

ous Bazaine. only the formalities of the law do not allow of that express mercy which public opinion rightly anticipates. It is all stage thunder; mere forcing at an open door; beating a tom tom and de-claiming that M. de Lesseps was "cruelly" treated.

But why arraign him when he is known to be in as deep dotage as were Marlborough and Swift. The law required that all the directors and their compromised associates should be indicted; it was not urged that M. de Lesseps was afflicted with senility, before the winding up of the bubble; only the court could condone his absence which it at once did; but it could not absolve him from the consequences of his antecedents, because the question of making his estate responsible for the frauds, remains intact. The shareholders of a company, even when not French, when they discover they have been tricked, duped, and defrauded, rarely pass a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors. This offence was rank; he subsidized the whole French press to indulge in hosannas for himself and the bubble, and kept up the chorus so long as the sous could be wrung from his devoted countrymen, who confided in his honour while being dazzled by the magic of his name. M. de Lesseps did not invest one franc of his private fortune in the Canal Company—proof of virile astuteness; but he received and pocketed many hundreds of thousands in the shape of promoters' shares and annual salary. And because the judges inflicted the full penalty of the law, a cry is raised that they have been unduly severe, and that the French are a merciless people. The Tarpeian Rock is ever close to the capital. Let us hold fast to the Decalogue, nod approval to M. Carnot exercising his prerogative of mercy, and heave at least a sigh, though tears are due, for those reduced to beggary, plunged in despair, and driven to self-destruction, by the greatest debacle of the organized lie of modern times.

It is to be hoped that we are more than at the beginning of the end of Panamalism. One is almost tempted to view the return of cholera as a relief from that financial and political plague spot. The moment is excellent for introducing schemes to tax pianos, velocipedes, and liveries; no one will listen to the protests or screams over the Torquemada Screw. A tax in France once inflicted is never taken off; it resembles the "temporary rises" in meat and butter, but that end in becoming very permanent institutions indeed. The manoeuvre to cause a run on the Savings' Bank, with the view of tripping up the republic, have been nipped by the special law—voted at lightning speed. We could hardly expect such conduct even from lunatics; the state's credit, and which remains A. I. despite all political and social turmoil, is the depositors' security; it can repay in stock or gold. What creditor desires more than be paid when he pleases, twenty shillings in the pound?

The first of the four opera balls was not brilliant; they are contracted for by the proprietor of a neighbouring cafe: the expenses figure at 46,000 francs, and not more than 1,000 francs represent the profits. The institution has lived; the balls gave a fillip to industry, but do so no more. It is the season for private masked balls; up to the present only three have been held. Formerly, that is, a

quarter of a century ago, one hundred could be scored. Shrove Tuesday was spoiled by the nasty weather; nothing is now remarkable on these occasions but the crowds in the streets, and the advertising vans; the "apprentice boys" have the monopoly of the masks and faces; a few children of larger growth develop sparks of fun; the infants have their outing in fancy costumes—lilliputian marchionesses, peasant girls, and rustic queens; the boys represent generals as a rule; later they pay for their holiday by many varieties of infantile maladies. Bigger folks did not invest in other disguises than false noses, beards, wigs, and colored spectacles. A few hits were of course given at Panama. Heads were dressed to re-call M. de Lesseps and Rochefort, but the best was that imitating the ex-King of Dahomey, Behanzin. The trade of mask making is one of the most brisk in France; but the out-put is for the foreign, not the home market.

M. Gouin, the professor of concretism applied to the acquisition of modern languages, resides in a small cottage at Neuilly, outside Paris. His system of teaching living tongues, by calling a spade a spade, and showing how the exact and current words come into play with each application of the implement, is as old as humanity, as language itself. It is based on speech, and this existed before dictionaries and grammars. The latter are only resorted to when the student is graduating for a fauteuil, at the Academy. However, it is something to know how to speak a modern tongue—provided the people to whom the intelligent foreigner addresses himself reciprocally comprehend it. In Bretagne, where the population chiefly speaks Celtic, the primary schools have to teach the pupils "French," and for several years it has been the natural, the baby, and the nursery plan advocated by M. Gouin, that the government employs. The next best method to speak a modern tongue, after living in the foreign country to learn it, is, to follow the rules when there residing; listen well, and cement the actions and the names of things to their every moment application. That was the way Adam commenced to apply names to the beasts of the field; his language was at once an index and a record. He preceded Buffon—le style est l'homme.

Eugene Sue, in his "Mysteries of Paris" is accepted as the best authority on sweeps. The poorer parishes of Savoy furnish the boys; the latter, when seven or eight years of age are hired for the season, at the price of 60 francs, payable to the parents when the exploiter returns with his troupe from Paris. The oddest fact is, that you never can encounter a sweep in Paris, and as for witnessing a Jack-in-the-Box head popping up on the summit of a chimney and hallooing, "sweep," that would be a veritable premiere for citizens. The police have recently devoted much attention to these juvenile immigrants, and seem to conclude they are simply formed to sweep the pockets of tender souls, by begging. Very few small boys are to be met begging in the streets of Paris, and if encountered, they will next to invariably be found to have come from Savoy.

Prof. Henry Drummond leaves in March for Boston to deliver the Lowell lectures. His subject is "The Evolution of Man."

"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS."

The gray dawn of a winter morning was slowly breaking over a small village on the western shore of Nova Scotia some eighty years ago. All night long the sea had been beating in wild fury along the rocky coast; and occasionally during a lull in the storm, some of the inhabitants fancied they heard the sound of a gun, telling of some ship in distress, but the sounds were so faint and mingled with the roar of the elements that they had hoped they might be mistaken. As soon as it was light, men gathered on the beach looking anxiously seaward; and by the aid of glasses discovered what looked like the hull of a vessel on the rocks several miles away. Although the gale had moderated the sea was very rough, and only with great difficulty was a boat at last launched. Meanwhile women had joined the group, and hearts grew heavy with fear as they saw husbands and sons preparing to make the dangerous attempt to reach the wreck.

"I must go, Mary", said John Berton, looking into his wife's blanched face, "even yet there may be a chance of saving some of the crew."

And so they rowed away and left the women what so often falls to woman's lot, to wait and watch. After two hours battling with the waves, the boat drew near the wreck, but only to find it had already broken up and nearly all disappeared. No sign of life was visible, and the now nearly exhausted men with sad hearts, turned the boat homewards. Just then John Berton discovered something lashed to a floating spar, which looked like a human being; and upon getting alongside, found it to be the body of a man, unconscious and to all appearance, dead. Quickly lifting him into the boat the men bent to their oars and at length the anxious ones on shore, rushing into the surf, helped to pull the boat upon the beach. But, alas, those they had gone to rescue, were all sleeping their long sleep beneath the waves save the man they had rescued who was young, almost a boy, and as they gathered around him, many a mother's eyes grew dim as they thought of their own sailor lads away on the ocean.

"Bring him to our house, John," said Mrs. Berton; and so he was carried there and laid upon a bed. Although it seemed useless, restoratives were applied to try and bring back warmth to the chilled body; and after a long time the workers were rewarded with faint signs of life.

"Well, we have saved some mother's boy," remarked one of the neighbors, as they turned towards their own homes; "if we could only have saved them all."

Several hours later John Berton sat by the window watching the sun, now setting in clouds of purple and gold. The man had regained consciousness and told the sad story of the wreck. He was second mate of the barque "Sea Gull" of Boston, bound for Halifax, and the only one of the crew of twelve men who had been saved from a watery grave.

"Allen Bent, my bitter enemy," mused John Berton, "the man who the last time I saw, I told I would never forgive, and that I hoped I might never see his face again as long as I lived. Strange the waves should have brought his only son to my door."