

and danced up and down. One man and two women writhed upon the floor in an agony of hysteria; they howled and shouted and screamed with laughter, and the preacher sat down and fanned himself. Gradually the tumult ceased and from some corner came the nasal notes of "I'm so glad my brudder's got religion!" a solo uninterrupted except in the chorus, when the roof rang with discord. By this time the congregation had really begun to enjoy itself, and "experiences" began to pour in from all quarters. I observed a certain sameness in all these professions. The negro idea of experimental religion is invariable. "I don't bear no malice to no gentleman nor lady in this church to-night!" "I ain't ashamed ter say I've joined the banner of religion!" These, interspersed with the melancholy reflection that another New Year might see them all under ground, formed the burden of their "testimony." But how shall I convey an idea of the eager black faces, the swaying to and fro, the *abandon*, the unutterable tumult, and the absolute and reigning sense of enjoyment that pervaded the whole body!

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

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LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

BARON HUEBNER, writing about the Oceania Archipelago, states that a trader there may in a very few years make a fortune relatively considerable, if he be sober, intelligent, and energetic. His living costs next to nothing; all he has to guard against—and not an unimportant point—is not to be killed. Poultry, yams, and bananas form his principal food. His dress—flannel, a straw hat in summer, and a sou'wester for the rainy season. He is a Robinson Crusoe. Firearms are the articles most in request by the natives. The temple of Janus is never shut in the Oceania region; happily the aborigines are not *braves*. With them war is an affair of ambush and massacre—followed by devouring the conquered. Only the Samoans merit the name of warriors; they fight in fair battle; they eschew the general tactics of calling names at the foe, and then fleeing.

The young women are not bad-looking; the middle-aged are as corpulent as a Lambert, and the old crones quite unfit for the making-young-again department of Mahomet's paradise. The hair of the fair sex is chiefly blonde, shading into red.

The island of Apia is a success in point of government; it is not a "settlement," as that term is understood in China: there the European Consuls—German, English, and French—administer the power as a triumvirate. The greater portion of the country is owned by two Hamburg houses, who send nearly all the produce in German ships to Europe. The monopoly is due to the absence of rivals. The German, observes the Baron, remains such in character and habit, but he loses his native tongue in the second generation, and adopts many of the manners and customs of the *milieu* wherein he lives. He is always frugal, sober, patient, and persevering, but never rash. He has none of the speculative nature of the Anglo-Saxon. Considering his social state, the German is better instructed, and, after a Scotchman, has the reputation of being the first colonist in the world. Baron Hübner perceives no difference between English and Germans as colonists: both have only to desire, to succeed—neither display the slightest decadence. Only the Englishman is richer.

The Catholic bishop of Central Oceania, a French clergyman, is doing good proselytizing work on the island. He never allows the converts to re-mix with the heathen. The girls have markedly sweet musical voices, far superior to the native Christians of China and Egypt. *Kava* is the favorite beverage; it is prepared from a root, which has the taste of rhubarb. After the root has been washed and scraped, young girls of quality, and of most correct conduct, take seats in the centre of the assembled guests, and commence chewing it, and a basin receives the products of mastication. When a sufficient quantity is prepared, the bishop claps his hands; next it is served out—the honoured guest being the first recipient. Europeans like this "bitter" as much as the natives. The young girls never assist at balls, such being obscene as a rule.

The king of the Samoans resides two miles east of Apia; his capital consists of a few good cabins in a cocoa-nut forest. The most conspicuous monument in the capital is a "gibbet." His Majesty, "Melietoa," was dressed only in a shirt, that was innocent of all acquaintance with a laundry maid; his pantaloons were in linen, but in absolute rags. Only think, if Ludwig of Bavaria should, through his debts, be reduced to this! When spoken to, His Majesty for all reply only indulges in a hoarse laugh. He never speaks. In council, when his ministers address him, he sleeps or laughs. It is etiquette after a royal reception for the guests to bolt as rapidly as their legs will carry them; His Majesty in this respect often merits the blue ribbon by out-distancing the courtiers. Naturally, the three Consuls do not consider Melietoa *a la hauteur de la situation*.

THE treaty of Utrecht summarily laid down that both banks of the Amazon belonged to Portugal. It remained silent as to details, which is evidenced by the necessity of twenty-three subsequent treaties. There exists between French Guiana, and the Province of Para, a vast and beautiful belt of territory, with an area of 63,000 square miles, which is a bone of contention between France and Brazil. The former requires it for her incorrigible convicts, since Australia will not allow the slum into the Southern Pacific, so that more will soon be heard of the contention.

A society is on foot to work that territory, by founding homesteads, stocking same, etc., and handing them over in due course, at the mere outlay for capital, to be repaid by instalments, to such convicts as desire to lead a new life. The success of the scheme pivots on the resolution of the home Government to *compel* the convicts to work, *volens volens*. It is the absence of such energetic resolution that has made New Caledonia a paradise for a veritable pandemonium population.

THERE is no country in the world where journalism is such a power as in France; no parliament which ever contains more pressmen as deputies than the French Legislature. They were journalists who popularized and sustained the Revolution as broached by the Encyclopedists. They were not always happy in their means nor prudent in their aims. In 1790, Deputy Duchey proposed that no member of the Legislature should either own or contribute to a newspaper. Thureau demanded that only one journal, the official *Bulletin*, be published in all France—an end Napoleon I. practically achieved by his *Moniteur*, so economical in its relations with truth.

Despite the declaration of the rights of man in 1793, no liberty was permitted to journalists; editors were attacked, printing presses destroyed, and printers had to run for their lives. A few defended themselves and their property with arms. Even such Jacobins as Couthon and Robespierre joined in the hue and cry against pressmen. The journals were confiscated in the post office, or burned in the market-place of the town—as in Marseilles. Robespierre in one of his confidential notes wrote: "It is necessary to proscribe the journalists as the most dangerous enemies of the country."

When the abominable Marat was tried for provoking to murder, pillage, and the overthrow of the constitution, he claimed to be the friend of the people, and a martyr of liberty! He was acquitted, and the crowd carried him in triumph on their shoulders. A civic crown was even placed on his head, and the maniac was thus carried to the Convention. But Marat's journal was only an organ of denunciation, and he continued his abominable pamphlet till Charlotte Corday cut the warp and woof of his infamies. And there were people found to support the resuscitation of that sheet under the repulsive Lebois. There was one old lady, almost clothed in rags, who daily got on to a seat in the Tuileries Garden, and there read out in a loud voice that odious publication to an admiring ring of the starved and idle.

It is not a little curious that Lebois, after continuing the work of Marat, despite imprisonments and fines, actually crawled to the Directory as a veritable Conservative. And when the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire was effected, by which Napoleon proscribed sixty editors, Lebois roared as gently as a sucking-dove. A frown from Napoleon, and Lebois vanished to join the *guenille* of Marat.

M. G. LEHMAN has founded some colonies in the Province of Santa-Fé, in the Argentine Republic. One of the most important is Pilar, situated thirty-two miles north of Santa-Fé. The total of his colonies cover an area of ninety-five square leagues, a territory which only a few years ago was in the possession of the Indians. There are 1,359 families; some of whom possess as many as thirty concessions. The Province of Santa-Fé, typically called "the wheat country," is bisected by two trunk railways. Since 1856 a total of eighty-eight colonies have been there founded, extending over a surface of 345 square leagues, and containing a population of 110,000 inhabitants. If emigrants, says M. Lehman, do not always make fortunes, they will secure comfort and material well-being.

M. PAUL COMBES examines the influence of man on the topography of the globe, and concludes that pastoral people, through their flocks and herds, exercise a most marked action. As an example of this action, following the composition of the herds of cattle, he cites the slopes of the Alps. In Switzerland, where the bovine race dominates, the mountain side is green and productive; while in France and on the Italian side, where sheep abound, the land is bare and exhausted. The inherent qualities of the two races of animals explain this. The cow feeds; that is, cuts the grass without tearing it up, and its large hoofs press or weld the soil. The sheep, on the contrary, has a cutting hoof and a tenacious tooth; it does