

where; but was only seen when severely felt. It seemed as if no human power, or precaution, could evade Saint Castine's frequent and overwhelming attacks upon those whom he held to be the enemies of his country, of his allies, and of himself. These attacks were fierce and merciless, to a degree far in excess even of what the New Englanders had previously experienced in their various "Indian wars." Saint Castine's name became a stay to all progress of English colonization in the direction of Acadie and Canada. Thirty years of restless perturbation and of petty, but incessant and most murderous warfare, had made up what we may call the history of the "foreign relations" of the *Anglais* or "Yankee" settlements in New England, since first the Baron de Saint Castine became known upon their borders.

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

PARIS LETTER.

ON the 27th September, 1791—a Friday, too—the law passed for the emancipation of the Jews was signed by Louis XVI. Till then the Jews had to wear a yellow badge on their gowns to indicate their race—as if lepers, and they were prohibited from bathing in the Seine. Then they numbered only 500 in France; to-day they are 67,850; then they were nothing; to-day they are all—for they occupy the highest seats in the Synagogue. One officer in every ninety-four in the French army is an Israelite. The Jew can repeat with Racine's Esther: "I govern the Empire where I was bought." General Bonaparte promised to rebuild Jerusalem the Golden if the Israelites backed him for the Empire; he only made Paris their abiding city, a new Jerusalem, and compelled them to adopt a surname, as all were Abrahams, Isaacs, Jacobs, etc.; they did so, and selected the addition from the geographical dictionary. In France, as elsewhere, the Semites continue to be a people within a nation, like the river Rhone, which traverses the lake of Geneva without any mingling of its waters.

So well have the police battered all the anti-Lohengrinism out of the loafers, the Peep-o'-Day Boys and the Know-Nothings, that the opera authorities contemplate treating the rowdies to a free representation, as a cordial balm for truncheon wounds and knuckle-duster trademarks. The dextrine asafoetida balls led to a counter-vapouring by lavender water, quite a refreshing perfume for the house; a fabricant of scents offers to supply, gratuitously, two fountains of lavender water to throw up spray around the electric light during the operatic performances. In 1822, the Paris mob—which blessed the allies when entering Paris in 1815—was as furious against an English troupe of actors that speculated in a series of Shakespearean representations at Paris, as their descendants were recently against Wagner. It was a current belief with the rioters that Shakespeare was an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington.

The moribund Panama Canal Company has been galvanized into a kick. The victimized shareholders call upon Jupiter, that is, the State, to pull their speculation out of the rut. They assert that 1,400,000,000 frs., chiefly French savings, have been sunk in the bubble; that 3,000,000 frs. annually are required to keep machinery and works from rust and rain, and that these will become the property of the Colombian Government in February, 1893, if the scheme be not run. The petitioners allege that these relics will be sold for a song to the foreigner—which is romancing. It was by exploiting this chauvinistic fibre; indulging in such "drum taps," that M. de Lesseps wheedled his admirers out of their cash. The Government, having ever disowned all connection with the bubble "promoted" by M. de Lesseps, cannot be expected to risk the "nation's farthings" in crutching up an abortion. Uncle Sam is there to shake his finger the moment France would officially play protectorate at Panama. The company's scrip is about as valuable as 1790 assignats.

Republican France owed a statue to Garibaldi, who, republican though he was, accepted the monarchical unity of his native Italy. His birth city, Nice, is now French, by the ups and downs of war. Garibaldi has lots of foes in France for his smashing up of the temporal power, as well as the powers of Bomba kings and fossilized Grand Dukes. It is to be hoped that at the inauguration allusion will be made to "Garibaldi's Englishman," and so recall what the Mother of free nations did, for the Mother of the Latins.

M. Sarcey, not only the *doyen*, but the prince of theatrical critics, illustrates the decay of the legitimate drama in Paris, by the fact that those who interpret it have to seek engagements in the provinces. He also points out that the attempts at present being made in the cafés' concerts, to intercale recitations from the classic dramatists, between popular ditties, is doomed to failure. Music halls are supported by beer drinkers and smokers, who only want comic songs to amuse them after their daily toil. Out of place, also, is the plan of giving gesture songs, recalling hospitals, dissecting theatres, cemeteries and delirium tremens, after comic ballads. M. Dalbert, of Lyons, adds Sarcey, is the only manager in France who is making money, and simply by producing old dramas.

The actrice, Mlle. Berny, is exciting the humorous admiration of the play-going world, by her heroic refusal to wear an excessively short jupon in a ballet at the Palais-

Royal Theatre. She preferred to resign, rather than to sacrifice her feelings of modesty.

The 1870-71 war produced two really able Generals—Chanzy and Fairdherbe, just as the Crimean War created Todleben. Fairdherbe appeared on the scene, but at the closing stages and in the north of France. He had only improvised troops; but he handled them so skilfully, at Bapaume, for example, where the statue to him has just been erected, as to win admiration from the Germans. Fairdherbe was also a scholar, a writer, and a colonial organizer. He opened up Senegal, relying on the British system for colonial expansion—that of not fighting with the natives, while always showing the strong hand. Colonel Archinard, a successor in Senegal, and Captain Wissmann, in East Africa, leave their blood mark on the natives—hence their slaughterings, and the slow progress made in the paths of trade and peace. Foreign Secretary Ribot's speech at the unveiling of the monument meets with general admiration, for its natural independence, rich common sense, sturdy and inoffensive patriotism. While eulogizing the Cronstadt, he had the courage to praise the Portsmouth festivals, and the enraptured auditors sang a medley composed of the Russian Hymn and "God Save the Queen." But the Minister never as much as hinted to an "alliance" between France and Russia.

Accompanying a visitor friend to Versailles, he drew my attention to a passing cemetery (Puteaux), where the moiety was occupied with black railings, and crowns and garlands in jet beads to match round the graves, while the other moiety was, on the contrary, in white. The latter is reserved for the burial of infants, from one day to six years old; hence, no sinners, it may be truly said, are there interred, and Lord Palmerston maintained, all babies are born good. This cemeterial age-division is an old fourteenth century custom, and common in many parts of France, just as there were then special cemeteries for deans, the ordinary clergy, adults, and also for the hospital dead, the leprous and the Jews. The fear of not being buried in consecrated ground prevented the commission of many crimes; while the greatest dread for a bad man was to be buried in a Jewish cemetery. Suicides were placed on a hurdle, dragged to a solitary spot, and covered with a heap of stones; this was called the *sepultura asinorum*, or asses' sepulchre. The undertakers, then called *tombiers*, while knowing perfectly well how to write on brass, marble and stone, could not do so on either parchment or paper.

The question *capillaire* is the order of the day; 22,000 waiters demand the right to wear their moustache; its absence, they assert, being the stigma of ante-revolution servitude; about ninety-four per cent. of the proprietors of cafés, restaurants, etc., are opposed to the change; the public are quite indifferent on the subject, that which explains why so many waiters are moustached. The gravamen of the quarrel is, that a waiter has to pay four sous every day to be shaved, and in the *épantant* restaurants the waiters have to shave and change linen both for déjeuner and dinner; hence their extreme cleanliness and pleasing appearance at table. There is never the smell of drink on a French waiter, nor of "cloves." Those restaurants that will not allow their garçons to wear their moustache will be boycotted. If a client desires to be well served, he had better, on entering a café, cry: "Vive la moustache!" before "Vive la Russie!"

A young man, aged eighteen, shot his sweetheart as she was milking a cow; she refused him as being too young—her own age. The grandfather of the girl was shot in the stomach for coming to the rescue. Romeo threw himself into a pond; then got out and hung himself from a weeping willow. Mothers crush their "little darlings" to death by lying on them. A case has just occurred where a mamma, falling asleep with baby in her lap, suffocated it. Two women-concierges, constant readers of the *Petit Journal*, in order to supply a correct account of their suicide—turning on the gas in their room—to the paper, sent a full description of their intended deed and its cause. One of the women was saved in time. Waylaying a bride is rare; a fiancée, declining to pay eighty frs. to her dressmaker for making the bridal toilette, the latter, aided by two of her work-girls, watched the arrival of the wedding party at a restaurant on the Boulevards des Capucines. The dressmaker rushed at the bride as she descended from the carriage, tore off the lace veils, satin robe, orange wreaths and jewels, besides giving her a "lovely black eye." The bride quickly took off her gloves, and left her mark on the dressmaker, inflicting severe face cuts with her rings. Two policemen led the ladies to the station, while a third borrowed a basket, collected the fragments of dresses, jewellery and false ringlets, as *pièces de conviction*.

GENIUS to my mind means innate capacity of any kind above the average mental level. From a biological point of view I should say that a genius among men stands in the same position as a "sport" among animals and plants, and is a product of that variability which is the postulate of selection, both natural and artificial. On the general ground that a strong, and therefore markedly abnormal, variety is *ipso facto* not likely to be so well in harmony with existing conditions as the normal standard (which has been brought to what it is largely by the operation of those conditions), I should say that a large proportion of "genius-sports" are likely to come to grief physically and socially, and that the intensity of feeling which is one of the conditions of genius is especially liable to run into insanity.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

Read at a Concert on board the Allan S.S. *Mongolian*, at sea, 14th August, 1891.

ON tropic seas I've drifted,
Past tropic islands sweet;
O'er Scotia's vales uplifted
Have sat on "Arthur's Seat."
Have climbed Zealandia's mountains,
Where, 'neath the peaks of snow,
I watched the wild foam-fountains,
Dash on the rocks below,
The sea birds soar on distant shore,
By the breakers' ceaseless flow;
And sailed where nature showers
Her gifts with lavish hand,
By Algiers' vintage bowers,
And Oran's sunny strand,
And wandered by, 'neath cloudless sky,
Sicilia's fragrant land.
In listless leisure dreaming
My thoughts fond memories twine;
I see—how sweet the seeming—
The crags of Hohenstein,
And hear the bells of Stolz-fels
Ring o'er the vine-clad Rhine.

Rounded Cape Horn 'mid Patagonian frost,
And boist'rous winds that foaming billows toss'd;
Shunn'd the bright glare of fierce Brazilian sun,
And listened to Gibraltar's sunset gun;
On distant seas, when tempest swept, been hailed
By shipwreck'd seamen, and erstwhile have sailed
Where Teneriffe in deep 'mid ocean lies,
Lifting its snow capp'd mountain to the skies.
As well the tideless sea, by classic lands,
Where Etna rears its head and Atlas stands;
On Biscay's stormy waves, Trafalgar's tide,
Where the heroic Captain fought and died—
Immortal Nelson! glorious thy fame.
Thy death sublime, undying is thy name.
But onward still—in thought I wander o'er
A weary waste of waters, to a shore
Green with the eucalyptus, Austral land,
The Eldorado of the south, and stand
Where, like a gem encircled by the seas,
Tasmania lies in far Antipodes.
High o'er the town on Hobart's lofty height,¹
I view the smiling scene with keen delight.
Far, far below the ocean's waves are toss'd,
The mountain peaks above in clouds are lost;
A fern tree forest to the right extends,
And thro' the meadowland a river wends
Its winding way far as the eye can roam,
And seaward flows to meet the sparkling foam;
While scattered o'er the hills and valleys green,
The lazy browsing flocks of sheep are seen;
The Shepherd's call upon the breeze is borne,
And joyous songsters greet the happy morn.
A land of dreams! thou Eden of the sea,
Where e'er I roam, I still remember thee.
Wandered at will with light and vagrant feet,
By English hedgerows and thro' meadows sweet;
By willow tufted streams and blossom'd vales;
On breezy downs, thro' English woods and dales,
Climb'd Scottish hillsides where the heather creeps,
And decks with purple dress the rugged steeps.
My memory with the keenest rapture flies,
To where Loch Lomond in its beauty lies—
There the young boatman with his sweeping oars,
Pulls his light craft by wild and wooded shores,
Sings as he glides the rocky isles among,
And hears the echoes of his cheerful song.
But still I roam—my fancy spreads her wings,
And flies where Erin from the ocean springs.
Once more I sail the placid waters, blue
Of Derry's loch, and see the verdant hue
Of sloping uplands, and with joy again,
I wander on the heights of Coleraine.
Sweet Em'rald Isle from thy green hills I turn
To other scenes, and Eastern lands discern.
Egypt! I see thy minarets and domes,
Thy gilded palaces and squalid homes;
The fam'd historic Nile, the desert wide,
A parch'd and dreary waste on every side;
The gay bazaars, from early morn till night,
By men from all lands throng'd—a brilliant sight.
I've heard ring out on Cairo's stifling air,
With startling emphasis, the call to prayer.
Five times the faithful are enjoind to pray,
Five times to sacred Mecca turn each day.
"To prayer! to prayer!" the wild Muezzins cry,
"Lá illáh, alláh láh," the crowds reply.
From Hákem's dome to Káláh's fortress'd gate
Is echoed far the shout that "God is great."
God and the Prophet—and from every door
The stern, fanatic sons of Islam pour.
To yonder Mosque I go in Ahmed's street,
And stand, with covered head but shoeless feet.
Impressive sight! how strange the turban'd throng
In worship bowed, how strange their dirge-like song.
I hasten on my wanderings to pursue,
A fairer prospect charms me with the view.

¹ On board the S.S. *Aorangi*, when crossing the South Pacific in July, 1885.
² Mt. Wellington (5,000 feet above the sea), overlooking the Capital of Tasmania.