

## PARIS LETTER.

EVERY year the Municipal Council appoints a committee for the baptizing of the streets. The step is a necessity, due to the opening of new rues, and the cutting of an old street into two sections by the creation of a boulevard that divides them by a space of 110 yards. This division may recall the exclamation of the patriot when informed that the Germans had cut the army of the Loire in two. "So much the better; we shall have now two armies instead of one." Up to the present the Municipal Council, due to political differences, declined to name any street after Gambetta. The Government cannot propose a name, but it has a veto on all proposed appellations. The Avenue de la République, nearly three miles long, will for its commencing moiety retain its existing title; the other will be baptized after the great patriot. "Walter Scott" will lend his name to an alley running into the Rue Alexandre Dumas. The doctors have demanded that a street adjoining the central markets be called after "Carême," the famous cook; the faculty owes much to culinary *chefs* who keep up the supply of rheumatic and gouty patients. The claims of Robespierre and Danton for street immortality remain for further consideration. When will the name of Thiers be proposed? The important Rue d'Allemagne will not be superseded by "Cronstadt." Germany Street does not recall 1870-71, but the literary celebrities of Fatherland, adds the reporter.

Pierre-Charron gives his name to an important street bisecting the Champs Elysées. He was a philosopher who figured in the sixteenth century, and became famous by writing one treatise, on "Wisdom," just as Hamilton became renowned by his single speech. Now, as Professor Levasseur has recently asserted, the decadence of the population of the country is being reflected in a diminution of scholars and of conscripts, the memory of Pierre-Charron ought to be kept green in this utilitarian age, not on account of his arm-chair wisdom—who was ever governed by treatises on sagacity—but to his having been the father of a legitimate family of twenty-five children. Paris is running up more street pillars for the supply of boiling water at so much the gallon—the best way to sterilize the Seine supply and kill the 60,000 bacilli in each cubic yard of the liquid. Would it not be well, ere all available space be occupied, to carry out an old measure of the convention, decreeing that in every town in France two pillars were to be erected, not for pasquinades, but for Glory and Shame: the former consecrated to the deeds of the unselfish, the patriotic and the good; the other to the cowardly, the vicious and the unvirtuous. Pierre-Charron's conduct ought to figure on the Glory column in letters of gold. The step would be more encouraging, as the national teachers of France have suddenly displayed a craze for demography by publishing the rise and fall—progenitively—of local families during the last two centuries and up to date, from the parish records of births and deaths.

The cholera is on the wane, and efforts tend to taking precautions against its coming back, as the opinion is general the plague will break out again in the spring in Hamburg. Professor Daremberg, the best authority in France, and not an official, begs, as Captain Cuttle would do, "to take a note" of the fact that people who keep themselves clean never catch cholera, and that adding citric acid to suspected water curbs the bacilli as effectually as boiling or filtering. The outbreak of the epidemic on the present occasion is characterized by one luminous fact, the public never lost its head, never went into a panic; in a word, displayed no fear. The Sanitary Board in France has no summary powers to make every private right be subordinate to the necessities of the public health; next month the Legislature will vote the hygienists the necessary authority.

During the Columbian fêtes at Genoa the Italians did the thing handsomely towards the French fleet, and the French were not behind in reciprocating the courtesies. It is to be hoped that the Latin sisters may henceforth meet like parted streams. Could they negotiate a good treaty of commerce between them, that would be more concrete than diplomatic *billets doux*, repasts and waltzes. The French believe the Italians have Nice and Tunis on the brain, and then there is the Triple Alliance, which guarantees Alsace to Germany. The Italians are convinced that France snubs them, wishes to make them her creature, and, as of old, occupy their territory, etc., when on the warpath. Italy and France are each their own masters and free to make what alliances they conceive conducive to their safety and their protection; but the French underestimate the resolution of Italy to maintain her unity, and by a monarchy rather than a republic.

It is not generally known that the early days of Gambetta formed a severe uphill struggle, and that his father, though a frugal grocer at Cahors, could not aid his son in his law studies by any largesses. Senator Jules Simon has picturesquely related how happily he lived when a student, with only fifteen sous allowed him to buy his dinner. It was at the close of the fifties that Gambetta came to Paris to "eat his terms." His father was ever urging him to be frugal, and the son proved he was so. He wrote that his breakfast on week days consisted of a roll of bread at one sou and a glass of water; on Sundays he had two rolls. At noon he went to the Law School till half-past four; then he dined for eighteen sous, buying for dessert a roll at a baker's shop to prevent him feeling hungry. The evening he passed in the Law Library till eleven. On his way to his lodging he purchased two rolls; these with a

decanter of water formed his supper. He was sworn in a lawyer in June, 1861, and was only able to hire his gown by the month for three francs. Thiers counselled Gambetta to take only political briefs, as they suited his talent. His first client was obtained in 1862, the mechanic Louis Buette, who was self-educated, and conspired with Greppo under the Second Empire for the regeneration of the working classes.

Were Thiers alive to-day, or Gambetta who endorsed the assertion, he would not be able to say that Socialism had emigrated to Germany. If so, it has come back to France. Never were there so many Congresses on Socialism. The gardeners have cast in their lot with the movement; they do not say they "have got no work to do," but they demand more pay and fewer working hours. The Carmaux colliers exhibit no inclination to cave in; their employers displayed want of tact in the exercise of their right, and the men have stood too much upon their political dignity. The strike has become a political quarrel. The tendencies of the discussions in the Labour meetings and congresses continue to be: disbelief in trading political legislators; detestation not of the upper, but of the middle classes; adhesion to the eight hours' programme, and the all round federation of trades purified from politics. There is no abatement in the hate of the employer living in a palace and rolling in his carriage, while the employé squats in squalour and all the miseries.

It has always been a subject of discussion, how far was President Carnot's grandfather mixed up with the doings of the Committee of Public Safety, of which Robespierre was one of his colleagues. M. Aulard has set the matter at rest in reproducing, by means of the new process of photo-printing, copies of the Decrees that Lazare Carnot signed along with his colleagues. The "organizer of victories" signed the warrant for the arrest, that is for the scaffold, of the poor young wife of Camille Desmoulins, whose sole crime was, having cried too loud when her husband's head was struck off. Carnot had no more scruple than the others for employing the guillotine to remove inconvenient opponents, while claiming to be "a just and a humane man." He signed the warrant for the arrest of Hoche, as a traitor, but whose memory the republicans now annually celebrate at Versailles, as a pattern of all the virtues. Was not General Lafayette obliged to decamp to escape arrest as a traitor? When Robespierre set up as master and pontiff in the Committee of Public Safety, Carnot so ridiculed him that he cried like a child. Carnot was a free-thinker, which explains his expulsion of the nuns from the hospital of Toulouse, and replacing them by lay nurses who "were charitable and had no religion." Carnot, after signing a death warrant, sat quietly down to prepare a plan of campaign and to set armies in motion. And yet he never occupied a higher military grade than that of major.

Moneyed people are so alarmed about the strikes that they will no longer plank down their money for any industrial enterprise; it is all invested in the public funds; the latter naturally runs up to par, while the interest is a little over two per cent. Now by law, all civil debts carry five, and commercial, six, per cent. interest. It is proposed to regulate these credit rates at the interest of the day. As usual, bad security yields the highest rate of interest.

Madame Féraud has just died, obscurely, in the suburbs of Paris. At one time she was a queen of society by her beauty, her talents and her receptions. Her father was a very high functionary under the Second Empire, lived magnificently, never put by a sou for the rainy day; when the empire collapsed, the family became penniless, and the father died of a broken heart. During the war of 1870-71, the daughter joined the ladies' ambulance; she conquered the affections of a wounded soldier, Amable Féraud, the Hellenist; they were married; his income was modest, but the wife wanted to shine to become the light of other days. She encountered the Comte de Chatenay; he became "the most happy of the three" in the family, and, by allowing her 200,000 frs. a year, she was again able to shine in society; her guests knew where the nuggets came from; the Comte to cover appearances obtained several guinea-pig positions for the husband; but he himself remained the "gold bug." One evening the lady gave a sumptuous dinner party, and ten liveried servants did duty. Madame Féraud was completing her toilette—she "looked a goddess and moved a queen," when her son, aged sixteen, quietly entered her boudoir, calm and pale. "Mamma, on leaving college, I struck a comrade for insulting me and you; he said I was the son of a mistress; if he lies, I will kill him." The mother recovered her audacity, and was preparing an affectionate, derouting lie: "Mamma, is it true; I have gone over our income with papa, and we expend several times that sum; where does the difference come from?" No reply, and the son rushed to his bed-room and locked himself in. The husband in the meantime had sent valet after valet for Madame to descend and receive her dinner guests. When she entered the salon the invités observed she looked a "bridal corpse"; she sat out the dinner, and charmed all by a forced wit and gaiety. After dinner she went up to see her son; the front door was locked; entering by another, her boy was found dead, dangling from the roof of his bed. The father died some weeks later from a broken heart; the unfortunate mother found an humble shelter where she was forgotten and has just died.

Baron de Morenheim, the Russian ambassador, has "drawn" M. Clemenceau; the leader of the Radicals was directly accused by the baron of being opposed to the

Russian alliance of liberty, equality and fraternity, and with favouring an alliance with England. M. Clemenceau executes the "ugly shuffle." The English, it is to be presumed, will pardon the union of extreme republicanism with extreme autocracy, as it is to Deputy Clemenceau they owe the possession of Egypt.

Everything happens in France. Ronbaix in the north of France has a socialist town council; a good deal of misery exists in that manufacturing centre, and in order to alleviate it by harmless amusements the authorities have granted the legal permission to form a society for the preparation and discussion of schemes of social happiness; member's meeting-dress consists of swallow tail-coat, a silk cap, and white trousers and vest.

Never too late to mend: the Franco-Russian alliance is bearing fruit. In Holy Russia no systematized plan of arranging duels exists, so that the meets there are caused by very trivial motives. A manuscript code of duelling rules has been sent to the St. Petersburg Military Club, by a Paris Commission of Honour, to guide seconds in the conditions for arranging quarrels. That's good work; sticking plaster is better than a winding sheet.

In order to secure quietness in the vicinity of the public gardens of the city—as a rule small in area—the municipal council intends to substitute wooden, for the stone, pavement. Children when playing will thus be able to bear commands from mammas and nurses, and old age to tranquilly enjoy its talkings under the shade of the trees, without seeing an earthquake in every parting omnibus and its sixty passengers. Z.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued).

BEFORE the end of the week, the Squire received answers to his official and non-official letters, accepting the trust confided to him, and regretting that Miss Carmichael had given the writer no opportunity of more fully explaining himself. The non-official letter also stated that the lady's position was so much changed by the prospect of a large fortune as to make it little less than dishonourable in him to press his suit, at least in the meantime. Mrs. Carruthers also received a promise that the lawyer would, if practicable, accompany Mr. Douglas to Bridesdale. Mr. Errol reported a nice letter received by him from the same quarter, along with the "Civitate Dei" and some reviews. Wilkinson was in clover so far as papers and magazines were concerned, and both Miss Carmichael and Miss Du Plessis were remembered with appropriate literary pabulum of the same nature. More bonbons for the juveniles arrived by Saturday night, and a letter for Marjorie.

*My Dear Little Love, Marjorie*.—It was very kind of you to remember your poor boy in his exile from home in the big, hot, dusty city. I liked your dear little letter very much, all except that one word about you know who. I am sure you did not think, or you would never have written so of one so good and kind to you and me. You will not say that any more I am sure. I have put your letter and the flowers you were so kind as to pick and dry for me in my best drawer where I keep my treasures. I send you a new picture book just out, with many coloured plates of flowers in it. When I come up you must tell me if you know their names. Please tell your cousins' grandpapa that I would like very much if he were here, or I were there, that we might have a nice quiet smoke and talk together. I am sorry poor old Muggins is dead. You did not tell me what killed him. Tryphena ought to make Sylvanus buy a spelling book to study while he is on watch in your papa's ship. Your papa and mamma asked me to go for a sail with them, but I had to go to town. Now, my little love, be very kind and nice to everybody, and above all to your dear cousins, big and little, and when I come up and hear how good you have been, we will fish in the creek on week days and sing some of those pretty hymns on Sunday. Do you ever go to see my poor sick friend Wilks? I think he would like to see a little girl some times. Try him with a bonbon and with the poetry under the pictures of flowers in your new book. Give my love to all the kind friends, and keep a great lot for your dear little self.

From your own EUGENE.

"Where is the book?" asked Marjorie, when the letter was read to her by the lady whom she had written so slightly of. Miss Carmichael looked over her own mail matter, and found a large flat volume addressed Miss Marjorie Carmichael, while the other packages bore simply Miss Carmichael. She opened it up, and found the book demanded. The lawyer had been so full of the name that he had written it mechanically, instead of Miss Marjorie Thomas. Marjorie was not well pleased that her cousin should have usurped her book, but loyalty to Eugene made her suppress any expression of indignation. Mr. Terry had to read that letter through his spectacles, and Tryphosa; and on Sunday she proposed to invade the sanctity of Mr. Wilks' chamber and interest him in both letter and book.

The Sunday came and went, and then the slow week dragged along. Whoever would have thought that, a short time ago, they had been so cheerful, so merry, even with danger threatening and death at their door. The dominie was out of his room at last, walking about with his arm in a sling, rejoicing in changes of raiment which Coristine had sent from his boarding house by express and the mail waggon. The city clothes suited him better than his pedestrian suit, and made him the fashionable man of the neighbourhood. In conversation over his friend, he remarked that he was pleased to find Corry toning down, writing quiet sensible letters, without a single odious pun. "Puir