

his imprisonment in Mazas; the wanton assaults upon the press; the instructions of the Prefects to prosecute all offenders, couched in terms so general as to cover the entire Opposition party—'falsehood,' to be interpreted at pleasure, is one of the offences; and the deliberate system of insulting language used by Ministers and their representatives in the press. They have failed to drive the party of M. Gambetta into extremes, and that is what chiefly galls the reactionists. The only thing that can possibly turn the scale in favor of De Broglie is some excess or intemperance of language from the leaders of the Left; the latter are quite aware of that, and, however difficult it may be to manage the masses of their party, their motto will be 'moderation,' at least until the elections are over, and their triumph secured, as it will doubtless be, in spite of all the fraud and terrorism M. Fourton will most unscrupulously employ. The stratagem of putting forward McMahan as the figure-head, and threatening that he would resign and restore the reign of chaos, will also be futile. To speak of the probable defeat of the President, and to alarm the people with the inevitable results of that event, is the best possible argument against the usurpation of May. What business had he to put himself in a position where he was liable to defeat? Whose fault is it that his name will be invoked at the polls by one party, and introduced with anything but respect by the other? His own. The personal appeal, however, will be of little avail at the ballot box; since the issue will not be between McMahan and Gambetta, but McMahan and Thiers—the President who settled the war, paid the indemnity, and restored order by the suppression of the Commune. His services have not been forgotten by the mass of the French people, and when, to the hatred of the *May coup d'etat*, is added their attachment to an old and tried public servant, the issue of the elections cannot be doubtful, notwithstanding the powerful machinery in the hands of the Government. The Senate has, of course, been prevailed on, without difficulty, to grant a dissolution of the Chamber. Obviously, when the latter, by a vote of 365 to 153, repudiated De Broglie and his set, there was nothing left for it, if ministers were to enjoy even three months' peace, but an attempt to see what

the chapter of accidents might have in store for the party. Meanwhile the continued presence of the Duke Decazes at the Foreign office, and the excessive protestations of the President and his other Ministers, have not blinded Germany to the serious peril involved in the seizure of power by the most bigoted of the Ultramontane party.

The reception of Gen. Grant in England is, no doubt, as flattering to himself as it is evidently gratifying to his countrymen; but he is hardly a 'lion' in the strict sense of the term, and to all, save Americans themselves, no proof was needed of English cordiality and goodwill to the United States. The ex-President has certainly acquitted himself creditably, and if our American cousin is put in a better humour by the English demonstrations over him, so much the better, if the fit lasts long enough. It is to be feared that it will hardly endure until the Canadian fisheries are appraised and paid for, or that all the expressions of satisfaction over Grant's reception will add a dollar to the price they will be willing to pay for what they used without leave, or purchased upon credit.

The Eastern question remains, so far as diplomacy is concerned, *in statu quo ante bellum*. There are from time to time newspaper reports of negotiations, alliances, ruptures, and reconciliations, which are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Austria is not going to aid Turkey, because to do so would be to commit suicide, or at least to shiver her heterogeneous empire into fifty fragments. England, considering that Russia has scarcely moved a step in the direction of Constantinople since Mr. Cross gave a solemn assurance that peace should be preserved between her and Russia, is not on the eve of proving Lord Beaconsfield's representative a deceiver, or the published blue books and despatches elaborate falsehoods. The fact is, that, in the delay in active warfare, which seems intolerable after the Italian war, the Austro-German six weeks' contest, and the Franco-German duel of 1870, journalists do not know what to do with themselves. They are at their wit's end for something to pen concerning a war which persists in hanging fire most inconsiderately. The pro-Turkish papers have gone so far afield as to have hit upon