

those who rode for those who had to pull the coach, especially when the vehicle came to a bad place in the road, as it was constantly doing, or to a particularly steep hill. At such times the desperate straining of the team, their agonized leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who fainted at the rope and and were trampled in the mire, made a very distressing spectacle, which often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling on the top of the coach. At such times the passengers would call down encouragingly to the toilers at the rope, exhorting them to patience, and holding out hopes of possible compensation in another world for the hardness of their lot, while others contributed to buy salves and liniments for the crippled and injured. It was agreed that it was a great pity that the coach should be so hard to pull, and there was a sense of general relief when the specially bad piece of road was gotten over. This relief was not, indeed, wholly on account of the team, for there was always some danger at these bad places of a general overturn in which all would lose their seats."

These picturesque passages, we have no doubt, will sink deep into the hearts of many who will pay little attention to the speculative plans of reconstruction which follow. For one reader of "Progress and Poverty" who was at the pains to follow the economical reasoning, there were probably thousands who drank in the invectives against wealth and the suggestions of confiscation. With private property, with which it is the dream of Utopian writers to do away, go, as everybody knows, many evils; among others that of inordinate accumulation, an instance of which the other day startled New York; while, on the other hand, it is hard to see how without private property we could have the home and all that it enshrines. But let the evils be what they may, no other motive power of production, at least of any production beyond that necessary to stay hunger, except the desire of property, is at present known. A score or more of experiments in communism have been made upon this continent by visionaries of different kinds, from the founders of Brook Farm to those of the Oneida Community and the Shakers. They have failed utterly, except in the one or two cases where the rule of celibacy has been enforced, and the members, having no wives or children to maintain, and being themselves of a specially industrious and frugal class, have made enough and more than enough for their own support. Barrack life, without the home, has also been a condition of success. The Oneida Community, the most prosperous of all, had moreover a dictator. So it is with regard to competition, that other social fiend of this and all Utopians. Nobody will deny that competition has its ugly side. But no other way at present is known to us of sustaining the progress of industry and securing the best and cheapest products. It is surely a stretch of pessimistic fancy to describe the industrial world under the competitive system as a horde of wild beasts rending each other, or as a Black Hole of Calcutta, "with its press of maddened men tearing and trampling one another in the struggle to win a place at the breathing holes." It is surely going beyond the mark to say that all producers are "praying by night and working by day for the frustration of each other's enterprises," and that they are as much bent on spoiling their neighbours' crops as on saving their own. Do two tailors or grocers, even when their stores are in the same block, rend each other when they meet? Is there not rather a certain fellowship between members of the same trade? Does not each think a good deal more, both in his prayers and in his practical transactions, of doing well himself than of preventing the other from doing well? After all, there is more co-operation than competition in the industrial world as it now exists. Analyze the composition of any article, taking into account the implements or means by which it has been produced, and you will find that to produce it myriads have co-operated in all parts of the world, yet have not competed with one another. The world would have one harvest if the protectionists would let us alone.

As a normal picture of our present civilization, the table of contents of a newspaper is presented to us. It is a mere catalogue of calamities and horrors—wars, burglaries, strikes, failures in business, cornerings, bloodings, murders, suicides, embezzlements, and cases of cruelty, lunacy, or destitution. No doubt a real table of contents would give a picture, though not so terrible and heart-rending as this, yet rich in catastrophes. But it is forgotten that the catastrophes or the exceptional events alone are recorded by newspapers, especially in the tables of contents, which are intended to catch the eye. No newspaper gives us a picture of the ordinary course of life. No newspaper speaks of the countries which are enjoying secure peace, of the people who are making a fair livelihood by honest industry, of the families which are living in comfort and the enjoyment of affection. Buyers would hardly be found for a sheet which should tell you by way of news that bread was being regularly delivered by the baker and that the milkman was going his rounds.

In a century or a little more, if we are to accept the statement of Dr. Leete, the showman of the new heavens and new earth in "Looking Backward," society has undergone not only a radical change but a complete transformation, Boston, of course, leading the way, as Paris leads in the regeneration proclaimed by Comte, and all the most civilized communities following in her train. Society has become entirely industrial, war being completely eliminated. No fear is entertained lest when the civilized world has been turned into a vast factory of defenceless wealth, the uncivilized world may be tempted to loot it.

The state has become the sole capitalist and the universal employer. How did all the capital pass from the hands of individuals or private companies into those of the state? Was it by a voluntary and universal surrender? Were all the capitalists and all the stockholders suddenly convinced of the blessings of self-spoilation? Or did the Government by a sweeping act of confiscation seize all the capital? In that case, was there not a desperate struggle? Was not the entrance into Paradise effected through a civil war? The seer was in his magnetic trance when the transfer took place, and he has not the curiosity to ask Dr. Leete how it was effected. For us, therefore, the problem remains unsolved.

The relations between the sexes and the constitution of the family are, of course, to be revolutionized, and the revolution has so far an element of probability that it follows what we may suppose to be Bostonian theories and lines. The women are to be organized apart from the men as a distinct interest, under a general of their own, who has a seat in the cabinet. They would do quite enough for society, they are gallantly told, if they occupied themselves only in the cultivation of their own charms and graces, women without any special charms and graces but those which belong to the performance of their womanly duties as wives and mothers being creatures unknown in Utopia. However, for the sake of their health and to satisfy their feelings of independence, they are to do a very moderate amount of work. They have in fact nothing else to do. They have no household cares, as the state is universal cook, housemaid, laundress, seamstress, and nurse; and "a husband is not a baby that he should be cared for—nor, of course, is a wife." Maternity is thrown into the background. It is an interlude in the woman's industrial life, and as soon as it is over the mother returns to her industrial "comrades," leaving her child, apparently, to that universal providence, the state. Hitherto, it seems, men, like "cruel robbers," have "seized to themselves the whole product of the world and left women to beg and wheedle for their share." By whose labour the world has been made to yield its products, for the benefit of both sexes, we are not told. However, "that any person should be dependent for the means of support upon another would be shocking to the moral sense as well as indefensible on any rational social theory." Women in Utopia, therefore, are no longer left in "galling dependence" upon their husbands for the means of life, or children upon their parents. Both wife and child are maintained by the direct agency of the state, so that the wife no longer owes anything to her husband, and the child is able, as reason and nature dictate, to snap its fingers in its parents' face. The state gives suck, and the baby is no longer ignominiously beholden to its mother for milk. It would be too curious to ask what the state is; whether it is anything but the Government, and whether to be dependent on the Government is not to be dependent on beings not less human than a husband, a father, or a mother. To some, dependence on the Government might seem the most galling of all.

False delicacy is put out of the way, and the women are allowed to propose. They "sit aloft" on the top of the coach, giving the prizes for the industrial race, and select only the best and noblest men for their husbands. Ill-favoured men of inferior type, and laggards, will be condemned to celibacy. From them the "radiant faces" will be averted. These hapless persons are treated with a marked absence, to say the least, of the philanthropy which overflows upon criminals and lunatics, though it seems that the plea of atavism should not be less valid in their case. Has Dr. Leete, when he denies them marriage, found a way of extinguishing their passions? If he has not, what moral results does he expect? He will answer perhaps by an appeal to what may be called the occult "we," that mysterious power which, in an Utopia, is present throughout to solve all difficulties and banish every doubt. Nothing can be more divine than the picture which Dr. Leete presents to us; but we look at it with a secret misgiving that his community would be in some danger of being thrust out of existence by some barbarous horde, which honoured virtue and admired excellence in both sexes without giving itself over to a slavish and fatuous worship of either, held men and women alike to their natural duties, and obeyed the laws of nature.

The Government is the universal publisher, and is bound to publish everything brought to it, but on condition that the author pay the first cost out of his credit. How the author, while preparing himself to write "Paradise Lost" or the "Principia," is to earn a labour credit, we hardly see. The literature of Utopia is of course divine. To read one of Berrian's novels or one of Oate's poems is worth a year of one's life. Would that we had a specimen of either! We should then be able to see how far it transcended Shakespeare or Scott. For love stories, we are told, there will be material in plenty and of a much higher quality than there was in the days of coarse and stormy passion. The actual love affair that takes place in Utopia certainly does not remind us much of "Romeo and Juliet." Of the pulpit eloquence we have a specimen, and it is startlingly like ours. One great improvement, however, there is; the preaching is by telephone and you can shut it off.

The physical arrangements are carried to millenarian perfection. Instead of a multitude of separate umbrellas, one common umbrella is put by the state over Boston when it rains. The whole community is converted into one vast Wanamaker's store. You turn on celestial music as you turn on gas or water. These visions of a material heaven

on earth naturally arise as the hope of a spiritual heaven fade away.

It is specified that at a man's death the state allows a fixed sum for his funeral expenses. This is the only intimation that over the social and material Paradise hovers Death.

A vista of illimitable progress—progress so glorious that it dazzles the prophetic eye, is said all the time to be opened. But how can there be progress beyond perfection? How can there be great progress without organic change? How can there be organic change without something like a revolution in the Government? Finality is the trap into which all Utopians fall. Comte, after tracing the movement of humanity through all the ages down to his own time, undertakes by his supreme intelligence to furnish it a creed and a set of institutions which are to serve it forever. Progress, however, we do not doubt there would be with a vengeance. The monotony, the constraint, the procrusteanism, the dullness, the despotism of the system would soon give birth to general revolt, which would dash the whole structure to pieces.

We have touched very lightly on each point because we have felt all the time that we might be committing a platitude, and that the gifted and ingenious author of "Looking Backward" might laugh at our simplicity in seriously criticizing a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*.—Goldwin Smith, in the Forum.

PLUCK FLOWERS IN YOUTH.

Pluck flowers in youth, nor heed how old tongues prate;
Pluck flowers in youth, in age it is too late;

Pluck flowers when it is morn with flowers and you.
So soon they wither, do not hesitate,

Lest you should gather roses not, but rue.
Pluck flowers ere earth at winter's kiss of hate
Grows desolate.

Pluck flowers in youth; age is the time for wheat:
To age not even the rose itself is sweet.

Pluck flowers, pluck flowers in youth, while faith is great,
Ere life and joy seem cankered with deceit.

Pluck flowers in youth, no sadder thought brings Fate
Than of scorned joys crushed by our hurrying feet
In flight too fleet.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MME. LILI LEHMANN is to sing in the Berlin Opera next season.

PAYNE CLARKE, one of Colonel Mapleson's tenors, will sing in Emma Juch's Opera Company next season.

WILHELM GERICKE, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now of Vienna, has been engaged as conductor for the Salzburg Mozart festival.

MISS EMMA EAMES has been singing in some of the London drawing-rooms, and has been cordially received, yet at the same time advised not to make a public appearance there until next year.

THE doom of Faccio the most brilliant conductor of Italy is sealed. The latest accounts from Boito are that "all hope of cure is at an end, and the malady slowly follows its fatal course."

CHARLES WYNDHAM has decided not to return to America this season. Mr. Willard will therefore share the honours with the Kendals; he will be seen in his celebrated role in "The Middleman."

THE latest opera by Rubinstein is entitled "The Unhappy Ones." The scene is laid at the end of the twelfth century, the libretto being based upon the love misadventures of a Russian prince of the period.

THE great composer Verdi has lately made a visit to Milan, chiefly to visit, with Boito, the unfortunate Signor Faccio, who is in an asylum not far distant from that city. There is no further talk of a new opera from Verdi's pen.

THE two novelties chosen for production next season at the La Scala Theatre, Milan, are "Lionella," by Spiro Samara, whose "Flora Mirabilis" is very popular in Italy, and a work, the title of which is not yet announced, by Carlos Gomes, the Brazilian composer.

IN a chapel of Paris, the *Notre Dame des Etudiants*, is the organ that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. The instrument has been renovated, and played upon it during Easter holidays were works by Glück and Mozart, the very masters who performed upon it during their lifetime.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP is writing a new play for Mr. Alexander Salvini. It is built on Roman lines of the romantic school, but modernized to suit the tastes of the present generation and the requirements of the stage of to-day. Mr. Lathrop was most enthusiastic over Salvini's performance of "Launcelot," in the version he assisted to make three years ago, and therefore finds this an opportunity to test his faith in him.

THE Chevalier Scovel, to be always ready for the demands of "Lohengrin," guards faithfully a becoming beard, and will not sacrifice it, as opera singers generally have to do, for the exigencies of the stage. He has been engaged by Horace Sedger for the Lyric Theatre, London, where he is shortly to appear in Audran's opera, "La