THE WAYS OF MANY MEN.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham Grammar School, he was caned by one of the boys. The class was engaged on Cicero, some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he "gave a hasty cut upon the too tempting back of one youth who seemed to be the offender." "If you please, sir," said the boy, squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach underneath the desk." The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbor, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and, not being attended to, had taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, I said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place, "It is I who am most to blame, for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me, as hard as you got it." "No, sir," answered the lad, "I can't do that." The whole great schoolroom was now listening, masters and all. I insisted. "Jones, you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it." Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane and dealt me no sham stroke, but the severest and most telling cut over my shoulders I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument could sting as it did, like a scorpion. "Rubbing the place" in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee, and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here." Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "he who cannot teach without the stick had better get some other business."

From the early days of his work on the diamond fields at Kimberley, Cecil Rhodes cherished the then it seemed Utopian dream of winning the north and the whole backbone of Africa for England. He saw from the first that two instruments were needed to realize his dream—political power and financial power. After many years of ceaseless labor, with the great end steadily kept before his future-seeing eyes, he obtained the instruments, and with them gained an improbable and astonishing success. He made an immense fortune himself and gained the confidence and support of the most honorable and able of the South African capitalists. He gradually conciliated and won the Dutch, and became the darling of the Afrikander Bund.

He succeeded, too, in the improbable realization of his early dream, and saved to England the immense hinterland up to Lake Tanganyika. One of these two instruments, and that the most difficult to obtain and the most valuable—his influence over the Dutch of South Africa—he has lost through the blunder of his lieutenant; the other he retains, and with it what is far more important—his own singular combination of business ability, tenacity of purpose, foresight and clear-eyed and sagacious judgment on the real nature of the problems and the difficulties with which he has to deal. He has made history in South Africa for some years past, and he is likely so far as the Chartered dominions are concerned, to continue to make it; nor is it at all improbable that he may one day make it on a larger scale elsewhere. The great problem of our time in imperial politics is how to keep our colonies, now to bind them with ties of self-interest as well as sentiment to the mother country, and there is probably no one who better understands this problem in all its aspects that the statesman whose success in South Africa has been hitherto so remarkable, but whose great qualities have long marked him out to serve his country on a wider stage.

These, however, are matters of opinion, and the future alone can prove the accuracy or error of such a forecast. One thing is certain—England already owes to Rhodes an immense debt of gratitude for the best part of South Africa, gained for our race entirely by his far-sighted dreams of expansion and the extraordinary ability with which he has brought them out of the realm of the imagination into the realm of the actual. Our possessions of Rhodesia and the regions north of the Zambesi is an accomplished fact, and it is the work of Rhodes. As the greatness of this record is realized the more nearly will England's estimate of a remarkable Englishman approximate itself to his deserts.—Fortnightly Review.

Osman Digna, the rebel leader, who, during the last ten years, has kept the English troops at bay around Suakim, causing an immense expenditure of British blood and treasure, and who is now in command of the Dervish army marching on Kassala, is a renegade Frenchman, a native of Rouen. The authenticity of this strange story is vouched for by the famous African traveler, Dr. Schweinfurth, by Dr. Felkin and by several other equally renowned authorities on questions relating to the Soudan. Osman Digna was born on the banks of the Seine in 1836, and was christened at the cathedral at Rouen under the name of George. When about 11 years old his father, a certain Joseph Nisbet, failed in business and betook himself with his wife and child to Egypt, where he died a short time afterward. His widow, who found herself almost penniless, contracted a few months later a marriage with a well-known Mahometan merchant of Alexandria, Osman Digna by name. Having no children of his own, he became exceedingly fond of young George Nesbit, insisted on his becoming converted to the Mahometan faith, and entered him under the name of Osman Digna, Jr., at the military school at Cairo, where the lad received a careful training at the hands of the distinguished French, German and British officers attached to the college as professors. In 1860 the whole family took up their residence at Suakim, where old Osman Digna soon became known as the leading merchant and principal slave dealer of the whole Red Sea coast. On his death, five years afterward, his stepson, George Nesbit, inherited his fortune and his business, and under the name of Osman Digna soon acquired even greater wealth, power and influence. When the insurrection broke out at Cairo, in 1882, he warmly espoused the cause of Arabi Pacha, the rebel leader, who was an old classmate and friend of his. It was on this occasion that he was elected chief of the Shieks of the Eastern Soudan. So great was his power that both the Mahdi and his successor were forced to treat the "French Arab" with extreme consideration and to defer to his wishes.

Osman Digna is of Herculean stature, with eyes of piercing blackness, shaggy eyebrows and an immense beard. He has lost his left arm in battle, and contents himself with as few as three wives, who, however, are daughters of the chiefs of the most important and powerful Arab tribes of the Soudan. It is to his training at the military school at Cairo that must be attributed the remarkable skill displayed by Osman Digna in the construction of fortifications and intrenchments around Suakim, fully equal in merit to those of the British royal engineers. As the Soudanese have never anywhere else shown any knowledge of throwing up earthworks, their skill around Suakim gave rise to the suspicion that Osman Digna was but the nom de guerre of a European, possessed of a very extended knowledge of military tactics. The suspicion has now become a certainty, as shown above.

Began Alike, but Ended Differently.

The tragedy of the sea that has just occurred between Singapore and the Carolines seems to surpass in horror the famous butchery of "The Flowery Land." The Maria II. had an English captain and a Chinese crew, and the crew mutinied under the leadership of the boatswain. They murdered the captain, the mate and a negro passenger, tied the bodies of the two officers to an anchor and threw it overboard, and then made prisoners of the captain's wife and child.

Next they fought among themselves, like the mutineers of the Bounty, and three more were sent after the captain and mate. The survivors steamed a course to the Pelew Islands, hoping, no doubt, to find a new Pitcairn. But they were overhauled by a Spanish cruiser on the way, and taken to Manila, where they now lie in jail.

What would have happened but for that Spanish cruiser? The Bounty men went at it with drink and knife, until these and other mischances thinned their numbers down to one. He turned pious and founded the most perfect Christian community on all the broad earth. To this day it flourishes in primitive purity of faith, morals and manners, on a speck of rock, and few crews that pass that way can resist the temptation to land and say their prayers.

When English and Boers Fought.

In the earlier encounters between British and Dutch at the Cape, the British invariably had the victory. In 1795 and 1806 at the battles of Muizenberg and Blaauwberg, on each of the occasions when the British forces took possession of the Cape, our troops had easily the best of it. It can hardly be said, however, that the back country farmers had much to do with these affairs. The battle of Blaauwberg, thanks to which the English finally became masters of the Cape, was a very hot affair. The Dutch fought bravely and lost 700 men dead and wounded. The British, under Gen. Sir David Baird, suffered to the extent of 212 dead, wounded and missing. Between 1806 and 1848 there were various small risings and insurrections in the eastern part of Cape Colony, in which, however, the Dutch were invariably worsted. When we remember President Kruger's clemency to Dr. Jameson and his followers after the recent raid, we can scarcely plume ourselves on our own deeds in similar emergencies.

In 1815 a small rising among the Boers of the Eastern province was punished with extreme severity. Hendrik Prinsloo, Stephanus Botman, Cornelis Faber, Theunis de Klerk, Abraham Botman and J. Kruger were all sentenced to death as ringleaders. Of these, Kruger, no doubt a distant connection of the present Transvaal President, escaped with transportation for life. The remaining five were ignominiously hanged in presence of a great concourse of friends and relatives. The gallows broke down under the weight of these unfortunates—they were all turned off together—and a long delay occurred. There was a terrible scene, which one shudders to think of, even now. The poor, half-hanged men, as they slowly recovered, crawled to the feet of the commanding officer, and begged for mercy. Their prayers were aided by the bitter cries and tears of the multitude standing around. But there was no mercy for them. Just before sunset these unhappw Boers were hanged again, this time effectually enough. The neck between the hills where this scene took place is still well known in Cape Colony as "Slaughters Neck" (slaughter neck); and one of the biggest grudges that the Boers still cherish against the British is due to the undying memory of that dreadful day.—Nineteenth Century.

The Defendant in Kitson v. Playfair.

Nowhere has the lawsuit against the English fashionable ladies' physician, Dr. Playfair, excited more disagreeable surprise and dismay than among the reigning family, not alone of England, but also of Hesse, Roumania and Coburg. For Dr. Plaifair holds the position of accoucheur to quite a large number of royal households and has brought so many children, grandchildren and even great-grandchildren of Her Majesty into the world that London Punch on one occasion suggested that he should be created a peer with the title of "Lord Deliverus."

Occupying such a position of confidence and trust toward all these reigning houses as does the doctor it is naturally exceedingly disagreeable to his illustrious patients to learn from the evidence produced in the lawsuit brought against him by Mrs. Kitson that he was in the habit of communicating to his wife and to his other female relatives such professional secrets as might be acquired by him in the course of his medical duty.

There has seldom been a more disgraceful or universally condemned betrayal of confidence than that perpetrated by Dr. Playfair. The Prince of Wales, who always floats on the tide of popular sentiment, is likely to visit with dismissal the attitude of his own physician, Sir William Broadbent, in indorsing on the witness stand the behavior of Dr. Playfair.

While Dr. Playfair will certainly regret and bitterly rue the decline of his practice, which is certain to result from the verdict rendered against him—an injury far exceeding in pecuniary value the damage of $60,000 awarded to poor Mrs. Kitson—yet he cannot but feel relieved by his dismissal from the post of physician-accoucheur to the reigning family.

The latter is no bed of roses. It is one of such great responsibility that the presence of a Cabinet Minister at the birth is required by statute. The least thing that goes wrong leads, of course, to blame being thrown upon the doctor.

Sir Richard Croft, the physician-accoucheur of Princess Charlotte the only daughterof King George IV., committed suicide because he was held accountable for the death in childbirth of the Princess, a death that resulted in the succession of the Queen to the throne of her uncle. And it is to the German accoucheurs who attended the first confinement of the now widowed Empress Frederick of Germany that Emperor William is indebted for his withered left arm. This is why, much to the disgust of German medicos, Emperor Frederick and his wife always insisted on the presence of English accoucheurs at the birth of their other children.

Dr. Playfair, who received for his attendance at the last accouchement of the young crown princess of Roumania a fee of $12,000, a magnificently jeweled gold snuff-box and the insignia of the grand officer of the order of the Star of Roumania, is the brother of Lord Playfair and also of Sir Robert Playfair, who, as British Consul-General at Algiers, is known to many American visitors to the north coast of Africa.

The family, though of humble origin, is of very lofty association, its connection with the royal family of England dating back forty years ago, when the present Lord Playfair, who is married to a Miss Russell of Boston, Mass., became associated with the late Prince Consort in a number of he latter's schemes for the development of science and art.

Lord Playfair subsequently acted as instructor and to a great extent supervised the education of the Prince of Wales, and of his younger brother, the now reigning Duke of Coburg. Toward the latter part of the fifties the Prince Consort, who had a high opinion of Prof. Playfair's learning and erudition, appointed him to the post of gentleman usher in the royal household. His term of active service in that particular capacity was, however, limited to one day's duration.

Her Majesty has always possessed a very keen sense of the ludicrous, and even to this day, in spite of her austere and grave appearance, is apt to go off into perfect fits of laughter on the slightest provocation. The sight of Prof. Playfair, with his chubby cheeks, boyish appearance, stature of about five feet, with slightly deflected and extremely brief extremities decked out in silk stockings and his inquisitive little eyes blinking at her through a pair of large spectacles, proved too much for Her Majesty, and she distinctly informed her husband that it would be impossible for her to maintain benefiting gravity if so funny a little object were allowed to continue to take part in state ceremonies. An excuse was therefore found for shunting the learned professor to another post in which the display of limbs and elegance of figure were not a matter of such vital importance. That the Queen felt some remorse for this has been shown by the very marked favor which she has displayed to the little man ever since. And she may be said to have entirely compensated him for her ridicule in 1860 when, some thirty years afterward, she created him a peer on the nomination of his friend Mr. Gladstone, and appointed him to the position of lord in waiting, an office which he held throughout the Liberal Administration.

He is particularly able as a financier, having inherited from his Scotch parents the national virtue of economy pushed to such a degree that on one occasion when he had been elected to Parliament by the City of Edinburgh he declined to pay the $4000, which was the sum total of his election expenses. There was no end of scandal about it at the time, and Lord Playfair came in for much ridicule and even obloquy.

He has held the office of Postmaster-General and of General Chairman of Committee in the House of Commons, and is the president of an immense number of financial enterprises, besides being the financial member of the Prince of Wales' Council. Lady Playfair is his third wife. Lord Playfair, in spite of his absurd appearance, being a great ladies' man, each of his three wives having been a woman remarkable not only for her good looks but also for her brilliancy and fortune.

A nephew of Lord Playfair, and a son of the doctor just mulcted in such heavy damages, is the actor, Arthur Playfair, who has filled a number of minor roles on the American stage, and who is at the present moment touring with a company in the South.

Stood on His Head on a Precipice.

Fancy standing on your head on the very edge of a precipice 3000 feet high, and kicking your feet in the air. It's a wild feat at the best, but that is what Robert Edgren did in the Yosemite Valley, just raised the hair on the heads of his camping companions. They were all muscular, athletic young fellows, bubbling over with animal spirit, and throughout the trip each tried to outdo or outstrip the others in some venturesome prank. But Edgren's feat on the edge of Glacier Point capped them all. The daring risk of life sobered the others, and thereafter they were content to tell stories and exercise their superabundant vitality with racing and vaulting.

There is an abutting rock on Glacier Point, in the Yosemite, about five feet broad and about fifteen feet long, which overhangs in a perilous fashion the valley below. Edgren coolly walked out to the end of this rock, sat down with his feet dangling over the edge and began to take a friendly interest in the liliputian objects 3000 feet below him. At that height men in the valley looked like dots, the big Stoneman house was no bigger than a card house, and as for cattle they looked as small as ants. It was a sheer drop below. Nothing intervened to break the straight descent. Most people would have fallen off the Point through dizziness, but Edgren didn't mind it any more than sitting at a table and looking at a stereopticon view of the valley. He tried to think of all the daring feats that could be done on such an eerie point. That led him to thinking of doing some hair-raising feats that should daze his companions and force a "dare" that would hold the record on the trip.

"I'll try standing on my head," he said. So he turned over with his knees resting on the perilous edge of the cliff, and his feet pointing out into the blue air overhanging the valley. With his hands spread out and close up to his knees he began to elevate his feet and body, slowly, very slowly. One elbow was crooked considerably more than the other, on account of the slant of the rock. Upward his feet slowly went till his body was straight as an arrow. An instant's dizziness, the giving of an arm muscle and it would have been all up with the venturesome fellow. Had he even fallen backward there would have been no hope, for his body would have rolled off the shelving rock before he could have righted himself. His only safety was in coming down as carefully and accurately balanced as he went up.

He was still in the air when his companions came over the trail and caught sight of him. They were half scared out of their livers on account of the too evident danger, but they did not dare shout, didn't dare run to his assistance, did not dare move for fear that they would do something that would startle Edgren and make him lose his balance. So they stood like statues, and saw his feet descend slowly, while the knees crooked and edged carefully toward the spreading fingers on the rock. A moment more and Edgren, now red in the face, began to creep in on the shelving rock.

In speaking of the adventure, Edgren said:

"I didn't regard it as such a foolhardy trick at the time. I was used to standing on great heights, and did not feel the slightest dizziness. If I had been the least bit scary, of course, I should never have attempted it. Standing on my head to me was about as easy as standing on my feet. At the gymnasium we used to contest in standing on our heads, and I've often kept it up ten minutes at a stretch.

"My feet must have been in the air for at least half a minute. Once up I realized for the first time that I had to keep my balance or I was gone. Luckily for me I had been in some very ticklish situations on great heights, and I didn't lose my nerve. The only shock I got in that line was from a breath of wind. It came from down the valley and caught me on the side. If it had been stronger I don't know what would have happened. But soft as the breath was it was big enough for me, and I came down as quickly as I could under the circumstances."

Of course this little incident could only happen in London the Great:

He was a nice, clean-looking lad, and very anxious to do his best to fill out the creases of his part of the knowing young man about town, acquainted, at any rate ,by sight, with most of the celebrities. All went well till the coffee stage of the proceedings, when, indicating a lady of advanced years with a most palpable past sitting at another table, he said, appealing to the dowager of his party:

"Now, who is that woman over there? I can't for the life of me remember. I know her awfully well, of course, but—"

"I think we will get our cloaks now," interposed the dowager, frigidly; and the young man has gone to 33 to 1.

JOHN GORDON.

THE HERO OF ENGLAND.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN BEFORE ALL OTHERS.

What He Failed to Accomplish as a Radical He Has Accomplished as an Ally of the Conservatives—Realized His Ambition to be the Foremost Man in Great Britain—His Twenty Years in Parliament.

Joseph Chamberlain made his maiden speech in Parliament in 1876. He was then 40 years old. Previously, after accumulating a fortune, he had devoted himself to the local affairs of Birmingham, and during his official service in that corporation had done much toward developing a good form of municipal government. The improvements, due largely to his efforts, in the city's affairs were chiefly in the way of general benefits and the establishment of popular institutions—better streets, water and light, parks, libraries, and museums. Birmingham, with its environment of colliery country and its dedication to manufactures which, together, give it a nimbus of smoke and a pall of grime, is poor material for a beautiful or model city. But for what has been made of its possibilities Joseph Chamberlain receives much of the credit. In the most conspicuous centre of the city is to be seen to-day a monument raised to his public spirit and effective activity in its behalf. He went deeply into the science of city government, and if his career had been cut short before it was transferred to the stage of national affairs at Westminster, his public life would still have much of instruction.

When he went to Parliament his reputation as a Birmingham Radical had preceded him. To-day he fills the office of Secretary for the Colonies in a Conservative Cabinet.

S. H. Jeyes has contributed to the "Public Men of To-day Series" a history of Mr. Chamberlain's public life. (Frederick Warne & Co.) It is a succint account, from a Conservative point of view, of his political career, admirably written. There is the briefest personal biographical material. But Mr. Jeyes traces clearly the steps in a career which, in the popular impression, has been somewhat devious. His view of his subject is distinctly favorable. Instead of inconsistency and expediency, he reconciles Mr. Chamberlain's public acts with steadfastness, independence and honor.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in London July, 1836, the eldest of a family of nine born to Joseph Chamberlain, who kept a shoe shop, as his father and grandfather had done before him. The future statesman's schooling was finished early, and he was put into his father's business at sixteen. At University College school he studied the classics, but distinguished himself in "modern subjects," taking first prize for mathematics, natural history and French. At eighteen he went to Birmingham, into the screw works of his maternal uncle, as his father's representative in the enlargement of the business. He displayed great business ability, and the enterprises which he engaged in in Birmingham brought him an ample fortune before his Parliamentary career was begun.

Probably his parting with Mr. Gladstone during the Irish Home Rule crisis of 1885-86 is the most decisive turning point in Mr. Chamberlain's career. He had accepted a place in the Cabinet provisionally, to await the development of Gladstone's policy toward Ireland. When it was clear that he contemplated such concessions as to threaten the integrity of the empire Mr. Chamberlain promptly withdrew. With Lord Hartington he formed the Unionist element, which has resulted in the present coalition. From being the most popular among Parliamentary leaders in Ireland, Mr. Chamberlain has become the most detested. And why? Because he stopped at the point of giving Ireland her independence. He followed Mr. Gladstone as far as he went in his questionable methods of intervening between landlord and tenant, in the Land bill; he never withheld from Ireland those theories of State Socialism which have been the foundation of his Radicalism—legislation to better the condition of the poor. The question of right and consistency between Gladstone and Bright, at the same juncture, has been endlessly disputed by the adherents of each, and Mr. Chamberlain's action, will doubtless be passed on in the same way according to judgment and sympathies. Mr. Jeyes' book throws a broad light on the events of this time.

But it is to the more recent events affecting Mr. Chamberlain's position that the greatest interest attaches now. Mr. Jeyes discusses the prospect of the permanence of his alliance with the Conservatives. He puts the matter this way: "But the question is often asked, 'Suppose Home Rule were finally abandoned by the Liberal party, or, as is more conceivable, suppose it were relegated to the limbo of pious faiths, would Mr. Chamberlain then be invited, and would he then consent, to walk across the House of Commons?'" He continues: "The strongest guaranty for Mr. Chamberlain's adherence to the coalition of which he has become so prominent a member is that he is no longer as he was in 1886-1892, an independent outsider." That is, his acting with the Conservatives tends to identify his public responsibility with their party interest. Two questions separate him distinctly from the Conservatives—disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, not only in Wales, and the contemplated measure for the relief of Voluntary schools. Mr. Jeyes opines that on both subjects Mr. Chamberlain, in his present position, may be expected to make concessions which will prevent a schism.

Mr. Jeyes says further in this connection: "Mr. Chamberlain has declared, and been ridiculed for declaring, that he has never changed his principles. Yet the boast was more truthful, in his case, than with most politicians. If he no longer adheres, or attaches less importance than he did, to some of the leading articles in the 'Radical Program,' he has not publicly recanted the main doctrines of the political school from which he made his entry into public life. His faith was never bounded by Cobdenism, and upon that basis there has gradually been built, brick by brick, story by story, a superstructure of State Socialism. Essentially we know that the laissez-faire of the one creed and the paternalism of the other are in logical disagreement. It is almost impossible to conceive Mr. Bright, who may be taken as the most sentimental exponent of the old Philosophical Radicalism—Mr. Bright, whose sympathy with the poor and suffering was as conscientious as his belief that a humane poor law fulfilled all the duties which the State owed to those who could not, or would not, work for a living; it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive Mr. Bright supporting a proposal to provide pensions for the aged; to mitigate the sweating system by barring the competition of foreign cheap labor; to advance money for workingmen to buy the houses they live in, or the holdings they wish to cultivate; to establish a system of compulsory insurance between employers and employed, so that the latter should receive full compensation for any injuries suffered, while the former would be relieved from further liability.

"These are the main items in the list of reforms for which Mr. Chamberlain is at present working. There is not one of them which is not in actual or potential conflict with the gospel of Individualism. Yet, there is not one of them which he would not consider more important than any of the political proposals of the Newcastle programme—the disestablishment of churches, the extension of the suffrage, the sending or mending of the House of Lords. With undisguised contempt Mr. Chamberlain has referred to those pretending reformers who would defer all practical steps toward making the life of the poor a little happier and nobler than it is at present, until they have got through their political agenda. * * * For the present Mr. Chamberlain believes that he can get more assistance toward his social goal from Conservatives than from Liberals."

This tendency toward State Socialism Mr. Jeyes regards as the most important feature of his attitude toward public measures. He says: "If we look at Mr. Chamberlain's whole public career, if, for the time, we put aside criticism of the particular measures which he has advocated or opposed, and if we disregard the personal motives which justly or unjustly have been attributed to him, we are forced to conclude that the one dominating object—the key to internal unity amid external diversities—is his desire to improve the daily lot of the poor, and to use legislation for the purpose of helping and protecting those who cannot help or protect themselves. We may believe, if we like, that some of his schemes would, in the end, do more harm than good; we may show, if we please, that opinions he has put forward at one time are logically inconsistent with those he is at present maintaining; we may say—if the charge is one to which any politician is more amenable than any other—that he has played for popular applause. All this being, for the sake of argument, admitted, it is nevertheless true that the one man in English politics who seems to be the incarnation of logic has based his career on sentiment."

The latest phase of Mr. Chamberlain's public career, the Imperialist, Mr. Jeyes devotes his closing chapter to. It does not add much to what has been disclosed by very recent events as to the large conceptions and the Imperial policy of the Secretary for the Colonies. The following may be quoted, however, on the subject of the growth of Mr. Chamberlain's present ideas on imperialism:

"It would be idle to ignore, or seek to explain away, the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, the convinced Imperialist and enterprising Secretary for Colonies in 1895, was, in 1880, in external as in internal affairs, an eager and effective advocate of Gladstonian policy. The truth is that although in domestic policy he had never quite accepted the rigid doctrines of the Manchester School, and combined a vein of State Socialism with the tenets of the orthodox political economy, he had not yet publicly cut himself away from the peace-at-any-price accretions which had grown up round the body of Cobdenite teaching.

"The subsequent conversion of Mr. Chamberlain from the doctrines he professed in 1876-1880, and practised in 1880-1885, was not quite so sudden as it seemed. The necessity so strongly impressed on him in 1886, of maintaining a real and effective union between Great Britain and Ireland, no doubt strengthened his belief in the equal importance of preserving the integrity and consolidating the strength of the whole Empire. But it was not the sole influence, if it was the determining motive, which turned the Gladstonian President of the Board of Trade into the Imperialist Secretary for the Colonies. This is shown by the fact that as soon as he entered Parliament he became an intimate associate of Sir Charles Dilke, who, though, then, as now, one of the most advanced members of the Radical party, has always insisted on the paramount duty of maintaining a powerful navy, and of working up an efficient army. He has no generous illusions as to the pacific feeling of other Powers toward England."

All his social propaganda and the place which his active sympathies and his brilliant leadership have won for Mr. Chamberlain in the regard of the English people as distinguished from the upper classes suggest the popularity which bore the first Earl of Chatham, the "Great Commoner," on his long career of supremacy, independent as he was of party bonds or shibboleths. If such a comparison seems extravagant, it has too real a foundation to be dismissed as altogether fanciful. There are indeed distinct points of parallelism. Mr. Chamberlain's conception of an extended and solidified imperialism, which from a fledgling is becoming strong winged enough to soar, illustrates a quality of large patriotism which was probably the most important element in William Pitt's popular power. To lift England out of the impotence into which she has sunk among the nations of the earth was the latter's great purpose and ambition. His foreign policy and the brilliant victories which accompanied it, such as Wolfe's at Quebec, and that of Clive at Plassey, made him a hero. His sympathy for the people won him popularity, but it required an aggressive foreign policy to add that glory to his figure, in their eyes, which no beneficent domestic administration alone could create. If their immediate grievances come first, the pride of the mass of the English people is probably never more strongly aroused than by the invitation to support the spirit which aims at the maintenance and extension of the empire. Chatham was a popular idol and a national hero.

There is some coincidence in the two sides on which Chamberlain appeals to the support of the English nation. From his Radical origin to today, when he sits on a Conservative Government bench, he has consistently combined a sympathetic attitude toward the lower classes and recognition of the conservation of the empire as the supreme duty of a British citizen. His relation to the Irish question illustrates this fully. He went as far as Mr. Gladstone—as much to fat, the best opinion will probably declare—in his advocacy of relief for the Irish peasantry's condition, by measures that smacked strongly of State Socialism. But to the Irish clamor for independence he turned a deaf ear.

More superficially, some points of coincidence may also be traced between the character of the "Great Commoner" and Secretary Chamberlain. The former was ridiculed by his opponents for his theatricalness and pose. His friends attributed his assumption of a unique superiority and his aloofness in associations, speech and life to gusts of his divinity. Mr. Chamberlain, the Radical, has not escaped calumny on the score of the assumption of aristocratic habits. A Radical, with monocle and boutonniere, seems at first blush an incongruity. Mr. Jeyes introduces the following amusing account of the impression Mr. Chamberlain made on an aristocratic member on his first appearance in Parliament.

When there arose from a bench below the gangway opposite a slightly made, youthful, almost boyish looking person, with a black coat fearlessly unbuttoned to display the waistcoat, and disclose the shirt collar and necktie, Sir Walter began to stare, and cast side glances at that other great legislator, Colonel Corbett, in the startled endeavor to know what he thought of this. Moreover, the Radical wore, not spectacles with tin and brass rims, as Felix Holt would undoubtedly have done if his sight had been impaired, but an eye-glass. Positively an eye-glass, framed in precisely the same style as that which Col. Corbett himself wears, when his good-humored face is turned toward a distant object. Surprise deepened when the Radical, in a low, clear and admirably pitched voice, and with a manner self-possessed without being self-assertive, proceeded to discuss the Prisons bill, opposing it on the very lines which Sir Walter had made his Torres Vedras when he besieged the bill last session. This was very remarkable; but there was only one thing for an English gentleman to do, and that Sir Walter promptly did.

There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is the popular hero of England. He has capped his public career by the projection of a closer confederation of the empire, which cannot help but inspire British patriots. His utterances on the scheme of imperialism which he has evolved have something of the spirit of broad power and grand possibilities which the first William Pitt's glowing appeals to English patriotism breathed. If England is isolated to-day, in Pitt's time she was almost despised. But he drew her out of the slough.

In the conditions to-day the place of confederation which Mr. Chamberlain has outlied as the consummation of Great Britain's power is big with possibilities, and Mr. Chamberlain's part in the realization of any share of them seems destined to be an important one.

All the News

Presented in a Condensed and Attractive Form Makes

THE TORONTO WORLD

Popular with Busy People. It is a Bright, Newsy, Up-to-Date Clean Newspaper for

ONE CENT.

MURDER BY WILL POWER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLAIM MADE FOR AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

Horrorstruck by the Cruelties of the Vivisectionists—She Wills the Death of Three of Them and Two Die, the Other Being of Tougher Material Than Herself Recovers—A Strange Story in Strange Times.

The possibility of a new, novel, and very terrible exercise of will power has lately been asserted. That a person endowed with the hypnotic faculty may obtain absolute control over the actions, thoughts, and intentions of another is, as everyone knows, a commonplace of recent science. It is now contended that influence of this kind may be given a still wider range, extending even to life itself. In other words, it is believed that a person endowed with the very peculiar temperament required may, by sheer exercise of the will, and without any physical contact whatever, cause the death of a selected victim, even though he be at the moment hundreds of miles away.

The central idea is, of course, an old one. "It is possible," says Paracelsus, "that my spirit, without the help of my body, may, through a fiery will alone, and without a sword, stab and wound others. The will is a most potent operator in medicine. The imagination of another may be able to kill me or save me. If we rightly esteemed the power of a man's mind, nothing on earth would be impossible." The same theory was acted upon by the witches and wizards of a later day, who thought that by piercing a wax doll with pins or slowly melting it before a fire, they could compass the death of the person in whose image it had been made. Hitherto these ideas and practices have been contemptuously dismissed as the worthless superstitious lumber of an unenlightened age. But a change of attitude in regard to them has suddenly taken place. It is openly contended that the medieval magicians were, however blunderingly, on the track of a great scientific truth. Nay, more; one of the most highly cultivated and most widely known women of our own time has made it her boast that by the mere concentration of her will she succeeded in assassinating two European scientists of the first rank. These successes she followed up by an attempt upon a third, the great Louis Pasteur himself. But this time, as the story goes, she failed. The effort recoiled upon herself, and though her intended victim fell ill, it was she who died.

The woman in question was Dr. Anna Kingsford—the noted advocate of the medical education of her sex. Her character and career are among the most interesting to be found in the records of the present century. Her maiden name was Anna Bonus. She was the daughter of a London shipowner of Italian descent, whose family in the middle ages had given a Cardinal to the Church, a founder to Venice, an architect to the Vatican and an expert to the mysterious study of alchemy. She married Rev. Mr. Kingsford, a Church of England clergyman, and on being admitted into the Roman Catholic Church, took the name of Maria Johanna. The names by which she was known to those around her were thus varied. Her married life was an extraordinary one, even for these end of the century days. While still betrothed she had bargained with her clerical lover that the marriage should not be permitted to interfere with the development of her gifts. To this he consented, and the contract so tied to a parish in which his wife suffered constantly from asthma, and he therefore acquiesced in absences on her part which shattered all possibility of constant companionship. He relieved her of all household duties and domestic cares by taking them upon himself. Finally, desirous that she should work out her own happiness in her own way, he consented to her living for years "in the closest spiritual and intellectual companionship" with Mr. Edward Maitland, a gentleman whose ideas, beliefs and mystical imagination strangely resembled her own. It is Mr. Maitland who, now that his strange companion is dead, has just given to the world in a most fascinating volume some appalling revelations of her temperament, methods and aims in life.

To complete her medical studies and take her doctor's degree Mrs. Kingsford went to Paris. It was impossible at that time to obtain the full professional qualifications in England. She was accompanied by Mr. Maitland, and they lived together, ostensibly as uncle and niece, in an "apartment" in the Rue Jacob. While in Paris, she first came to know something in a practical way about vivisection, and it was her horror at the suffering it involved that led her to make those murderous experiments in the supposed success of which she gloried. She herself has told how it came about. Very shortly after her entry as a student at the Paris Faculty she was, one morning, while studying alone in the Natural History Museum, suddenly disturbed by a frightful burst of screams of a character more distressing than words can convey, proceeding from some chamber on another side of the building. She called the porter in charge of the museum, and asked him what it meant. He replied with a grin, "It is only the dogs being vivisected in Mr. Beclard's laboratory." She was horror-struck. "There swept over me," she wrote, "a wave of such extreme mental anguish that my heart stood still under it. It was not sorrow, nor was it indignation merely, that I felt. It was nearer despair than these. * * * And then and there, burying my face in my hands, with tears of agony I prayed for strength and courage to labor effectually for the abolition of so vile a wrong, and to do at least what one heart and one voice might to root this curse of torture from the land."

It was in these circumstances that her anti-vivisection crusade had its beginning. That in the course of it she should have recourse to abnormal methods is what might have been expected from a woman of her temperament and beliefs. Her mind was filled with weird ideas. She was persuaded, for instance, that she was the reincarnation of Anne Boleyn, who was the reincarnation of Joan of Arc, who was the reincarnation of the Empress Faustine, who, finally, was the reincarnation of Mary Magdalene. She was a seer of visions, and believed that in dream life she had not only become acquainted with many illustrious personages of history, but with the whole tribe of gods and goddesses belonging to the mythology of ancient Greece. And she was firmly convinced that she possessed strange personal faculties, far transcending those of ordinary men and women.

In waging war against the practitioners and advocates of vivisection she resolved to make full use of the powers with which she thought herself endowed. Her first selected victim was Claude Bernard. This famous vivisector had introduced the employment of a new kind of oven, in which living animals were slowly baked to death. Upon him, as the foremost living representative of the science she abhorred, Anna Kingsford resolved that her vials of wrath should first be poured. Her purpose was strengthened by a conversation she had with the professor under whom she was studying. In response to her questions he declared that in his opinion the oven was useless and very unscientific. But he went on to contend that it was absurd, in matters of that kind, to allow sentiment or morality or religion any weight. Self-gratification was the main point, and against it purely emotional arguments were of no avail. By this mode of reasoning he succeeded in working his pupil into a perfect frenzy of indignation. She suddenly felt that a future was at hand when, through the teaching of a materialistic science, society at large would became one of demons, and seeing in Claude Bernard the foremost living instrument of what she believed to be a fell conspiracy against both the human and the divine, she finally made up her mind to rid the earth of such a monster.

How she proceeded forthwith to do it Mr. Maitland has described: "She no sooner found herself alone than she rose to her feet, and, with passionate energy, invoked the wrath of God upon him, at the same moment hurling her whole spiritual being at him with all her might, as if intent then and there to smite him with destruction. And so completely, it seemed to her, had she gone out of herself in the effort, that her physical system instantly collapsed, and she fell back, powerless on her sofa, where she lay a while, utterly exhausted and unable to move."

The strange thing is that the curse appeared to take instant effect upon the man toward whom it was directed. This was established later by a minute comparison in dates. At the moment when it was pronounced Claude Bernard suddenly experienced the first symptoms of the illness which was to bring him to his grave in a few weeks' time, he was at work in his laboratory, in the "College de France," and apparently in his ordinary health. All at once he felt himself smitten, as he believed with some poisonous effluvium emanating from the subject of his experiment. Whatever the malady was it became constantly worse until it manifested itself in the shape of severe internal inflammation, which speedily proved fatal. The doctor's declared the complaint to be Bright's disease, and it may be noted as a curious coincidence that this was the disease which Bernard had chiefly induced in animals for the purpose of his investigations.

Satisfied for the time being with her success in disposing of Bernard, Mrs. Kingsford let the vivisectors alone for a few years. But in 1886 the old wrath against them again took possession of her, and she marked Paul Bert and Louis Pasteur for her prey. Bert gave her far more trouble than Bernard had done. For months she toiled to compass his destruction by "willing" his death with all the energy of her extraordinary nature. At last her desire was fulfilled. On Nov. 12, the death of Paul Bert was announced in the Paris papers.

Anna Kingsford's diary bears witness to her exultation at the fact. "Ah," she writes, "but this man has cost me more toil than his master, the fiend, Claude Bernard. For months I have been working to compass the death of Paul Bert, and have but just succeeded. But I have succeeded; the demonstration of the power is complete. The will can and does kill, but not always with the same rapidity. Claude Bernard died foudroye (thunderstruck); Paul Bert has wasted to death. Oh, how I have longed for those words, 'Mort de M. Paul Bert (Death of Mr. Paul Bert)! And now—there they actually are, gazing at me, as it were, in the first column of The Figaro—complimenting, congratulating, felicitating me. I have killed Paul Bert, as I killed Claude Bernard, as I will kill Louis Pasteur, and after him, the whole tribe of vivisectors, if I live long enough. Courage! It is a magnificent power to have, and one that transcends all vulgar methods of dealing out justice to tyrants.'

Her attempt on Pasteur followed, and with it her own life came to a close. She did her best—or her worst—to kill him also, and presently he was stricken