

themselves. Then the American invention of the 1st of May as the International Labour Holiday, was adopted, having for aim the overthrow of that still standing Bastille—private capital, whether owned by German, French, English, American, or Chinese. In 1890, the Kaiser, athirst for novelty and popularity, took up the International and burned his fingers; he soon had to drop that live coal. But the evil had been done; the question of eight hours a day had emigrated from the streets to parliaments, followed by a demand for a minimum scale of wages—an equal division of unequal earnings; of the general strike as a solution for labour disputes; of the conduct of internationalists in case of war; of their general attitude towards the military system; of the necessity to socialize the land, and now, the merchant marine. That's where we are at present. Happily London is still the refuge of practical sense; its Internationalists start, with a deep love of their country despite all its faults, the repudiation of German doctrinarism, of French revolutionary claptrap, and of collectivism deceptions.

The Lille Congress has opened the eyes of dreamers; it shows that the hatred of the French for the Germans is as fresh and as deep as ever, and only awaits the favourable opportunity to make itself felt. It has done more; it has turned the attention of the French, search-light like, to the situation, the practical goings on of the Germans. They accuse the latter of aiming to come between them and Russia, and that the old policy of Bismarck has never varied—that of setting nations against nations, so as to slip between them and reap the spoils. They note that while France, in her fatalism for glory, drains herself of blood and money to found unproductive colonies, or to hold possessions that Frenchmen avoid like a pest, the Teuton keeps his resources concentrated, ready for use at home, while leaving nothing undone to capture the trade of the world. In the latter respect she has done nothing more than what other rivals were free to adopt; she has brought to bear on her industries and trades the same scientific and plodding discipline that have made her army what it is. In this commercial campaign she has defeated France as completely as at Sedan, and now is trying a fall with England, delivering some very successful broadsides to her outputs and trade, so that John Bull has not a moment to lose to take up position and equip himself to not only parry the attack, but to carry the war into his rival's commercial strongholds. The French accuse the Germans of playing a sly and waiting game; to leaving France to knock her head against some stone wall, or be led into some fatal diplomatic tangle. Germany has three objectives in case of general war; with Russia, she can win the latter's western, rich and German peopled provinces; with Austro-Hungary she can, with the smash of that empire, attract its German millions; with France, Germany, as is openly stated, will take a new Alsace, from Dunkirk to the Vosges, with Algeria thrown in. But she will not fight England save to wage more fiercely the present commercial battle and that she is at present winning so completely all along the line. It is time for Britain to rouse from her Rip Van Winkle slumber. Germany is scoring all the innings.

Li-Hang-Tchang—one must so call him still, though a French abbé, long resident in China, protests that is not his name at all, but only a sobriquet—is evidently becoming fatigued with the role of commercial traveller for his country to take stock of Western civilization. And he has England and America yet to "do." He must feel consolation in the fact that he has his coffin in safe keeping in the London docks—Sarah Bernhardt has hers now in a public warehouse. It is wonderful how the Ambassador, taking into consideration his great age, is able to achieve all the work he does. He drinks nothing stronger than tea, and only eats rice and tinned animal food brought from his own estate. These are placed beforehand on the table at which he takes a seat when enjoying an official meal. But this, after all, is only what many public persons who dine out practise; their valets bring their own favourite brands of wines and brandies in advance, and serve only that. Li has given no orders for any goods, he has only noted samples and prices. He in actual business but negotiates the consent of the Powers to have their exports to China subjected to augmented taxation. The bent of his mind is certainly to war *material*—as is that of the Japanese Government.

The Cretan resistance to Turkish bad faith and cruelty

does not create much interest here. The time has passed when France invested in distressed nationalities; she now prefers big, live states. What Turkey can do, or will be allowed to do, is uncertain. She can only count platonically on Russia and France. It will be difficult to rein in the Greek excitement, which aims at the disruption of European Turkey. In that speculation she does not want well-wishers. Public opinion is perfectly indifferent about the outbreak of a continental war. They are sick of patch-work peace-making.

Poor M. Spuller was wrong to die in the "dead season." A public funeral, with no one in town, was not what he merited. He was one of the most hard-working and useful of the Gambetta republicans, and was the best loved disciple of the great patriot. Odd that he should die, though more slowly, of the same disease—cancered intestine—as his great friend. Spuller's character was enviable and a model, without ceasing to be an upright and no-surrender republican. He was proverbial for the urbanity and respect with which he treated his opponents. And Jules Ferry, that greatest of misunderstood public men, has had his statue inaugurated at St. Die in the Vosges, in the region of the granite hills, and that seemed to have been reflected in his fearless and unyielding temperament. It is not too much to say he was the only real statesman the Third Republic produced. This may explain why he towered so much above his contemporaries—a mortal fault—in a democracy, and why an unpopularity was organized to fiercely hunt him down. Gambetta really experienced the same fate. Jules Ferry was an excellent journalist and never sought in mere words the style of his article; he sought facts and drove them home. As a Minister, he carried the home obligatory and free education bill, which does not yet please many. He, however, secured Tonkin, Indo-China and Tunisia for France—and she will no more quit Tunisia as she promised to do, than England will Egypt, Russia, Kars and Batoum, Germany, Schleswig, or Austria, Bosnia. The Powers agree in common that what is good to take is always good to keep. Jules Ferry had an immense amount of political courage and of unfaltering confidence in living down undeserved unpopularity.

There is said to be ever something pleasurable in the misfortunes of our best friends. British difficulties in South Africa and the Soudan would not cause the French to put on sackcloth and ashes. They admit, but do not write, that Lord Salisbury's despatches in the last Venezuelan Blue Book dispose of the pretensions of the waspish Indo-Hispano republic to take over next to the whole of British Guiana. France is quite prepared for her summons by Monroe & Co. to produce her claims to annex a portion of the Brazilian republic to her slice of Guiana. As usual, the Dutchman is snug in his West-Indian cheese—for the present. In South African matters the tide is turning in favour of Cecil Rhodes. That he sympathized with the British of Johannesburg, deprived of all civilized rights, to obtain redress, was what every freeman would do. But that he approved of Jameson's invasion has yet to be proved. If Uncle Paul has any documents to establish the contrary, now is the moment to produce them, or henceforth hold his peace. It is the third and last time of asking.

The English people are leaving the French far behind in the matter of thrift. The annual savings banks returns of both countries attest the French are left far behind.

Consolation for depressed farmers: Chemist Berthelot states that the time is at hand when science will discover in the economy of alimentation the inutility of growing wheat or raising cattle and sheep for rump steaks and outlets. About the same time the atmosphere will be the highway for all transit.

M. Zola assures his sacrilegious critic, the Rev. Pere Martin, that his writings have not been inspired by his love for cats, dogs, pigs—and such small deer.

Paris, July 29th, 1896.

The monument to Franz Suppé in the Central Cemetery, Vienna, will be soon unveiled. The work is by the sculptor Richard Tautenhahn, and consists of a bronze bust on a marble block. Between figures allegorizing music and song lies a sheet containing the notes of "O du mein Oesterreich."