

thumb on tip of nose and fingers outstretched like a Catherine wheel. Take over her national debt and take Egypt—that's the way to evacuate the land of Pharaoh for England.

Dr. Herz intends to re-open the Panama scandal. He cannot re-open what never was closed, say the cream-of-tartar people. The doctor has served notices to quit on the French Government, to cancel the demand for the invalid's extradition, and on the heirs of the Jew suicide Baron Reinach. Neither will stand and deliver, so Herz has only to publish the unpublished compromising papers, that may act as a bull in the china shop. The Government lost a splendid opportunity in not withdrawing its demand on the British Government, when the prosecution broke down against de Lesseps & Co. As the doctor's property in France, and the bulk of his fortune is impounded, he may bid adieu to ever possessing it, as it is required to help make good the 1,500 million fr. squandered in the fiasco canal. He may hence safely divulge, as he has nothing to lose. Now the search light will be turned upon the concealed points of Panamaism. It is said that the *Figaro* has bought the manuscript revelations for a very big sum and has out-bid the *New York Herald*. But Herz insists that everything must be published, and the money deposited in an American bank, and after the entire publication the original will be handed over to the *Figaro*, whose representative will be allowed at present to compare the copied documents with the originals in the hands of his well-known solicitor "Sir Lewis." It is said that an attachment has been served on the *Figaro*, to pay into court any sums that it may owe to or possess relating to Dr. Herz. A heavy washing day of the soiled family linen is in perspective. All that mud-spattering may act as a consolation to the ruined shareholders pending the completion of the canal that some *gogos* yet believe in.

The Protectionists will carry the increase of corn dues for immediate application, from 50 to 70 fr. the ton, till a sliding scale be framed. So long as the price of the loaf remains unaffected, the workpeople will say nothing. But the outcry will be wick- ed if they be asked to pay some sous more for their daily bread, and there will be scant employment to earn a loaf, no matter at what price.

The reconciliation of Bismarck and his Emperor is not an agreeable fact for the French, so they make the best face for bad fortune. The joy expressed at his fall four years ago must naturally be the measure of the bitterness of his return to favor. No one ever accused the Prince of inability to play a good hand in the game of European politics; many objected to his manner of conducting the game; and no one alleges that his hand has lost its cunning. Nestor fought with his counsels, and despite his great age joined the Greeks in the expedition against Troy, where his advice was ranked equal to that of the gods. For the French, then, he is a bird of ill omen, though not the less a resuscitated force for the Germans. Another Achilles who has quitted his tent is Signor Crispi, who is ranked with Bismarck; and both arrive with, "here we are again!" simultaneously with Franco-Russian solid unity. And Austria having spirited to her side Roumania and Bulgaria, now captivates Serbia. It was considered hitherto that only the unexpected happened in France—in this respect France must look to her laurels.

Even materialists seem delighted that the claims of Jeanne d'Arc have been advanced a stage towards canonization. The ladies of England—those of course who have not "gone over"—might do worse than sign a petition to His Holiness to speed the good work; the poor, brave, and patriotic maid was barbarously treated, not only by the English, but by the dissident French themselves. However, the manners of 1894 were unknown in 1431. The Vatican awaits proofs that Joan performed "miracles"; three are pointed out as conclusive to the Sacred College; she predicted the coronation of Charles at Rheims; the capture of Orleans, and the expulsion of the English from France—an event only accomplished by the Duc de Guise 127 years after the maid's death. Not a few Chauvinists would be displeased if Joan's influence could expel at present the English, if not actually from France, at least from Egypt and the Upper Mekong.

England having "startled" France and Russia in their hot-bed naval preparations to aid their gigantic armies in upholding the "peace of Europe," and so strengthen the same work that the triple allies are engaged upon, has disconcerted all speculations on her remaining weak. Now that her eyes have been opened, and that she intends to keep them always wide awake, and resolved to count first upon herself, the political course of events reflects that girding up of her national loins. The debate on the French navy cannot have more than a platonic ending since the sitting of special commissions to study the whole condition of the naval defences of the country. Two facts have to be encountered, the settled resolution of England to build war ships sufficient to cope with those of France and Russia united, and next, where is France to obtain the money—apart from a national loan—to head off England in the bellicose regatta? As to the nature of the ships to be constructed, and the coast defences to be undertaken—all that is freemasonry and metaphysics for the public.

Serious attention is drawn to what are called "ambulating anarchists," or tramps, who commence to spread over the rural districts like the stain of oil on the sheet of paper. Mendacity is undoubtedly on the increase, and many beg who never begged before. These sturdy vagrants are suspected not to be all French; but made up in rags, the better to spy the nature of the country, so as to serve in due course as guides, philosophers and friends for invaders. Be this true or false, there can be no doubt that real distress exists. The crop of child beggars is painfully luxuriant. In several communes the inhabitants help to do their own police duty, and clear out all wanderers; but next night an out office or a rick of hay or straw will blaze up. It is this augmenting number of arson cases that makes the judicious grieve; and the beggars won't work, and there are no poor-houses to compel them to repay by labor the cost of their sustenance.

Dr. Catin says excellent champagne and cognac are made in Cognac itself from beet root, and that the products would deceive the very elect.

In the time of Clovis the height of politeness was to pull a hair out of your head and give it to the visitor. Clovis himself acted so towards Saint Germer to honor him, and all the courtiers did the same, out of respect for the good bishop.

TRUE COMRADES.

Forty young Britons not basely born,
Bred to the gun and the saddle,
Wheeled, at the call of the bugle horn,
Their restive chargers astraddle.

Wheeled into line, like the flash of light
That marshals the leaves on the branches,
Like the sword-cut keen in hand-to-hand fight
That spurts for a moment and stanches.

Then, forward, like arrow from bow well
spanned,
Sped the line o'er the scrub and the grass-
es,
A thin, black cloud in a sultry land,
Dealing lightnings and death as it passes.

"Ho, bachelor knights, ye shall wed to-day,
Your ride is the ride to Beulah,
For death is your bride, and your groomsmen
gay
Are the footmen of Lobengula!"

They are four, the living gates that rush,
Right, left, front, rear, together,
And human the millstones twain that crush,
The upper stone and the nether.

Twenty are down, or man or beast,
Twenty past prayer or daring,
Twenty young lives in the saddle rest,
Lives that are worth the sparing.

A volley, a gallop, clubbed rifles hurled
On the head of the fierce bush ranger,
Then the world is theirs, and they live to the
world,
And behind are the toil and the danger.

But the twenty are down, or man or horse,
Death certain and early inviting,
Yet selling life dear to the end of their course,
True British lads cheerfully fighting.

From twenty sound steeds leap down twenty
hale men,
Their lives in their hands proudly giving,
If gentlemen troopers must die, why then,
Their tale shan't be told by the living."

Lo, the hale and disabled, side by side,
Each comrade's hand clasped in the other's
They wait for the surge of the hostile tide,
Fight and fall side by side like brothers.

They tell us that chivalry's years are gone
And the days of the loyal true-hearted,
That every man lives for himself alone,
Since the bonds of old friendship were
parted.

But from Africa's wilds comes this tale o'er
true
Of valor and loyalty blended,
Brave troopers dismounting with death in
view,
Lest their comrades should die unattend-
ed.

Our pride is chastened, our grief is proud,
Where'er England's drum-beat is calling,
Our memory's their coffin, our heart is their
shroud,
When they fell they were deathless in
falling.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

My last report closed on the 25th of November. The 26th was a day of hard fighting. The Government forts opened fire in the early morning, and got such a vigorous reply from the ruins of Villegaignon as must have astonished them not a little. The sighting was good on both sides. All day long extremely heavy firing was going on at the Armacao, and a report was going about that the Government troops had at last succeeded in dislodging the insurgents from that important position. The *Jupiter*, armed merchantman, (the vessel rendered famous in Wandenolk's fiasco), and the corvette *Trajano*, as well as some other vessels, were in action all day. The