

ruined. It is not the form of government that is culpable but those that administer it; it is not a new constitution that is required but new men. However, there is a tendency for the best men to hold aloof till the tornado has swept by. The worst evil of the situation is the mistrust which reigns and the absence of confidence in public men. No one concludes that the whole story of Panama can be known till Dr. Herz and Aaron Arton, who as well as the deceased Baron de Reinach, are Frankfort Jews and intimate pals, have spoken. Arton is most dreaded; it is he who holds the proofs of the corruptibility of the 192 Deputies and Senators, while Dr. Herz has evidence of a more varied battalion of bribed patriots. It is this Damocles' sword which weighs on the national conscience. It is said that Arton handed to Boulanger the list of the names, with accompanying proofs, of the legislators and public men whose consciences he had purchased with the Panama Canal Company's money. "With that, General, your fortune is made," said Arton. The General at once returned the terrible damnable papers, which Arton possesses still; and though he now passes as an Englishman and his residence is not a mystery, he has still been asked by several political parties to dispose of the documents at his own price.

No one can tell what will be the upshot of Panamaism or when it will end, since the "Purists," who have organized the campaign, intend to expose the history of other financial institutions. That would next to kill France, by destroying confidence in the state. Already many persons are placing their cash, following that unquestionable authority M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in English securities, in American preference railway shares and on deposit in British banks. The Funds having fallen below par, the conversion of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ stock into 3 per cent. scrip cannot be effected and this means a loss of 150 or 200 million francs for the current year's budget, the latter for the expired year has not yet been voted. There is nothing serious to be apprehended from the across-the-frontier wind-bagism of the pretenders. If the latter wish to try their 'prentice hand at a Strasbourg or a Boulogne dash for the throne of France, they will quickly discover their costly blunder. Meriting more watchfulness, and above all resolution on the part of the authorities, are the movements of the extremists and the multitude of unemployed and those "ready for anything." Napoleon I. said all revolution commenced with the belly and evolution shows that the mouth was the first organ developed. The would-be insurgents prattle too much about their intentions, as if a revolution could be organized to break out on a certain day and at a fixed hour. An emeute is always on the cards; as to its drifting into an insurrection that depends on the firmness and resolution of the Ministry. Now, the existence of the latter, is at the mercy of the incidents of each parliamentary day. Panamaism has irritated the masses, and supplied grist to the leaders of Socialism and those who demand the replacement of the present Parliamentary Republic by a Constituant Assembly. Many reflective minds also commence to think there is something wrong in the working of universal suffrage, that sends an inferior class of men to the Chamber and allows voters to be influenced, not by the high wants and grave interests of the nation but by parochial claims and individual calculations. So long as an

elector can utilize his vote for his self-interest and the Deputy can trade with his in Panamaism, representative government becomes only an organized hypocrisy.

There is one agitation on foot that it is hoped may succeed, though the odds are against it, the compelling those who may be convicted of bribery and corruption to be made responsible to the last farthing of their estate for having robbed the Canal Company's exchequer. Dr. Herz has purchased, in the name of his wife, property out of his pickings. But the law can compel the receivers to show where they obtained the money to make their investment. The attempt will be made to seize the fortunes bequeathed by Baron de Reinach to his children. Curiosity is excited to know the number of Panama shares the Lesseps family purchased but above all, how much cash they invested in the "death-agony loan," as the last issue of Canal shares has been called. M. Tower Eiffel is accused of "receiving stolen moneys," by pocketing for his contracts some eighteen million francs over and above the fullest professional profits. M. Eiffel's defence is: "My accounts have been certified as correct, so I have nothing more to say."

The hospitals on the Isthmus devoured 38 million francs; the doctors and apothecaries cost 28 million francs; nothing is recorded for the undertakers, yet they were kept busy, as 90 per cent. of the hospital patients died. Only think of $13\frac{1}{2}$ million francs being paid for "the domestics of the employes" on the Canal works. A Pullman car for the use of the director when railing across the Isthmus cost 200,000 francs.

The accused sit in the new court house in luxurious arm chairs, ranged like onions on a string, in front of their counsel. The latter are the cream of the Bar and receive a retaining fee each of 2,000 francs a day. "Maitre," that is the official title, Du Buit is counsel for the ex-Grand Francais and his son; he is a redoubtable adversary. "Me." Martini is a lawyer, hail fellow well met outside the court, but at the bar he "pleads with his teeth," it is said, from his manner of tearing to morsels the arguments of opposite counsel. "Me." Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Home Minister, is honey-tongued and can almost persuade against one's will.

The leader of this legal galaxy and chosen by common consent, is M. Barboux; he is 58 years of age, small, frail and possessing a flute voice. He is the son of a registrar of a court of bankruptcy. He may be said to have been unknown till 1870, and since, his talent has so developed that he is the first letter in the first line of his profession. No important trial takes place without his holding a brief; the latest and best known was that he held for Mr. Deacon, who shot the seducer of his wife. He has the reputation of producing surprises during a trial, and he is believed to have been supplied with a good stock of these for the present case. His professional duties, though onerous and occupying nearly all his time, never interfere with his morning walk, solitary and in a lonely alley of the Bois de Boulogne. If the occasion be tempting, he will not hesitate to pull out his note-book and begin to sketch.

Never were suicides so numerous; parents making away with their own and their children's lives; cause, misery and declining further to take part in the struggle for life.

The Bonapartists have had a flare-up on the occasion of the annual memorial mass for Na-

poleon III.. Most members of the party showed at the gathering; the "old gang" has been well thinned by death. Madame Rouher, the wife of the Emperor's premier, drew up a Bonapartist Litany, and recited every day: "Saint Napoleon III., pray for us!"

M. Champion advises readers of Voltaire, who may be shocked at his ideas, to "turn over the page," and they will find the exact contrary of what he has expressed.

A bridal party went a few days ago to enjoy the wedding banquet two miles from one of the suburbs, intending to return to the village for the winding up ball. When the party decided upon returning, the carriages and horses had been stolen.

In Brussels, the cost per kilometre for a tram-car, worked by electricity is 9 sous and by horse 18 sous.

The government declined to decorate Madame Adelina Patti with the Legion of Honor, as the claims of the Gran' Sara were first.

Anthropological Professor Wilhelm, of Nancy, says: Large ears in man imply health and honesty; short ears lunacy, and long ears criminality. Alas!—poor Neddy! Z.

THE CRITIC.

Mr. Morley Roberts has been working as a dock-laborer in order to "gather materials" for his next novel; Sir Edwin Arnold flies to Japan for a drama; Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan tells us Eurasia has yet to be depicted;—everybody seems to be flying through the length and breadth of the habitable globe to "gather materials." Even poor Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson (peace and comfort come to his latter days!) in the remoteness of his Apian home, gave us some Samoan ballads;—yet "The Wrecker," and "David Balfour" show that he at least, true artist that he is, knows that no outlandish materials are needed for the art of fiction.

And truly they are not "needed." What would Scott have said if some one had recommended as excellent "material" for one of the series of "Waverley," let us say, the Ainu of Japan—if, that is, they have not already been utilized (significant term!)? Would Dickens have thanked fervently any well-wisher who had suggested his substituting the Kurumbas of Mysore (dwellers in mud hovels, eaters of roots and shunners of civilized men—these, at least, are at present safe from the restless pen of the writer of fiction) for his Pickwicks and his Pecksniffs? And Thackeray, is it to be imagined that Thackeray would have jumped at a project of inweaving into some immortal story of love and hate the manners and customs of the Maori or the rites and traditions of a tribe of Bosjesmen?

A story of love and hate, surely after all that is the essence of a novel. We discuss realism and romanticism, we differ hotly upon the need or needlessness of a plot, we discourse endlessly about manners and methods and aims and means and what-not, but after all is it not the human heart that is the true "material" of the novelist, the human heart with its hopes so hard to extinguish, its cravings so impossible to appease, its half joys, its inarticulate cries; the human heart that is much the same whether it beats under a shooting-jacket or a frock coat, or, for that matter, under only the Homeric "hairy breast" of an African savage? It is men and women that move and