eccentric weather, after parching and scorching, has suddenly swung round to a cold snap: a heavy white frost up to positive ice, has recently committed great havoc among vineyards, tender cereals, orchards, etc. Parisians have just witnessed an agreeable miracle—the presence of rain,—they are inclined to attribute that godsend, as do the Neapolitans, to "Saint" Garibaldi, whose anniversary the Italian colony here has just celebrated. After all the Latin sister is not wholly ungrateful.

It is to be hoped that the boiling and bubbling patriots will henceforth cease their practical joking, of trying to make up the deficiency of the budget—this year amounting to 150 millions frs.—by proposing a poll tax for foreigners, who come to spend their incomes in France. The Minister stated such a measure to be impossible, and that it would provoke reprisals.

The Messrs. Appert are now able to produce glass "hollow ware" of any size, without the operative having to use his lungs. The blowing business is all executed by machinery. Glass-blowers are reputed to be exempt from tuberculosis, as grave-diggers are noted for their centennialism. The "Tartar" at last caught. M. Gallippe has shown before the Academy of Sciences that the formation of dental tartar is due to microbes—perhaps as coral reefs are produced by insects. He has extracted the microbes from scaled bits of tartar freshly taken from the teeth; then he placed the "midgets" in human saliva, when they at once went to work, night and day—no eight hours with such over-rippers—manufacturing dental tartar. But how to stop their toiling is the difficulty; how disgust them into a strike; how subject the "ephemeral train" to a "lock-out?" Gentle reader, have you remarked that of the discovery of microbes, like the making of many books, there is no end; the desideratum is, how to holocaust the infinitesimal petite. A shop advertises a new discovery, "the electric insecticide;" M. Pasteur ought to try the preparation on the pathogenes; when electricity can kill a man in four-fifths of a minute, in a Sing-Sing arm-chair, it ought to be able to deal out death—and even the accessory—to animalcule. Good news for distressed agriculturists: beds of phosphate of alumina have been discovered in the grotto of Minerva, in the department of Herault, containing more than half its weight of phosphoric acid—the one thing needful for fertilizers and farmers. If it turns out to be a bonanza, M. Meline might, in his joy, lower the import duties. Up

to the present, Jupiter has not helped French agriculturists when invoked—and all the time Minerva possessed the open sesame.

The Picture Show in the Champ de Mars is unanimously voted superior to its rival in the Champs Elysees; but Chicago has spirited away the best things destined for both markets.

A few mornings ago, I witnessed a regiment of infantry marching into Paris, in full campaign outfit and order. The poor fellows were white as snow from dust, as they had been on the road for six hours. Even a temperance lecturer would hand them a drink instead of a tract. The head of the regiment was preceded by three soldiers on bicycles, the leaders wore spectacles. Then followed buglers, drummers, and the band. The rank and file kept step very well; the men still carry their batterie, not of artillery, but de cuisine in sections. I observe also for every company a certain number of corporals have slung by their sides, like a rolled-up mackintosh, a canvas bucket. The overalls of the officers when rolled, and carried across back and breast, is not more voluminous than a thick rope; a pair of stockings, or a mouchoir, have ere now been contained inside a walnut. Has not Homer been put in a nut-shell too? The naval authorities of England—and Switzerland had better note, that the officers of war ships are now taught to ride; so the horse-marines are not a joke for the future. The greatest amusement for Jacks ashore is equestrian exercise of some kind, even of the horses of a merry-go-round. The French authorities have also decided that navel cadets must know bicycling. Wheelers in the cock-pit, and four-in-hands on the quarter deck. Shiver my timbers! what progress!

Putting aside the four subventioned theatres of Paris, and the three leading unendowed houses, the cafes concerts, and public balls, make more money than the secondary theatres. The public is evidently opposed to paying extraordinary prices to enter a theatre and sit out an uninteresting play. There is another change; metropolitan actors prefer the provinces, and the provincial artists the capital. All is topsy-turvy, like nature in Australia.

#### AFTER RAIN.

Clouds rifted, seaward drifted like white sails,

A silver rain upon the tangled grasses,  
A sweet wind on the mountain where it passes

We'll follow sunward by the lichened rails.

Within the grey, thin shadow of the beeches,  
By white pools sleeping in the yellow sun,

On fountain slopes where sparkling shallows run  
Beyond the meadows into piney reaches—

Your hand, dear, so—I'll guide you where the flowers  
Are new-blown, blue, and golden, where the drumming

Of some lone partridge sounds and brown bees' humming—

Into the silentness of dim bowers.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.