SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

Dr. Walsh's Utterances in Regard to the Education Question.

DUBLIN, Sept. 15.—Though little more than a week has passed since the new Archbishop of Dublin landed at Queenstown, he has already, upon the two questions which most passionately stir the national heart—home rule and public education—taken his stand as the chosen teacher and guide of the people and the asserter of their most sacred rights and the interpreter of their long-cherished aspirations.

Ere I take up Dr. Walsh's utterances on the education question, let me point out one great change which has taken place in the attitude of the Archbishop of Tuam and his clergy toward the Parliamentary party and the Land League. Until his return from Rome Archbishop MacEvilly had been credited with a bitter hostility toward both. He would allow none of his clergy to encourage the establishment in their parishes of a branch of the Land League, or to be present at the public meetings held in aid of the national movement. Hence, while the atrocious cruelty of landlordism was driving the populations of Connaught to despair and the acts of violence begotten of desperation, the clergy had lost all control of their starving, maddened flocks, no Land League organization was there to stand between the oppressors and the oppressed, and agrarian outrages were multiplied, so happened it wherever the Bishops were not in sympathy with the suffering people and in harmony with the men who sought constitutional redress.

Now Dr. MacEvilly has called his clergy and leading laymen together, and taken measures for extending the Land League organization through his diocese. The west of Ireland within a few weeks will thus be a unit for the national cause. The dissentients in the south—in Kerry and elsewhere—are also falling into line. The opposition or abstention of one or two prelates is tacitly withdrawn, or overlooked, and the people are joining heartily the ranks of the Nationalists. This is one result of the determination arrived at while the prelates were in Rome. One single episcopal voice is still occasionally heard in angry or fretful protest against this harmonious action of hierarchy, clergy, and people, that of a coadjutor Bishop only. He counts many Catholic landlords in his future diocese, and just at present they are getting up a handsome subscription for their patron with a presentation address.

But this will happen on the day following the presentation. The names of these Catholic landlords will be published, and after the name of each will be given a list of all the persons lately evicted by him, together with the date of eviction, etc. Thus will the world know what Bishop thus placed in the public pillory with such malefactors.

These are only the few shadows in the bright picture of national triumph and splendid unity of action which Ireland presents at this moment, and over which the return of Dr. Walsh has shed such light and warmth. It is more pleasant to turn from these to watch every display of public feeling which his appearance calls forth, the deep satisfaction, not to say exultation, caused by every utterance of his.

Two of these, since I wrote to you last, have attracted universal attention, both here and in England. The one at Castle Knock College chiefly engrossed the attention of the education, known here as the national schools; the other relates to the important matter of university education, and was delivered yesterday at Clonliffe, in answer to an address from the (French) University College at Blackrock.

Dr. Walsh has perceive the Dr. Walsh has not lost a moment in carrying out what I predicted would be his especial life work as Archbishop, the reform of the whole system of public education in Ireland.

The occasion at the Vincentian or Lazarist College of Castle Knock was the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of this establishment, which is regarded with pride as a national one. Cardinal Moran, Archbishop MacEvilly, and some six other Bishops graced the festival with their presence. Mr. Charles Russell, the leader of the English bar and an old pupil of the college, had come with hundreds of other alumni to attend the banquet.

The address presented to Dr. Walsh said, among other things: "We can now look forward to the solution of the great question of the day—the question on which the religious future of the country mainly depends. We mean the education question in all its branches, primary, intermediate, and university."

In answer the Archbishop says: "What we object to in the present Government system of primary, or, as they are so strangely called, national schools, is this: State aid is permitted to be attached to them from every such school which is not conducted on the principle of absolute separation of religious from secular instruction, a principle inflexibly carried out, so far as the authority of the Education Commissioners is effective."

Thus, among a people so intensely religious as the Irish are at home in Ireland, where they have suffered everything for their attachment to their baptismal faith, not only is all religious teaching banished from the school books in use, and from the prescribed school hours and matters of instruction, but no kind of religious emblem is allowed in or about any school under the National Board.

More than that, in the school histories authorized by the Board everything which moves the national feelings of Irishmen is pitilessly eliminated. But this is a secular matter.

The Archbishop insists on the wrong done to the national conscience by this persistent perception of what the nation holds as most dear—religion. And in so doing he upsets the very generally believed error that the national schools, in thus excluding all religious instruction either from the lips of the teachers or from the pages of the manuals in use, are only carrying out the principle underlying the Government systems of intermediate and university education.

The Intermediate and University Boards, on the contrary, in no wise inquire into or interfere with the religious instruction given in the schools and colleges from which pupils come up to them for examination. They only judge of the work done by the scholars and by the schools and colleges through them, and this work they reward according to its merits.

Thus the Christian Brothers' schools and the other Catholic schools not under the National Board bear their part in the work of Christian education, and their books are impregnated at every page with the spirit of the national faith and the national aspirations. That they are not behind either the national schools or the richly endowed Government schools in the quality of the secular instruction they impart is amply proved by the lion's share of prizes and honors yearly carried off by their pupils, in spite of the crying disadvantages under which they are made to compete.

This fact renders evident the folly and the injustice of the national system of primary education. In keeping it up the Government contradicts itself. The Intermediate Education Board and the Royal University Board have only regard to the work done—to its relative excellence as matter whence the scholar comes. The National Board, excluded from its aid and advantages every school, every master and mistress, that dares to breathe a word of religion or put up any of its emblems.

Now, what Dr. Walsh demands, what the Irish people claim through him, is this: That the National Board shall be guided by the same principles as the Intermediate and Royal University Boards; that regard will be had to the excellence of the secular primary instruction given; that the test applied by the examiners to the work of the pupils shall concern only the quality of that work, without any regard to the religious faith of the pupil or the amount of religious instruction given by the teacher.

The application to all primary schools of this principle, sanctioned alike by justice, common sense, and experience, would at once bring the Christian Brothers' schools, with their 36,000 boys, and the convent and parish schools, with their hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, within the operation of its needful reform.

And this must strike American readers as all the more desirable, when the simple justice thereby done to the children of 4,000,000 Irish Catholics will entail neither hardship nor the shadow of inequality on the children of any other denomination in Ireland.

The next point urged by Dr. Walsh in his discourse at Castle Knock regarded the practical results of the Intermediate Education law. A pretext, ever alleged by English statesmen and others adverse to the claims of Irish Catholics was that the Irish paper were unfit for higher education, or, if fit, that they did not care for its advantages. Dr. Walsh had exerted himself very strenuously to have the Intermediate act passed, certain as he felt himself that the Irish would soon disprove the calumnious allegations of their detractors.

The result surpassed his expectations. The superiority of the unendowed Catholic schools and the excellence of the intellectual stuff of which their scholars are made were demonstrated year after year with ever-growing success. Last year very stringent regulations were introduced by the Intermediate Board, apparently to prevent "cramming," at bottom (as some affirmed) to weaken the chances of the unendowed schools. But if, as Dr. Walsh says, these rules meant "to encourage sound scholarly work, the Catholic schools have come into a position of prominence clearly in advance of all that they had attained before."

The sense of justice toward Ireland in the matter of public education, at least, has been growing steadily, albeit slowly, during the last half century. One of the last measures of the last Parliament was to appoint "A Commission whose office it would be to redistribute the school endowments of this country. Unfortunately," Dr. Walsh continues, "the Commission was composed of three. We, the Catholic Bishops, had no difficulty in knowing what such a constitution should mean." The Irish prelates thereupon drew up a resolution to be communicated to the Government and the Parliamentary party, demanding that Catholic interests should be in future protected by a representation on all such Commissions proportionate to the numbers of Irish Catholics.

The Conservative Government gave fair promises, and no more. Against these hollow promises Dr. Walsh protests solemnly on this his first public opportunity of speaking on the matter. He only asks for justice and fair play, no more; but with no less, he declares, can the Irish people be satisfied.

All this manly, and yet temperate, frankness strangely stirs the national heart.

On university education he spoke yesterday with the same simplicity, the same moderation, the same firmness, in which one can read the conviction that the day of justice is at hand.

The University College of Blackrock and Dublin, lately established by the Fathers of the exiled French Congregation of the Holy Spirit, has placed itself in the foremost rank of the schools which compete for the honors and degrees of the Royal Irish University. A distinct, separate, and independent national Catholic university for Ireland is a thing not to be asked or hoped for just at present. That I believe (and Dr. Walsh's words would allow me to think he also believes) must be one of the first boons granted by an Irish Legislature. But just at present, also, the Catholic university schools as at present treated by the Government, and as compared with Trinity College, the Queen's Colleges, and the great endowed Protestant schools, are laboring under disadvantages that are simply enormous.

One of them is in every way indefensible, because easily removed, and it is this: Among all the Catholic colleges affiliated to the Royal University, one only, that of St. Ignatius, on St. Stephen's Green, under the Jesuits, has on its staff of professors a number of salaried Fellows. These are also examiners. The Rector, Father Delaney, is also a member of the University Senate.

Now, the grievance is that the very men who draw up and set the examination papers are also examiners, and, naturally, they prepare their pupils on the lines of what they know the examination will be. Blackrock College is wholly unrepresented both on the Senate and on the roll of Fellows and Examiners, and yet with this disadvantage it has obtained the foremost place of honor.

Last year Cardinal McCabe, supported by Dr. Walsh—both being Senators of the Royal University—proposed to have the President of Blackrock College elected Fellow of the Royal University, thus giving this college a voice in drawing up the examination papers. The proposition was defeated, and Cardinal McCabe and Dr. Walsh both resigned as Senators.

What, then, does the Archbishop of Dublin demand? Simply that all colleges affiliated to the Royal University should be represented on the Board of Examiners; that the enormous disproportion existing between Catholics and Protestants, both on the Senate roll and on the professional and examinational staffs, should be done away with; and that the enormous endowments bestowed on the Queen's Colleges in Cork and Galway, for work ill done or not done at all, should be distributed so as to be, with the entire educational fund, given in equitable proportions to colleges and schools which do the work and do it well—and only in proportion to the quantity and excellence of the work.

Great is truth, and it shall prevail. Greater still, if possible, is justice; and its reign must come sooner or later. God knows it is time it should come for Ireland and Irish Catholics.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

THE GREAT HERNWOOD ROOKERY.

A Three Days' Pitched Battle Between the Rooks and Herons.

From the St. James's Gazette.

At Hernwood exists one of the largest rookeries in the country. Hundreds of rooks annually nest there, and vast flocks, counting thousands, fly to and fro morning and evening. At times other than the breeding season the tall trees of the wood constitute one mighty roost. At the gray of the morning the birds go forth with a loud clamor and caw, and are dispersed over their feeding grounds before the sides have rolled from the valleys. They are abroad thus early in search of wireworms and larvæ. The freshly ploughed fields in spring attract them even before the light has come. Their return to roost is more regular than their dispersal. At evening—in nesting time, often after dark—the rooks in long lines fly above the valleys, cawing as they go. Each clanging file is led by some "many-wintered crow," which never deviates from a well-defined route. When the valleys converge and the flocks unite, aerial evolutions are indulged in which show the wonderful wing power of the rook. And especially is this so flying "down wind." When all are assembled the snapping of sticks and loud cawing become general. These gradually subside; although far into the night an occasional caw comes from the tree tops or a rading twig startles the stillness.

At Hernwood, too, is a heronry—an historic one—the once royal game birds having had possession time out of mind. But since the degeneration of the majestic fisher the number of herons has decreased. They have not that protection accorded them now that they had as royal quarry. But at Hernwood they did an asylum, and the thirty remaining nests produce annually about 120 birds. These from February till October haunt the heronry, betaking themselves for the winter to the mosses and marshes. Individuals poach the trout streams, while the stagnicty—aunt, consumptive, and sentinel-like—stand along the channels waiting for the flow. When the sun shines the herons droop their wings and the sand banks are lit with a bluish-gray haze. As the wind gets up the birds repose their long necks, depress the crests, and stand upon one leg. But the tides surely flow, and as surely resolve the Stacy-Marks-like groups into animation. The herons fly low over miles of channel. There are flukes and flatfish to be fought over with the lesser black-backed gulls; there is stealthy wading to be done and food to be sought that comes within range of that formidable pike. No aim so unerring as that of the heron, no poacher so successful. And thus, with crest erect and every sense acute, does our angler pursue his trade.

Two hundred herons live in Hernwood with thousands of rooks as their neighbors—in amity for the most part, with only occasional feuds. But this was not always so; for just over a century ago—in 1775—a memorable fight took place which lasted three days. Hundreds of rooks were killed, as were scores of herons. Individual skirmishing had occurred annually, but in 1775 the assault of the rookery was made in a party question until now. A crisis had come, and every bird stood to its color—slaty-blue or black. And this was how it came about: In a grove of fine old oaks the herons had lived and bred; their right, possession time out of mind. The oaks were felled in the spring of 1775. Great was their fall; for they were heavy and heavy, and at this time they contained the nests and eggs of scores of herons. The birds were disconsolate for a time, but soon sought to found a new settlement. The time of second nests was at hand. Near each old habitation only young firs grew, and these were not substantial enough to contain their bulky nests. At this the herons, determined to effect a standing, invaded the haunts of their neighbors. They met with an organized and stubborn resistance; for, although their sable neighbors greatly outnumbered them, they were so far successful as to found their colony.

But it is with the fight in which the herons came off successful that the interest of the Fernwood episode attaches. This, as before remarked, lasted three whole days, and upon each was carried far into the night. Naturalists traversed long distances to witness the novel spectacle, and one eminent among these averred that a battle on such a scale was unique in the history of bird life. Although the number of dead herons was be nothing to the number of rooks, yet the former suffered most severely. Vastly outnumbered, it was only by accident that a heron was stunned by the strong bills of its opponents, and was then picked to death. The rook that came within range of a heron's pike had its skull pierced, and death was instantaneous. And so at the beginning of the fourth day the fight began to lull from sheer exhaustion of the combatants. Dead and dying birds continued to fall from the trees for days; but the fight was at an end. Not only were the rooks driven away, but the herons captured the trees and successfully built their nests. During the rebuilding there were fitful outbursts, but these came to nothing. Incubation proceeded in due course, and that year two broods were reared by each pair and successfully carried off. In 1776 the fight was renewed on a much smaller scale; but the herons, retaining their trees, again came off victorious. Of the superior fighting power of the latter the rooks seem to have been at last convinced; they abandoned the grove seized upon by their neighbors. And now the herons, naturally peaceable, live in perfect harmony with their more noisy neighbors, and share the historic feud of the bird claims at Hernwood.

To-day the herons occupy the highest trees in the most elevated part of the wood. These are of three species—ash, elm, and beech. The nests are large, cumbersome structures, built of boughs, and lined with larch twigs; the pale-blue eggs rest in a slight depression. When the trees are swayed by the wind the eggs sometimes roll out, and we have frequently seen young herons which have been blown down stalking among the trees. It is not now at all unusual to see the nests of rooks and herons in the same tree. The birds never steal each other's sticks.

THE TRANSFER OF LAND TITLES.

Annual Meeting of the Land Transfer Reform Association.

The Land Transfer Reform Association held their annual meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night. The association was incorporated in 1883, and has about 150 members, chiefly lawyers. The object of the society is to reform and simplify the method and lessen the expense of transferring title to land. Through the efforts of the association President Cleveland, when Governor of New York, appointed five commissioners—Dwight H. Olmstead, Charles F. Southmayd, John H. Riker, Charles E. Strong, and Edward W. Coggeshall. Four of the commissioners reported to the last Legislature a plan known as the lot system, which they claimed would expedite and simplify the transfer of title to land, and accomplish the object of the society. A minority report was submitted by the fifth commissioner, Dwight H. Olmstead, advocating what is known as the block system, which he claims is the only practicable plan to carry out the objects of the society. Mr. Olmstead's plan has also the support of a very large majority of the society.

The last Legislature failed to act on either plan, and the subject will come up for action before the incoming Legislature. Those who have examined the subject are unanimous in the opinion that the present system of land transfers is unjust, expensive, vexatious, and complicated almost beyond endurance, and that the evils of it are increasing every day.

The officers of the society are: Dwight H. Olmstead, President; Herbert S. Turner, Vice-President; George Hill, Secretary; Henry M. Taylor, Treasurer, and a Board of twelve directors.

IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Uncle Sam's Welcome Influence Down There—Emancipation of the Girls.

BUENOS AYRES, July 16.—In the Argentine Republic the Executive Mansion is called "The Red House;" in Venezuela it is called "The Yellow House." Here the imitation of the United States is seen in nearly every political and mercantile institution. The Constitution of the Argentines is framed upon ours, with some differences, one of which is a single term of six years for the President.

Just now the people are in the heat of a Presidential campaign. There are three candidates: one is the brother-in-law of the President, representing the Liberal party; the second is the candidate of the province of Buenos Ayres, which casts about one-half the vote of the republic, and is constantly in a row with the other provinces; and the third is the candidate of the Church or Conservative party. The President's brother-in-law seems to have the inside track, although the supporters of the Buenos Ayros candidate do the most shouting. The powers of the President are precisely similar to those of President Cleveland, and he has five Cabinet Ministers to advise him, and to execute his will—Ministers of State, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Public Works and Instruction, and War and Marine. They have seats in Congress, participate in debate, and answer conundrums from the opposition, but cannot vote. Their salary is $9,000 per year, or $1,000 more than the American Cabinet officer receives.

There are two branches of the national Legislature, Senators and Representatives, elected as ours are, except the term of a Senator is nine years and that of a Representative is four years. The judicial system of the republic is also similar to that of the United States. The school system is under the direction of the Federal Government, education is compulsory, and all children between the ages of 8 and 14 are obliged to attend the public schools, or their parents pay a heavy penalty. Bachelors and other citizens without children are taxed to sustain education.

The social condition of the Argentine Republic is as much advanced as its commerce, and the old customs are rapidly dying out. The education of girls has become popular, and the young ladies are no longer restricted in their association with men, as in other Spanish-American countries. Formerly if a young man fell in love with a girl, he told her father or grandmother about it, which was about as satisfactory as kissing through a telephone. Under the new régime etiquette gives him the privilege of telling the old, old story into the girl's own ear, and it appears to work just as well for all concerned.

This is the only country in South America where girls can go out riding with their lovers, or receive them at home as they do in the United States. The supposition that it is unsafe to leave a woman alone with any man but her husband or father does not exist in the Argentine Republic, except among some of the families of the ancient Spanish aristocracy, which still adhere to the old tradition.

There is a good deal of club life in Buenos Ayres, there being as many as seven fine club houses, most of them built within 1850, with improvements, with reading rooms attached, in which are found newspapers from all parts of the world. You can find THE SUN on sale at three of the news stands. The New York illustrated weeklies and monthlies are also found, and the Argentines like to look at them, although understanding that is remarkable. They know the significance of the cartoons in *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly*, and are as well posted about political events in the United States as we are about those in England.

Their restaurants and cafés are as good as the average in New York and London, and the people being epicurean in their tastes, caterers import delicacies from all parts of the world. Lobsters and Spanish mackerel are brought in refrigerator ships from the United States, and Southdown mutton and salmon come from England, with all sorts of vegetables from Paris. The other day I saw a negro going through the streets with a large tray on his head, containing a leg of mutton, a haunch of venison, Spanish mackerel, lobsters, shrimps, and oysters, and a printed placard upon his back announcing that all of this sort were served daily at the Maison de Paris.

The hotels are not good. They are up to the average in South American cities, but do not correspond to the other evidences of advancement in Buenos Ayres. They have no regular rates, but charge much as Chicago hotels do. The manners and manners suggest that he can afford to pay. When they get hold of an American, as citizens of the United States are always called, they bleed him to the last drop. "I thought you Americans never disputed a hotel bill," a Bonifacio said to me the day, when I expressed my astonishment at his charges. "We always expect Englishmen to, but Americans never," and he shrugged his shoulders as if my conduct was a disgrace to my country.

Argentina is the only country in South America where the photographers are not permitted to sell photographs of celebrities. In Chili, Peru, Uruguay, and other countries you can find photographs of society belles on sale at all the news stands and picture stores, like those of actresses with us, and the measure of a girl's popularity is estimated by the number sold; but in Argentina no photographer dare sell a print of one of his clients go out of his hands.

The steamers which run from Buenos Ayres to Montevideo and up the river to Paraguay are, to the surprise of every traveller, as fine and gorgeous as those on Long Island Sound—great, splendid palaces with no end of gilt and gingerbread work, with stewards and cabin boys in livery, wine rooms, smoking rooms, bands of music, and all that sort of thing. There are two lines in active rivalry, and they are trying to see which can set the finest table. The bill of fare is as good as that of a first-class hotel in New York, and twenty kinds of wine are served without extra charge. On each steamer are three or four swell cabins called bridal chambers, each being fitted up without regard to expense, and containing all the flub-dubs that can be crowded into them, including pianos and sideboards, with a supply of wine. The cabins are on the rack, all included in the price of passage, which is double that of the ordinary cabin. The swells always take these cabins when they start off on a bridal tour.

The finest church in Buenos Ayres is called the "Church of the Recoleta (remembrance). It is of pure Roman architecture, in Italian marble, beautifully carved, and cost about $250,000. It is the property of Señor Don Carlos Guerrero, a wealthy citizen, who erected it as a memorial to his daughter, who was murdered by a crazed lover about ten years ago. She is buried under the altar, and the magnificent stained-glass windows, imported from Florence, represent incidents in her life.

The cathedral is a very large and costly building, but it looks more like a bank or Government palace than a church. Within the walls is the mausoleum of Gen. St. Martin, the George Washington of the Argentine Republic, who liberated the country from the Spanish yoke, and was then turned out to die in exile and poverty. In 1880 the remains of the Liberator were brought with great pomp from France, where he died in 1850, to this monument, and were entombed under a costly and imposing sepulchre, which, however, looks very little like a tomb, and is entirely without sacred emblems. Four statues in marble guard the grave—not Faith, Hope, and Charity, but "Agriculture," "Industry," "Justice," and "Liberty." It looks rather queer to see the emblem of Industry, with hammer and saw, over a tomb in a church, but the Argentines evidently have not noticed the incongruity.

Besides the twenty-four churches belonging to the Catholics, the Protestant community is pretty well supplied with religious advantages. There are a church of England society, a Scotch Presbyterian, an American Presbyterian, a German Evangelical, three Methodist churches, and a Jewish synagogue—the only one in all Spanish America. In some of the countries Jews are not allowed to live, but in Argentine, where religious as well as civil liberty is protected, they are numerous, and worship every Saturday in their own way.

There is a peculiar order of monks in Argentine, who are not found elsewhere, and are known as "Lazarists," from Lazarus, and live as he is said to have done on the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. They travel about the country like tramps, having no apparent aim or purpose, barefooted and bareheaded, eat what they beg from door to door, and sleep wherever night overtakes them. They are supposed to be members of the other orders of friars, who have sinned and are doing penance as Lazarists.

There are twenty-three daily newspapers in Buenos Ayres, two in the English language, one in French, one in German, one in Italian, and the rest in Spanish. The leading journal, *La Nacion*, the organ of the Government, has a circulation of 25,000 copies. The impression of opinion in the newspapers here reminds one of home, as the editors evidently are not sat upon by the Government in Argentine as in other of the South American republics. There is a peculiar law of libel, and editors charged with this offence are tried by what is called a jury of honor, a sort of arbitrating committee, who decide upon the justice of the publication and the truth of the facts stated. Sometimes they compel the publisher to apologize, but more often console the complainant with advice to grin and bear it.

There is a town called Washington and another called Lincoln in Argentine, but the newest thing in the way of towns is La Plata, the capital of the province of Buenos Ayres. Until within a few years that province, having more than half the population of the entire country, has considered itself horses-and-driver-and-spotted-dog-under-the-wagon as far as the Government was concerned, and the outlying provinces have had nothing to say about it, being regarded as insignificant dependencies of the city and state of Buenos Ayres. They tried to secede, but were whipped into the Union; but as immigration has come into the country the other provinces now outnumber Buenos Ayres, and she is doing the kicking, and in every Presidential campaign the contest comes on a geographical issue. Roca, the present President, was an outside man, and the Buenos Ayreans were going to prevent his inauguration or overthrow his Government, but to mollify them he announced a great scheme of building a new capital at Government expense. There wasn't time to lay out a town site and let it grow up in the ordinary way, so the President sent to the United States and had 500 houses manufactured to order and shipped down here all ready to put up, like a box of toys. A location was selected on the pampas, all the revolutionary leaders were let into the speculation, war was averted, and a brand new city sprang up on the prairie like a bed of mushrooms, almost in a single night. Two or three millions of dollars was spent by the Government, but the President considers that the cost of the town was much less than would have been the cost of the war that was averted; plenty of money was put into circulation, all the laboring men in the country got lucrative employment, and, as in the old-fashioned story books, everything came out happily at the end. These houses were made in Brooklyn and Chicago. A New York firm got the contract. There was so much haste and carelessness in their construction that they don't wear very well, and every roof leaks like a sieve.

CARMEN SYLVA.

The Beautiful Queen of Roumania—Her Trials, Duties, and Pleasures.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—The octogenarian Emperor of Germany stands for three hours in his carriage to pass his army in review and receive the enthusiastic cheers of an adoring soldiery; the Queen of England takes a three-mile's drive in the country and rises to gaze on the passing coffin of a defunct gamekeeper; the Queen of Italy is the idol of her people, their "Pearl," and owes her popularity to the graces of her person; the ex-Empress of the French periodically embraces her widowed sister of Great Britain; the Queen of the Belgians drives with her daughters; the Empress of Austria rides like a professional, and little else is known of these and other female sovereigns, yet among the women whom birth or accident has brought to the throne there are some whose names, though less often pronounced, still tell of a life fraught with picturesque, poetical interest.

"Carmen Sylva" is one of these, not alone because she is Queen of Roumania, but because she is a gifted, beautiful, intelligent princess, who has gone through a severe ordeal and not been found wanting. Read the "Pensées d'une Reine," written by her, and then say if sorrow has ever been more truly analyzed, if grief has not been probed to its uttermost depth before resignation was born. So much has never been expressed with so few words, and these pages are at once the evidence of the perfection of a soul and of the imperfection of destiny.

Elizabeth Pauline Ottilia, daughter of the Prince of Wied and of the Duchess of Nassau, sister of the Queen of Sweden, owed to her early training a variety of accomplishments and of learning which do not generally fall to the share of her sex. Her father, imbued with the philosophy of the eighteenth century, had been in his youth a great traveller, and had brought from abroad, notably from America, advanced notions and scientific information. The danger which threatened his younger brother affected the Princess beyond the apparent possibility of consolation, she was sent for change and distraction to her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helen, at St. Petersburg. In the brilliant salon of that remarkable woman, Elizabeth Pauline was introduced to listen to the most gifted talkers of the day. The austere education of Neuwied was perfected in those courtly surroundings, and the young girl learned how to become a queen. At that time she was a pupil of Anton Rubinstein, and to her later on he dedicated one of his finest compositions, the Sulamite.

The sudden death of her father plunged her into deep mourning for several years, during which she lived in absolute seclusion. It was then that her mother took her to Berlin, where Prince Charles of Roumania was introduced to her. A conformity of literary and artistic tastes soon caused the acquaintance to ripen into love, and the marriage was celebrated in 1869. "Carmen Sylva" brought to her adopted land the warmth of her womanly heart, the fire of her poetical imagination. She was almost immediately adored and respected by all classes. The whole country hailed with her the birth of a son, with her mourned over its loss. During four years the brave heart sank under the unexpected bereavement. A cruel illness prostrated the Princess; she lost her memory, her sight, and suffered torture which she bore with the most unalterable fortitude. At last her physicians sent her to Scheveningen, in Holland, and before five weeks were over Dr. Metzger, the masseur, had effected an almost miraculous cure, and she came back to Roumania in full restored strength, beauty, energy, and hope.

At that time the Russian-Turkish war broke out, and one of the finest pages in Carmen Sylva's life opened. Clad in the uniform of the Red Cross, in the ambulances the sovereign was merged in the Sister of Mercy. She stood her ground in the thick of the fighting, tending the sick, dressing their wounds, comforting the dying, turning from no duty however repulsive. The army in gratitude voted and subscribed for a memorial group in which their queen is represented in her ambulance dress tendering a drink of water to a wounded soldier.

Roumania with its life blood had bought the right to assert its independence and proclaim itself a monarchy. The coronation of Prince Charles and his consort took place in the palace of Bucharest. From all sides the peasantry in their striking national costume flocked in as homage, and the heroic wounded combatants of Plevna and Grinitza figured in the pageant in a place of honor. The royal crown placed on the head of the newly made King was by a patriotic inspiration made out of the steel of a cannon captured from the enemy.

This episode closes the most romantic chapter of the life of the Queen of Roumania. She was in a measure free to give herself up more than she had been able to do before in the troubled early days of her wedded life, to her taste for music, poetry, and the sister art of architecture. The King, on his side, had a passion for collection in no common degree, erected in the mountains the marvellous palace or castle of Sinaia. M. Storrer, under the constant supervision of his royal patrons, was the architect of this remarkable edifice, and in its details displayed some of the genius which Francis I. rewarded in the Italian sculptors and carvers who decorated Fontainebleau.

The plentiful wood carvings of Sinaia are imitated but not copied from those of the sixteenth century, so that they retain a perfectly original character, and relate to the place a unique individuality. In the private apartments of the Queen the general severity of the style is relieved with feminine taste and evidences of intelligent appreciation of the arts. Costly pictures are scattered amid gorgeous woven fabrics of Eastern manufacture and in the profusion of brilliant flowers, of which Carmen Sylva is so fond.

The music room, without any superfluous ornamentation, is an apartment admirably suited to its purpose, and could only have been conceived by a professional lover of music. It is entirely unencumbered by curtains, and the stale film on the chancel of a cathedral. The irritating noise of moving chairs and seats is thus spared to the performers, while the grave, serious aspect of the hall at once compels silence and reverent attention. The stained glass windows represent scenes taken from the poems of the national poet, Alexandri.

Sometimes at dusk the Queen resorts to this room, and, placing her white hands on the organ, plays or improvises for hours. She remains there alone or in the company of her friend, Premier Alexander Bibesco, an artist like herself, and no doubt the happiest moments of her life are spent there.

But over and above all the Queen of Roumania believes in the fundamental dogma that "kings are made for nations;" and however much at times her free and ardent imagination may rebel against the obligations of her rank, she never attempts to liberate herself from her lofty dictatorship or shirk any of its claims on her time and attention.

When the Queen has fulfilled her duties, and only then, she gives herself up to her favorite pursuits. A French translation of her poems is about to appear, and it is said that a drama written by her will shortly be represented. Among her best-known prose works are "The Witch," "The Prayer," and "A Life of Sorrow."

Tall and slender, she walks with that easy grace and perfect rhythm which is at once so rare and so admirable. Her dazzling teeth and luminous eyes are at first view the most striking features in her remarkable face; but when she has spoken, when a slight line furrows her lips, when a shade of thoughtful melancholy sweeps over her broad fair forehead, it is not difficult to see that the woman, the mother, has been cruelly tried, that she has suffered with the acute sensitiveness of a high-bred lady, and yet with the fortitude of a noble and generous nature; and that the lustrous eyes have more than once been dimmed by bitter tears, heroically hidden from the sight of those who see in Carmen Sylva only the beautiful, radiant Queen of Roumania.

M. DE S.

A Parsee Theatrical Troupe to Visit England.

From the Times of India.

The arrangements for the despatch of a Parsee theatrical troupe to England have been completed and Mr. C. S. Sidhwa has been appointed manager of the troupe, and has left for England to-day in order to arrange the necessary preliminaries. The company will comprise some twenty-five actors and several actresses, and the performances will be in Gujarati, but as adaptations as far as possible. The pieces selected for representation are those which illustrate modern native manners and customs, and selections will be made from the classic Indian dramas, which, however, it is thought may be too dull, from the spectators' point of view, to command approval in England. The company will open at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, about November, and the duration of their stay will largely depend upon the measure of support they receive.

STORIES ABOUT OLD-TIME ACTORS.

The Greatest Hamlet that Americans Ever Saw—The Oldest Living Actor and His Cat—Daddy Rice and His Song "Jim Crow."

"You see that big fellow just coming out of the stage entrance, don't you?" asked an old theatre-goer the other night.

"Yes."

"Well, he has been on the stage about forty years and has a wife and twelve children living in Philadelphia. I saw him play with William Macready just after the Astor place riots here. I don't think he has been off the stage a season since. He is near 60, and is as fat and happy and spry as a kitten. That stomach he wears is worth $50 a week in any piece."

The old actor, was enticed into a sequestered nook where there was a round table and a waiter, and where he lit a cigar. Then he talked about modern acting and theatrical management as compared with the acting in the days when every theatre had a stock company, and finally began to tell of the famous actors he had played with. He said:

"Speaking about Forrest, there was a finished actor for you. He was a man who could reveal all the hidden significance of a situation by a look or a gesture. He had the power to make even those who played with him forget that he was only an actor. But for the footlights I should have believed that I was taking part in a real tragedy, sometimes, when I was acting with him. He was not alone an actor. He was a finished gentleman. Ask him anything about art, literature, science, and he was at home. He was also a proficient swearer."

The old actor's broad sides quivered for a moment in a hearty laugh.

"I'll never forget," he resumed, "one night at the Walnut Street Theatre when Forrest played Hamlet and I played the gravedigger. It was the opening night, and everything was all ready at the afternoon rehearsal excepting the skull and bones. Letinger, our property man, couldn't find them, though he had ransacked the theatre all over. He asked Forrest what he should do.

"'Do!' thundered Forrest. 'By ———, find them or get others.'

"Poor Letinger understood that something must be done before evening. After another fruitless search, he hurried over to the Jefferson University Medical College, and up into the dissecting room. Jim, the janitor, was putting a lot of refuse flesh into the steaming pot.

"'Jim,' said Letinger, 'have you got a skull around here?'

"'Skull? Oh, yes. I've got one up there on the shelf, but it's a little green yet.'

"'Well, give it to me. It's for Forrest.'

"So the skull and bones were wrapped in a blanket and Letinger went back to the theatre and dumped them into the grave. It was by that time 7 o'clock. Letinger had lost his supper. I don't think he felt like eating much, any way. He left the theatre, saying that he was sick and wouldn't be there that night.

"It was lucky for him that he didn't know anything about it, you see, when I got into the grave and began picking. Right beside me sat Forrest, acting the greatest Hamlet that the American stage ever saw, and beyond the footlights was the largest audience ever packed into a theatre. Then the time came I picked up the skull. Hum! why, the teeth were still hanging to the jaws in some places, and there were a few straggling hairs sticking to the crown. I thought I should have to get down in the grave to hide my face as I said:

"'This mano skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.'

"'This?' said Forrest, as he took it.

"'E'en that,' I said rather faintly.

"'Did Forrest turn up his nose?'

"Not a bit. Not a muscle betrayed his feelings. I expected to hear him say 'Poor Yorick,' and then he would have broken down. I thought I never heard words better spoken on the stage than when he went on:

"'Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! There was a world of abhorrence in his tone. My gorge rises at it and so did mine. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

"'What's that, my lord?'

"'Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?'

"'E'en so.'

"'And smelt so? pah!'

"You ought to have heard Forrest say that. It wasn't acted; it was real. When he got behind the scenes he whipped out a handkerchief and—hum! If poor Letinger had been there I believe the theatre would have had another night's skull.

"While there was very little fooling about Forrest, he was yet an easy man to get along with. He would do anybody a good turn.

"No manager could refuse him anything. I remember one time when Forrest was playing here, and was at the Street theatre. It was just before the war, when he began to get gouty, and he wanted some one to travel with him to rehearse for him when he felt indisposed, and, in short, be a sort of sub. for him. One morning I saw Mrs. Garrisons in the theatre with a very sober face.

"'What's the matter, Mary, Mary?' I said.

"'Forrest wants Adams to go with him,' she said. 'Now, I can't spare Adams, and I can't refuse Forrest. What shall I do?'

"'Perhaps he will take McCullough?' I said.

"McCullough was then playing anything in the line of walking gentleman, and learned his lines easily enough. We didn't see that he had the making of a tragedian in him. Forrest took him, and did a great deal to make him a great actor, poor fellow, now dying in Bloomingdale Asylum.

"There was John R. Scott, a New York actor. If it hadn't been for his habits he would have knocked Forrest higher than a kite. He was some like the elder Booth in appearance. Uncle John, we used to call him. I never knew what became of him. William Rufus Blake was another old timer. He got so he could never be depended on. He weighed about 400 pounds, and was a fine comedy actor when he liked. He died in Boston. Then there was Charles Bass, who was a popular star at one time. But he always used to get staggering drunk about the time the performance closed. It was a great mystery, I remember, because nobody ever saw him drink and no liquor was allowed in the theatre. But one night, in one of the theatres here the mystery was solved. He had a bottle in his dressing room labelled 'cough syrup.' He was always gargling his throat with the syrup between the acts. The manager gargled his throat on the sly, one night, and found the syrup to be a rare old brand of whiskey. Bass lived to be quite an old man, though.

"Who are the oldest actors?" we asked.

"Well, there's Walter Lee, who used to be a versatile actor about fifty years ago. He resided in Cincinnati and then went to Texas and became some kind of a judge in California. He's alive yet, I hear. Tom Haddaway was a comedian of the old times, and he's a farmer now out on Long Island somewhere. But I guess the man who antedates them all is Ned Connor. He is over 90 years old, and lives in Paterson, N. J. Everybody knew him years and years ago. He was a theatre manager for a long time. He was a tall, pedantic cuss, and had one hobby of which he never was cured, and that was a fondness for addressing the audience. At the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he had a Maltese cat that was always getting under foot. One day I saw mad at the cat, grabbing her by the neck,