

pour out against respectable people the stink-pot of their filthy minds. These fellows thus obtain a consideration that otherwise would be impossible—they being such when fully revealed as no decent man could touch even with a pair of tongs. The evil, however, is a crying one and it is a blot upon that British civilisation which boasts itself so honest, brave, and manly.

GOOD NEWS. THE *Néo-Calédonien* of October 22. contains an item of intelligence that cannot fail to create a sensation among the good Evangelists who have pitched their tents in the New Hebrides and those in these Colonies to whom their cause is dear. Our contemporary reports that orders have been received in Noumea from the Government at Paris that passages are to be provided for certain of the Marist Fathers.—“One of these days,” says the *Néo*, “the Guichen leaves for the New Hebrides, and it will carry there, by special order of the ministry of which M. Goblet is the ornament, the head of the Catholic mission of New Caledonia and its dependencies, who goes to prepare the way for his confreres, already set out from Europe with these islands as their destination. The Society of Mary are going to resume possession of that part of the Vicariate Apostolic which fevers, death, and the wickedness of the natives and their pretended English Protestant civilisers, have forced them several times to abandon. The journey of Mgr. the Vicar Apostolic in France and to Rome had, among others of a high importance, the end of reopening the country in question to Christian and French civilisation. It is our religion, the same that created France herself, which is about to complete the French occupation and to combat the rival influence too long rooted in these islands. That which the valiant undertaking of Mr. Higgenson and the Society of the New Hebrides wanted to make of it a truly patriotic work, is now being given to it by our troops at Port Havannah and Port Sandwich. The mission will bring its perfection to it and will bind it to the very heart of the natives. Preparations for this expedition have been made noiselessly but maturely and seriously during these last years. The Society of Mary had never lost sight of this land watered by the blood of their first apostles; but it was very necessary to yield to the necessity of the times and to wait for God's appointed hour, while losing no opportunity of making themselves ready for it and insuring the success of an enterprise that was daily becoming more difficult.—That hour now seems arrived, and we salute it with all our faith and all our patriotism.—*Bon Voyage* to the Rev. Father Pioneer!”—So far our contemporary the *Néo-Calédonien* to whose concluding aspiration we, for our part, heartily answer Amen.

AN INCREDIBLE BUMBOCK. AMONG the many rumours of the day, not the least curious, and certainly not the most credible, is that of a Franco-German alliance. The occasion for the proposal is said to have been some negotiations undertaken by the German minister at the court of Morocco with the view of obtaining from the Emperor of that country certain territory on the Atlantic coast, as a basis for colonial enterprise in Africa, the adherence of France being gained by the German recognition of her supremacy in the Mediterranean, and German aid in recovering her former position in Egypt. France would further co-operate in all the colonial projects of Germany. Not, however, to allude to any interference undertaken by Germany with a view of restoring the French position in Egypt, the attempt alone to establish the predominance of France in the Mediterranean would be a blow aimed at England which it would be impossible for her to submit to. Even should she retain possession of Egypt, without the chief command of the Mediterranean she could not rely on uninterrupted communication with India, which absolutely depends on her holding, at least as impregnable coaling stations, Gibraltar and Malta, and in all probability Cyprus as well. In fact, among the difficulties involved in the apparently approaching seizure of Constantinople by Russia, there enters that of the increased necessity for England strengthening her position in the Mediterranean, so as to make unhampered use of the equivalent proposed to her in the annexation of Egypt, whereas the position of Russia on the Bosphorus would necessarily have a directly opposite tendency. We may, however, probably dismiss this rumour as to a Franco-German alliance as unfounded. Whatever advantages might accrue from it to both the peoples concerned, the animosity that divides them is too great to be surmounted.

A DANGEROUS POTENTATE. AMONG the news of the day there is at least one item that should belong more properly to an earlier age. Hardly has Europe recovered from the astonishment caused by the abduction of Prince Alexander, than a rumour is spread abroad that the Czar, in a fit of ungovernable passion, has killed his chamberlain, Baron de Reutern, at his palace of Gatschina. The rumour, indeed, when received here by cable was contradicted in a day or two afterwards, but now the San Francisco Mail brings us details that seem to confirm it. If it prove true the danger of the situation is manifest. A madman has

already in modern times occupied the Imperial throne of Russia, and, besides the sufferings inflicted on his own people, the condition of Europe was seriously menaced by his unhappy state. He betrayed an especial jealousy of England, and the English fleet were only prevented from proceeding from Copenhagen to Kronstadt, in 1801, by the news of his murder.—We allude, as our readers are doubtless aware, to the Emperor Paul, whom Pahlen and his fellow-conspirators strangled on his refusing to sign the form of abdication they laid before him.—But the consequences of insanity in a potentate possessing the irresponsible power of the autocrat of all the Russias, can hardly be feared too much. Even should the rumour prove false, indeed, the fact of its being grounded on fits of uncontrollable passion to which Alexander III. is subject of itself is sufficiently formidable. The issues that depend upon his uncontrolled will are of unspeakable importance, and the influences that may be brought to bear upon his frame of mind, according as the interests or humours of those who are about his person direct, are incalculable. While Russia remains absolutely at the mercy of a man so affected there is no guarantee for the peace of the world and all provisions, however wise, that are made to promote a good understanding among the nations stand hourly in jeopardy.

A DIVING PHILOSOPHER. THERE'S a philosopher at Westport that perfectly despises the top of the pool when he takes a bath. Down he goes right to the bottom, and sticks in the mud occupying his inquiring mind with all the beauties of nature and the uses of the water all about him. The frogs and the little fishes, and the bits of weeds and things, engage all his delighted attention, and it charms him to see how the dirt takes its departure from his skin under the influence of the “elements that surround him.” We should like to know whether Mr. Sloan who writes to the *Westport Times* in support of godless education, and to whom we allude, makes use also of a lather of soap when he takes his wash underneath the wave, and whether in contemplating the salutary nature of that article as well his heart and soul are raised aloft to the empyrean. But how the mischief does Mr. Sloan keep himself from being drowned while he is engaged in this philosophy of the deep? Does he take his bath in a diving bell, or has he some natural affinity with the mud that keeps the life in him under such unusual circumstances? Mr. Sloan engaged in a diving expedition would probably be as interesting a phenomenon as any student of nature need desire to contemplate. Mr. Sloan accompanying the world in its flight through space, or wrapped in ecstasies over the posies, or geologically poking his way through the ground after ante-diluvian creatures, is far beyond our reach, and we must leave him to soar or bore uninterrupted. The man we admire is he who despises the top of the water, throws the life-belt aside as a useless encumbrance, and goes right down to the bottom in pursuit of the hidden mysteries. We wish Mr. Sloan joy of all he has discovered, but we have no desire whatever to share the treasure with him. His educational researches can hardly prove of advantage to any one but himself.

FALSE FREEDOM.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Dubarran, who was racking his brain for arguments with which to combat his son's resolution, insisted on his explaining what he meant. After some hesitation Bernard did explain. He was not sorry, he said, to die, in order to protest against his own extreme folly in admiring a Government whose heads were such wretches as those depicted by his father, and who had made France what they now beheld it. As for Dubarran it was but just that he should lose his son. Was he not the comrade of those brutal charlatans, and had he not taken many sons from their parents?

Thereupon Bernard threw himself into his father's arms, and it was impossible to induce him to discuss the matter any more.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

On the next day but one Dubarran again visited his son, and this time he found his aspect changed. He was no longer mild and resigned; he wore a proud and joyous air, and his eyes were sparkling.

So actively had Emilie Grassus carried out her threats, that Dubois and his daughter had been transferred to the Conciergerie. This was the agony stage of revolutionary death. The frantic girl had, however, failed in a portion of her purpose, that of driving her three enemies to despair. She had succeeded only in the case of the virtuous Dubois, for he had fallen into a state of prostration. Stupefied and bewildered, the magistrate of the Bonnet-Rouge Section passed all his time in affirming his own patriotism and addressing tender reproaches to the democracy. He understood nothing, he belonged to the class of those who were destined never to understand anything, and to die Jacobins.

It was not, however, the spectacle of the revolutionary folly of the bourgeoisie as represented by the virtuous Dubois that filled the soul of Bernard-Emile with unconcealed joy. At the far end of the