

his league with the King of France and had refused to persecute his Waldensian subjects. Henceforward they had peace. Since that day, though poor, they have prospered in a religious point of view, both in and out of their valleys. There is not an important city in Italy without a Waldensian or Italian Protestant church.

It is worthy of remark that King Humbert who now sits on the throne of United Italy is a literal descendant of Victor Amadeus II, Duke of Savoy, who refused to persecute the Waldenses. Little wonder is it then that a strong affection exists between the King and this people, and the course that King Humbert takes is binding this people still more closely to his dynasty. The King has just made them a present of five thousand liras, half as gift to the new Waldensian College, and the other half to be used in repairing and beautifying their principal church, which has withstood the ravages of war and time these many centuries.

Of all the celebrations that have lately taken place in Italy, this bi-centennial of the return of the Waldenses to their native land is by far the most important. It marks a great change in the religious sentiments of thousands. It also shows that the king at least is no longer afraid of papal influence, but courts the good-will of his Protestant subjects.

The unsettled condition of Bulgaria is well illustrated by an incident that took place during the recent journey of Prince Ferdinand. Near Plovdiv, not far from the Servia-Bulgarian frontier, the prince came near being kidnapped by a numerous band of Bulgarian revolutionists. A sharp skirmish took place between the Prince's escort and the attacking party, in which the escort, by its superior numbers, succeeded in repulsing the assailants. There were killed and wounded on both sides. The revolutionists have not by any means abandoned their schemes. A number of rich merchants, who have been repeatedly the victims of Bulgarian atrocities, have organized several bands of armed men, along the Servia-Bulgarian frontier, who are only waiting for their chance, and who it is feared will be bold enough to attempt a surprise on Sofia itself.

The situation of numerous Germans established in Switzerland, who cannot obtain the required certificates or permits to leave the Vaterland, is becoming more and more precarious. Temporary permits of residence are still being issued by the Swiss Government, but with the understanding that such renewal will be the last. Many Germans, to their great regret, will have to leave the country at the close of the present year. A movement is now in progress to erect a monument to William Tell, at Altorf.

The French Senate has found General Boulanger guilty of conspiracy and plotting against the public peace, and of attempting to upset the existing government.

What these technical offenses really amount to, and what dire punishment they may entail, no one professes to know. A few more charges will probably be registered against Boulanger, and for some time to come it will be unsafe for him to show his face on the territory of the French Republic, even disguised in blue spectacles, as he is said to have appeared on a memorable occasion. The ultimate fate of Boulanger depends still upon the popular decision at the forthcoming elections. Should the French people decide in Boulanger's favor, no combination of senators or high courts could keep him out of France. If, on the other hand, the French people decide—as they most likely will—that they need something more than a black horse and a white plume to make them happy, Boulanger can make up his mind to remain an exile and will be free to offer his sword to the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Samoa, or the Emperor of Morocco, or any other country or monarch in search of a highly-ornamented general.

One of the most popular songs of Italy is named "Il Cacciatore"—the wooer. This song is sung and played and whistled almost everywhere. Translations of this song with its delightful music can be found in many of the countries of Europe. On the title page of this song is the picture of a young man endeavoring to fascinate a pretty Italian girl, to whom he says, as the refrain of every verse

"Avanimo sto vico  
Domani te di dico,"

which means in English "Come with me and tomorrow I will explain why." The whole programme of General Boulanger is summed up in this little phrase. He urges Mademoiselle France to come with him and tomorrow she shall know why. She is to learn good government, self-respect, peace and prosperity if she will only take the arm of the gallant Boulanger and trust him to explain his motives and conduct at some future day. In a concert the song is rather a taking one, but as a political programme something more seems to be wanting.

J. H. WARD.

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#### COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA.

"Westward the march of empire takes its way" has been a term in common use for many years. We might trace its first starting away back to the eastern continent, to Ararat, where Noah's ark rested and where the descendants of that Patriarch began to spread abroad and re-people the earth. Of course, as they became numerous they stretched out upon new territory, and that territory lay in a westerly course until all the land was filled to the sea coast. The story is too lengthy to record here; but Christopher Columbus was inspired to pioneer the way to a new continent which was concealed from their knowledge—to a western hemisphere across the broad Atlan-

tic. To America the crowded population of the east flocked and planted the nucleus of the mightiest government upon the globe.

From Plymouth Rock and other points along the Atlantic shore the spirit of enterprise and adventure penetrated the forests and filled the land with happy homes and cities until the tidal wave of emigration at last found its western limit along the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The effects of all this has made everywhere its wonderful mark, even along the region which has been my recent line of observation. Among the most noted are the cities of Omaha and Council Bluffs. The transformation that has taken place here since 1846 is most astonishing. At Council Bluffs, a little previous to the date named, there had been a council held between, I think, some government officials and certain Indian tribes which gave to this point the name of Council Bluffs. A Catholic institution of some kind had been established here, and one or two of their block buildings were standing in '46. They had buried some of their dead in the northern part of the present city limits. While the city was excavating the ground, preparatory to the erection of a large building for educational purposes a few years ago, some coffins were exhumed, which were conveyed to the cemetery on the hill for final burial.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the history of the building up of this region; nevertheless the history is a remarkable one. In 1847 the present site of Council Bluffs was only a small village occupied by the people generally called "Mormons." Now its population, I am told, is forty or fifty thousand. Streets are dug through the hills and the elevations are rounded for the occupation of desirable and costly residences. The place is lit up by electric light, and electric motors traverse the streets. They have four large buildings in the interest of district schools, and churches in abundance, with a costly and imposing county court house. The government appropriated some two hundred thousand dollars, which have been used in the erection of a building to be used as a post-office and for the accommodation of courts convened for the transaction of United States business. To say this is a creditable building would be superfluous.

Many Utonians will remember Hyde Street, now Madison Street. This street has been extended eastward among the hills. Good sidewalks are constructed the whole length and the street itself is constructed by the use of cedar blocks. Through the center are laid iron rails, and electric motor cars run to and fro every few minutes. At their eastern terminus paths are constructed along the sides and down into the gullies in all directions, leading to miniature or artificial lakes that glisten down in the narrow defiles that divide the several lines of ridges or bluffs. Upon the highest point is constructed a band stand, from which music is