

tion can run than that the poor should be nursing in their minds an envious feeling against those who are more fortunate than themselves, and should regard the rich or well-to-do as enemies against whom they ought to proclaim war. Five million human beings in the limited area of a single city cannot fail to be a danger if discontent prevails. That feeling cannot but be entertained by a large proportion of the poorer classes, miserably tolling for an inadequate pittance in such a city as London, rife with startling contrasts of enormous wealth and abject poverty. Not only is London the largest, richest and most populous city in the world, but the gloomiest as well."

It is true that broad thoroughfares have been driven through the very heart of London, sweeping away many a sordid slum and ricketty rookery and familiarizing the denizens of these localities with the blessing of light, air, pure water and scientific drainage. But it surely will not be denied that still greater progress must be made before London can equal some of the other great cities of the world. The citizens of the great metropolis seem to be awakening to the necessity of improvements in the streets and alleys, as well as many of the buildings, if disease and crime are to be prevented in any considerable degree.

The Orient Steamship Company, of London, has lately added a new feature to their business. As is well known, their steamers ply between London, Naples and Australia. Now they have established monthly voyages to the various seaports of Southern Europe, touching at Gibraltar, Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Venice, Constantinople, Jaffa, Alexandria and intermediate ports. The round trip only costs \$350, and seems to be a very pleasant way of seeing some of the most famous localities of the world. The first of these trips started March 11th, and the tourists are now in Italy. It may be safely said that nothing has been seen in Rome equal to it since the days of Mark Twain and the *Quaker City* tourists of 1865.

Much has been said about the ministerial crisis in Italy, but it is all a mistake. It was only a ruse of Signor Francesco Crispi to get rid of some disagreeable member of his cabinet. Crispi is still president of the cabinet, minister of the interior, and minister of foreign affairs. Crispi's trusted friend Seismit-Doda is the minister of finance, and will work out Crispi's plans. The other five ministers remain as they were before.

Of course the crucial test in Italy is the department of finance. A nation cannot build costly ironclads, subsidize railroads, pay off the debts of the old Bourbon governments that are now comprised in the present kingdom of United Italy, and spend millions each year on the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, besides all the other expenses of an ambitious nation, without incurring vast expenses. Italy is highly taxed, it is true, but her

government securities are in good demand. The United States and England are the only nations whose bonds bring a higher price than those of Italy. J. H. WARD.

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A witty Frenchman once said, "Our fathers made history; we are content with writing and reading it." However much or little truth may be contained in the above quotation, one thing is certain—that one of the great, though quiet movements of the age is a careful inquiry concerning the records of the past. The histories of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Holland, Germany and Italy are being carefully re-written from the correspondence and journals of the leading actors of those times. For example, in the last few weeks there have been published in England the journals and correspondence of four of the leading characters who made their impress on society in the earlier part of this century. One of these is the "Correspondence and journals of Daniel O'Connell." By the information given in this work we can perceive not only the great movements of that time, but can also better understand the motives of Mr. Gladstone and the influences which are at work in the British Isles at the present day.

Another one of these works is that entitled "Wellington and his Times," compiled from the diary of the late Hon. John Wilson Croker. What a flood of light is thrown upon those great movements of which Wellington formed so conspicuous a part. Here we see in bold relief the actions of Canning, Lyndhurst, Peel, Guizot, Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Talleyrand, Fouché, etc. An anecdote concerning the fall of Bonaparte may not be out of place here. "The Duke of Wellington was then virtually commandant at Paris, and was anxious to obtain two things, the surrender of Napoleon and the possession of the fort of Vincennes. Fouché was evidently anxious that Bonaparte should escape. At length Wellington turned round and asked Fouché for the surrender of the fortress of Vincennes. Fouché claimed that he could not compel the commandant at the fortress to surrender, and asked the duke 'What do you wish me to do?' Wellington answered, 'It is not for me to say what you should do, but I will tell you what I will do. If the place is not surrendered by ten o'clock, I will take it by force at noon.'" The Duke of Wellington had no belief in historical accuracy, and he laughed at descriptions of battles which he declared had no manner of resemblance to actuality. The following item from Wellington's journal may be a trifle comforting to those who were raw recruits in the American army at the disaster of Manassas, but rather mortifying to those who boast of the cool charges with fixed bayonets which we so often read about in history. "A battle is like a ball; one remembers his own partner, but knows very little what other couples did, and if

he did remember, it would not be quite decorous to tell all he saw. One could not tell the whole truth without giving offense to some one. All troops run away, but that I don't mind. All I care about is that they should come back again. I always had a succession of lines for rallying fugitives."

Still another one of these remarkable works is that embodying the private correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield, published by his brother, Ralph Disraeli. It is curious to note that this most conservative of ministers made his debut in politics as an Ultra-Radical and rejoiced over the applause of the multitude. In one of his letters he says: "Feeling it was the crisis, I jumped upon the portico of the 'Red Lion' and gave it them for an hour and a quarter. I can give you no idea of the effect. I made them all mad. A great many absolutely cried. I never made so many friends in my life, and converted so many enemies. All the women are on my side and wear my colors—pink and white." Some of his literary thoughts in this private correspondence are worthy of remembrance by all Americans. He says: "All great works that have formed an epoch in the history of the human intellect have been an embodiment of the spirit of that age. An heroic age produced in the *Iliad* an heroic poem; the foundation of the Empire of the Caesars produced in the *Aeneid* a political poem, and the Reformation and its consequences produced 'Paradise Lost,' a religious poem."

Since the birth of the American republic a new principle has been at work in the world to which all that occurs on either hemisphere may be traced. This is the principle of emancipation, and emboules those thoughts and motives that make the present age different from all that has preceded it. It is easy to imagine the genius of feudalism and the genius of progress appearing before the Almighty Throne and pleading their respective and antagonistic causes. Here lies the opportunity for some future American poet to write the grandest epic of the ages.

The fourth and last published of these works is "The Life and Times of William Pitt," and should be read by every American youth. The boy-statesman was a wonder which the people could not understand. They were quite bewildered at the ideas of a youth of twenty-one years of age defeating with the weapons of intellect some of the foremost men of his time. Pitt's first great victory over the great historian Gibbon occurred about this time. Morally and intellectually it was like that of the youthful David over Goliath, and proved that a mere stripling, with truth on his side, was more than a match for the most learned infidel of that age. The documents showing how Pitt became Prime Minister of England at twenty-five and ruled England for nearly fifty years are surely worthy of perusal. But one of the penalties which we must