

as the Straits of Dover, will be occupied, swallowing all branches of the army and navy, including whole batteries of artillery, and the forty mandarins of the French Academy will follow as a postscript, each with a blank dictionary.

Nor will Napoleon or the Egyptian question be forgotten; the *petit caporal* will be represented, not in St. Helena's rocky isle, but on a dromedary facing the pyramids, with 40,000 Parisians looking down upon him. Napoleon will be revived by a student, who resembles the great captain, as one pea does another; all "utilities" will thus find a place. In the evening there will be a banquet in the Latin Quarter, presided over by Plato, who will remind the guests that laughter is the characteristic of man; on each side of him will be seated Juno and Jezebel, Venus and Phryne; the vice-chair will be occupied by Rabelais, as a disciple of Heroditas, and Ægena, Messalina, Minerva and Aspasia will be made at home. A ball will follow; the quadrille d'honneur will be danced by the "queen of queens" and her lords and ladies in waiting; then will succeed a sprightly waltz in which the following celebrities will take part: Behanzin, Noah, Plato, Napoleon, Rabelais, Berenger and all the immortals of the French academy. *Soyons gaie!*

The Naval Commission, now sitting, does not appear to be getting on well: it is composed of admirals and land-lubbers known as deputies. The former speak in seafaring language that the latter do not comprehend; this dulness of comprehension led Admiral Gervais to "ram" them, when they complained of his administration, so the admiral has been sent to sea. Deputy Lockroy, the public prosecutor of the Admiralty, when he asks for documents receives them by frigate loads; so is crushed.

It is said that M. Carnot's attack of rheumatism was brought on by the worry he experienced in coming to a decision over Vaillant's case. The president was reminded that he had to vindicate society at large, not France. The death-warrant signed, M. Carnot's mind was relieved, and also his sufferings. In France, one party urged clemency, another to let the law take its course, while between both there was a feeling of pity for the condemned, but no decided expression to execute or to pardon. The anarchists declare they are delighted in being furnished with a second martyr. May it be their last, but everyone expects their revenge. The unfortunate culprit was clearly a fanatic, and those who set him on to throw the bomb into the Chamber of Deputies, and so send him to the scaffold, have much to answer for. Vaillant's conduct during his condemned cell life was correct; he indulged in no bravado, no unseemly manners, no boasting airs. He knew he had to die and felt decorum could add to the sincerity of his credo—"Death to the *bourgeoisie*, and *Vive l'anarchie*"; they were his last words, deliberately and tranquilly uttered as he placed himself against the fatal plank. His execution was terribly swift. Within a good half hour his toilette for the guillotine was made, his head struck off, his remains confined and grave filled in. He told the chaplain that being a materialist he could not accept his kind offices; he bequeathed his body to the School of Medicine for the benefit of science, but Dr. Brouardel declined it, fearing the anarchists might blow up the School. Hardly was the grave well closed in than an unknown hand deposited thereon a flower

pot of daisies; later, an artisan with his two little children deposited tiny bouquets of violets and snowdrops. Collectively, the anarchists are not dangerous, because some of the members are certain to peach; it is the isolated anarchist—*l'ame solitaire*—that is dreaded; who can mysteriously obtain explosives, and with the popular guidance for mixing and casing them for duty, that man constitutes the terror. A fanatic, reckless of his own life, will show no consideration for the lives of others.

Russia seems to be taking up the running for France in Egypt; as she hints by her press—a governmental institution—she has her eye on England and her dealings with Abbas Pasha. No one in France gives a longer Khedival life to the Viceroy than two months; his younger brother is held out and dry to replace the wilful boy-ruler. Lord Cromer is a veritable Palmerston. Under the premiership of Casimir-Perier, France is being led very prudently; there is an agreeable diminution in the number of disagreeable articles against England. The latter commences to look wickedish; her naval augmentations have knocked many speculations on the head; the return of Bismarck and Crispi have had a sedative effect on European opinion; and Turkey is unspeakably mysterious. It is rumored that both England and Turkey have given significant hints to Greece as to conceding the island of Poros—the ancient Calauria, where Demosthenes found refuge for his last days—to Russia. The island has a land-locked harbor, only second to that of Bizerta in Tunisia. The protectionists, by raising the duty on foreign corn, have placed France on the horns of a dilemma. Russia grows that it will injure her trade, yet if she be granted a favored scale, the Americas will growl and bite more fiercely. It shows that now, as during the Napoleonic wars, the vital point in the Achilles heel of Russia is her commerce. French opinion continues to be in a fog as to the possession of Timbuctoo. It may involve France in a green-standard war with the fanatical Mussulmans; yet to retire would be as lamentable as to remain.

The rumour is current that Russia is contemplating a ship canal, connecting the Don at Savejoul with the Volga, so as to have an uninterrupted water-way from the Black to the Caspian Seas, by means of the Sea of Azoff.

It may not be generally known that the daughter of Deibler, the executioner, died from an incision made in her throat to relieve her from suffocation by croup. Her brother, married to the daughter of the headsmen of Algeria, aids his father in France and will succeed him. The Deibler replaces the Sanson dynasty.

The sanitary inspectors are carrying war into the camp of a strange co-operative society. After the Fat Cattle Show, which closes in the first week of February, the animals, whether awarded prizes or not, are decorated with red ribbons, hired out for an afternoon to a butcher's shop, which is converted into a stable. Clients are expected to select cuts and prime joints, but as to obtaining them, that is another matter. The Society in question hires out joints of prime beef, veal, mutton, poultry, game and fish to respective dealers, at 15 to 3 frs. a day; these, after doing deluding duty, are taken back to figure as loans in the windows or on the door posts of restaurants. Finally, when tainted, the specimens are sold at night to low class taverns. This explains why the public could never understand how such beautiful-looking

show meat became sole leather when served up. In the case of fish, the gills are red-washed with the blood of poultry.

SLEEP.

The land of sleep is ours; to us belong
Its dreamy caverns and its island bowers,
Where side by side the rose and poppy
flowers,
And birds with strange, far music chant their
song.
But o'er its Lethan waters floats along,
All darkly thro' the haze of summer show-
ers,
Our raptured spirits—while the mournful
hours
Sweep o'er the wave unseen in silent throng.
Oh sweet along the flood to drift and dream!
To drift while waves and breezes gently
flow;
Nor cast one look on lands beyond, where
gleam
The garish lights of day. 'Tis sweet to
know
The land of rest is ours! Oh joy supreme!
With heaven above, and Lethe's tide below!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

UP THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

We suppose there is nothing in the properties of our native soil to account for the partiality with which we regard it. Go where we will, we may not escape the elements of our physical being—chemical, mineral, or whatever; and we have found the self-same species in Maine that we have been used to in Acadia. The spruces and firs and pines that everywhere salute us, are the very fellows, so far as their appearance, odor, and sound are concerned, that purred to us, and shed incense on the sunrise-hills of home. Even the immaterial things (I should say, the essential) are identical, or similar. Then why should the impulse seize the returned wanderer to emulate the Scotch master-minstrel, who bowed down and kissed the soil of his native Kyle, when he had returned from a brief flight over the Border? But prudence and prosperity, which have some influence with the poetic enthusiast, restrains many a motive essentially noble in favor of one more practicable. A thronged railway station is scarcely the place to air one's patriotism dramatically; and so, whatever our emotions, we trudge leisurely up to the waiting-room, for we are not of the number whom the Flying Blue-nose can accommodate, and we must wait for a later train that will halt at the home-station.

A waiting-place of this description induces a feeling of loneliness. You call the land your own, but on the threshold you perceive your fellow-countrymen have no knowledge of you, and you look into many strange faces successively, and form conjectures concerning them. There is a sadness in some countenance predictive of a secret sorrow; on another is the light of a gladness you may never share, and the reason for which you may never know. That mother, with her restless infant, infects you with a sense of her own weariness. The passing out of other trains than yours provokes in you a desire to depart, and gives you the momentary sadness that the departure of a welcome guest gives who has gone out of your home. Presently the dear companion—whose moods have so much power over your own, that, by comparison, all other influences are colorless—looks into your face, and observes, "What a lonely place this is! When do you think