

marvels. Around the Eiffel obelisk could be heard all the languages of the world, but unlike that of Babel, heaven was more clement to the structure. From an altitude of 1,000 feet, the Tower appeared at night as an enormous candlestick shedding a light over the metropolis, while on the first platform the visitors while dining had all the world at their feet.

M. de Vogué aims to discover what are the lessons, the philosophy of the extinct Centennial show. Between 1789 and 1889 there is an abyss, above all a scientific abyss. Were the men of 1789 to have visited the machinery Hall they would have been stupefied, as would be the Generals of the Revolution, or the first Napoleon himself, at the exhibits in the pavilion of the Minister of War. The art to kill, euphemistically called the art of war, has made such progress, above all within the last twenty years, as to be completely transformed. The author is a member of the French Academy and an ex-diplomatist. He dilates on the display of the material of war, and asserts that the inventions of France under this head are more ingenious than those of other countries. But in any case, a new invention is generally superseded by another in the course of ten years. It is a fair question to ask, observes the author, if the high and varied studies at present required from officers do not by their tension tell injuriously on their intelligence; the vice of over-pressure in a word. He considers that long range artillery and smokeless powder will deal out such invisible death that no troops will dare show in the open, save to run away with fright. A soldier always expects there will be in battle some chances in his favour to escape alive; that it is his comrade, not himself, that is predestined to fall. But where there is no hope, there can be no courage. There can be, it seems, no discipline in the coming battles, because mechanical and chemical inventions and discoveries have so perfected the science of slaughter that panics must ensue. Lines of infantry cannot be expected to display the stoicism of Plutarch's heroes. It is in frightening visitors by the show of the terrible engines of death, that the Minister of War has unconsciously advanced ideas of peace.

As to the economic and social contrast between 1789 and 1889, M. de Vogué observes at the former epoch, that the Tiers Etat existed and moderated the other two states; at present a Fourth Etat, that which works and produces, has sprung up, claiming its place in the sunshine; demanding not exactly money, but an easier life. In the chapter devoted to the fine arts gallery, the author deals with the aristocracy of wealth, of money, which is the dominating influence, the summit of the social scale. It is the power of money, he adds which in its insolence humiliates all the aristocracies and dictates laws to all the governments.

**Sous-Offs.** By Lucien Descaves. (Tresse and Stock.) The author of this volume is to be prosecuted by the Minister of War. It is a work very painful to read, even to those not French; but it is not the less human. It is a terrible satire on the grand words, discipline and honour, heir-looms in every army. It naturally irritates the authorities. Many volumes have been published on army abuses; they chiefly dealt with the private soldier and the monotony of his existence, or perhaps with the general government of the regiment. But the volume in question handles the institution of non-commissioned officers—the *Sous Offs*, in military slang; the book-keeper, the quarter-master, and the serjeant-major are the representatives microscopically examined. The writer's honesty cannot be called in question; having served in the ranks, he is familiar with his subject. And this is what imparts all the importance to his vitriolic denunciations of regimental abuses. These he gibbets and analyses without mercy, regardless of the fury of the interests he strikes, or the revenge cries of those whom he exposes. The book does not appear to be written in a spirit of revenge or hate. It is a natural revolt of human dignity against an intolerable system. To secure a remedy, the author tickets the abuses; paints men, things, and their surroundings with a pitiless naturalism. The work is that of a pen dipped in gall; it calls aloud for justice to be done to the sufferers, who cannot complain, being as it were prisoners in a cell. Public opinion exacts that the "flag" be cleansed from even the appearances of a stain. The prosecution will separate the light from the darkness.

**LA DERNIÈRE BATAILLE.** By E. Drumont. (Savine.) In his work on the results of the 1889 exhibition, M. de Vogué touched on the omnipotence of money in the present evolution of society. M. Drumont develops this idea. He is the author of "La France Juive," which caused not a little commotion some months ago, owing to the personal attacks made on leading Israelites. M. Drumont is the lay Stocker of France. In his present work, he does not rail or rage against the Jews; he philosophises on them, taking for text the great changes they have brought about during twenty years, in general society. Changes, which formerly took a century to accomplish, now are effected in a few years. Thus, asserts the author, there is as great an abyss between the moral conceptions and the state of consciences of the men of 1871 and 1880, as between the men of 1880 and 1889, while the latter appear to be of a different age from the men of 1871.

M. Drumont in his writings aims to keep on the Semitic lines of Disraeli's studies, and those of Abbe Leman's. Although he has been very hard on the Jews, the author relates that he has received a multitude of discussion letters from them, while many personally called and exchanged courteous conversations. But neither letters nor interviews explain this phenomenon to M.

Drumont, and one of the most extraordinary in history, viz., that of a race, proscribed yesterday, which has become at the end of a century, the mistress of the world; a race which holds all in its hands; which gives orders to sovereigns, and that are ever obeyed; a race that, by a telegram, can upset the economic conditions of a country; and which overthrows financial establishments that inconvenience it, without any public power being able to interfere. The Jew, adds the author, is a being with an admirably organized brain, who laughs at his naturally less qualified race-rivals. The Jew is to be the great power in the new century.

**FIGURES LITTÉRAIRES.** By Paul Deschanel. (Lévy.) The author commenced his literary life in 1875, when he was only seventeen years of age, by an essay on Rabelais, which is to this day an authoritative production. Then he produced "Figures des Femmes," as Mesdames du Deffiant, d'Epinoy, Récamière, etc. In the volume under review he treats in a very remarkable manner the *figures*, or portraits, of Sainte-Beuve, of Mignet, of Edgar Quinet, Renan, etc., to which is added the essay on Rabelais, wherein M. Deschanel explains how Gargantua and Pantagruel—that strange and pell-mell mixture—is due to the *milieu* in which they were composed; to the manners, the events, and the character of the sixteenth century, in which so many diverse elements were in fusion. In the article devoted to M. Paul Bourget, the author displays much sound thought and mature criticism on the new generation, and to which he himself belongs. He shows that after the events of 1870-71 his countrymen want another conception of life than in manufacturing the romantic heroes of Stendhal and of Flaubert. To study the maladies of refined civilization, M. Deschanel, who is neither a visionary nor a pessimist, considers to be giving to them an attention that would be better employed elsewhere. He gives to the existences of men to-day an end at once more noble and more practical.

**L'ÉDUCATION DE NOS FILS.** By Dr. Rochard. (Hachette.) The author is the highest hygienic authority in France, and his present volume is a showing up of the serious unsanitary condition of French colleges and lycées—all over-crowded, inadequately supplied with masters, a next to absence of arrangements for the physical exercise of the students, and a loose and defective system of moral surveillance. To foreigners there is nothing new in the indictment, still less in the measures which the author recommends, which are simply the exercises in Anglo-Saxon educational establishments, not so much for years as for centuries. Dr. Rochard deserves great credit for his courage in exposing the imperfections of the French collegiate system. Colleges should be transferred to the suburbs, in the midst of pure air and green fields. He adduces that a lyceum recently erected in the lung-room region of Paris—the Lakanal, which is fitted up with every modern improvement—is deserted, parents preferring the old, unhealthy institutions. In Germany the professors take part in the gymnastic exercises of their pupils. In France that would be regarded as *infra dig*. It all depends on what constitutes dignity—or, rather, self-respect. On the other hand, in the free educational establishments conducted by the *religieux* the professors join in all the manly sports of their pupils.

1789 ET 1889. By Emile Olivier. (Garnier.) The ex-Prime Minister of Napoleon III. has interrupted his writing the "History of the Second Empire" to publish the present volume. There is nothing new in the book; the author merely presents us with his brief of the centenary. He has not attempted to follow the fashion of late—to embalm the French Revolution in a type-man. Some select Danton, some Robespierre, and even a few whisper Marat. As regards Louis XVI., history has pronounced on his good intentions, but fatal vacillations; he was ready to compound with the Tiers Etat, but the advent of a new power, limiting the royal attributes, appeared to Marie Antoinette monstrous and unnatural; hence her opposition and intrigues that brought royalty to the block. M. Olivier corrects the general opinion as to the general hurricane character of Mirabeau's oratory—his eloquence, even when passionate, was grave and imposing, never unmeasured nor wordy, and his voice was melodiously silvery. He was full of foresight, and had the gift to lead men. M. Olivier well describes the generals of the Republic, ignorant of orthography, beating the old commanders of the allies.

COCOANUT butter is now being made at Mannheim, and, according to the American consul there, the demand for it is steadily increasing. The method of manufacture was discovered by Dr. Schlunk, a practical chemist at Ludwigshafen. Liebig and Fresenius knew the value of cocoanut oil or fat, but did not succeed in producing it as a substitute for butter. The new butter is of a clear whitish colour, melts at from 26° to 28° C., and contains 0.0008 per cent. water, 0.0006 per cent. mineral stuffs, and 99.9932 per cent. fat. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals and other state institutions, but it is also rapidly finding its way into houses or homes where people are too poor to buy butter.—*Science*.

It is announced that Dr. Hobart A. Hare, demonstrator of therapeutics at the University of Philadelphia, has been awarded the prize offered by the Belgian Royal Academy of Medicine for the best essay upon epilepsy. The first prize was shared by Dr. Hare with Dr. Christian, of Charenton, England.

## EPIGRAMMATICS.

AFTER DEATH—IN AMERICA.

*Symposium, symposia.*  
Send the invitations out!  
Gather them from east and west,  
All the cultivated rout;  
Get them there and sit them down,  
A "professor" in the middle,  
He will tell them all about  
Browning—mystery, poet—riddle.  
Parse his lines—this one here lags;  
Here's another somewhat drags.

*Symposium, symposia.*  
"Thanks," Professor, now are due.

(We knew he was a poet too.)

HOW IT IS DONE.

The critic one day simply grew  
Disgusted, tired of all that came  
Into his office for review,  
And forthwith wrote a slashing article  
(Which pleased, but did not prove a particle)  
Upon modern books of every kind;  
Complained—it lingers in my mind,  
Poor critic—that he could not find  
Something fit or pleasant to read.  
Said he, "The best books must be written."  
Said I, "They are. For profit, indeed  
You must go to the past. Besides, to review  
One does not read, but gallops thro'."

The critic then with tears confessed  
He had read nothing of the best,  
For up till eighteen eighty-four  
He had kept a little general store.  
"How," said I, "can you expect to find  
Either bad or good in the modern puddle  
With your mind in such an inconsequent muddle.  
You need not read that you may review,  
But you must have read, 'tis very true."

THE FROG SPEAKS.

You cannot force things; make of me  
A nightingale—poised on yonder tree.  
My destiny—to croak, and croak,  
To listen, grind a grumpy joke,  
To censure, praise and criticize.  
Beside, I've time to sympathize.  
You wouldn't think it? She's too busy,  
And should she look down she'd grow dizzy.  
This is Compensation  
*Versus Education.*

## BOUND FOR THE LEPER ISLANDS.

ON board the ss. *Bothnia*, which Liverpool left recently for the other hemisphere, there was a lonely girl passenger. Her name when she went on board was Miss A. C. Fowler, but from the hour when she will step ashore on the leper island in the South Sea she will lose her name and become Sister Rose Gertrude, superior of the lepers' hospital at Kalawao. Her father, the Rev. F. Fowler, has not, as was stated by his Royal Highness, gone over to the Roman Catholic Church, but is a clergyman of the Church of England, well-known in Bath, where he has worked for many years as chaplain of the Infirmary.

A few days ago (writes our representative) I called on Miss Fowler at her home in the village of Combe Down some miles from Bath. We were joined by Mrs. Fowler, a tall, stately lady, and in a few minutes were deep in a conversation concerning Miss Fowler's heroic undertaking. She is a young, fresh, beautiful girl with large eyes of deepest blue, and a fair, rosy complexion. In every movement of her little figure activity and energy are expressed, notwithstanding the occasional dreaminess which comes like a thin veil over the bright face.

"What made you wish to go in for this particular branch of sick nursing, Miss Fowler?" I asked, and after a moment's pause the answer came: "I have had it in my mind for years, long before Father Damien's illness and death drew special attention to the Molokai lepers. Seven years ago, shortly after I became a Roman Catholic, I wished to go, but I was too young then. Now I have the necessary ballast and experience, and am able to decide for myself. When young, one doesn't know one's own mind, and my friends did not wish me to decide on what I might perhaps afterwards regret." Presently she continued: "It had always been my wish and my desire to do some of God's work on earth, into which I could throw my whole being, where there was scope for the fullest self-sacrifice, and where I could follow Him who said: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' But truly," she went on, with a bashful, puzzled look, "I do not think it is at all interesting to anybody besides my own friends to hear anything about me. I am a very unimportant person indeed, and if you publish anything about me I shall feel like the Pharisee standing in the market place, and that would be very far from what I wish to be. It seems like hypocrisy to make me appear in the light of one who makes a great sacrifice, for it is no sacrifice to me. It is only the fulfilment of a