

winds. Wast thou not called Æolus ere thou becamest the saint of Evolo? Surely thou hast not forgotten that, and surely the winds are yet somewhat obedient unto thee, and listen to thee. Blow once more a fine strong wind into the sail of some foreign ship, some rich Englishman, or even German, and bring it in safety to our harbour, so that I also may gain something as well as the others. Look thee! I am not a rich man—"

He broke off suddenly. A bright white ray had fallen upon the saint, and a strange weird smile seemed to play over his features. Don Cesare looked about him startled. But it was only the moon which had risen above the sea, and whose first beams had been thrown upon the face of the saint.

"It is clearing," said Don Cesare, and rising up he knocked the sand from his knees. "I must be off, for thou knowest well, Evolino, none but thee must know that I have drawn thee out of the sea! Now stand still, and dry thyself, and recover thee from thy fright. But do not forget that thou hast to thank me for it—me alone—and forget not to send me the ship—soon too; quite soon! Then I will also deck thine altar for thee beautifully, and get thee a nice new glory to replace the one lost among the rocks."

Once more he stopped short in his address to Evolino; for, suddenly, the face of the saint darkened: What was that? a cloud? rain? He looked quickly about him. Away to the westward the horizon was growing black and gloomy. "West wind?" said Don Cesare; "Rain wind!" Yes, but also a favourable wind for the foreign ships which enter the Mediterranean from the ocean. San Pancrazio, San Pancrazio! now be mindful of me."

He clambered slowly up the steep path, which led to the top of the cliff, and thence between masses of stone and clumps of aloes and cactus bushes to the little chapel. From time to time he stopped and listened and looked about him to see whether no white sail were yet visible on the dark waste of waters; for now he was certain that Evolino heard him, and now that the wind was beginning to blow, the ships could not fail to come. Heavier and darker the clouds kept piling themselves up on the western horizon. When he reached the top of the cliff, he sat down under an olive tree in order to take breath. Out of the distance he seemed to hear a sound. Was it indeed a ship in whose shrouds and tackling the freshening wind was already beginning to pipe its little song, and which was hastening towards the friendly bay, in order to avoid the approaching gale?

"Carmela must just keep quiet until my return," murmured Don Cesare to himself. "I'll stay here." And with eyes fixed steadily upon the sea Don Cesare proceeded to keep his solitary watch.

J. CUNNINGHAM DUNLOP.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

WHILST the Chamber is wasting on revisions and military service the time it had better be giving to the Budget, the Senate has passed the first reading of a law which may have the greatest consequences for French society—the Divorce Bill. Every one has been surprised at the immense majority which sanctioned this reform. It shows that public opinion, which, until a few years ago, was steadily opposed to divorce, is now almost unanimously in favour of it. This change of feeling may no doubt be attributed in part to the energetic campaign of M. Naquet; but it is chiefly due to the increasing prevalence of wife murder, followed by acquittal before the tribunals. The absence of divorce from our code has practically resulted in the toleration of murder, in case of adultery or desertion. It was at any rate necessary to put the law of France in harmony with the principles which govern all secular society, and which refuse to recognize perpetual bonds or enforced celibacy. The law voted by the Senate, moreover, surrounds the right of divorce with difficulties enough to guarantee it against abuse. The legislation of divorce will at least have the advantage of greatly diminishing the interest which in France always attaches to adultery, and which has made it the basis of our theatrical and romantic literature. It was useless to say that the subject was worn out; it was always renewed, and it always interested. Unfortunately, it does not follow that our literary morals will benefit by the change. For some time past those of our novelists who have tried to get out of this eternal round of conjugal infidelities have mostly fallen to a still baser level, and made us think with regret of Dumas *pere* and George Sand, who gave us at least, if not morality, an atmosphere of real and generous passion. The great success—say rather, the great scandal of the day, is the "Blasphèmes de Jean Richepin." The extravagant praise bestowed on this volume of poetry is one of the most striking signs of decay of literary taste, and even of critical capacity, in France. One is glad to turn from works like this to that of other writers, less powerful, indeed, but healthier and more refreshing—such, for instance as M. George Durny, who, in his pleasant and striking story of "Andree," has made a successful debut in fiction. Unfortunately our literary taste is impaired, not only as to the form, but as to the substance, too. We must have everything peppered. Happy the writer who lives far enough apart from the world of letters to keep his sense of the beautiful fresh and unspoilt.—*Gabriel Marod*.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN ARISTOCRATIC ORGAN GRINDER.

THE other evening there was the novel sight of a noble marquis wheeling through the streets a five-octave piano, on which he played while his

servant collected the pennies bestowed upon him for his skill. The ostensible object of the eccentric proceeding was charity, but it is whispered also that a wager with a great American millionaire as to the amount to be collected first instigated the undertaking. He begged also from passers-by, who give to a lord what they would refuse to a genuine applicant of the honest class. His lordship is tall, young, and is considered handsome, with a graceful black moustache, dressed in faultless black, wearing white kid gloves, and carrying a book in his hand bound in plush. He appeared the other day in the Exhibition-road, attended by a footman and with a carriage, in which ladies were seated, waiting for him near at hand. Waiting maids at the restaurants round bestowed upon the handsome beggar their last twopence, and others would have done so had they been sure of the genuineness of the mendicant, and that the money was intended for some useful charity. Some of the police ought to go round with his lordship to testify that he is a licensed rival of the poor Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, or lock him up if he is an imposter. At present the apparent vagabond enjoys perfect immunity, while beggars, not so well dressed, find their way to the station-house. If we be obliged to abolish the House of Peers, it shows that respectable-looking employment might be found for noble organ-grinders who would be useful to public charities, since it is clear that there is snobbishness enough to induce people, who would pass by the plate on Hospital Sunday without hesitation, to give to a lord.—*London paper*.

AN American historical association is one of the felt wants of that country, and it is proposed to form such an association during the next session of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, September 8-12.

WE must not for a moment confound the women of "light and leading," who have opened so many doors to their sex, with the weird old ladies who denounce the opponents of female suffrage, who refuse to pay taxes, and who break the law in public parks by making speeches to chance crowds. The real progress of the rights of women leads along the line of genuine elevation and honest work. The discussion of even the most burning questions ought to be conducted with coolness and decorum.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

MR. BRADLAUGH, as a matter of fact, is now paying the penalty for the very injudicious method of advertising his peculiar views which he adopted when he was elected for the first time to represent the borough of Northampton in Parliament. If he had never gone out of his way to declare that an oath was to him "a meaningless form" and "an idle addendum to a promise," the House of Commons would have had a great deal of the ground cut from under its feet in attempting to oust him from his seat.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

"THE transformation of the plan of study pursued at Harvard College," says *The Sun*, "has culminated in the regulations published for the next academical year. The abandonment of the time-honored principles of university instruction is now complete, and so far as this institution is concerned, we must learn to attach an entirely new meaning to the phrase, a liberal education; for henceforth it will be possible to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts without having read a line of Greek or Latin during the four years covered by the college course."

THERE never was a time when the country had so little need of a great navy as now. No nation, great or small, far or near, has any disposition to quarrel with this Government or to make necessary a display of naval strength. But it is said that a powerful navy is requisite in order to protect the commerce of the country in distant seas. When those who make this plea show a disposition to remove the obstructions to American commerce there will be some reason to believe in their sincerity. They have obstinately pursued a policy that has driven the country's commerce from the ocean, and now they want to lavish hundreds of millions to create a navy for its protection.—*Philadelphia Record*.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, the gifted editor of the *Regina Leader*, after spending several months at Ottawa, has returned, and the *Leader* is itself once more—the most poetic journal on our exchange list. Mr. Davin has recently published a volume of poems; and although a copy of it has not reached our table yet, various journals which are usually over-critical of Mr. Davin's productions have spoken in very flattering terms of this work. While the views of the *Leader* on Regina and the Dominion Government have to be taken with considerable poetic license, his literary ability stands unquestioned. We welcome Mr. Davin back to his western home, and hope he may long dip his pen in the western sunset, and add the weird and fanciful to the characteristically practical journalism of the great West.—*Manitoba Liberal*.

THE platform adopted by the Democrats at Chicago bears a striking resemblance to that upon which Mr. Tilden was nominated in 1876. It is the better of the two because, for the first time in the history of the parties, it embodies less demagogism than the Republican. The cheap clap-trap in the Blaine platform about the Eight-Hour Law is omitted altogether, while the declaration in regard to "contract labour" is rather less offensive. The Republican platform pronounces distinctly against immigration "from Europe or Asia" in cases where the immigrant has agreed beforehand to work for his living. The Democratic platform leaves it open to dispute whether the foreign labour to be excluded is or is not confined to "servile races unfitted by habits, training, religion, or kindred, for absorption into the great body of our people." While declaring in favour of reduction of the tariff, "it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth."—*The Nation*.