

SAVE OUR BOYS

ANOTHER WARNING FROM A SECULAR AND NEW ENGLAND PAPER.

WHAT ONE OF THE LEADING PAPERS OF BOSTON THINKS OF THE CORRUPTING JUVENILE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

COARSENESS, VULGARITY, AND WORSE.

The secular press are at last awakening to the fearful dangers to which our boys are exposed by the bad papers of the day. The Boston Herald, one of the principal papers of the United States, takes up the question now. We ask the attention of Catholic fathers to the statements made therein:

It looks as if it were harder to raise boys nowadays than it ever was. In old times—if twenty or thirty years back—was so designated—the older boys remember what struggles we had with the measles, whooping-cough, and other ill incidents to boyhood, not forgetting the hair-breadth escapes we had from drowning, being knocked on the head by a ball bat, or by being thrown off a horse while under full headway among stumps, just barely escaping being impaled upon a small one that stuck up out of the ground like a huge chisel. These and like accidents from flying stones and snowballs were among the physical ills we had to contend with, and we took them as they came—as a matter of course—when they hurt us, and we laughed when some one else was the victim. Our spare time was usually spent in athletic sports of some kind, and very few of us were acquainted with the boy who forsook his out-door pastime to go into a corner of the house to study how he would become a great man by and by. The mind was not burdened with all kinds of sickly sentimentality, but the body was daily charged with vitality, which has stood us in good need in after life. Our imagination was not precociously stimulated by reading of impossible adventures by other boys who struck out into the world and became heroes before they could keep their noses clean. Our lives in this respect, were more realistic. If we read 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Jack the Giant Killer,' we dared not venture to put any of their wild ideas into practice, or, if we did, the paternal hand, armed with a furious birch, soon drove all such nonsense out of our heads. We were taught that kind of morality which enforces that

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS IS THE FIRST DUTY. When we went to church on a Sunday we listened to earnest moral doctrines, enforced by all the majesty and solemnity of a tangible theology, for the preacher generally believed he was divinely commissioned to teach morality, and his enthusiasm was really like that of Paul and the early Christian fathers. We thought his conditions for our proper conduct hard, but we never doubted their propriety—we never dreamed that that good man whom we respected so highly could make any mistake in so important a matter. Therefore, though on week days we might be wild and wayward, we never doubted that we were not doing wrong. If we disobeyed our parents, we felt remorse and shame for it; simply because our conscience had been moulded to a high standard of discipline and of right. If we had many physical ills to contend with, our moral growth was tolerably guarded. There were, it is true, occasions for the exercise of our perverse nature, and temptations to which we succumbed; but, as a rule, there was in us a substratum of conscientiousness which, being part of our earliest and holiest education, could never quite desert us. Now, let us here ask: Was this mode of training a good one, and have we benefited by it? This is a hard question to answer. We may think we have, but has this advantage borne in us the fruit that might be expected of it? There are so many conditions in this connection to be taken into consideration, that on reflection we become well-nigh confused in forming our estimates. Let us see what they are: In the first place, our nation has advanced in that line of mutation which we call civilization. We have become, in a sense, refined. Our tastes have been developed. Our capacity for mental enjoyment has undoubtedly increased, and this, of course, includes a taste for the production of the fine arts, of literature, and of romance. In the next place, our facilities for gratifying our tastes have, if anything, surpassed our wants. The printing press, that strikes down abuses with the hammer of a Thor; that changes dynasties, and that can spread

A GOSPEL OF PEACE TO THE WORLD, can also undermine morality, and sap the very foundations of society. It is perhaps the most powerful instrument for evil or for good that is in the hands of man. This press, which is omnivorous, serves up daily such a variety of mental food for the people of the age that it would seem as if they could not spare the time from learning a little of everything to become profound in any one thing. Hence, with all our civilization, the tendency seems to be towards superficiality in those growing up, and precocity in our youth. And here we come to the application, of the earlier illustration by comparison. The boys of our day, while largely sharing in all the physical ills and dangers which beset us older boys when we were boys, are, in addition, exposed to a series of moral ills which, if not checked in some way, is going to seriously affect the usefulness of their future manhood, if it will not, through them, change the whole nature of society.

IT MAY BE SAID THAT THE BOY OF TODAY is more manly than the boy of thirty years ago. He knows more at his age, is smarter, has more independence and self-reliance. He is a boy in years, but, in some respects, a man in character. Must we blame him for this? He is not under parental control, but is a measure his own master. It is apparently useless to try to coerce him into obedience. Must we reason with him? But what if he will not listen to reason, as he seldom does? Must we coax him? Must the parent abdicate his self respect and sue to the child? Must we try and "manage" him as we would a balky horse? All these are questions not easily answered. This spirit of independence against parental authority has been growing for many years, but of late years it has assumed much greater and more alarming proportions, because it has developed idiosyncrasies and irregularities of conduct which, in some cases, have produced shocking results. It is bad enough, in our estimation to have the boy-boy of our youth changed into the man-boy of to-day; but, when the precocious man-boy takes on the morbid passions and propensities of the vicious and

THE OUTCAST OF SOCIETY, it is high time to institute an inquiry into the cause. The case of Jesse Pomeroy was only an exaggerated one of the many thousands that are occurring from day to day. He no doubt inherited a vicious nature, the tendencies of which were never counteracted by a good moral training; but he would hardly ever have developed its thorough devilishness had he not clothed his propensities in the garb of romance and fancied himself a sort of hero. In slashing and torturing his victims, he was some Indian chief who had captured an enemy in battle and was wreaking vengeance upon him in his savage fashion and, in killing, he was but adding a natural climax, TAUGHT HIM IN THE PERNICIOUS TALES of frontier life, written by men who were never at the frontier, and who served up such literary hash for precisely the same reason that the "dime novel" publisher issued it, viz: for money. The

"dime novel" was the first great wave of pernicious bad boys' literature that swept over the land, though it succeeded the equally pernicious "Yankee Privateer" and "Red Bantling" style of trash that seemed to have created a taste for it. The "dime novel," however, in its turn, has been swept away and is now spending its baleful influences upon the boys of the remoter New England States, and the British Provinces. The new wave of bad boys' literature is larger and more dangerous than the one preceding it, inasmuch as it is garnished with large, glaring and unartistic, but yet, to the young mind, attractive wood cuts, which are generally shockingly suggestive of immorality, and which seem to put a kind of gilt edge on crime and villainy to make them attractive. It is in New York Ledger style; that is, in the shape of an illustrated story paper. That it has surely accomplished its hellish work is quite apparent from the increase in the circulation of the papers already established, and by the starting and the good patronage extended to new ones. Among the principal of these papers, is the Boys of New York, Our Boys, Boys Weekly, Boys and Girls Weekly Young Men of America, Boys Library, Bead's Half Dime Library. These are the publications that come into our homes, like vipers, to sting to death the moral sentiments of the young. Their publisher may say: What is the use of blaming us? If we issue what you call

HEALTHY LITERATURE, we could not sell it. And this, it must be acknowledged, has a semblance of truth. When the rage for boys' papers started, Street & Smith published a juvenile in the form called the Boys World. It was a really good and healthy publication, abounding in moral stories, and replete with useful information. But it did not live. It had not enough of flash, hash and lewdness in it to entice the precocious youth of the period. Now let us take a few of the publications and look them over. Beside the glaring and badly executed wood cuts mentioned, a personal pits us in the secret of their popularity, and why boys are perverted by reading them. The boy hero of the tales of these papers is a young man with more coquetry than brains.

HIS FATHER IS A PIOUS OLD CURMUDGEON, whom it is a virtue to cheat and worry in every conceivable way. His mother is usually nowhere. He has no home, likes or affections. His father's beliefs are to be treated with contempt, because they are always sure to run counter to the impossible purposes of the young man whose life is regularly divided between Munchausen feats and deeds of mischief. To this new revelation of a man, humanity are the frogs of the fable, and he belittles them with an utter disregard of the consequences, only remembering that it is fun for him. There is nothing, as a rule, that is broadly obscene in these publications; but there is very much that has a taint of that and other things that would have a tendency to debase the young mind. The boy hero encounters and overcomes men, as Jack, the Giant Killer overcame giants, by audacious courage and mean strategy. He does not, on occasion, hesitate to use the pistol, the knife, drugs or even poisons. He is the enfant terrible of his neighborhood, and one of the chief characteristics which is held up for the admiration of the boy reader is his want of respect—nay, even his contempt—for older and old persons. This is a brief list of the characteristics of the boy hero of the bad boys' literature. As to the style or literary merit, it may be briefly said that the stories have none. They are composed nearly altogether of dialogues in short, jumpy sentences, which abound in the lowest and most loathsome slang of the thieves' alleys. There is not even a broad humor about them, the writer depending for effect upon silly, vulgar, slangy repartee, and the grotesque developments of impossible situations. But he (the writer) plunges on, feeling himself safe, because as a rule

HIS AUDIENCE IS NOT CRITICAL. We will now glance at the "choice" contents of some of the publications. Here is Our Boys for the week ending April 25, 1878. Over the heading we see in large type, "Read 'Whoa, Emma' Ready next week." About one half of the first page is bedaubed with a coarse wood cut showing a youth crossing over an alley-way, from one house to another, on a ladder, with a manacled man in his arms. On the other side are five scared-looking policemen, one having a pistol in his hand, and two recumbent figures, probably men wounded by the manacled desperado. Underneath is this sentence: "You course yourself when you do that," coolly replied Silas. Then, placing his right foot on the abeyes." The name of the delectable tale which this fearful cut no doubt properly illustrates is "Big Silas; or, the Adventures of a Young Giant." By Commodore Ah-Look, author of 'Sassy Sam,' 'Johnny Burgoe,' etc." The fourth page is graced with a nondescript scene not worth describing, but it illustrates the story of "Nip and Flip; or, Two of a Kind." Here is an elegant extract:

Nip scratched his hump and laughed. "Who's a jawin' and who's a hitting you?" "Nobody, not now." "Then, wot yer gettin' yer back up an' a curlin' yer front hair at me for?" On page five is pictured an attack on some boy rascals who are probably about to steal a boat. They are getting the worst of it. Here is what it says underneath: "Before the lads could use their revolvers the oars of their assailants rattled on their shoulders." The following is an extract from the story itself, which is entitled "Mad Maurice; or, The Crazy Detective."

"What's yer game, Jake?" inquired Stagger Sam, as he led a card. "Hanged if I wouldn't give anything to get square with the old fraud." "My idea is this," replied Cranky Jake. "That there old snoozer was a neighbor of the old man's up there on the mountain, what had a grudge against him for something. Yer mind how well posted he was in all the places around there?" "That's so," said Puller Tom. What chaste and elegant language for our boys to listen to! The New York Boy's Weekly comes next to hand, bearing date April 27, 1878. Two-thirds of its front page is taken up with the cut of a horse standing on his hind legs in the middle of a bay, and a mailed figure on its back with one hand over a boy's mouth whom he clutches with the other. The horse is supposed to be a "mechanical" critter, and sinks in the sea with his burden, and the boy once below the waves no doubt gets used to it and goes a-fishing. The story is "Meta, the Girl Crusoe, or the Secret of the Sea." On the fourth page, in an elegant tale, elegantly illustrated. It is called "Stump, or Little, but Oh, My!" Here is a specimen which is enough to make the reader exclaim "Oh, My!" An English sailor is holding a Chinaman up by the heels and shaking cards out of him: "Hollo damie! blustle cussie head loff!" yelled Chin, Chin, as the enraged Englishman continued to shake him. "Now give up that money, you scoundrel!" said he. "Me no, me no habie." "Then overboard you go." "All right, blarst you. See that you do quickly." On page five we have "Shot in the Dark," the illustration showing two dead bodies on the floor, another dead body carried up stairs by a bar-keeper, and "Doonle Crandall," one of the characters, just entering the door. On the eighth page, in "Adrift on a Floating Island," we have eight savage-looking sailors, with 'drawn' knives, surrounding a wild-looking sailor, who stands above them, with a knife in his hand glaring at them, their apparent discomfiture. Surely here, in this paper, must be

blood and slashing enough to satisfy the greatest lover of the ancient Roman gladiatorial contests. There is more zest to this too, for here, unlike the Roman gladiators, both parties are eager to kill one another. But what stuff, what infernal drive, to place in the hands of our boys! Are they to be thus familiarized with scenes of violence and brutality—with the fierce play of the passions that forever ends in bloodshed! What wonder our boys are fast becoming unmanageable, and

THEIR NATURES PERVERTED! But let us curb our indignation and proceed with our survey. Here is the young man of America and, we may add, if this is a faithful chronicle of the doings of the "young men" aforesaid, then the sooner American lapses again into the barbarism of the red men the better. The leading story is "A Pack of Cards," and it is illustrated by the usual large cut, representing two middle-aged men about to fight over a game, the cards flying in every direction, and the wife and daughter of one of the combatants just entering the room. The fourth page is graced by a story of "The Child-Stealer; or, the Vultures of a Great City." The engraving represents a man running across a stage and about to be attacked by a dozen masked men. The sixth page has an illustration of a bar-room fight, in which bottles, spittoons, chairs, etc., are flying about in a lively manner. A detective and his hero boy assistant are "cleaning out" the den. This is enough of that sheet. We next come to Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Weekly for April 27, 1878. Well, of course, here is an exception to the trash we have been looking at. But no. The title of the first story makes us doubt: "Guerrilla Joe, or Fighting Lives by Flood and Field." There is an appropriate full page engraving, representing a boy retreating along a road, pursued by a dark ruffian, etc., etc.—the same old thing, with variations. Then we have "Jack Harkaway in Search of his Father," but he is a nondescript animal alongside of the original "Jaghet." In "Little Lightning," we have a desperate encounter between a boy and a brash trapper, the trapper being shot down by another boy just as he is about to "craw up" the other boy. On the next page a ruffian has a "boy detective" by the throat and is about to plunge a knife in his breast, when a "beautiful girl," who looks like a street vendor of peaches, rushes in and saves him. On another page, in "Jack Fire-brace," we see two ruffians, each with a patch over his eye, sitting at a table drinking. The hero boy of the story, "Rob," apparently a cross between a butcher boy and a hack driver—stands near, and is saying to the waiter, "I want a bottle of brandy." But we have not the patience to pursue such rascally publications farther, and will conclude with nothing but two publications which have directly succeeded the dime novel. One is Bead's Half Dime Library, and the other, "The New York Boys' Library." Their contents are on a par with those of the publications already noted. In the former we have such delectable tales as (each number has a complete story) "Deadwood Dick," "Yellowstone Jack," "Vagabond Joe," "The Double Dagger," "The Boy Captain, or the Pirates Daughter," "Cloven Hoof, the Demon," "The Ocean Bloodhound," "Ned Wyde, the Boy Scout," and other such unmitigated trash. "The New York Boy's Library" is, if anything, more devilish in the conception of its "romances." Here we have "Harkaway and the Italians, or the Brigand's Doom," in which murder and robbery are the stirring incidents, and supposed English ladies and gentlemen are made to talk Bowery slang. Then we have "Duval and the Maiden," "The Demon of the Deep," "The Wild Robber," "The Pirates of America," and of this kind of "literature," about 120 numbers have already been issued.

NO WONDER THAT OUR OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSDEALERS write to the New England News Company here, saying, "For God's sake, send us no more of that boy's trash. Two boys have already run away from this town in consequence of reading it." Is there no remedy for this state of things? Must this stream of pollution still flow on and gather volume, so that all our children shall drink of it? We make severe laws against robbery, assault, arson, poisoning; but what is the mere loss of wealth compared with the loss of morality in our children? All nations date their decay from the time when immorality pervaded their social elements. The evil we are considering attacks society at its foundations. We would really punish a man who would attempt

TO POISON THE BODIES OF OUR CHILDREN, but here we not only allow these publishers to poison the minds of our children, but pay them well for it. The liberty of the press is a sacred thing, and should not be lightly interfered with; but this is not liberty—this bad literature—it is license. It is the absolute perversion of the press to immoral purposes, and if our legislators cannot reach the evil and put a stop to the spread of this plague among our children, then, indeed, is civilization a failure, and the ruin of society is inevitable.

VIEW OF A CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL. An organ of the educational interest of Catholic youth, the Notre Dame Scholastic has always been prompt in denouncing bad books and newspapers. In a late number it publishes the following article, taking for his text Professor Sumner's article which we reproduced some weeks ago: The evil of which the Prof's or writes has not gone without condemnation before this. Nearly every Catholic pastor in the land has raised his voice against the immoral papers—and those which though not directly immoral, exert a demoralizing influence on young people—printed for youthful readers and sent out by thousands from New York and other cities. The Catholic press has time and again denounced the publication of this form of literature, and in our columns we have on many occasions warned our readers against giving any encouragement to the circulation of such vile trash. In no Catholic college is it allowed to be read. No doubt the youngsters whose depraved appetite was deprived of such sordid reading have thought the heads of our Catholic colleges too strict on a point in which they could see no harm, and on which young men abroad and at non-Catholic institutions are allowed so much liberty; therefore we hope Prof. Sumner's article, and the extracts we give from the non-Catholic press, will disabuse them of this idea. It is a well-known fact that many of the students in some, if not all, of our Catholic colleges are non-Catholics; some of these have had a watchful care taken of their reading at home, but many of them—as well as many who are Catholics—had not, and the restrictions placed upon them at college have therefore seemed to them rather severe. They will, we hope, now understand why these restrictions were placed upon them, and why this is but one of the many advantages possessed by students boarding at college, away from the seductive dissipation of city-life, and under the watchful care of preceptors who while allowing them every reasonable liberty and pastime yet deprive them of what would prove injurious. Even here occasional copies of the vile, trashy literature now so much condemned in the public press find entrance through the mails, but they are not allowed to reach the students, a deprivation for which they will themselves feel thankful in their maturer years. Here is what a correspondent of the New York Sun has to say in regard to it, and his remarks meet with the approval of the able editor of that paper or they would not be published: "While striking at many of the evils of the day we are not forgetting an evil that is making rascals and thieves of many of the youngsters of our great cities? Trashy literature in immense quantities is issued under respectable titles and with cap-

titivating frontispieces, to be read by young people with avidity. The stories of adventurers who invariably become heroes or honored gentlemen, after passing through all manner of exciting experiences, are not according to real life. Cannot the publishers of such matter be properly charged with being teachers of seventy-five per cent of the bank robbers, dentists, and counterfeiters? "I have five sons, and I freely admit that I am in deep anxiety and alarm. Although their welfare is carefully studied at home, and nothing left undone to make home happy and attractive, still I find my surveillance is not sufficient to debar this great evil. We boast of the freedom of the press, but let everything that offends or tends to the destruction of youth that are the hope of the nation be obliterated."

The New York Times, commenting upon "the newspapers, magazines, and novels teeming with corrupt and sensational stories for juvenile readers," says: "The boys of New York are furnished every week with as vile and degrading a supply of 'flash' and corrupting literature as unscrupulous men can buy and publish, or greedy news-vendors spread broadcast throughout the city. There are published in the city of New York every week not less than the newspapers whose titles denote that they are intended exclusively for boys and young men, and as many monthly magazines, all filled with such matter as no boy, nor no young man can read without filling his mind with propositious bosh; trash fatal to the storing up of anything useful or true; stories in which the outcast, the desperado, and the criminal always figure in glowing colors, and the decent person is overthrown and thoroughly vanquished."

It is a safe proposition that not one of these newspapers is fit to go into the hands of any boy or young man in this city. And it is not to be supposed that they now grow fat were the parents of these budding boys aware of the character of the reading that employs their sons' leisure hours. These papers circulate largely among schoolboys and boys employed in workshops and factories. Where three boys are seen riding in a street-car, two of them are poring over this abominable trash. At the time of the day when working-people are going to or returning from their work the sidewalks are full of them. All throughout the downtown streets, in Park Row, Broadway, Chatham street, Third avenue the streets of the East side, Sixth and eight avenues and even in some of the principle hotels, news-stands are plastered over with this pernicious literature—a sure sign that it sells quickly and profitably. A Times reporter bought three of these newspapers at a downtown news-stand yesterday. They were three of the principal ones, and they can be bought of almost any small news dealer in New York. Every one of them has the word 'boy' in starting letters in its heading to attract the attention of its young customers."

The warnings of Prof. Sumner are therefore worthy attentive reading because they are true, and because they show that non-Catholics are awakening to the fact that the morals of the youth are being corrupted by the flashy New York periodicals are decreed. The Cincinnati Commercial says: "It is not too much to say that almost every species of crime and recklessness, under a canopy of the most gorgeous lying that human ingenuity is capable of, is made familiar to the boy's imagination in the popular story papers, circulated by the thousand every week; and that every once in a while we read in the daily press of young boys, crazed by reading 'Jack Harkaway' and stories of the same stamp, giving themselves up to crime. The literature leads to robbery, murder and suicide, and if its publication is continued or extended will educate a nation destitute of all moral feeling."

THE VATICAN LIBRARY. We would say that the Catholic boy whose father takes pains to intelligently select stories for him will forgo all trash, and find pleasure in reading Wiseman's "Fabiola," Newman's "Callista," and scores of such works to be had from Catholic publishers. In this connection we again ask the encouragement of the Catholic public for the Messrs. Hickey & Co, in the publication of the Vatican Series of cheap works, designed to give Catholic youth good reading at cheap rates. "Fabiola" once read will never be forgotten, and we have known boys who took as much pleasure in reading it a second and third time as they did at first. It is a book that is as instructive as is entertaining, and there are many works of a similar nature. Where, for instance, can there be found, in any work or fiction, such marvels as are so interestingly chronicled in "The Martyrs of the Coliseum" and "The Victims of the Mamertine"—books but comparatively little known, and which should be familiar to everyone? It is high time that a revolution in popular literature was inaugurated, and Messrs. Hickey & Co. have done a good work in the publication of the Vatican Series, which we heartily commend to the patronage of all our readers.

THE KAFFIR WAR.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGHTING BY AN EYE WITNESS. About 1,000 Galeskas, with Botman, Krell's chief councillor, in a state of starvation, surrendered on the 31st December, and our humane Government are giving them rations every day instead of shooting the wretches. The opinion here is that these very people are constantly sending supplies to the fighting men in the bush. Of course I have not been engaged on the other side of the Kei, as we have enough to do here for the next three months at the very least. A poor fellow of No. 6 troop who was wounded in the skirmish with the enemy in Udeasa Forest, died from his wounds at Idutywa a month ago. Three F.A.M.P. were killed in the colony, two at Drabobos, and one on the Impet road. On the 15th January a column started from here, 100 of the 24th, 100 F.A.M.P., and 25 Naval Brigade under Colonel Glyn, to join Major Hopton's column of 100 of the 88th, and 50 F.A.M.P. Colonel Glyn's column got about 12 miles haltered, pitched camp, and were beginning to get dinner ready, an express came in from Major Hopton to the effect that the enemy, from 3,000 to 4,000 strong, were advancing upon his column. Tents were struck at once, and Colonel Glyn advanced to Quintana Range just where Hollands Store at the Colocca, stood. A warm engagement ensued, and things were managed so well that the enemy were nearly surrounded and driven in confusion before victorious columns. The enemy lost between 400 and 500 killed; our loss was four wounded of the 88th Connaght Rangers and one Fingoe killed. The 88th are nearly all young fellows about 18 and they behaved splendidly, charging into the bush and driving the Kaffirs out. "My duty took me to the scene of the battle next morning, and it was a sickening sight to see the hundreds of dead lying about in heaps of ten or fifteen where a rocket or shell had done its work. We had to burn the brush and grass to prevent fever, &c. I was orderly to Captain G., and returned here with him. On the 20th January I went to Komgaha on escort duty, we returned on the 23. You cannot imagine what a treat it was to get a civilized meal at Page's Hotel. I often think of you sitting round your peaceful table enjoying a meal, but I enjoy my rations, meat, biscuit, and mealies. This war is getting tedious, but I am sure it will last some time. On the 22nd January we started with Captain Upcher's column, and on the 30th had an engagement in which we killed thirty-five

Galkas and Galeskas; the former have been driven across the Kei by the troops working the e. On the 7th February they attacked our camp on the Quintana Hill, known as One Tree Hill; the attack was made at 6.30 a.m. We opened fire at 200 yards range with rifles and carbines, literally making lanes through the advancing hordes of savages. They fired fast but without aim and most of their bullets passed over our heads. However, our 9-pounder gun and the Naval Brigade 24-pounder rocket played dreadful havoc among them, and in half an hour's time we had driven them back, and were in hot pursuit, killing on every side. We counted over 53 bodies close to the camp; altogether at least 350 Galkas and Galeskas must have fallen that morning. The F. A. and M. P. and Carlington's Light Horse followed them about five miles, but they would not stand except in two cases, in one of which eight of C. L. H. came up with a number of Galeskas, who fought like demons. Captain Robertson's column, 200 strong, came up during the enemy's retreat, and fired most effectually some fine case shot and shrapnel shell. We hear, on high authority, that both Sandill and Krell were watching the fight. The Galkas have been driven out of the Colony, and strong detachments of infantry, with Pulein's Rangers and Carlington's Light Horse, are watching the Kei drifts, and 50 of No. 7 F. A. M. P. are at Tsomo with 1,000 Fingoes at different points. We shall not be able to call this war finished till May or June at the earliest, as the Kaffirs have plenty of food left. Trade in the colony will be very dull for another year or two. "This Ivetka is a great depot now; there are over 500 bullock wagons on the outpost, also about 200 each of the 24th and 88th regiments, 150 F.A.M.P., 50 F.A.M.P. Artillery, with three guns, 30 Naval Brigade, and 50 Carlington's Light Horse; so we have a large camp, and a very pretty camp it is, as our tents are pitched on three hills round Barnett's House, in rear of which a large fort has been built, as it is said the general intends to make this a permanent military post and the headquarters of the Transkeian army of occupation."

COMMUNISM

While the cities of the United States were small and the manufacturers were in their infancy and the immigrants were chiefly of the farmer and labourer classes, little was thought or heard of communism in that country, and most persons supposed that it never could take root in the soil of so free and so great a Republic; but within a few years a great change has taken place. Several of the cities are overgrown; in several branches of manufacturing industry the power of production has become too great for the wants of the country; tens of thousands of men find themselves without employment and their families without bread; the wealth has accumulated in the hands of a few, and of those the greater number are accused of having amassed their colossal fortunes by dishonest means, and especially by defrauding the public; and from Germany have swarmed hundreds of infidels, and from France and other countries hundreds of those who have earned notoriety as the apostles or disciples of ultra-revolutionary doctrines. It would be folly to underrate the effect which these doctrines, if propagated extensively, may have upon the absolutely irreligious masses who now compose the greater part of the population of the United States. A Frenchman named Magy, who boasts that he commanded the firing party of Communists who murdered the Archbishop of Paris, addressing a meeting of Communists held lately in New York said: "The Commune was the rising of the workers, enslaved by the existing social organization, against those who arrogate to themselves the right to consume, without labouring, the production of the workers, who receive for their toil only poverty. "Thus thought all who fought under the flag of the Commune. 'Communism,' 'municipal liberty,' and the like are hollow words which answer to nothing serious, and serve but to mislead the people, and make them lose sight of the true and only aim of social revolution. We could not too vehemently hold up those who use these words to popular distrust. "In point of fact, what matters whether one hand or another wields the lash that falls upon our backs—whether the chain which binds us to the pillory of misery is silvered or gilt? Is not the result always the same? "What the people want is the rights of life; not the ridiculous privilege of naming their gaolers. Let it be thoroughly understood; the right to live is not to be granted as a favour, it is only really possessed where it has been obtained by conquest. "It is for these reasons that the Commune of Paris was not a local matter, but in the highest sense a question affecting all humanity. In affirming its rights the populace of Paris affirmed the rights of every being who suffers. It was overthrown but the Communist idea is stronger than ever, because misery is more intense than ever. "The workmen of Pittsburgh proved recently that the people everywhere stand on the platform of the right to live, and that the idea of the great social revolution had been implanted on American soil. "Now let the people do their duty. "Citizens, the frightful crisis through which we are passing shows in the clearest fashion that only revolution can give to the producer that which belongs to him of right. "They have their labour for their pains who seek to prove that economic crises spring from the shutting down of this or that man's works, the suspension of banks, the too keen competition of machinery with workmen. Bosh! All bosh! "For our part we hold that so long as the sun shines and water runs, while the earth yields harvest, and the seas are not dried up, there should be upon the earth no being in want. The hideous misery beneath which groan and writhe the masses is a crime against humanity to be laid to the account of the 'directing classes' that are interested in starving and brutifying the people the more successfully to rob it. "In that day when the people, knowing that the earth belongs to all, shall absolutely reclaim its rights, in that day citizens, the actual existing (fabric) of society, begetter of crime and of misery, shall have had its day. "But the people must be on the alert. If they are not there will be a perpetual crisis and never-ending misery." "All this is a declaration that the people will not hold their proper position and enjoy all their rights until property is equally divided, and all are forced to labour alike in idleness; and ability, industry and self-denial are deprived of the rewards now attainable.—St. John's Freeman.

DESCRIPTIVE.—Here is another group of Washington ladies, as described by various expert observers, Miss Evans has satin lifesthonde hair, very fair complexion, and "enough of the Evans nose to give character to her face." Moreover, she "moves with willing grace, and looks and walks the gentle refined, unmistakable lady, the breath of peace upon her lips, the shine, of an undisturbed quiet in her starry eyes." Miss Sherman, who is to marry Don Cameron, has a fresh, bright face, deep blue eyes, and regular features. She is 18 and Don is 52. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is, if possible, more beautiful than when in the flush of her early girlhood. She is as fascinating, and as immortal young, as the rabbit depicted. Little Adam's first wife to have been. Mrs. Key is the most elegantly graceful lady at the capital.