

[WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

The Ventures and Adventures of Charlie Gould;

A ROMANCE OF THE STOCK MARKET.

BY EDWARD F. CAHILL.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

Seated in the office or boudoir of the boarding-house, a few days later, was George D. Charkup, Esq. A delicate, rosy, half-light surrounded him, and through its softening influence over the ripe charms of the lady of the house, who was seated with her back to the window. Eminent coyness and luxuriant her surroundings—a rich, amber, Turkey carpet covered the center of the floor, which was stained to simulate oak around the edges. The skin of a grizzly bear lay in front of the fire-place, as a fitting relief to the bright steel of the fender and fire-irons, and silken-covered lounges and rockers invited the weary or the idle to be at rest. A rare Japanese bronze stood upon the mantel-piece, unequalled in the vigor and life of its execution by the best productions of French art, and a few gems of California landscape hung upon the walls, interspersed with mirrors and girandoles, framed in Venetian glass and ormolu.

The interview did not seem altogether a pleasant one. The lady of the house was performing an obligato on the carpet with her foot, vulgarly known as the devil's tattoo, and the millionaire was looking savage, with the hard lines of his mouth set like a steel vice.

"George, you are acting cruelly towards me," said she, looking at the fire-place.

"I would like to know what you want," he angrily rejoined. "I have furnished this house for you, and put you in a way of making your living decently. I have given you stocks and shares without stint—in fact everything you could possibly want, and still you keep on growling. What's the matter now?"

"Money is not everything, George," she said.

"Oh! that's what the matter," he broke in, savagely. "Hang it, Eliza, this petty jealousy is enough to drive a man crazy."

"You were in that woman's box the whole evening, at the California, two nights ago."

"Who told you so? And what if I was? I believe I am free to go where I please."

"Men are so changeable. I always tremble lest you should break your promises to me, when I hear of your paying attentions to other women."

"Promises!" he rejoined, angrily. "I know nothing about any promises. Oh, Eliza!" he continued, going over and sitting down alongside her, putting his arm round her waist and taking her hand; "for God's sake, let us have no more of this. I don't come here to be scolded and worried, as if I had committed a crime. This eternal jealousy is enough to drive a man out of his senses; and in your heart you know it is entirely without cause. I don't care two straws for her, and you know it, or you ought to know it."

The situation is not a new one—a woman being persuaded to believe that which in her heart she wishes. There is a fatal weakness inside the walls of the fortress, and the enemy within her own breast betrays her. Only too readily does she accept persuasions and protestations of doubtful value, after the first brief storm of her fleeting wrath is over. Having shot the swift bolt of her indignation, pity takes its place; she is sorry for her own violence, when her victim protests that he is innocent, and will never do so any more, and so it was in the present case. Eliza Harley was fain to accept for pure gold that which she feared was only gilded metal. Perhaps, moreover, the lady thought it might not be judicious to drive him too far, and so lose all prospect of the carrying out of whatever further designs she may have had. We will not pry too deeply into the secrets of her widowed heart. Mr. Charkup had been married, but his wife was dead some time, and he was the father of a grown-up daughter, who did the honors of his house, when at home. Just at that time the latter was in Europe, but was expected back shortly, when a series of entertainments was promised.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and in a more satisfied tone resumed: "I see you so seldom, George, that I scarcely know what to do about anything. What would you advise me to do with those shares?"

"Oh, keep them, of course," he replied.

"They have scarcely touched one-fourth of their real value as yet."

"Have they any real value?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Of course they have. We will begin paying dividends next month, and we mean to hold on to our property as a paying institution. Why the profit on the milling of the ore and the sale of our lumber to the mine makes it worth our while to keep the control, even if it only paid expenses."

"But I have nothing to do with the mills or the lumber," she objected.

"Of course not; but you will receive four or five per cent. a month in dividends, with the certainty of the shares quadrupling in value. They have reached their present point on mere talk, and a series of dividends, steadily paid, will convince people that the money is there. The reports, of course, were overdrawn; but still there is an enormous body of ore."

"But these dividends won't continue for ever," she persisted.

"Naturally; but I will let you know, in time, when we are about to pass them. Of course, that will cause a break in the market."

"It seems like a tempting of Providence to have so much money in sight as the shares would bring at the present prices, and not put out one's hand and take it."

"Tempting of Providence!" he repeated, angrily. "Do you suppose Providence is always lying in wait to catch people tripping? Perhaps you had better sell out, then, and put it out of his reach!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk like that, George."

No true woman will ever tolerate irreverence. She will always strive to secure the decencies of life and social observance, no matter how many cherished illusions may have been torn away by the rough hand of circumstance, and a certain amount of amiable hypocrisy becomes, as

it were, a second nature to her. She looks for the veil of virtue to be cast over the "cakes and ale" of life, and will die rather than partake thereof, save in the most orthodox fashion.

"Well, what will you have me say? But I haven't time now for further talk, and must get across the bay to my business."

"When will you come again?" she asked, anxiously, while standing close to him, with her hand on his shoulder, as if loath to give him up even for a time.

"Oh, I can't tell," he replied, a little impatiently. "Why do you tease me with your ceaseless jealousy? You know in your heart it is entirely undeserved by me. I can't say a word to another woman without bringing a storm about my ears. Well, well, never mind. It's all right," he said, hastily, seeing her eyes begin to fill.

"Kiss me good by," and with that he went out on the porch, where Charlie Gould was seated, engaged in the contemplation of the mounting spirals and fantastic scrolls of smoke he was puffing into the blue air.

"How do you do, Mr. Gould. Heard from your father lately?"

"No," said Charlie rising. "There has not been time since I left home."

"No, I suppose not. What are you doing?"

"Nothing, at present, but I suppose I shall try and get work in some of the offices or stores in the city."

"I suppose you can write a good hand?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "I believe I can write a reasonably fair hand. I think I can find you a specimen, and he offered the back of an old letter on which he had made some notes.

"Yes, that would do well enough. You can keep a set of books?"

"I have had a little experience, and done some work of that kind."

"Could you give security for the safety of whatever money might be placed in your temporary keeping?"

"I think so," replied Charlie, after a moment's thought, "if the amount was not too large."

"Well, take this to its address, and, perhaps, those people can do something for you," and he scribbled some lines on a card, and handed it to Charlie, who received the precious autograph with reverence and thanksgiving.

The great money-changer was never averse to extending the sphere of his influence. It was his persistent policy to make a friend, whenever opportunity offered, although it was hinted by some that his friendship was a gift of doubtful value to its objects, in the long run. As these, however, were merely the envious sneers of evil-minded poverty, we may pass them by with that contempt which they deserve. Charlie Gould looked like a man whose youth and energy would carry him into the front rank in life, and his father, as was known, was in reasonably good circumstances, and able to push his son, or stand in the breach of debt up to a certain amount, if need be. If he could throw anything in Charlie's way, without injury to himself, the favor might not be wasted, for confidence is a plant of quick growth among the youthful, and Charlie might be made use of as a missionary for the further propagation of that desirable feeling among his friends and acquaintances.

CHAPTER V.
MONEY-CHANGERS.

Behold Charlie Gould then, early next morning full of high hope, hastening to the offices of Messrs. Steams & Dorkie, stock-brokers—the firm to which he had been recommended by Mr. Charkup. The offices were situated on California street, in the business heart of San Francisco, close to that commercial battle-ground where merchants and brokers "most do congregate"—too often, alas, strewn with financial corpses after some heroic combat of bulls and bears.

After some delay, he was ushered into the private office of Mr. Steams, the head of the firm. A portly man and an unctuous was Mr. Steams; not one of those men who are ashamed to let their faces be a billboard, but a suit of stiff broad-cloth and an expanse of starched linen (which, with the aid of the wearer's well-oiled wig, would have presented a very imposing appearance if stood up by themselves in the corner, as might have been done without any apparent impudence), completed the outward panoply of this prosperous gentleman. A most polite man was Mr. Steams; he has been known to stand talking to a lady on the street for full five minutes, with glossy silk hat in hand, leaning on his gold-headed, ebony walking-stick, with nothing between him and high heaven but his well-oiled wig—a sight to make the angels weep for so much condescension. A most valuable "property" was that gold-headed cane; it was wont to flash before the eyes of admiring servant girls with savings to invest, and hard-working mechanics deemed that an institution (for Mr. Steams was emphatically an institution), supported by so bright a pillar must be a reliable depository for their surplus wages. In addition to these charms, his urbane and courtly manners completed the spell, for a most gentlemanly gentleman was Mr. Steams.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Gould," said the broker, pointing to a chair, after Charlie had presented his credentials.

"My friend, Charkup, speaks in the most complimentary terms of you in this note, and answers for your ability to do all kinds of office work. I presume you are in search of employment?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "that is my present occupation."

"Well, I do not know if there is any position in our gift now vacant, but I will see Mr. Dorkie, and let you know, when you call again. I suppose you know that it is usual in such cases for employes to place in their employers' hands a small sum—on good security, of course—as a guarantee that any funds which they may handle, in the course of business, shall not be misapplied?"

"I believe I have heard of some cases in which it was done," said Charlie.

"It is our invariable rule," said Mr. Steams, "and we have several thousand dollars of the money of our employes always in our hands. You will understand, of course, that no imputation is thereby thrown on their honor, but it is a necessary precaution, when we are forced to employ men who are, to a great extent, strangers to us. As a matter of fact, however, you can have no safer investment, and many of our clerks leave their surplus savings with us."

"I believe it will be necessary for me to write to my father for his advice and assistance," said Charlie.

"Well, call around when you get his reply, and we will be glad to see you," and with a bow which made his shirt front creak, the broker dismissed Charlie to go on his way rejoicing.

Meeting Frank Dawlish on the street, Charlie asked him, "What kind of people are Steams & Dorkie?"

"Kind of people!" he repeated. "Why, they are on the inside of all the best things going, and are doing a rushing business. Charkup's business must be worth thousands of dollars to them. Not so much in actual pay, perhaps, for I believe he is keen enough not to pay them a cent directly, but in favors and the prestige it brings them, not to speak of information in advance of every new deal."

"But are they solid, responsible people?"

"Ah, now you've got me!" replied Dawlish, with a knowing laugh. "Who can tell who is or is not responsible and solid in this business of dealing in stocks? I should say that if they confine themselves to a legitimate broking business, buying and selling for other people, they are undoubtedly solid. Why, a seat in the 'big board' must be worth over \$30,000, and their incomes, from commissions, is very large."

"They probably spend their incomes."

"Undoubtedly; they spend most of them. A man can live only one life, and can't carry away his money with him when he dies. But there is no danger on that score. The real danger with such men is that they will dabble in stocks on their own account, and sooner or later they are bound to be caught, for in stocks it is dog eat dog, and your nearest friend will turn on you, if he thinks he is the stronger. The temptations to gamble is almost irresistible, when one sees big coups being made on every side, with little apparent risk of loss. So long as times are good and the market booming, as it is now, it is impossible to tell who is or is not unsound."

"But how do these enormous incomes grow from the small commission broker's charge?"

"Have you ever sat by a crowd of poker-players, and kept an account of the sums placed in the pool? I have, and I can tell you that, although each individual player may not have a stake of more than twenty to fifty dollars, the aggregate of the sums placed on the table in a light's play will amount up into the thousands. Suppose that every time the money was pushed backwards and forwards on the table the saloon-keeper was allowed to charge a small percentage on each pool, how long would it be before each man's stake of fifty dollars, would be absorbed? That is, perhaps, a simpler form of gambling, but the principle is the same. The small players, who cut in with their five or ten dollars, are swallowed up by the men with larger capital, who can afford to wait for the turn of luck, and who know the run of the cards, and the saloon-keeper takes toll from all. The only difference here is that the brokers are the saloon-keepers and the big brokers are the professional sports."

He might have added that he was one of the cappers of the game, to complete the analogy, but, however candid he might be about other people's business, he was reticent enough about his own. You will find no one more ready to preach against drunkenness than the confirmed drunkard—until you ask him to take a drink. It might be said that he was spilling his own game, but the temptation to show his superior insight was too strong, and then luckily preaching for or against a cause seldom does much harm.

"Your comparisons are scarcely complimentary to the stock-broking business," said Charlie.

"Well, what will you have? A man must live, and they might do worse."

"They could scarcely do much worse without finding themselves in the penitentiary."

"Oh, yes, they could—at least so far as the actual business of buying and selling stocks on commission is concerned. They are necessary evils, if you will, but so are lawyers, and so is your tailor. Men, say, and women, too, will gamble, in spite of all the laws that ever were framed. And the women! They're the worst in the deck. I've seen them come down in crowds to the office with their dimes. But what's the odds? It's good to bleed them once in a while. They might get too rich. Live and let live, I say."

The gambling instinct was evidently implanted in the human breast for the benefit of such as Dawlish, and was so far commendable.

"Is dealing in stocks necessarily gambling?" asked Charlie.

"Of course it is; but it ain't any worse than the law allows. The law does not stop poker-playing or drinking any more than dealing in stocks."

"The law is express against gambling."

"Well, what's the difference between a deal at faro and a deal in stocks? I say let them both go ahead. It makes times good. Money is always easy when there is a deal."

"How about the morals of the community?"

"Oh, what's the odds? You can't make them any worse than they are. Let them stay with it, I say, and give a fellow a chance to make a little something, once in a while. They are all as mean as thunder, anyhow. Time enough to preach about morals, when we have any."

"You go too far, when you mix up legitimate business with gambling. It is always difficult in theory to draw a line; but I can see where to draw the line in the present case. As a matter of fact, and in practice, the world has always drawn its lines clearly enough and without much difficulty. We allow drinking, I confess, but we do not permit drunkenness, so far as in us lies. In the present case we draw the line at gambling, and the only difficulty is

to decide where legitimate business shades off into mixed gambling, for every occupation by which men earn their living has some element of risk about it."

"You speak like the oracle of a debating society, but I am glad to find we are not so black as we are painted."

Charlie then went home fortified in his determination by those ingenious reasons, in favor of stock-jobbing, which had occurred to him in the course of the argument, and feeling, now that he had defended them, that stock-brokers were an undeservingly abused class of innocents. He wrote a letter to his father concerning the events of the day, and gave him an account of his proceedings since he left home, and in due course received the following answer:

DEAR CHARLIE, I got your letter asking for \$200 which is ready for you when you want it. Seems like, Charlie, as I'd have to let you choose for yourself about this. I don't know much about them city folks, and I allow they'll all stand off if they see you want \$200, so you let 'em get the inside track of you, my boy. If any of 'em is honest, you kin tell better'n I kin—bein' right on the spot, as I may say; so I'll leave it all to yourself. I kin spare the money without any harm any, but be keeful, my boy, and don't let 'em get the inside track of you. I knowed Charkup in '52, up in Tuolumne, but I didn't think much of him then; he kept a grocery store and a whiskey mill. I'm glad you've made so many fine friends, and hope they're all right. Them city folks is deceivin'. Schoolmarm and widows is not so skeerce as they might be, and if they don't pan out all right don't you forget there's plenty more left. Don't you get too heavy on 'em. Your mother says you always was a little soft on schoolmarms, as I may say. They're powerful entice, but widows is worse. She sends her love, and so do I, Charlie, my boy. Your affectionate father,

JOHN GOULD.

Mr. Gould would not allow any important alterations or corrections in his letter by his wife. He inquired who was "doing this thing," and allowed he was "boss of his own letter," and this was "a free country," as he might say.

On receiving this letter Charlie immediately waited on Mr. Steams, and, to speak figuratively, was received into that gentleman's creaking bosom.

(To be continued.)

ENTERTAINING STORIES OF ANIMALS.

The "baby elephant," which was such a cause for wonder in the circus companies last season, now tips the scale at half a ton, and is growing too fast to continue a novelty.

A large bird at Keokuk, Iowa, darted swiftly downward in its flight recently, and striking a lightning-rod, the iron ran through its body, and it remained impaled, fluttering and struggling.

A horse in Nevada, being sick with colic, ended his suffering by deliberately dashing out his brains against the stone wall of the corral. It was in Nevada, also, that a pet dog recently committed suicide by drowning.

In 1876, 1,705 moles were destroyed in Greenwood, 97 cats, 35 dogs, 103 snakes and 121 rats were destroyed. In 1879, 3,159 ground mice, 73 cats, 29 dogs, 35 moles, 64 snakes and 33 rats were captured.

A fox in the northern part of the harbor on the southern coast, in the absence of the crew, was boarded by rats in such numbers that they ate away all her standing rigging, including her stays.

All were destroyed beyond the possibility of repair.

A snake two feet long had a lively fight with a chipmunk on the banks of the Walla Walla. The snake coiled around his antagonist several times, but the little fellow slipped out of the folds and turned again, biting the snake's body. Soon the snake was unable to crawl, and the chipmunk killed it.

A mule in the Newark Cement Company's works refuses to do service after the bell sounds the hour of noon. If he is persisting in his refusal, it allows it to be settled by a dog. After feeding he allows himself to be hitched up, but no amount of coaxing or beating will induce him to work until after the 1 o'clock whistle.

A farmer in the Pacific States was watering his cows at a pump recently, when they stamped as fast as their legs would carry them. Suddenly, though the sky was clear, a cyclone not more than twenty miles distant allowed it to be raining, and the dog, and turning round asked him what he wanted. The dog reached up and dropped a gold badge in his hand that he had picked up somewhere. Dr. Meyer rejoined that he had found it, and it was from his belt, but knowing nothing of the loss until the dog found it.—(Deadwood (Dakota) Times.)

A writer in the *Naturalist's Magazine* says that he remembers seeing, on a post near the Elephant and Castle inn, at which such a number of coaches used to stop, an inscription on Ralph, a raven of great celebrity, who had been in his days a distinguished member of the Elephant and Castle establishment. He frequently took short jaunts out on the coach top, until he met some other coach, whose driver he also knew, passing in a homeward direction, when he would immediately change coach.

The Newport News tells a tall cat story: One day last week a cat in this town caught a small mouse, and while playing with it afterward, as cats do, lying on the floor with its mouth wide open, the little victim ran into the jaws of death, landing securely, wholesale, in the cat's stomach, where it lived for some time, giving the cat no little annoyance, if the movements against the latter side any criterion to judge by. The cat seemed frightened, too, for it went under the house, remaining there for two days. The circumstance was witnessed by the lady of the family in the cat's livid and several of her children.

A resident of St. Thomas, Ont., is the possessor of a dog which has some remarkable instincts. On Sundays his penitential and sectarian sentiments come out. Unlike the crow, he can count. He is not the same dog as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes, encourages no company, and says, in actions louder than words, "Six days shall you plow, and I will be all thy sport." The family are Presbyterians, but the dog is a Methodist. On Sunday he attends the family to the Presbyterian house of worship, and then holds on his solitary and unbroken way to the little oak church. He has a peculiar place on stairs, when he can manage to elude the vigilance of the ushers and obtain ingress, and he pays dogmatic attention to the word of doctrine withal at service.

Two boys and girls, the oldest of whom was under sixteen, planned to elope from Ottawa, Canada, and get married this side of the line. One of the boys was \$20 for his expenses, but the other's financial calculations failed, and at the last moment he was compelled to withdraw from the enterprise. His sweetheart, however, would not give up the idea of eloping, and so accompanied the more prosperous couple in their flight.

LOUIS BLANC.

THE "RECORD-UNION" CORRESPONDENT HAS A CHAT WITH HIM.

His Views of the Political Situation in France, and the Outlook for the Future.

PARIS, November 22, 1889.

When I asked the concierge for Mr. Louis Blanc he directed me to a flight of stairs and told me to climb up to the very last story. I had mounted five flights, when I found myself at the extremity of the banisters and before the only door of that landing. On ringing, a middle-aged woman opened to me, and before she would allow me to pass my nose even across the threshold, asked if Mr. Louis Blanc had given me a *rendezvous* for that morning. On my answering in the affirmative her severe features relaxed into an expression less untractable, and she solemnly led me through a rather large entry into a small hall, and then into a parlor.

This room was fitted up with the greatest simplicity; there were a sofa and chairs of red velvet; a *cassette* in the middle of the room, a small table over it with a book of autographs and albums; on the mantelpiece a black clock and chimney ornaments of the same; on the clock, as its head piece, a large bust in marble of the illustrious Mr. Charles Blanc. On the wall were two engravings of paintings relating to patriotic events, besides framed testimonials of the working corporations of France, suspended to one of which was an immense wreath of laurel leaves with a bow of great ribbons, whose ends were ornamented with letters woven in gold expressive of admiration for the eminent orator and historian. True, the room led out to a balcony overlooking the garden of the Tuilleries, and possessing one of the finest views of Paris, but the ceiling was low and everything seemed small. I could not help thinking how differently

THAT GREAT PATRIOT

And eminently honest man was recompensed for his valuable services, from the manner in which more recent statesmen have grasped upon the fat of the land in payment of their attention to public affairs.

Frankly now occupied with the duties of all the luxury of the extravagant days of the empire, he has a cook formerly belonging to a grand seigneur and to whom he pays 12,000 francs a year, he rides in luxurious carriages and has a retinue of servants; so it is with others, but Louis Blanc is the pride of all Frenchmen because they unhesitatingly point to him and say: There is an honest man; he has gathered together around him enough money to keep him comfortable in his old age.

Suddenly the door was opened and there stood a little man, very small in his dressing-gown and slippers that although I had often seen him at the Chamber and stood beside him as he talked to mutual friends, I was startled. After a cordial greeting he invited me into his study, which he said I would find warmer. This room was most quite filled with furniture, and I judged was used as a dining-room as well. It looked out on to the court and was heated by a large porcelain stove, that, without a view of either gas or electricity, was heated by a fire. I thought how cheerless the surroundings of this bright mind. I expected to find, on seeing Louis Blanc so near, a person appearing much older, but he impressed me as being younger than I had seen him at the Chamber; his hair is very thick and intensely black, and I do not think that among his ebony-like locks a single white hair can be found; his eyes are coal black and very large, the pupil almost entirely filling the socket; his complexion is clear and his cheeks rosy; the only mark of age to be found is his mouth; his teeth are long and yellow, and whereas in talking he shows the lower ones, which with his upper teeth seem to be wanting. He began by speaking of his health—he has very lately been quite ill, the effects of a painful and dangerous operation he underwent some few months ago. He is not yet able to leave his room, and complains that the extreme cold, which has suddenly come on, increases his indisposition. There is

SO MUCH SIMPLICITY

In his manner and conversation that you can scarcely believe there sits the man who began his labors some fifty years ago, who has played an important role in the history of his country, and has covered it with glory through the eloquence of his pen and his oratorical power. He speaks very slowly, sometimes with difficulty, which is doubtless owing to his feeble state of health, yet when he delivers a speech, which frequently occurs, he manages to send out his voice in a manner able to reach every corner of an immense hall without a single word being lost. Although Louis Blanc is well acquainted with England, its government and institutions, and the condition of the laboring classes, he seems to know little of America, comparatively. In speaking of the working-men of France, he said that their salaries were much lower than those of England, but that since in France the people were very sober, requiring less food and drink to sustain them, the amount they earn compares favorably with what the English laborer earns, since the latter requires, on account of the climate, a greater amount of food, and his habits entail greater expenditure.

Little has ever been done for the working classes of France, and it is only since the Government has been called republican that they have had the courage to do anything for themselves. All through the country they now have their regularly organized committees and meetings, and they have developed some good thinkers and energetic organizers. He said that many would opine during the reign of the principal question discussed with them is the hours of work. The time of labor is not limited, and the workman is oftentimes retained twelve and fourteen hours per day, to the detriment of his health and strength, and to the interests of the patron. Louis Blanc said that there was soon to be a bill presented at the Chamber to limit the working hours to ten per day, and that it was his intention if his bill were adopted to make a special article of the bill. He said that if it should pass it would be

A GREAT STEP IN ADVANCE

And a decided amelioration in the condition of the workman, but that it would of course meet with much opposition in the Senate, and would probably there be defeated, for the reason that that chamber represents the interests of the governing classes and members of corporations, whose object it is to get all they can out of the workman. He said that many would opine that bill on the ground that full liberty should be allowed for all transactions, and that legislation really had no right to intervene, but that that was a mistake, when, as in this case, liberty was all on one side, for the workman, who has to bread to earn and family to provide for is always forced to accept the hours and wages offered him.

The eminent orator remarked that things were not going on in France, and that in order to make any progress at all, one had to be modest in his demands; that since France is a republic not a single reform had been accomplished, and whereas it was said that the same subject, but by a totally different government was a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions, the present government is a republic surrounded by monarchic institutions. He earnestly thinks that the bill for the reform of the magistrature will ever pass the Chamber of Deputies, and certainly not the Senate, for the reason that the Ministers seemed little inclined to adopt this reform, and the Deputies are eminent by all means, but little inclined to act independently; that in fact the present representatives can hardly be

said to justly represent the intelligence of the country and are inferior to the vast number of their constituents. So long as the present magistrates remain in office the republic will nurse in its bosom its most implacable enemies, for the present Judges were all chosen by the empire and have openly vouched their hatred for the present Government, and yet do not hesitate to be paid by it. Mr. Blanc said that the Judges throughout France were exceedingly honest, inasmuch as not one of them could be bribed to give judgment against his conscience in civil affairs, but that in political affairs they were

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

The reform of the magistrature is a question importing such great revolution in long-established affairs, that the Deputies who never dare anything, will hardly have the courage to take this important step, although the interests of the country urgently demand it. Even though the bill should pass the Chamber of Deputies, it would never get safely through the Senate except by a miracle, for these good Judges are only support left to the Bonapartists and monarchists, and not to leave these magistrates, appointed for life and chosen by a crowned head, in possession of the law, would be to overturn all the principles of the republic. Scarcely any reform seems possible in France until in the Senate, filled with old fogies and reactionists, some of the Senators die off and the elections renew this august body by sending more practical and republican members to fill the important seats. There is hope of some reform being accomplished in the course of time, provided what is called the *scrutin de liste* is adopted by the two houses. The *scrutin de liste* existed, and was replaced by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, which consists in electing a person chosen from each arrondissement, whose extent of territory is very small, and is generally the highest within the personal influence riches give who is elected to the position of Deputy. He usually knows nothing of the important questions relative to the progress of his country, possessed of unlimited power, and certain roads made, to have a fountain erected, to find advantageous positions at Paris for each or at least a number of his electors, and to perform commissions for their wives, so that his ideas of reform are very limited, and his scope of vision very narrow. He is in direct communication with each one of his electors, and the poor man actually suffers martyrdom in trying to please them all, and in fearing to do anything which might give offense. When once elected, should any of his constituents happen to come to the capital, they besiege him with petitions, imagine he is the entire Government himself, possessed of unlimited power, and if he does not accomplish all they desire, they are unreasonable demands.

They place it to the account of his unaccommodating nature and swear they will never again vote for such a man. As may be seen, great inconvenience results from the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and therefore the desire of all intelligent statesmen of replacing it with the *scrutin de liste*, which consists in having a committee form a list of names of persons known for their talents and administrative abilities, and the entire department. The department contains a number of arrondissements, and when this list is presented to the electors they are to vote the entire or a portion of the list on the record-union system. The known reputation of one or more of the names, although they may be personally unacquainted with any of the candidates, this permits the electing of men of talent who may not be rich enough to buy the usual amount of money required to insure election, and permits the possibility of having men as Deputies whose minds and interests are not restricted to the circle of their personal surroundings. They themselves would then escape the nuisance of being bothered and harassed by their constituents, and being for the most part unacquainted with them would not be content to forwarding simply their particular interests. The only inconvenience of the *scrutin de liste* is that there is danger of the committee chosen to make out the list falling under the

DOMINATION OF ONE MAN.

Who would make use of them for his own personal ambition. The great bugbear in this case is Gambetta, and those who imagine themselves his enemies ascribe to him more ambitions and personal motives than he has ever entertained, and an importance in all things which does not belong to him. Whatever may be Gambetta's designs, the *scrutin de liste* will not aid him any better in their accomplishment than other means would be able to employ. Louis Blanc said that although the *scrutin de liste* presented some inconvenience as well, it was preferable to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, although it was almost sure to be defeated in the Chamber of Deputies, for the reason that all the Deputies have been elected through this last method and would have just reason to suppose they would not be chosen to fill the lists, as neither the influence nor reputation of the majority extend as far as an entire department. They will therefore find other than the true reasons for defeating the measure, which, should it be successful in the Chamber, would certainly find favor with the Senate. That which is remarkable in the character of Mr. Louis Blanc is, that although no person has carried social reform to a higher standard than he, he is devoid of all passion and impatience, almost the necessary attributes of the reformer. I am sure he never gets angry, and he looks upon all things from such a broad point of view that those who express the contrary opinions to his own, have never been able to vex him. His principles are the same as those he entertained when young, and he has continued for near half a century in bringing them to light,