

the people of Canada will not follow. Let them drop their nostrums and regain touch with Canadian feeling if they ever want to attain power. Such thoughts as these crowd upon the mind in reading Sir Charles Dilke's suggestive pages. His manner is also good. No colonist, born of colonial stock, can read the frigid pages of such books as Lord Grey's "Colonial Policy," or the mildly patronizing productions of many later writers, without feeling as if a nettle was being slowly drawn over him and at the same time that the writer was utterly unconscious of doing anything disagreeable. Nor does the colonial Anglo-Saxon feel much complimented by the indiscriminating "tally" administered by others. The problems he has to solve are totally different from the problems of the old world—the conditions he is placed in are utterly unlike. When a book like this comes, containing a discussion of these problems from a detached point of view, he is disposed to profit by it even if he does not in all respects concur with it. To a Canadian the colonists of the Southern colonies should be subjects of unfailing interest. Some more of their resemblances to and their differences from ourselves, as portrayed in this volume, I shall try to discuss in a succeeding paper.

S. E. DAWSON.

THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

The golden rod now waves with regal pride
Beside the gray snake-fence its dust'd plumes;
With it, its modest friend the aster blooms,
And 'mong their half-dead leaves choke-cherries hide;
The thistle's fairy flosses laughing ride
The gentle breezes, that though yet at noon
Blow in a balmy concord with the sun,
Chill with November's breath at eventide.

It seems but yesterday since each pine tree
Was sombre set where spring's gold greenness shone;
Now pine and beech and maple, all I see
Blended in green and dusky monotone.
But, ah! to-morrow, in a flaming sea
Or one of naked boughs, the pines shall moan.

H. W. C.

PARIS LETTER.

THE League for the promotion of Sunday rest is progressing by "leaps and bounds." Lord Mahon's history is quoted, attesting that, during the middle of the eighteenth century, divine service was not much frequented by the upper classes in England. Sunday was habitually selected by ministers for holding their councils and for giving their cabinet dinners; even the very hours fixed for divine service were chosen for transacting political affairs. If the great rigidity which now marks the keeping of Sunday in England has succeeded the looseness of the last century observance, France, it is argued, has no reason to despair of securing a Sunday rest; for in England that day is the one reserved for the quiet family at home, and hence why French visitors fail to comprehend the nature of the English Sunday. When the French cease work on Sunday, they go to *cafés*, theatres, concerts, public balls, suburban *fêtes*, picnics, races, etc. That is, they do not stay indoors. Hence, their Sunday is all animation, while that of the English is the opposite. Difference of manners!

Turkey is the only country in Europe where Sunday is less observed on the railways than in France. But Friday is the weekly rest-day with the Mussulmans. The Sultan on that day goes to the Mosque in great pomp; the public offices are closed, and the Turkish women appear in their gala toilettes on the shores of the Bosphorus. It recalls, somewhat, a quasi-subdued English Sunday. And yet the Sultan does not exact that Christians should cease to work on Friday, while Saturday and Sunday he liberally allows leave of absence both to his Israelitish and Christian subjects. In France there is no dissension over the necessity of one day's rest in seven. The divergency arises respecting which of the days of the week. The Catholics insist on Sunday, as that was the day fixed by divine ordinance. The republicans and materialists, etc., reply: We refuse to examine the origin of Sunday, and oppose every Church whatsoever fixing a seventh day for the nation by law.

The "electrocuting" of Kemmler, at New York, has sent a cold shiver of horror through public opinion here, as elsewhere. It will be a long time ere the electric arm-chair will supersede the guillotine, and the Berry sliding scale drop. Avignon was reputed for its bungling executions. For example, on May 28, 1672, Pierre du Fort was sentenced to be hanged for murder. He was processionally marched by the Black Friars to the public square, when the culprit ascended the black double ladder, called *Miséricorde*. He was attached to the arm of the gibbet, but the rope, being too short, his legs got between the rungs of the ladder. The executioner could not pull away the ladder, so he climbed up, and, covering the face of the culprit with his coat, pressed his knee against the unfortunate's stomach. The spectators became indignant at this conduct, concluding, from the executioner putting his hand in his pocket, that he had drawn out a knife to stab the condemned. The crowd hooted, vociferated, and flung stones at the executioner. In the meantime, the latter had freed the ladder and, allowing the man to swing, jumped upon his shoulders, while the executioner's wife pulled the culprit by the feet.

The stoning increased, the executioner regained the ladder, but, in trying to descend, he fell on his head. The crowd rushed at him. He, regaining his feet, threatened to stab the first person that approached. But he was mastered, danced upon, and dragged to the cemetery. His assistant, too, was so beaten that he died in the hospital a few days later. Spectators then ascended the ladder, cut the cord, let down the body, and smashed gibbet and ladder, the children throwing the debris into the Rhône. Cries of wine for the culprit rent the air; it was procured, as also broth and meat. Mattresses were thrown from windows to place the victim thereon, and he was carried to the cemetery—to keep him from the hands of the law—it being a place of refuge, till, on showing full signs of life, he was admitted into St. Anthony's Church. Here the archbishop pardoned him, directed that he be transported to the hospital, and when cured to be brought to the Cathedral, when he should be guaranteed his liberty.

Not many persons are aware by whom and where was planned the International Labour Holiday of the first of May last. All was arranged in the little study of M. Domela Nieuwenhuis at the Hague, the founder and leader of the Dutch Socialists. The idea of Dutchmen being Socialists will at first not only create surprise but raise a smile. Now it is precisely in Holland, and within the last ten years, that the party is most solidly entrenched and most soberly conducted. M. Nieuwenhuis, like the chiefs of the Swedish and Norwegian Socialists, is a Protestant clergyman, as were his ancestors, who descended from the pulpit to preach the social redemption of the working classes from a platform, or sometimes from the parapet of a bridge, and very frequently from canal and fishing boats. He inherited a large fortune which he devotes to the propagation of his doctrines. No one questions his erudition or ability.

When asked where he learned Socialism, he replies with modesty, "From the Gospel." For two years he preached Socialism in his own church; then he studied Fourier, Considérant, Lassalle and Karl Marx. Having become a socialistic revolutionist in politics, and a materialist in philosophy, he separated from his congregation and traversed Holland as the apostle of the elevation of the labouring classes. He is the most unassuming of men; of high intellectualism, sterling uprightness and broad steadfastness of character. Condemned to twelve months imprisonment for his opinions, he was there thrown among the common outcasts; his hair and beard were shaven off, a convict's cap placed on his head, and he had to take part in the most loathsome of prison work. Naturally when he left prison the labour populations hailed him as their martyr. And, a fact that has no parallel, the presbytery of the Church of Saint Anne-Paroche has accorded him the liberty, as well as to all socialist orators, to use the pulpit of that sacred edifice when not required by the regular pastor. But Holland bearded even Louis XIV. in defending liberty of thought and of conscience.

There is nothing of the Protestant pastor now in Domela Nieuwenhuis; he is all resignation and mildness. In his library, not a single book on theology; but every publication bearing on the elevation of the working classes, methodically classified. Revolutionary engravings decorate the walls, and in the foremost place is a statuette of Christ, with arms outstretched and preaching. In another prominent position is a head of Christ, wearing a crown of thorns; and next a magnificent engraving of Munkacz's "Jesus before Pilate." It was in this little study hung in red that the May Day Labour Holiday was born.

Nieuwenhuis purchased for 32,000 frs. a once church building. He baptized it "Walhalla," in Scandinavian the "Valley of the Happy." Here Socialists meet and discuss, give *fêtes*, concerts, etc., without interference from the authorities. He also established a printing office, fitted up with all modern improvements, and where is published daily his journal, *Right for All*. Unlike French and German Socialists those in Holland believe in co-operative societies. Thus M. Nieuwenhuis founded a bakery in 1882 that supplies 3,000 families with their daily bread, which is directed solely by workingmen, and that realized a net profit of 75,000 frs. during 1889. One-third of this sum was carried to the reserve fund, and the rest divided between the members.

Gambetta's father is very ill from diabetes, and he is 78 years of age. His death, which is expected, will give birth to an event, that of the transfer of his eminent son's remains from Nice to Paris. Old Gambetta has unflinchingly opposed all theatrical apotheosis of his son. It is Gambetta's sister that would become the representative of the family on her father's death. Her consent to the transfer of the remains is assured in advance. Should the Municipal Council refuse a site in Père Lachaise Cemetery for the sepulchre, as they did for a statue to him in a street of Paris, they being the owners of the intramural cemeteries now permanently closed by a rigid law, as well as of the streets, it is not unlikely that the remains would be interred in the grounds at Jardies, where Gambetta died, and where the house is conserved by his admirers as a Mecca museum of his souvenirs.

It is said that a very serious group of English and French capitalists are prepared to develop French Congo, and that the Government will give them a very free hand.

Z.

WOMEN are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.—*Montaigne*.

THE world either breaks or hardens the heart.—*Chamfort*.

THE COMING REFORM.

MISS PHELPS' article in the August *Forum* on "The Decolleté in Modern Society" is a sign of the times. A more potent one is Tolstoi's much-discussed novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata." Others, again, are the triumphs recently won by women in different fields of intellectual effort. Why put these things together? Why? Because they show what has been in the past, what still is, but what cannot last much longer, namely, the hurtful and depraving subjection of woman to man, and of man to his passions, so that both woman and man are involved in ways of life distinctly lower than should be, and than are possible to them in the present age of the world. To prove that women have been content in the past to acknowledge their dependence on men, and to devote their chief efforts to the winning of masculine favour would surely be superfluous. A very early prophecy reads that woman's desire shall be to her husband, and that he shall rule over her. The curse has indeed been only too abundantly fulfilled, and man has been ruling over women when he could not rule over himself: woman has been the slave of a slave. We state the case broadly because it is only its broad aspects we are concerned with. Let anyone who is concerned with the necessary exceptions and reservations make them for himself. Down to the present day we see in the giggling frivolity and affected manners of a part of the female sex clear evidence of the survival of the old, bad condition of things, the depravation of the female intellect and character by the *cultus* of man. On the other hand, we see, also, in the modest and serious cheerfulness, and the thorough naturalness of "honourable women not a few," evidence of the assertion by women of their individual worth and rights, a new sense that they are true social units and not mere fractions waiting their completion. There have been admirable women, we might almost say, in all ages, certainly in all historic ages, but the note that has heretofore been wanting has been the note of independence, of conscious individual completeness. Man has had it. Though in his hour the suitor of woman, man has always borne himself as a distinct, self-sufficing individual. The reason, doubtless, has been that, owing to his superior strength, he has felt himself master, and has grandly concluded that the universe was made for him. A century ago Kate Hardcastle was the model and type of a modest and attractive girl, but how much truer it was than the creator of the character supposed, that she "stooped to conquer!" She fixes her regards at once upon a young man whom she understands to be dissolute in life, and determines to win him. She lets him treat her like a bar-maid in order to gain an ascendancy over him, and then when she has sufficiently piqued his curiosity in that character she reveals herself in her own, and carries him off in spite of the unconquerable shyness which the company of a modest woman has always hitherto produced in him. As everyone knows, the play is full of graceful touches, but it scarcely could illustrate more strongly than it does woman's bondage to man. It is woman's triumph to secure a master, and she secures him in all the old plays and stories, by more or less openly playing on his passions. We see the same thing going on to-day—women *stooping to conquer*, and, in the ignoble effort, parting with all that should be most distinctive in womanhood, cultivating inanity of mind lest they should oppress their prospective lords with an appearance of dignity and common sense, tolerating what they should frown at, and generally making poor puppets of themselves, the better to signify how entirely they are prepared to become the property of the purchaser. Miss Phelps has seen some of these things, even in what is generally supposed to be staid New England. Tolstoi has seen them in the society of Europe, and has branded them in lines that can never be effaced. But, blessed be Evolution! there is something else to be seen. With the opening of new avenues of employment for women, and with the increased bestowal of the means of higher education, women are beginning to see themselves in a different light. There are those who would not "stoop to conquer," who, in point of fact, do not want to conquer at all, in the sense of bringing a man to their feet. They want to live their life as independent beings, to cultivate their faculties, to think their own thoughts, to develop whatever is best in themselves. If marriage would help them to do that; if it comes in their way on terms that involve no compromise of dignity, no lowering of any standard they have set up, they may embrace it, but not otherwise; and they are not going to distress themselves in the least if the little fabled humbug, Cupid, passes them by. They can find tasks and affections and aims enough for happiness without abandoning the single state.

It has been woman's dependence on man in the past that has lowered her character and caused her to mould herself to his wishes and desires. With independence will come other ambitions, wider views of life, and a sense of security that will enable her to make "terms of union" when union is in question. This is precisely the reform for which the ages have been groaning, woman's equality with man, woman's right to as distinct an individuality and as free a development as man.

But if woman is no longer to be the slave of man, what is man going to do without his slave—often, of course, a pet slave? There is just one thing for him to do—cease to be a slave himself, and then he will not want one. Woman, as she rises to her own full height, will educate man as he has never been educated before. She will give him a glimpse of the ideal life of freedom from