

streets of Paris the crowds were moving, swayed by their leaders, as by a storm, hither and thither. The poet, half-blind and half-paralyzed, dragging himself along by help of a stick, tried to get out of the bustle of the streets by taking refuge in the Louvre near by. He entered the halls of the palace, which in those turbulent times were almost empty, and soon found himself in the large space on the ground floor where the antique gods and goddesses are placed. All at once he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, enchanting goddess, the marvellous work of some unknown artist, the Venus of Milo. Startled at the sight of her, moved, struck, almost horrified, the sick man staggered back and dropped in a chair, and hot and bitter tears ran down his cheeks." This is the whole of the story. The beautiful art that he had sought for, sighed for, fought for, feared for, stood there before him like an angel, and he, too, he stood before her—a wreck. The vision of beauty filled his eyes and blinded him. He thought of himself, aged, worn, palsied, dying, and art, the true love of his soul, living but lost. All life long he had sought for a loveliness earth holds not; through all lands, in all the corridors of art, in history, in philosophy, and in the world he wandered, peering into the homes and haunts of men, forever on his lip a sneer of scorn at the pitiful mediocrity about him, forever on his brow a wrinkle of unavailing thought and forever in his eye the strange far away look of one who seeks for something earth cannot give.

No dead thing is so terrible in death as the corpse of an ideal. The shattered hopes and golden dreams of youth look strangely, sadly desolate in death. And after they are slain we will not bury them nor yet believe them really dead, but hold them holiest then. Their ghosts come back to haunt us in the night. Lifeless, but beautiful they flutter round us on the downward slope towards the final darkness. Spirits of hopes unrealized, spirits of faiths unsatisfied, spirits of yearnings unaccomplished, spectres of perished dreams, these are our companions in the journey into the dust. No one hoped more than Heine. No one aspired so much as he. He hoped for liberty, he hoped for art, he hoped for civilization, he hoped for love, he hoped for the conquest of error, he hoped for the crowning of truth, he hoped for the coronation of beauty; and in a little while, when the perfume had fled from the flower, and the music had gone from the harp, and spirit had died in the creeds, and the light of the stars had gone out, and he lay on the verge of the valley of death, his hopes came back to haunt him in his night. And so he lay on his bed and saw with sarcastic bitterness that the world survived his absence. What had become of the gold-tipped arrows of his wrath, what had become of the angry darts of cynicism he had hurled among his foes? Had the wounds all healed, had darkness and night prevailed, was his life spent entirely in vain, and was his fury wholly unavailing? "Do you think they are dead, do you think they are forgotten?" he feverishly inquired of visitors regarding his books. Had he written his books in vain? Not entirely in vain if in the temple of the human mind the shadow of ancient error grows fainter day by day, and wherever the arrows of his divine scorn fell on the convictions of men the rotten husks of thought drop off and wither and fade and die. Not entirely in vain had he sung, if often, when the twilight clasps the earth in dusk and falls in

quiet restfulness on German homes and hearts, when the snowflakes gently fall upon the cottage roof, and old Father Rhine rolls his waters without and the fitful fireside flames within fall on the tearful eyes of those that lift the harp to sing a song that touches human hearts, through the ivied lattice of the German cottage there bursts the melody of perfect song, and fathers and mothers and men and maidens twine their arms around each other's necks and sing the songs of Heine.

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS.

A FOREIGNER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps forever by the Aurelian wall
Under the summer's Tyrian coverlid,
With sprinkling jasmine flowers set amid
And the sun's golden opal over all.

Aloft in dusking vapors, builded tall,
With black sky edge, looms Cestius' pyramid,
And silvery footprints through the twilight
thrid
Where bare Pomona let her kirtle fall.

Soon the soft eve-hush falls upon the graves
And singing from a mouldered parapet
His bird the Madrigals of Time repeats.

The man's name, so he said, was writ on waves,
And he sleeps on—the sleep that may forget,
To never be forgotten—for 'tis Keats.

EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D., C.M

PARIS LETTER.

The Minister of Finance has done the right thing in the matter of the income tax. He has nominated a commission, composed of the best financiers, the ablest administrators, and the soundest political economists, not to discuss the principle of the income tax, but the best manner of laying it on, and the commission is bound to hand in its report by the first of October next. France has only a Hobson's choice in the matter, as she wants the money, and has no other plan to obtain the millions. With obligatory military service and a robust poundage in the way of income tax, the French will be less in a hurry to rush to glory. The prospect of an empty purse and a battered skull are powerful pacificators. The French do not object to pay more taxes, only they shudder at the idea of having to state on a schedule the nature and amount of their revenue, and to have that confession at the mercy of prying house porters, and loquacious officials. The tax is eminently inquisitorial. If the form of making a declaration be rejected, there remain only two other means of arriving at the fact, at the truth of an individual's income: guess it, and if excessive, allow him to prove it so. The guess may be based on the nature of his trade or profession; it may be fixed by the external evidences of his mode of life. But fixed it will be, and the income tax will be added to the modern institutions of France. In the long run it will prove a blessing in disguise; it will enable a multitude of petty taxes to be abolished, and armies of starving clerks to be set at liberty, and compelled to seek out a proper existence on the Congo, or in Tonkin.

For the moment all immediate danger has been removed from Morocco. Evidently the time has not come for dividing the realm; that will be an outcome of the next European war. The attitude of Russia in keeping out of the wasp's nest is not overlooked. It is not the interest of any Power to upset Morocco.

The Sapor trial is terminated, but is destined to be re-opened. It sheds a vivid light on official life in Algeria, and makes one doubt his senses that such things can exist to-day. Sapor was a butcher, and for ten years Mayor of the Commune of Aumale, in Algeria. He was monarch of all he surveyed, a veritable tyrant. Some of his barbarities could worthily figure in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The population is chiefly Arabs, with a fair sprinkling of Europeans. His object was to extort money by any and every means. He helped himself to the public moneys; he sold local appointments, after a while dismissing those nominated, retained the fees paid him, and sold the vacancies to the highest bidders. As a magistrate he sentenced persons to prison, but he had a tariff for those desiring to be liberated. As for the Arabs, he governed them with a stick, compelled them to sell their farms, helped himself to the purchase money, and banished those who complained. He conceded to thieves the "right" to steal, and to prostitutes the privilege to sin, on paying a fee. Then he had them arrested, and forced their families to buy their freedom. No wonder the indictment contained 235 counts, and the jury at the assizes in Algiers found him guilty, after a deliberation of eight hours. He was sentenced to five years solitary confinement, and ruled to be liable for civil damages. But his counsel had a Parthian arrow; he objected to the verdict because one of the jurors was not of the required age, and that quashed the proceedings. Sapor was the director of a Tammany Hall; it was his influence that returned deputies and senators in his region; he had prefects removed, and still humbler officials, and at Paris, the Government was badgered into conceding whatever he asked. And these iniquities were being carried on, in full blaze of day, from 1884 to 1894.

Diplomacy keeps dark respecting the palaver over the Anglo-Congolese treaty. People are surprised at the "stiffness" of Germany's attitude, and ask, what does she now want to be purchased into placidity. There are now no more Heligolands to barter. No European power in the grab for African territory has observed very closely the clauses of the Decalogue, or the text of treaties. France objects to Belgium extending her frontiers beyond the limits fixed by the Berlin Congress, but she was ready to join Belgium in dividing the territory, despite the Berlin decrees, and in addition has made an arrangement to, in certain eventualities, take over the Belgian Congo which the Berlin Congress does not recognize. But when Belgium "leases" a portion of her extra grab to England, France then appeals to the Congress she herself gave a few wrenches to. She is considered to have made a blunder in not agreeing to maintain a *status quo* till the Belgian case was examined, as that reluctance to pause gives England what she seeks, the right to help herself to the unsettled territory. General Frey has just brought out a timely book, whose subject is not new, wherein he counsels his fellow-countrymen to pick out and develop what is best in the new possessions they have obtained, and not be making wild o'-the-wisp expansions. This is only the doctrine of "digestion" many well-wishers of France have urged her to pursue.

The journals intend to play at plebiscite; that just taken to feel the pulse of France as to the best candidate to succeed M. Carnot in the presidency, places Prince Victor Napoleon at the head of the poll, above