

years ago, the exportations of France have dropped 1,248 million frs., and in those branches of industry which gave the largest share of work. The importations have proportionally declined. Yet the protectionists promised that, with the application of their cure, the foreigner would be barred out, his markets opened to French products, and prices in the home market augmented. The farmers now know to their cost the contrary; their wheat can only command a give-away price; foreign cereals, despite 70 fr. a ton duty, flood the market; France having closed her frontiers to the foreigner, he has doubly locked his entrance gates to French goods. The protectionists have the whip hand in the Chamber because they are elected by the agricultural vote. But manufacturers and traders have to blame themselves also not a little for the sad state of things; they will not produce cheaply; they will not seek the client, but wait for the client to drop in, like hungry larks from the sky. Workmen have injured employers by striking for wages that their output could not justify, being too much handicapped by foreign competition. The fabricant simply closed his workshop, and retired to live humbly on the remnants of his capital. An employer does not start in business to be a philanthropist. This "concatenation of circumstances" chokes off the famishing retailers.

The 630 plans—and the cry is still they come—competing for the "1,900 exhibition" prizes, will all be exhibited in the galleries on the Champ de Mars. Two journals promise to aid the judges by inviting a *plebiscite* on the lot. The name of an amateur architect is whispered who has sent in a series of most original drawings.

Marshal Bosquet explains in his memoirs that he lived a bachelor because he was too occupied with fighting, and never had the chance of meeting a lady to help him to wedlock.

The Association of "Interviewers," have had their first gala dinner; they commenced by the practical joke of inviting some of their most important victims. Zola, who like M. de Lesseps, is ready to be reviewed by any one, only desired that a journalist be at once a poet, a *romancier*, and a great writer. For that evening only, celebrities could sleep tranquil—the interviewers were not on the war path. M. Banès was much honored; his speciality is to interview persons whom he never interviews. Madame Severine was the only lady journalist present; her duty is to interview the sick in mind, body and estate; she gives one-third of her earnings to the poor. Sarcey, the critic, could only stop to take a plate of soup; on leaving he kissed his neighbor, Madame Severine, stating that "was his supper." The president proposed the toast, "To Truth," while observing that interviewers were not historical documents. M. de Vogüe was down to reply for the "Victims!"—but did not come; he still smarts from his wounds. "Gentlemen"—as the party was breaking up—"I come to interview your faces," said a photographer, then the magnesium light "searched" out all the guests for the camera group.

The diamond cut diamond telegrams sent from the Far East have created so much scepticism, that many people question if any war does exist between the Sinas and the Japs. In the Rue de

Rivoli, a grocer announced a rise of three sous in the price of his tea, due to the China war. Another grocer, not quite over the way, put up a board setting forth a fall of four sous in the price of Chinese tea, as a consequence of the invasion of the Japs of the Celestial Empire. In the same neighborhood is a real pig tail, who vends "only tea from the French Colonies"—France does not produce a leaf of tea in all her possessions. There is still room for "Salvation Army tea at two-pence half-penny per pound."

Z.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

A pendant to men's "noble longings for the strife," is found in women's tidying impulses. The berserker rage of male heroes was caught in the heat of the battle; that of female heroes is caught in the throes of cleaning. There is even a legend that a brave woman, in a fit of housewife's frenzy, once defeated a mouse. Wrapped neither in the armor of mail nor arms of male, clad merely in a wrapper and dust cap, but leaning on her trusty broom, she is said to have faced the wild beast; and, before she had time to realize the full extent of her danger, or to seek safety in flight, the atrocious animal ran away. Certain it is that women have attempted deeds almost as daring, inspired by their yearnings to keep things tidy. In this spirit Dame Partington essayed to repel the encroachments of the Atlantic Ocean upon her floors. In this spirit a woman known as Mother Goose, aspired to reach heaven with her broom, not to secure her own happiness, but to add to the neatness and cleanliness of the firmament. The lady with the soaring, if prosaic, ambition, was going "so high," she said,

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

It was not to save her country's flag, but her own carpets that Barbara Frietchie forbade the Southern soldiers to enter her home. Witnesses have appeared who have deposed that she defied the troops, not as an indignant patriot, but as an indignant housekeeper. Their boots were dirty; her floors were neat and clean, and she meant to keep them so.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head; But spare your country's flag!" she said, according to Whittier's imaginative poem. But truth demands that these lines be altered, said the *New York Sun*, somewhat thusly:—

"Muss, if you must, the old back shed; But mustn't muss the porch!" she said.

The Paris correspondent of an American paper, informs us that "a master of statistics," in estimating the population of the world at the close of the 20th century, gives Germany 115,000,000, China 550,000,000, and the United States 400,000,000. Now, "a master of statistics" may prove as far astray as anybody else in his estimates of the growth of population, unless he be also a master of geography and political science, and an observer of the motives that urge men to emigrate. It is, of course, possible that chemical inventions may enable the world to feed 2,600,000,000 human beings, and Germany and China to support the vast populations assigned them. It is equally possible, and equally improbable, that the United States will have 400,000,000 in-

habitants about a hundred years from now. But before they reach half that great total the less crowded soil of Canada will have begun to outweigh the supposed drawbacks of her climate in the mind of the average emigrant; and, unless her advantages are neutralized by a pernicious policy she will thenceforth attract a larger immigration, not only comparatively, but positively also, than the United States. In the year 2,000 her population will most likely be nearer a fifth than a tenth of that of the great republic. The estimates of 30 millions for Australia, 30 millions for Argentina and Chili combined, and 100 millions for Africa seem also improbably small.

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ERRORS OF AUTHORS.

The queer mental obliviousness which sometimes leads men to forget or ignore facts which are perfectly obvious to everybody but themselves, and at most times to themselves also, has often been noted in the case of professional authors. It was while laboring under a fit of aberration that Macaulay, when speaking of the manner in which great minds discredited themselves when stooping to tasks beneath them, said that it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith by "The Vicar of Wakefield," or Scott by "The Life of Napoleon." He wrote the lines with his own hand, himself re-read and revised them, then read and corrected the proofs, and after the review in which the article was published (the *Edinburgh*, of October, 1841) had appeared, it occurred to the author that he meant to have written "History of Greece" instead of "Vicar of Wakefield." Macaulay knew perfectly well what he wanted to write, but the familiarity of the expression made him oblivious to his real meaning, and, without intending to do so, he wrote "Vicar of Wakefield" from mere force of habit. Writers of fiction are peculiarly liable to errors when stating matters of fact. It not infrequently happens that one part of the narrative fails completely to tally with another. Several such errors, caused by sheer forgetfulness, are to be found in "Robinson Crusoe." When he wished to swim out to the wreck he feared that the distance would be too great if attempted with his clothes on, so he stripped and went out, and after his arrival, forgetting all about his nude condition, the author made him fill his pockets with biscuits from the ship stores. A little later in the same connection he made Robinson mourn for the loss of his clothes, swept away by the tide, forgetful that there were several trunks of sailors' clothing on board the ship to say nothing of the stores carried by the purser.

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing a couple of hundred years before the time of Gutenberg, and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Cæsar; he mentions a billiard-table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace, and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving seaports to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaking of Delphos as an island. All these were probably blunders of ignorance, for in matters like these the great dramatist