

the Khedive, that England will treat for the evacuation of Egypt when that psychological moment arrives.

M. Flourens concludes that Germany and England have jockeyed France out of Central Soudan, and regards the negotiations at Berlin as only a mere blind. He forgets to explain that the Niger Co. only opposed M. Migon's "scientific" explorations, when he resorted to political poaching on that company's preserves, and for so doing, his own Government recalled him. The position of France is anything but enviable in Madagascar; Deputy de Mahy attributes the non-success of France to manage the Malagasy, to the domination of the Protestant missions—English, American and Norwegian—that have plenty of money, and are reaping rich harvests of converts. With all this, the English Government has nothing to do; but civilization will not allow the missionary work to be undone, so long as it keeps within the law. Oppose it by other missions—that competition or rivalry would be fair; but to ask voluntary contributions from France to proselytize the Hovas, or to solicit a parliamentary grant of two million francs to send out Catholic missionaries, that solution would never "catch on." There is no doubt French influence is waning in the island. To send a military expedition would be costly and perhaps fraught with international dangers. As to Siam, the buffer situation is the same; the question is being asked, if England, or other nations, enjoy the most favored clause in that treaty, can they not insist on enjoying all commercial privileges that may be accorded to France? If the latter were free trader, what annoyances she would save herself. Demanding double or triple import duties on corn, live stock, wines or derivatives of all these, to say nothing of wool, will not ameliorate the unpromising commercial and industrial situation of France; abolish her McKinleyism—safety that way lies. Deputy Paulin Mèry has formed a league to rescue France from the foreigners who reside and trade in the country, while paying all imposts the same as French subjects, and respecting the laws. M. Mèry is dissatisfied with all these reciprocities; he insists that all work be retained for the French, and that only French manufactures and products appear in the shops. But, if other realms retaliate, how can France work off her surplus out-puts? Why, China is more liberal than this; she accords "foreign devils" special settlements, and even trades with them.

The *Maison du Peuple* is the Home or Shelter of the reddest of Red Republicans, who are not actually Anarchists, since they repudiate dynamite and bombs. They seem to have for speciality, to overthrow all churches, or rather creeds. The *Maison* is situated on the slope of Montmartre; above it is the cathedral of the Sacre Cœur in process of erection. The "Reds" want to abolish the latter, even before completed. Formerly, crusades were undertaken to uphold churches, now the aim is the contrary. The adherents of the *Maison* "baptize" their children there, distribute bon-bons to the assistants; the sponsors undertake that the little stranger will be reared a good atheist, etc. No special organization is required for all this; once the new-born is registered at the mayor's office, the parents are free to bring up the babe either Christian or atheist. While on matters religious: an agitation is on foot to see that the churches, like the theatres, offer all the facilities of escape in case of fire.

At the rate the population is dying out, the burial, not the baptismal service, ought to be in most request. In 1892 the diminution of the inhabitants was 20,011, while the augmentation of the population of Germany was 676,000.

Hard times; a real marchioness and a ditto countess, not belonging to the demimondian nobility, have been arrested for keeping gambling houses. Formerly the *Pension de famille* was the favorite rendezvous for games of chance. But all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba; a coal man, running a small shop, which in addition to coal, firewood and *charbon*, sold cheap wine, newspapers, bon-bons and toys, has just sold his interest for 75,000 frs.

All business has not been bad during the expired year; there have been serious "drops" in the price of shares of many companies; however, not so for dynamite; as compared with 30th December, 1892, the shares of the dynamite company have risen 5 fr. Now Greek public funds have lost 127 fr. during the twelvemonth and the Corinth canal 149 fr.

The *Verité* is a religious journal, and appears on Sunday, but a fat heading declares that the paper is wholly composed and worked off the previous Saturday.

The astronomical cannon of the Palais Royal has ceased to be fired off at noon, by the sun. Scientists allege, we know, that the "orb of day" is cooling down—children go all the same and admire the pillar where the artillery was wont to be fixed; the feeding of the sparrows does not compensate for the decayed institution; these audacious feathered friends will fly to take a crumb of bread out of your hand, but will not allow salt to be placed on their tails. Russians will please note—the salt and bread scheme here fails. But olive branches must have a legend, hence, why babies, if good, are permitted to be brought to view the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, before the Tuileries, and the tail of whose steed wags, it is said, when *un Anglais* passes by. It is a new adaptation of the *caveant consules*!

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TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE SOUDAN.

If anyone imagines that, in this so-called prosaic age one, must resort for exciting tales of adventure and sensational episodes of horror, either to fiction or to past history, he has only, in order to find out his mistake, to take up the simple, unadorned narrative of ten years' captivity in the camp of the Mahdi, endured by an Austrian missionary, Father Ohrwalder. The story, as it stands, is taken from the manuscripts of the narrator, written while the events of that decade were still fresh in his memory, and is edited by Major Wingate, Director of Military Intelligence for the Egyptian Army, and himself author of a book entitled "Mahdism, and the Egyptian Soudan." Events follow each other so rapidly in this rushing age that one thing crowds out another; yet many of us still vividly remember the sudden and mysterious rise of a strange power called "the Mahdi," appearing with the abrupt and lurid brilliancy of a comet on the dark horizon of the remote and unknown Soudan. They have not forgotten how his rapid subjugation of the surrounding Arab tribes, to his savage military despotism, gave rise to alarm for the best interests of Egypt and the "dark continent"; and how gallantly General Gordon offered to throw himself into the breach

and undertake to endeavor single-handed to mediate with the ferocious insurgents. As well might he have attempted to tame a pack of raging tigers, by going unarmed into their den! We still remember the eager fitting out of the expedition, its enthusiastic start, the long months of suspense, during which we watched its terribly slow progress—the hoping against hope,—until the close of the tragedy and the fate of the hero were known beyond a doubt. To all who have not forgotten these things, the revelations contained in this volume will be of the most intense though painful interest. In its pages we learn from a thoroughly trustworthy source, the true history of the Soudan, during the miserable years of the undisputed sway of a despotic savage. Through the eyes of the narrator, we can look into beleaguered Khartoum and see Gordon, surrounded, harassed, almost heartbroken, by treachery everywhere, yet bearing himself always as the hero he was, and still putting an unwavering trust in God, and in the expected succor which arrived, alas! just two days too late! Seldom has a sadder, more heroic story been written in blood and tears! It is a picture which redeems much of our modern faithlessness—worthy of being set side by side with the *Morte d'Arthur*, or the quest of Sir Galahad. In the country which produced a Gordon, the age of chivalry is not yet extinct.

But we must keep some of our admiration for the hero—for hero he is—whose ten years of peril and suffering are so simply and unostentatiously recorded in the volume, "Ten Years of Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," which is as exciting and as fascinating, despite its gloom and horror, as any novel of adventure could possibly be. Had Father Joseph Ohrwalder, of the Austrian Mission, not been a man of high and heroic mould, resolute in action and unshaken in faith, we should never have had this other true tale from his pen. He scarcely ever brings himself or his troubles into the foreground, except when this is necessary to his narrative; though, indeed, one would gladly see more of the man himself, and hear more of the details of the strange abnormal existence dragged out during those long lingering years of captivity. But yet his personality is strongly felt all through, and the reader can hardly rise from the perusal of the book, without feeling as if he had been sitting with a friend, and gaining from him, in a fireside talk, these vivid glimpses of the reign of terror which, under this modern Attila, has desolated the Soudan.

Father Ohrwalder tells us that he went out to his mission at Delen, in the northern part of the Soudan, in the year 1881, with all the bright hopefulness of a young man looking forward to a life of usefulness in his chosen career. At that time, under the sway of Mohammed Ali and British protection, commerce and civilization were free to penetrate the country hand in hand, and where they went, the missionaries of Christianity could also go. Just ten years later he came back, saved "so as by fire" from a land of horror and darkness, where, lated by war, and deluged with blood, where still, hundreds of human beings drag out a wretched and precarious existence, crushed under the heel of a heartless and merciless despot.

Delen, Ohrwalder's station, was among the mountains, which rise near the boundary of Kordofan, the first province overrun by the African Attila. At the time when we first began to hear of El Mahdi