

NOVEMBER 21st, 1890.]

maintained, and seemingly with a very strong array of arguments, that that article was not one of those specifically abrogated on due notice given by the U. S. Congress, the only power in the Republic that can constitutionally annul a treaty, and is therefore still in force. Should the former view prevail, the bonding privilege hitherto enjoyed by the Grand Trunk and other Canadian railways is held merely on sufferance, and may at any time be withdrawn by the U. S. authorities. In that case there is much reason to fear that Secretary Windom might yield to the strong pressure which is being brought to bear upon him by those interested in rival American roads. To what extent this pressure would be counterbalanced by that of the Chicago and other Western Chambers of Commerce, on behalf of the various business interests which would be threatened with serious damage, it is impossible to foresee. The representations of the Western Boards would probably be strongly reinforced from the States on the Atlantic seaboard, which might very naturally fear retaliation on the part of the Canadian Government, in the case of Canadian goods coming through their ports. In truth, the worst and most alarming feature of the business is that such action as that feared on the part of the Washington Government would almost surely lead to the discontinuance of the whole bonding system, between the two countries. Another very serious factor in the problem is the probability that the British Government, representing Canadian views and interests, might refuse to acquiesce in an *ex parte* decision that the 29th clause of the Treaty of Washington is no longer binding. It is to be hoped that the seemingly impregnable argument may prevail, and Secretary Windom and his colleagues become convinced that the Treaty is still alive, in so far as the clause in question is concerned.

ANOTHER severe blow at the whole theory of Trusts, from which so great results, whether for good or evil, were expected a year or two ago, has been given by the decision of Justice Pratt, of the New York Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, in the case of the Sugar Trust. The direct issue involved seems to have been that of the right of the Trustees to retain and control the property conveyed to them by the certificates of the original stockholders. Justice Pratt has virtually denied this contention by deciding that it is necessary to appoint receivers for the property, pending any re-organization which may be effected or attempted. His principal conclusion is, in fact, that the Trustees under the Trust deed can exercise no powers, under the very agreement by which they hold possession of the Trust property, and that it is therefore necessary, for the benefit and protection of all parties, that the court, through its receiver, shall take custody of the property. The court considers the Trustees as mere custodians. They are in possession of a property under an agreement void as to its main purpose, and which they cannot legally use for the purposes for which it was placed in their hands. They are utterly powerless to convey and give a good title, or to distribute it to its rightful owners. The object of the Trust having failed, each certificate-holder has a right to demand that the affairs of the Trust be wound up and that he receive his share of the property. That property could not be left in the hands of a board without legal authority. It must be taken by the court and held intact for the owners. It is well that there is, at least, one form of gigantic monopoly which is not permitted to flourish in the United States.

TIME was, and not very many years ago, when the announcement that any medical practitioner, however eminent, had discovered a cure for consumption would have been derided by the whole medical profession. Such an announcement is now received with attention and results are awaited with a hopeful expectancy by the faculty as well as by the public. It is needless to add that this change of attitude in reference to such alleged discoveries is the result, not of increasing credulity, but of scientific progress. From the day in which it was ascertained that the microscopic organisms found in diseased bodily organs are not there merely by accident, but are the exciting causes of the disease, a revolution in medical practice was inevitable. When it was further learned by patient investigation that these organisms possess life and that their habits and processes may be microscopically studied, the key to the new system of treatment was in the hands of the men of science. Since that time considerable progress has been made in finding out the causes and cures of various forms of disease, though it is but reasonable to expect that the successes hitherto gained will be

altogether eclipsed by those which will yet be achieved. Hence it is that, it being conceded that the destruction of the lungs in the consumptive is the work of parasitic micro-organisms, the next step in medical science is naturally to look about for a means of destroying these parasites, and setting the recuperative forces of nature free to rebuild the wasted tissue. The curative agent Professor Koch hopes he has discovered in a fluid, whose constituents he declines as yet to make known. This fluid is applied by sub-cutaneous injection. The latest accounts tell us of patients flocking in crowds to the hospitals which have been established, anxious to test in their own persons the curative powers of the new specific. Suffering thousands all over the world are inspired with new hope as they wait with eager expectancy the result of the thorough tests to which the new process is being subjected. Though it is very unlikely that, be the theory ever so correct, and the treatment ever so effective, cures can be wrought after the disease has made considerable progress, it will be a blessing to humanity if Dr. Koch's discovery proves efficacious even in the earlier stages of this terrible malady.

PARIS LETTER.

LOOK for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come; that must have been the inner faith of the 311,000 persons, who in decent mourning indulged in the annual pilgrimage to the seventeen metropolitan cemeteries. The occasion makes believers. The thousands attested that in outward observances the French are not an irreligious people. "Forgetfulness is a flower that grows upon the tomb" does not apply to them. On the contrary the crowd illustrated, in the case of many departed celebrities, that the good is not interred in the grave. The several churches on All Saint's Day were well attended. At Notre Dame Cathedral the Archbishop of Paris officiated in all the pomp and circumstance of canonical and Gregorian music. He was dressed in the canonicals that Pius VII. wore when crowning Napoleon I., and that were worn by the Archbishop who celebrated the marriage of Napoleon III., and the baptism of the Prince Imperial.

Paris makes annually 50,000 coffins, and keeps 40,000 ready in stock; that means work for carpenters and steam engines. But Death not only enables these artisans to live, but also doctors, apothecaries, tomb-stone cutters, sepulchre constructors, florists, bead fabricants and stringers of the latter into wreaths; the latter, thieves rob from the graves, unstring, and re-sell. Any person who in Paris may have had to inter a relative or a friend will soon be initiated into the mortuary industries. You will be inundated with circulars inviting your patronage for mourning, guaranteed to be suitable, in the latest fashion, and promised to be executed within twenty-four hours, even in half that time, if absolutely necessary. The bill-heads are ornamented with an urn and a Rachel-like figure weeping. One firm in a footnote reminds the reader that its house is opposite to the "theatre." Often a copy of the latest edition of the Code of mourning will be forwarded.

There are invitations to print mourning cards within an hour; the sepulchrists send albums "with this style for" —so much, and they are ready to accept payment by instalments. The life insurance company touts draw a timely attention to the advantages of their offices. Nor must be overlooked the business cards of the upholsterers, to purify bed and bedding; and the old clo'men who await a rendezvous to purchase the apparel of the departed at the highest prices. The *Journal des Décès* naturally solicits patronage for its columns; a society offers, for a small sum, to collect all the necrological notices published about the deceased. The photographer wants his *camera obscura* patronized, and is ready to call with specimens of his work; he has for competitor the crayon artist and both have a rival in the photo-sculptor, who, in addition, will take a cast of the deceased's features.

Perhaps of all these mortuary *industriels* few equal, and none surpass, in business effectiveness, the solemn lady, dressed in deep and fashionable mourning; white hair and expression of face as expressionless as the tin cherubim and seraphim on a coffin lid, or the Day of Judgment angels blowing trumpets over a cenotaph. She will send in no card, only begs one second's conversation with the immediate representative of the dead, as she calls on an eminently private matter; granted, she draws from her pocket a large mourning card-case, and exhibits varied specimens of her skill in artistic hair-work; a lock of the loved one in a ring, a locket, a bracelet, or to frame a miniature of the dead. Then follows a book of testimonials from crowned heads and cosmopolitan celebrities as to her skill.

Said the curé Lestibudois in "Madame Bovary," to the grave-digger who cultivated potatoes in the cemetery: "I find these tubers excellent, but you nourish yourself by the dead." Even the clergyman supports himself by the dead, relatively, as well as the grave-digger, the legatee, or the registrar. There is also another class of society who lives by the dead. The merriest part of Paris 150 years ago was the Charnier des Innocents, now the site of the Central Market. It had its arcades of shops like the Palais Royal and the Rue de Rivoli, where the background was a wall of skulls and human bones. There were restaurants and café concerts there; it was the favourite place where

the illiterate went to engage the "public writer," to write family letters for them, or petitions to the authorities; it was also the trysting place for Romeos and Juliets. And at present, the neighbourhood of what is called a "live cemetery," is the most animated of Parisian environs—Pantin for example.

Till the new cemetery was opened at Pantin last year, the place was desolation itself; now it is as busy and as well peopled as an Oriental bazaar; dram shops everywhere; taverns and *cabinets de sociétés*, where funeral parties can take their ease in their inn, and which they do in Hibernian fashion. There are merry-go-rounds, wooden horses and swings for the young folks, and a little farther on low public ball-rooms. The trade is brisk in all kinds of grave decorations and mortuary souvenirs. On the other hand the Cemetery of St. Ouen-Cayenne, as it was nick-named from its distance from the city, has become a desert since it was declared closed. In former times mirth and the funereal baked meats were similarly fashionable; then an interment was preceded by "death criers," draped in long white cloaks, embroidered with black velvet death's head and cross-bones; they shouted out the name of the deceased, and cleared the way through quadrille parties near the cemetery, for the procession to advance.

I remember a scene in 1867, when the late Czar visited Napoleon III. The latter received the Emperor at the railway terminus, and they drove down the Boulevard Sébastopol to reach the Tuilleries; a very humble funeral crossed the Boulevard at the time; its official conductor simply raised his wand, the escort at once pulled up, and the two Emperors raised their hats in homage to the "Sovereigns' Sovereign."

It is a pity so few strangers visit the Parisian cemeteries; they would from these not only obtain the most beautiful views of the city, but would see the last dwelling-places of celebrities as familiar in their mouths as household words. Like Rome, each step taken would be on historical ground. I have a globe-trotter friend, who, on arriving at a renowned city, first visits the markets and the cemeteries. Père Lachaise is not alone a cemetery, but a public garden. At this All Saints epoch it is peculiarly instructive. A philosopher has stated that such visits rob Death of its terrors, by familiarizing us with the silent multitude, while sobering our pride down to a democratic humility and fraternity. With a carpet of dead leaves, awaiting their shroud of snow, and the tolling bells, the nature must be of adamant that cannot feel the influence of reflections that solemnize the mind.

Père Lachaise is the largest "bivouac of the dead." This *campo santo* was originally called the "Bishop's Field." In the fourteenth century, Regnault, a grocer retired from business, built a villa there, which the citizens called the "Folie-Regnault." The latter is to-day the name of a street wherein the guillotine is housed. It became a Jesuit property under Louis XIV., was purchased by Baron Desfontaines during the Revolution, who sold it for a cemetery. The first corpse interred, on 21st May, 1804, was a Madame "Boulanger." Baron Desfontaines was among the early dead buried there, and whose epitaph thus runs: "Here lies Baron Desfontaines, who owned all this estate, and where he passed the happiest years of his life, and now all that he occupies of it is the space where his body reposes."

The sepulchres of Molière and LaFontaine are not well cared for, neither is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Perhaps the decadence in the matrimonial market will explain this neglect of the true lover's shrine. The tombs of LaHarpe, Méhul, Bellini, and Delambre, display also forgetfulness. "See that my grave is kept green" was the last request of Alfred de Musset; the willow over it has ceased to weep. The sepulchres of Auber, Thiers, Edmond About, Corot, Ingres, Eugène Lacroix, Beaumarchais, Talma, Madlles, Mars and Rachel are in good condition.

Turning to Montmartre Cemetery, the tombs of de Greuze and Léon Gozlan seem as if abandoned. That of Emma Livray, the ballet-girl, burned alive while dancing in the opera of "Masaniello," is fresh and pretty. Dumas fils pays for the caring of Marguerite Gautier's (Dame aux Camélias) grave. Rochefort's son's resting-place is overlooked. The tombs of Berlioz, Mürger, Labiche, Méry and Madame de Récamier, are tended evidently by loving hands. I noticed M. Ernest Renan meditating before the sepulchre of his relative, Ary Scheffer. Theophile Gauthier's tomb attracts by its inscription:—

Little bird come back to my tomb,
And sing when the trees will be green.

At Montmartre the first mortuary has just been opened. The moment a person dies the relatives can have the deceased transported to this dead-house, there to be waked and kept a certain time as a precaution against premature burial. A family hires a kind of side chapel, having five seats, where they sit or kneel beside their lost one.

The Government has not yet taken up any labour legislation, nor is it likely to do so. Workmen's annuities and compensation for labour accidents are budget questions, and France has not yet found how to balance her annual expenditure by receipts. Not more than a good twelve months remain to debate and vote the new General Customs Bill, complicated as it is by the McKinley difficulty, and the unknown attitude Germany may assume respecting her commercial rights in France under the Frankfort treaty. As to the Labour movement, it has unquestionably received a check by the collapse of the Australian strike, and the resolve of employers to federate