

half-a-crown, offered with an air how broken-down and how jaunty! They seldom tell their story, these waifs of the educated classes. Nor is the story they do tell always apt to recommend itself to the judicial functions of the mind. One was a scholar; and he still writes a little bit of Greek in his begging-letters, in such a Greek hand, too, as you would pay well to acquire. But whiskey, the old explanation, was his bane. He got into Fleet Street; he fell among Publishers—cheap tenth-rate publishers; perhaps, too, there was an ill-omened marriage, or a *collage* (*une chaîne* M. A. de Pontmartin would say) not less fatal. Now he issues out of dank lanes bordering on the Strand and waylays the passer-by whom he knew, at least by sight or name, in old years. For this kind of Breakage those who have tried say they can do nothing. He is offered work, but work he cannot or will not do, and, indeed, how hard must be the struggle when the habit of work is lost and when books and quiet elbow-room are not to be had at all, or only at the British Museum. To this end men of great learning, scholars whose names all scholars respect, have notoriously come; but as a rule, these waifs and strays were never of great account—idle, shiftless smatterers at the best. But a great sorrow or unearned ill-luck may break down a man's moral as it may his physical nerve, and spirits or opium enter into the dwelling of his soul, till his end is the common lodging-house or the workhouse. We cannot pick up the pieces; but it is hard to grudge the sovereign to such a petitioner. He will be senseless for a day or two after the gift (the loan he always calls it); but, after all, he has nothing left but his *Paradis Artificiel*, to which you lend him the key.

There are a thousand other kinds of Breakage. They are strewn, like potsherds, all over the shores of the world, wherever civilized man has made his home. You find one acting as cook—and an uncommonly bad cook, too—in some shanty inn on the Rocky Mountains; and, behold! he pulled in the St. Boniface boat when it went head of the River, and he likes to talk about those times still. All over Australia, in stockmen's huts, these Breakages are scattered, living in something a little lower than a wigwam; but happier, surely, with damper and tea sufficient, than the wretched Breakage of Civilization. In the Camel Corps, on the desperate march from Korti to Gubat, there were social wrecks: men who could not, for the lives of them, go quite straight in peace, but who went straight enough at the Arabs. These, and such as these, not having "tint heart," have not "tint a'," and may yet make a name or retrieve a reputation. There is no greater rejoicing than over such sinners, when they come back, as they do every now and then, out of some congenial wilderness. It is not till he loses heart that the Breakage is utterly broken. When the Bold Buccleuch went to rescue Kinmont Willie, he took a band of "broken men" in his train, and the ballad tells us that they did yeomen's service. This is the best kind of broken man—he who is certain to turn up and be to the front when there is a breach to carry or a Border quarrel (say in South Africa) to settle. This sort is broken simply because, like Lord Byron, he must have "something craggy to dash himself against." At home he dashes himself against social rules; abroad, very often, against the enemies of England.

The Breakages are not without their minstrel, *nec carent vate sacro*. The singer of their order and their disorder is Adam Gordon, the one poet of Australia, whose verses gallop like a cavalry charge, who could not find death in the field or on the steeplechase course, and had to seek him otherwise. Surely when we look at the Breakages, and remember how many are the reefs, how wild the currents, how heady the winds of life, we may each marvel that we have escaped the rocks and, somehow, still are not among the shipwrecked of the world.—*St. James's Gazette*.

### HERE AND THERE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR's lecture on Browning has excited an interest in that writer which will no doubt be gratified in the highest degree by the course of readings from his works and from those of Mrs. Browning announced by President Wilson. As those readings are for the benefit of the News Boys' Hall, they ought to command the special support of all who are connected with the press.

HANLAN's defence of himself has the air of truth; and we regret that we should have been too much impressed by the representations of his enemies and by appearances which were unfavourable to him. We have no desire whatever to take part with his opponents. Betting we hold to be a very bad sort of gambling, and we regard its introduction as invariably and totally subversive of fair and manly sport. So far as Hanlan's career may have been the means of stimulating it among us he has been an instrument of mischief. But his personal conduct, so far as it fell under our observation, has been honourable; and has rather redeemed the character of the professionally sporting world.

This week and last Toronto theatre-goers have had opportunity to see two of the most prominent and successful *artistes* on the dramatic stage. Miss Rose Coghlan, whilst not a great actress, is a painstaking performer, pleasant to see and to hear, and was at once adjudged to deserve all the good things which had been said of her in the press previous to her visit. Mlle Rhea is still charming, still startling; but there was an impression that she is playing herself out, that her "effects" are not so spontaneous as of yore.

SALVINI has returned to this continent and is acting upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. "The Lounger," in the *Critic*,

says: "There is no other actor who could fill this enormous stage as Salvini does. He is a giant in his art, and he makes himself look a giant in size, though he is really no taller than some of the men by whom he is surrounded. I heard an actor say that it was very hard to get a company together to play with Salvini—that he dwarfs them so completely by his greatness that they are constantly reminded of their shortcomings and cannot do their best. I have heard a lady—an expert in such matters—say that almost any man could make his voice as fine as Salvini's if he only knew how to use it. Salvini, she says, puts as much art into the management of his voice as into his acting. See how he holds himself—how he speaks with his chin down, and 'places' the voice in the top of the head. His notes never sound 'throaty,' and the vocal chords are never strained. He can play a most exhausting rôle—Othello, for example—and his voice will be just as fresh when he leaves the stage as it was when the play began. Another actor after playing such a part will be as hoarse as a crow. The secret of this voice 'placing' is one worth knowing. I am told that it is very simple when one gets the hang of it."

THERE is gnashing of teeth among ladies in France. Not among those who take the world as it goes, and enjoy the sweets of life as they flow, but among those who pose as the political liberators of their sex. The elections have crushed their hopes for the moment, and the *Fédération Socialiste* hangs its head. But not for long. The energy of female politicians, touched with the mania for liberating their enslaved sisterhood, is irrepressible. Already the *Citoyenne* is speaking loudly, and M. Jules Alix, like Jove upon Olympus, is busy preparing his thunders. Out of the five feminine candidates proposed for the Department of the Seine, not one has been returned. Foremost on the list is Mlle. Maria Deraismes. She delivers lectures that make men wince, and writes articles almost fiery enough to set the Seine on fire. Mlle. Louise Barberousse comes second in the portrait gallery of discomfited female candidates. A Léonie comes next—no other than Mme. Leonie Rouzade, who, being a good housewife as well as a writer, a speaker and a would-be Deputy, is a strong argument in favour of her cause. Another Léonie is Mme. Léonie Manière. This lady fights the Republic while receiving from it a pension which enables her to live. Not unlike Mme. Clovis Hugues, who combined poetry with pistol-shooting, Mme. René Marail, the fifth candidate, combines poetry with politics. Mlle. Hubertine Auclert, preferring her seat at the editor's desk to a prospective one in the Chamber of Deputies, is now the best off of what might not unfitly be termed a shrieking sisterhood. In the columns of her *Citoyenne* she can make herself heard, while her political friends are for the moment silenced. Very different was the style of Rosita Mauri, the favourite dancer of the opera, when she went to receive official information respecting the elections. She inveighed, not against masculine oppression, but against masculine politicians, as men who received good wages and did little work. "Failure, which in our case means ruin," she said, mournfully, "renders them popular. Upon their stage in the Palais Bourbon they have nothing to do; whereas with us, what dislocated limbs, what heart-burnings and heart-breakings we have to endure before we can present ourselves before our public!"

It is rather startling to be informed that a Russian sect has been in existence for fifteen years calling itself "The Nest for Godly People." The title is rather misleading at first sight, as it suggests the notion of a very comfortable and select body of believers, who live in religious clover and prefer to dwell rather upon the privileges than the duties of their faith. It turns out, however, that this comparatively new sect is distinguished for its asceticism rather than for its lax and indolent self-indulgence. Its votaries dig a grave in the earthen floor of their habitations, in which they lie for days together without food, covered over with a coffin-like box which excludes the light and almost excludes the air. When these "nests" are dug in the gardens the worshippers are protected from intrusion, and as far as possible from observation, by a thick growth of bushes and by a savage dog, who drives away all who approach. The members of this body claim to see visions of angels and devils, and to be caught up in ecstasies of devotion into the highest heavens. The only thing new about the sect is its name. The experiences of its devotees are as old as religion itself, and have been common to the more devout and ascetic among all sects in all times.

PASTEUR told the French Academy of Sciences, last week, that he had finally completed his experiments upon the science of inoculation to prevent hydrophobia, and, while the Academy appeared perfectly satisfied, it is to be noted that the members did not go up in a body and bare their arms for the operation. A Frenchman is somewhat like a March hare—privileged to go mad. Pasteur will have to practise his art upon foreigners and dogs. If, says the *Springfield Republican*, this science of inoculation and vaccination to prevent diseases spreads, it will be about all a child's life is worth to travel to mature life. The young one will have its cholera, small-pox and hydrophobia scars; and then, if inoculation for measles, chicken-pox and kindred eruptions be added, half the fun of being a child will be swept away.

A TELPHER has just been got into operation at Glyndes, the seat of Lord Hampden, in England, and has proved an unqualified success—a most useful addition to the carrying resources of the country. And now, what is a Telfer? It is, we are informed, an aerial electric railway, consisting of rails propped upon beams set at moderately close intervals. The cars are suspended from stout iron rods made to work upon the rails. An automatic "block" arrangement allows these aerial cars to be despatched