

logy" — the psychology of nerve cells and reflex processes. Politics and social science have received but little attention, comparatively speaking. Accounts of travel and observation have been mainly concerned with the French colonies, more particularly with Northern Africa. Of poetry there has been hardly anything worthy the name, and the best has come from versifiers of long-established fame. There has been a constantly growing interest in Russian literature, and translations and studies of Russian writers have met with an extraordinary vogue. — *London Literary World*.

AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA, instead of being a new country, is emphatically an old country. Its geology, its zoology, its flora and fauna, are not "the last result of time," but the old order which has never given place to new. Europe has (in places, at least, if not altogether) been many times submerged, re-elevated, crumbled up in places with mountain chains, and all the time the greater part of the Australian continent has been undisturbed.

And so through the later geological periods, Australia has been a kind of zoological and botanical "ark," in which the animals abundant in Europe and America during the secondary epoch of geology, and the plants which were equally luxuriant there during the tertiary period (all of which, however, have been long extinct), have been preserved. This is the reason why the fauna and flora of Australia differ so essentially from those of other great regions of the earth's surface. No two planets of the solar system could present a greater botanical and zoological contrast than Australia and Europe do at the present time. And yet, in the eocene period, the conditions were so reversed that when Professor Unger had to write his celebrated essay on the tertiary fossil botany, he entitled it "New Holland in Europe." — *Our Island Continents*.

POLICE IN OLD PARIS.

SOME curious documents just found in the archives of the Paris prefecture of police throw an interesting and instructive light on the manner in which the streets of Paris were guarded during the night in the sixteenth century. To begin with, there were stringent rules to the effect that each house should only have one door and should be regularly inhabited. This being the case, it was a comparatively easy task to order that the dwellers in the different houses should in turn keep an eye on what was going on in their respective streets. They were not compelled to tramp up and down the pavement like the modern policeman; the authorities were satisfied if they looked through their windows and watched all that was going on below. If the slightest cry was raised they opened their windows and rang their bells until their neighbours followed suit. The alarm spread from street to street, and soon all the bells in Paris were ringing, the windows were lit up, and the inhabitants, armed to the teeth, sallied forth, barring the road to the malefactors, who were almost always arrested. I need hardly explain that the Paris of those days was liliputian in comparison with what it is now; but what an uncomfortable way they had of keeping the peace in the sixteenth century! The remedy was positively worse than the disease, for it was hard that the inhabitants of one street should be awakened out of their first sleep because the dwellers in a remote avenue imagined that something wrong was going on. One would fancy that in some quarter or another some noise at least must have been made every night. The slumbers of the Parisians generally must often have been woefully curtailed, not to speak of the volunteer watchman for whom "all night sittings" were a stern reality.

AN AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

"I'm a shepherd. That's so. I've been a shepherd for nigh on twenty-four years, and I've earned good wages, too, for all I look so ragged. I remember, in the good old times, when the shepherds was the bosses. That was at the time of the big rushes to the diggings. Money was plentiful then, and we used to have some tremendous sprees. Why didn't I save my money? There was never a chance to save. First of all, when we got our wages, the cheque wasn't a right cheque: it was an order written on flimsy or soft paper, on the nearest agent of the squatter, and cashed by the nearest publican, who, of course, never handed over a cent. A man was compelled to stay there and knock his cheque down 'like a man.' Then if the order didn't happen to be drawn on a merchant close by, it was all the same. If it was drawn on somebody in Sidney, how could a poor devil get away to Sidney—perhaps a 400 or a 500 mile tramp, without a farthing in his pocket? A man was obliged to go to the publican to advance him some money, and once you took a drink (for you couldn't go away without taking a nip) it was all up with you. The liquor was hocussed, and you got mad, and before you knew where you were, your cheque was spent—at least, so the landlord told you—and he bundled you out neck and crop. If he was at all a decent sort of a fellow he would give you a bottle of rum to recover from your spree, and you returned to the station in a few days penniless. I've no heart to begin to save. I was well-to-do once—had a station of my own; but what with foot-rot and scab, and not looking after my own place, I soon went to the wall, and I've been getting lower and lower till at last I became a shepherd. It is a lonely life. I never seen any one but the ration carrier once a week, and I've no books to read. I follow the sheep, and camp where they camp. I go to sleep sometimes, and lose the run of the sheep. But I've been pretty well broken into not going to sleep. I've been made to pay for lost sheep, so that for three years I hadn't a cent of wages to take. The native dogs and the blacks worry me. Many a night I watch all night to try and get a slant at the dingoes. I used to lay baits for them, but I had my best dog poisoned through taking one of the baits, so I've given it up now, and shot them when I have a chance. It used to be fine times at night when there was a hut-keeper, but nowadays a man has got to be his own

hut-keeper, and cooking, and washing and watching at night, and shepherding all day, mending hurdles and shifting them, takes up plenty of time. It's no such an idle life as people suppose. There's always something to do. The idlest part of it is following the sheep out at grass. Lambing time makes it pretty lively for every one; we see more people then, and get a bit of news. Would I recognize my sheep in a crowd? Of course I would. I know every face in the flock, and there isn't two alike. People are apt to think that a sheep is a sheep. So is a child a child, but no two children are exactly alike, and no two sheep are alike. I could swear to every one of 'em. I don't think I shall shepherd much longer. I'm getting on in years. Sixty, close on. I'm thinking of saving my wages next year if the publican will let me, and taking a bit of land. I could have a home then, and only take a job with a travelling mob sometimes, or else go to shearing at shearing time, to keep one in tucker. I'd be obliged for a bit of 'baccy. The rations ain't due till to-morrow, and I'm clean run out. Thank'ee, sir." — *Old Colonials*.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORK.

If the aim at human improvement did not control the fiction of the day so completely as some other branches of literature, it was still the leading object of by far the greatest and most influential novelist. By no mind save Darwin's has the latter portion of the Queen's reign been so deeply impressed as by George Eliot's, and it is to the credit of the age that it should have consented to receive its choicest amusement from the same source as its best instruction. It is, indeed, George Eliot's chief defect to be overconscious of her mission. In no novelist of equal genius, perhaps, has the artistic element been so overpowered by the ethical, which must tell against her with a posterity occupied by other problems than hers. Her best monument will perhaps be not so much any particular work as that astonishing width of intellect which falsified all previous experience, and showed the folly of dogmatically prescribing bounds to the capacities of woman. One of her works, notwithstanding, must always be the guide of those who would know the provincial England of our day. "Middlemarch" is Nature herself. If merit is to be judged by perfection of execution, this depressing work sets George Eliot higher than the mingled pathos and humour of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," the dignity of "Romola," or the moral enthusiasm of "Daniel Deronda." "Silas Marner" alone, as delightful in subject as "Middlemarch" is the reverse, fully sustains comparison as a work of art. Next to "Middlemarch" the future student of Nineteenth-Century England will derive his best material from Anthony Trollope, scarcely a painter, but a matchless photographer. George Eliot exhibits the world to her reader; Trollope thrusts his reader straight into the middle of it. — *T. Humphrey Ward, in the Reign of Victoria*.

THE DEBT OF THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD.

OUR question to-day is not what the New World owes to the old, but what the Old owes to the New. We may perhaps sum up our inquiry by saying that if the New World owes to the Old its being, the Old owes to the New the revival and expansion of its being. It owes the teaching of a whole range of new experiences, of instructive likenesses, modified by no less instructive unlikenesses. We see what is like, what is unlike, when the work done of old in one land has to be done again in another by men who come of the same stock, who find themselves in some measure under the same circumstances, but who are parted by the events and experiences of ages. No such teaching could ever have found its place within either the old civilized world of Europe or the old barbaric world of Asia. It needed the settlement of European nations in lands altogether new, if only to show what life and strength the old historic nations of Europe kept and still keep. Men said at Athens in past times that the commonwealth could be rightly guided neither by the old apart from the young, nor by the young apart from the old. The experience of the one and the energy of the other were alike needed. What is true of individual man in the particular state is true also of nations in the world at large. The old and the new alike are needed. The man of the New World must gain by looking back to the rock whence he was hewn and to the hole of the pit whence he was digged. And the man of the Old World gains no less by seeing what men of his own stock have done in new-found lands—how they have won for the common speech, the common law, the common memories a range which in physical extent the Old World could never have supplied. We of the Old World trust that the day of utter decay for the old lands of Europe is still far distant; but if it ever should come, we shall have what our forefathers in past ages had not, the wider lands of a new Europe to fall back on. — *Edward A. Freeman, in The Forum*.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent lately called on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his Saranac Lake cottage, and writes of him as follows: "To those curious to know what the creator of Dr. Jekyll, Alan Breck, and John Silver looks like, let me say that he is about five feet ten in height, fair and spare; he wears his light-brown hair long and loose; his broad, high forehead is illuminated by a piercing pair of eyes at a remarkable distance apart. He has the air of an artist who has been ill and is now well advanced toward recovery. In conversation he is most animated and cheery, speaking with a crisp Edinburgh accent. As we talked about one thing and another, it came out that he is a strong anti-Gladstonian. Surely, it is natural that the author of *Kidnapped* should be a sound, Scott-like Tory. Mr. Stevenson spoke of American authors. He likes Stockton's stories very much, and among Mark Twain's volumes prefers *Huckleberry Finn*. I asked him which of his own books he liked best. '*Kidnapped*,' he promptly replied."