THE PRESENT BRITISH CRISIS.

ALL MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES DEPRESSED.

Trade Bad—Coal Iron, Textile Fabrics—Imports and Exports—Shipping Business Bad—No Profit for Manufacturers.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—It would seem as if, considering its great importance, such a subject as the present condition of English manufacturing industry and trade presents, and the consequent efforts made by all, from Parliament downward, to elucidate conclusive facts, the matter would have been completely threshed out by this time. Such is not, however, the case. If you listen to Mr. Robert Giffen, the Assistant Secretary of the Board of Trade, head of its commercial department and one of the most eminent men of this country, there has been no diminution in the rate of British industrial and commercial progress, and Mr. Giffen backs his opinion with incontrovertible statistics. If you personally interview traders and manufacturers, and travel through the country collecting the views of smaller but not less interested merchants and workers, you hear another story, supported by equally authentic testimony. The fact is that neither the optimists nor the pessimists are quite right, but only partly so; and if the trade and industry of Great Britain are still generally in the lead in their race against the world, some of their branches betray the effects of the desperate rate at which the pace is set.

Forty years ago England, carried away by Cobden, whose eloquent accents are only just dying off among not a few groans, too confidently expected the impossible from his doctrines. The great Manchester economist was a friend of the buyer; he wanted him to purchase cheaply; but the buyer could not live without the seller, and both have interests that are not identical. Cobden had calculated that other nations, after a moment of dignified anger, would finally imitate England. He had such a command of language that he succeeded in making the venders themselves share his expectations. However, these fresh converts were not long before proclaiming him a false prophet, since most of the other nations, and, more bitter still, most of the English colonies, persistently declined to make good his predictions. Cobden had committed another error, strange in a man generally very well informed, in relying too much upon what he conceived to be the vast superiority of his countrymen in matters commercial, financial, and industrial, forgetting that they had learned banking from the Lombards, and after having been coached in the most important handicrafts by Flemish and Walloon artisans in mediæval times, had been taught most of their more modern acquirements by French Huguenots and German colonists. This, of course, is said in no disparaging spirit, but merely to point out that Cobden was mistaken when believing that other countries would necessarily become the tributaries of England.

The English artisan is no doubt a good worker, but if he has points of superiority, he has also characteristics of another kind. He is generally strong, works very steadily and ably when he works; but he has a strong objection to being early or late at his task; he is overconservative in his ways; and, too frequently, deficient in technical education as well as in sobriety.

Now there is no doubt as to the depression of trade in this country, though there may be a maintenance, or even an increase, in the general volume of our trade. This very prosperity is one of the sources of the evil, as it causes overproduction, which is followed by a shrinkage in the value of the articles produced and by a diminution of profit in their sale. An expanding and more effective foreign competition, assisted by high tariffs in the respective countries, furnishes the second great element of the crisis. There is evidence that not only in neutral markets, but in home markets also, the greater attention paid, for instance, by the French, German, and Belgian manufacturers to the wants of their customers, either as to quality or price, has borne its fruits. Yet it cannot be denied that in the neutral markets the English iron trade still holds its own. But the coal trade is in a sickly condition. Some years ago there was an apprehension that the coal mines of England were running short. Science dispelled these fears, but not until an unprecedented impulse had been given to the extraction of the mineral, with the effect that the production of Germany having much increased just at the moment of this wild speculation, the supply suddenly grew much in excess of the demand, and has remained so ever since.

As to textile industries, there are two opinions; some of the best authorities in Manchester and Bradford are convinced that they are still able to compete with the production of other nations, while people of other parts look with dismay at the increasing competition of the Bombay mills, and to the progress made by French, German, and American manufacturers, under the protection of their tariffs.

As to shipping, England still retains her position of carrier of the world, and there has been no falling off there. Yet shipowners are not doing well. They are the primary cause of their present difficulties, having built tonnage far in excess of the requirements. The second cause of their trouble is the opening of the Suez Canal, which may eventually inflict a death blow on the entrepot trade of Great Britain. Continental consignees or merchants being now able to get at Asiatic and Australian produce much sooner than it reaches England, sugar and chemical produce are also suffering from overproduction and foreign competition, both in British and foreign markets.

When travelling about England, visiting her large towns, if one puts aside the agricultural desolation, one would find but few traces of industrial or commercial distress; yet it exists. The phenomenon is not past explanation. Though mills have been stopped and shipyards are in some parts somewhat less noisy, the production has hardly slackened at all. What has happened is that the profit of business is so much and so widely diminished. The production of commodities, and the accumulation of capital during these last years, have increased at such a rapid rate that the growth of population, though very steady, looks quite insignificant beside them. Thus if the mean of population within the United Kingdom, or area of all the dependencies, which was 28.2 millions during the quinquennial period of 1855-1859 had risen to 35.3 millions during the period of 1880-1884, had risen to 36.3 millions in 1885, the total exports of British and Irish produce had jumped from an annual average of £116,000,000 during the quinquennial period of 1855-1859 to an annual average of £234,000,000 during the period of 1880-1884. In the year 1854 the total of these exports was £97,000,000.

The increase in the quantity of raw cotton imported in 1880-1884 over 1855-1869 was 4.30 millions, or 39.1 per cent., but unfortunately the decrease in the value of this article has been considerable, amounting to 16.85 million pounds, or 27.6 per cent. in 1880-1884 compared with 1855-1869. The sources of supply of the raw cotton imported into England furnish us with figures that we must not overlook. During the quinquennial period of 1856-1860 America sent here 1633.7 million pounds; Brazil, 27.7; West India, 7.2; East India, 207.9; Egypt, Smyrna, &c., 57.0.

During the period of 1876-1880 America sent here 2281.5; Brazil, 43.7; West India, 15.9; East India, 407.4; Egypt, Smyrna, &c., 268.7.

This shows that though the United States are still far ahead of all their rivals in that branch of produce, their rivals have proportionally made a great advance.

When speaking of a fall in prices and of a decrease in value, this must not be lost sight of, that though they of course involve a reduction in the profits of those engaged in dealing in the articles affected, they do not necessarily injure the community at large.

Turning to the imports, we find that whereas the annual average of the imports during the quinquennial period of 1855-1859 was £169,000,000, it rose to £408,000,000 during the period of 1880-1884.

It is only the rich who can buy.

A very important and characteristic feature of the statistics of imports is that, whereas the import of raw materials, of articles partly manufactured, and of articles of food, has only about doubled since 1855-1859, the import of manufactured goods has been more than quintupled, being £55,000,000 for 1880-1884 against £10,000,000 for 1855-1859.

On the other hand, a noticeable particular in the exports is that while there is no doubt about the depression in the coal trade, yet the increase in the exportation of that article during the period of 1880-1884 over 1855-1869 has been over 103 per cent., while the increase in the values exported has only been of 87 per cent. This item shows how difficult it is to explain is what a commercial depression consists.

A fact which I may as well mention here is that the competitor from whom the English manufacturer, be he a member of the British Iron Trade Association or a silk or tweed manufacturer, suffers most—according to what he himself says—is the German, who challenges him now not only in foreign lands, but, what is more extraordinary, in colonial markets, and still more prodigious in Britain itself.

There are a great number of men able to express an opinion on the subject, both here and on the Continent, who think that the frequent strikes which occur in this country, which sometimes prevent foreign buyers from obtaining the English goods they order, have largely contributed to the development of industry in Germany, where they were not slow in making the most of the follies of their English rivals, assisted as they were by the cheapness of German labor and the sobriety and education of the people.

Speaking more especially of the last years, it results from a most interesting investigation made by the *Economist*, and from an index table published by it some months ago, that, in comparing the price of forty-four important commodities there has only been a rise in the case of six of them—namely, Jamaica rum, good English potatoes, St. Petersburg flax, St. Petersburg hemp, Canadian ashes, and English bar tin—while there has been a fall in the thirty-eight others. The increase, where it has occurred, has been small, and quite insignificant compared with the reduction where it has taken place.

Not a few, extending their inquiries outside of England, contend that the countries where gold is the exclusive standard are those where the greater number of commodities have more considerably fallen since 1873.

When interviewing British manufacturers and workers, the monotonous reply you receive is that the business they are interested in must be fairly described as depressed. Thus carpenters, joiners, and upholsterers will curse before you the use of machinery, the importation of ready-made interior doors and windows from Norway and Sweden, and of indifferent furniture from America, at prices far below what they could possibly make them for, and also the absence of compulsory apprenticeship. The stone masons will complain that cities were overbuilt in good times, that the employers are getting their work prepared in the quarry at a lower rate than town wages, and that the too common practice of using in building a stone cheaper and inferior to that specified, prevent their craft from prospering. The shipwrights of the Clyde will tell you that there are about 50 per cent. of them out of employment, and those of Bristol that their trade is gradually getting worse from year to year, owing, first, to steamships taking the place of sailing ships, secondly, to iron ship building superseding wood ship building, and, thirdly, to the restrictions placed on wooden ships by the Board of Trade.

The engine builders will almost unanimously swear that the progress of the depression in their business is still persistent and steady, and ascribe it to branch firms being started in Belgium and in France; to the importation of foreign machinery in the piece trade; to the mania for cheapness, which gives the preference to tenders made by Belgians; to the introduction of machines from Germany, such, for instance, as sewing machines, which are quite as good as the English and much cheaper. The coach builders will denounce the ingress, duty free, of a showy class of carriages, and likewise of a lot of cheap made-up stuff from New York. Cutlers at Nogent and Paris, while the silk weavers, metal beaters, and Sheffield cutlers will revolt against the introduction of French, Swiss, and German articles stamped and sold as home made. Lastly, the whole English trading community will remonstrate against goods being carried from Antwerp and the ports of France, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland to London, or from America to London via Liverpool, at a much cheaper rate than they can be carried from Manchester to London, or from Liverpool to London.

To say of those grievances that they are unfounded would be a mere display of impertinence aggravated by ignorance, since most of them have been brought to light by official inquiries; but while giving them full credit we must be allowed to add a few remarks.

The Englishman complains of foreign competition, yet does he not himself try, with all his might and force, to have his wares sold in the foreigners' own markets in preference to the foreigners' own work, and has he not been the first challenger?

Then again, if, for instance, the Manchester cotton spinners and the Birmingham gunmakers have lost so many of their customers abroad, in the East more particularly, they have themselves alone to thank for it. They have tried to deceive the foreigner, giving him at the same time rubbish and bad weight, and naturally the foreigner has not liked it.

What is also a consolation worse is that during the last ten years there has been a great reaction in favor of the protectionist policy in Europe, especially in Austria, Russia, Germany, and Spain, and in a lesser degree in France, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, the tariffs of which have all been revised with an intent not to be told a secret. There is a diffused tendency has appeared in the United States, but any petty reduction of duties which has taken place there has not been in proportion to the increase which has occurred elsewhere.

Free trade would be perfection itself if the condition of trade industry and trade of each country would allow of its general adoption; but as this condition does not exist, it has certainly its drawbacks, though not so many but that the balance of its advantages far excels them in a country so situated as England.

For after all, in spite of the just complaints and grievances reported above, there are unassailable positive and figure proofs which at least point to this important fact, that though there have been many individual losses, the nation at large is on a progressive path.

We must, however, at once remark that though a perfectly conclusive opinion cannot be arrived at regarding the state of each industry in this country, there is one of them, namely, agriculture, the distress of which is as patent as it is terrible.

But putting agriculture aside, how can we believe in any diminution in the aggregate of commodities produced by British capital and British labor, when we see that the average of tons of coal raised per head of population was, in 1880-1884, 4.43, against 3.29 in 1865-1869; that the average of raw wool imported per head of population in 1880-1884, was 6.1 pounds, against 4.0 pounds in 1865-1869; that similar figures could be set forth with regard to pig iron, to raw cotton; that the goods traffic conveyed by railway averaged 7.16 tons per head of population during the period of 1880-1884, against 6.18 during 1875-1879, and that the tonnage in the shipping trade exhibits similar progressive figures?

This, at all events, is certain, that those who are in receipt of fixed salaries or wages, or who draw their incomes from fixed investments, have apparently little to grumble about just now; while, on the other hand, a smaller proportion of the riches actually created in the country is falling to the share of the employers of labor than formerly.

While the wealth of the country is now distributed differently it has not diminished, and this truth is supported by the figures of the income tax. The number of incomes amounting to £200 a year and upward increased from 183,854 in 1874-1875 to 229,367, or nearly thirty per cent., in 1884-1885, the increase being the largest among the smallest incomes, namely, those of £200 to £1,000, while the incomes above £5,000 have actually diminished.

Yet there is no doubt that there has recently been a great falling off in the orders formerly given by British customers, which is explained by the present unremunerative character of the production. Sir James Caird estimates the loss in the purchasing power of only the classes engaged in or connected with agriculture at £42,800,000 during the year 1885, a loss which has been still greater in some previous years. Of the distress felt by the working classes, though many workers will still riot and strike, it has vastly improved during the last years. With his shorter hours of labor, his higher wages, and food as cheap as anywhere, the English workman is certainly better off than any other European artisan, and maybe, taken all in all, the best off in the whole world.

To sum up, this country is not so much passing through a commercial and industrial crisis as struggling with a commercial and industrial revolution, since, as shown above, the three principal features of its present economical troubles are:

1. The great changes it is undergoing in the distribution of its wealth, which would not seem to be produced in less quantity, but to be more equally divided, the consumer and laborer receiving more and the capitalist less of it than formerly.

2. The success of foreign workers and merchants who have now grown strong and confident enough to assail England in right earnest at all points, and even in her own markets.

3. The eclipse, at least for many years to come, if not forever, of Britain's greatest purchasing power—her agriculture.

And these certainly are features of a revolutionary character.

Weddings in Aristocratic London.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The weddings here in London are certainly totally different from like festivities in America, and a marriage in high life is a long ceremony. If there is any pretension to "swellness" there is a certain amount of music and two hymns are invariably sung. These are printed on gilt-edged white satin and placed in the pews, and not only the guests but the bridal party are all expected to take part in singing them. Some time before the ceremony is to take place the families and honored guests form in a line on either side of the aisle through which the bride is to pass, and the bridesmaids stand in the aisles in couples behind the bride until the marriage is finished, when immediately all the wedding party, including the guests of highest rank, repair to the vestry and witness the signing of the parish register by the newly wedded pair, and themselves sign also.

After a very smart wedding the other day I went into the vestry room, and, through the courtesy of the curate, I saw the recently signed registers. Albert Edward," "Victoria" and a host of other "swells" as witnesses. The curate, who had evidently a very keen sense of the ridiculous, called my attention to the age of the various brides as registered for years past. The oldest proved to be 27, the majority 19.

"I assure you," said the good-looking curate, "plenty of them are much over 40, but where is the woman, even on a solemn occasion, who will tell the truth about her own age?"

It is a pretty and usual custom to have a page and maid of honor, generally children, strew flowers before the bride upon her entrance and distribute marriage favors among the guests, which are orange blossoms tied up with a white satin ribbon. An immense number of weddings take place each year before 3 o'clock in the day at St. George's, since this is the latest hour fixed by the law as proper and legal and this is the parish church of Belgravia and, in fact, of the dwellers of the court end of aristocratic London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

IN HIS RURAL HOME AS AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Giving Balls to his Neighbors and Servants—Dancing with the Farmers' Wives and his Chambermaid—The Princess as the Partner of her Butler or Cook—The Prince's Birthday and Christmas Suppers—A Description of the Royal Country Residence—An American Bowling Alley—The Garden and Grounds—Cataracts, Artificial Lakes, and Deer Parks.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—Much as the Prince of Wales enjoys the artificial life of the court and the London season, he is never so thoroughly his true, jovial self as when he flings off the tall hat and formal tailorings of Cockneydom and dons the country rig for a good time in his country home.

Sandringham was well chosen for the future King of England. It is the typical country house in the typical English county. Norfolk is a sportsman's paradise, and its shores are lapped by the waves of the breezy North Sea. Sandringham lies out of the main railroad highways, so that it has fair privacy, yet it is easily reached from north and south. The mansion lies a few yards from the pretty road, and you pass through a splendid set of wrought-iron gates, the gift of the neighboring old city of Norwich, the county town of Norfolk. The site is elevated, but the house lies low, or rather flat, on the rich, velvety green sward, that is kept as smooth and bright as a new billiard table. It is not at all striking in appearance, but has a good old English style in its chaste simplicity. A new wing has recently been added. It might be mistaken for one of the chapels which some of the older mansions have attached to them, but this is somewhat otherwise, being the gorgeous ballroom, built according to the Prince's own taste. The tone of this noble hall is exceedingly rich, and yet, for a wonder, cheerful, as much so by day as by night. There were great doings when it was opened, and many a brilliant spectacle has it presented.

The Prince is the most hospitable country squire conceivable, and were it possible he would have a ball every night for everybody. There are three grand formalities in each season—the county ball, the farmers' ball, and the servants' ball. The former is the grandest and most exclusive affair in English country life; only "county people" are invited, and great are the heart burnings that follow the perusal of lists accepted or rejected. At Sandringham House this function is observed with strict etiquette, and yet the poorest country parson and the most impecunious of the now sorely impoverished gentry are not only invited, but receive a specially cordial welcome. The farmers' ball explains itself, and many a happy farmer's wife regales her town friends with recollections of her first dance with the Prince as partner.

The servants' ball is neither less brilliant nor less hearty than the others. Sometimes the staff at Marlborough House go down to Sandringham in a body, the French, Danish, and German damsels from London vying with the old-fashioned maidens and country lasses of Sandringham in the arts and graces. The Prince always leads off with the housekeeper or upper chambermaid, and the Princess with perhaps the butler or cook, and once the ponderous but awfully jolly" Duchess of Teck followed suit with the wee mite of a coachman who drives the Princess's chaise. There is no stuckupishness about these entertainments; the host and hostess are host and hostess in the grand old English way all the time, and make every one feel quite at home. But let any one presume by one hair's-breadth upon propriety, or forget his manners, the prompt and decided but graceful way of leaving a lasting mark on the unlucky boor. I may as well mention here the suppers given to the laborers on the estate on the Prince's birthday and at Christmas. These are rousing affairs—plenty of roasted beef, plum puddings, and ale, and though many of the men, as extreme Radicals, are politically opposed to royalty, they know no stint in their enthusiastic cheers for their landlord employer, as you would find could you hear them roaring the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The various rooms of Sandringham House are elegantly and lightly decorated, for the most part in creamy white and gold. These rooms run along the main side of the house, facing the garden. The famous portrait of Landseer, by himself, and a dozen other pictures of world-wide popularity, through their engravings, give you the feeling of being welcomed by old friends. The moment the dining room is in brown and gold; its gnarled and carved old oaken pilasters and the richly floriated ceiling are well set off by the gorgeous Turkey carpet. We step out of this into the billiard room, dark and solid, and from it into the American bowling alley, with its long polished floor, its benches and cushioned pews high over all for the ladies. On the wall opposite to the windows is a panoramic painting of the scenes in the bringing home to Sandringham of a Buddha from India, a gift to the Prince. And there, in the garden, right facing the window, sits the great, squat, brazen idol, looking the oldest, ugliest, and yet most adored by Bacchanals or Brahmins. He beams with contagious smiles as he sits there in such sublime content in his huge pagoda, fair, fat, and forty tons at least.

The bowling saloon leads into a large and well-stocked gunroom, which ends that wing of the house. The gardens are laid out in red, blue, white, Japanese, and other styles. The garden is charmingly laid out. Every here and there you get peeps into Edens of flowers and bowers, and now a limitless view across the miles of pines and bracken to the glassy sea a few miles ahead. The garden and grounds would need a book to duly name its charms. Everywhere are signs of new ideas, tracks diverted, openings made in wooly knolls, and new drives cut through the vast bracken tracts, so that as you drive about the park you have a constant succession of surprise views. Here and by you come all unexpectedly through trim ivy-clad Italian garden beds into the Wilderness, a lovely nook, bounded by trees that look thick as a forest—a spot wherein Nature appears to be head gardener, assisted, no doubt, by well-concealed art. The refreshing irregularity of the view here, the absence of scissors and milliner's primness, the luxuriant don't-carishness of the happy-go-lucky shrubs and trees and bosses of gorse delight the soul with the true grace of freedom denied to the cut-and-dried garden plots. And to complete the illusion there you see the elks, and the newly arrived reindeer, browsing placidly near the (artificial) rock-bound river lake, as wild in its mimic cataracts as if it had popped down out of a tropical sky. Away in the distance are the thousand red and fallow deer, and from the tops of those high trees come the screams of Lord Beaconsfield's peacocks, that once paraded the terraces of Huguenots. We pass the tennis court, the same as that in which the Charleses played the game in St. James's Park two hundred years ago. A little way off in a cosey nook is the Bachelors' cottage, in whose dozen the single guests of Sandringham House keep the sleep of the just, just when and how they choose. A good kitchen suggests that creature comforts are not impossible of procurement, even at unholy hours if need be. You soon lose your way in the tangled maze, invented in distant ages to assist true lovers in learning the art of lingering. Here are the palatial stables where seventy aristocratic horses enjoy existence when the family are at home. The farm is adjoining, where we cannot now linger. Our way lies far across the stretch of woodland, where the ruddy sand of the new broad drive strikes a harmonious contrast with the dark green foliage of the pines and firs, and the frowzy brown of the rabbit-haunted heath. Now we reach the dainty Swiss chalet, perched just over a lovely valley, where the Princess gives her picnics and cosey afternoon teas after the drive, and from whose glass-walled tower a mighty telescope sweeps from the sea the changing landscape scene to the shimmering sea.

ABOUT GARTERS.

The Spiral Ones Are Better than the Hygienic Harness Kind.

Annie Jenness Miller in Dress.

Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation, this spiral arrangement having no relation to the nerve and muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature, and must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spirals, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments recommended as "improved and hygienic."

We were seeking truth in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal to find just the right thing at last. One after another of these harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of these attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where it ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury.

Our advice to women is to have a good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern made, since the silver will wear for years and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg, is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive.

LEAVING GLENGARIFF.

How Religion Soothes the Miseries of the Poor People.

GLENGARIFF, Oct. 8.—I cannot leave my pleasant retreat on this mountain side without saying to the readers of THE SUN that of all the spots in which I have tarried during my laborious pilgrimage in Europe, no one has been superior to this for its restfulness and its salubrity. We came here on the 1st of last December. The winter months were mild and damp, but not cold. We had neither snow nor ice, and from the middle of February up to this date the weather here has been the most delightful ever experienced by me in any country. From the bottom of my heart I pray that a kind Providence may send to this lovely spot and its despairing population some wealthy and enterprising friends, who will revive agriculture, industry, and commerce, and make life worth living in this land, which nature destined to be a paradise, but which the worst form of Irish landlordism has reduced to a barren, depopulated wilderness.

I must not, however, tear myself away from Glengariff and its warm-hearted and brightly intelligent people without laying before American readers a picture in which all may behold at a glance by what methods the devoted Irish priests keep alive in the souls of their people that deep-seated and practical religious faith that survives the persecutions of centuries, and enables them to cling so tenaciously to their native soil in spite of the unspeakable hardships of their lot; for Irish patriotism has its root in the Irish heart, springing undying and vigorous from the twin germ of that same faith.

With the month of October the parishes all around us have begun what is called the holding of "stations." Now, Glengariff parish, with a single priest to minister to its scattered people, covers an area of twice the extent of Westchester county. This area, moreover, is wild and mountainous, one lofty ridge, the Caha Mountains, rising to a height of 2,000 feet, and separating Cork from Kerry. Formerly, before the depopulation which followed fast upon the great famine of 1846-47, there were numerous villages all along the valleys and hillsides in this district. But eviction, emigration, and starvation have sadly drained the land of its once sturdy peasantry, and "the crowbar brigade" have blotted out many a populous hamlet and left many a glen and mountain slope without a cabin or a human being. Still Father Mangan, the indefatigable priest of Glengariff, has some five or six thousand souls to minister to. The two rustic churches (or "chapels," as they here call Catholic religious edifices of the largest dimensions and the first rank) are twelve miles apart, the one, the poorer, in Glengariff village; the other, the principal, on the Kerry side of the Caha range. He has, on Sundays and festivals of obligation, to celebrate early mass in his chapel at Bonane, where he resides, and then to drive twelve miles, without breaking his fast, across the steep and storm-beaten mountain road which connects both chapels. Not before 1 is in the afternoon, or 2 o'clock more frequently, can he take any refection; and even then he may expect to be called away to attend some poor sufferer at a distance in the wild glens around. He is ever ready, in every weather, to respond to the call thus made upon him, even when exhausted nature most needs repose. At all times, in all weathers, the people who fill the chapel of Glengariff at service on all Sundays, that neither distance nor storm can keep away these pious country folk from the house of God. But there are numbers of the aged and the infirm who cannot possibly attend. It is for their benefit especially that the "stations" are intended to be held, nevertheless, when I consider the way this apostolic custom of holding stations is carried out in Ireland, and witness its fruits in every locality, I feel bound to say that no more touching institution ever existed among a Christian people, one more fitted to bear solid and lasting fruits of piety, or more well adapted to the wants of his people, and to bind firmly and indissolubly to each other the hearts of pastors and flocks.

The station is held on a week day, in a house indicated beforehand, in each locality containing some twenty or more families. Thus, Father Mangan tells me, the turn of each family comes round in the course of a year, only once in ten years. Yesterday morning, for instance, the good priest was up with the dawn and down at Glengariff beach, where a fisherman's boat was ready, with four or five stout hands, to take him across the bay. Arrived at the house—the cabin, rather—appointed, the whole neighborhood has already assembled, and the work of hearing confessions begins. Not till the last person is heard will the priest prepare to celebrate mass. They do their very best, these poverty-stricken folks, to have a table, or the best approach to a table, to serve for an altar. But repeated evictions make sad havoc with the household and scanty furniture of these mountaineers. The priest, however, only remembers how poor and naked was the wayside cave at Bethlehem in which the Saviour was born; and both he who offers the Eucharistic sacrifice beneath the peasant's roof of thatch and the people who crowd there to hear the mass, feel an increase of faith in and gratitude toward our Emmanuel, who is a God very near to us indeed. And then, during the long, dark centuries, from the Eighth Henry to the dawn of the present, was it not the supreme, the only religious consolation of their forefathers thus to meet and to listen to their priests, who could if anyone amongst them all the divinest comforts and promises?

Father Mangan returned in the afternoon to the beach where his boatmen were ready. Several women, with their infants, sat in the bow, on their way to the dispensary, where the law obliged them to have their babes vaccinated. There was quite a number of distinguished guests on the steps of the Eccles Hotel, as well as at the landing, who gazed at the good priest and his companions. The scene might have recalled the Master landing near some hamlet on the Lake of Galilee, after having spent the day in teaching, feeding, and healing the multitudes in the wilderness.

And then Father Mangan's brave fishermen pulled out into the bay to begin their night's work.

HARRISON DISMUKE.

RUSSIA TO AMERICAN EYES.

FRESH IMPRESSIONS OF THE LAND OF THE WHITE CZAR.

Barriers of Red Tape that are Meant to Keep Out Reform—Entrance as Difficult as to a Burglar-proof Safe—A Cheerless Land—Women's Work in the Fields.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 5.—Russian despotism and official cruelty is to-day all that it has been during the past century. The changes time has wrought have been only in the forms of application; the aims and ends are the same. Alexander III. continues to hold, as did Ivan the Terrible, that the people are the servants of the Czar, instead of the ruler being the servant of the people. The order of common sense and justice, as nowhere else on the face of the earth, is reversed.

Less is known of Russia, both inside and outside the empire, than of any other country yet discovered. But a great deal has been written about it and published in every language. In some countries the reading people think they know all about Russia, and have a very exalted opinion of it, while in others the effect of reading has led the people to despise not only Russia as a country, but the inhabitants and all who have to do with governing it. Most that I read of Russia in America and learned in England was apocryphal. Even the maps misled me, and those who had visited the country could render little assistance in telling me where to begin and where to end my journey.

When, a few weeks ago in New York, I determined to visit Russia, and called upon some acquaintances for information on the subject I was to investigate, I was told that my trip would certainly be one of great pleasure and supreme delight; that the stories concerning the despotism in Russia were false; that I need have no fear of dungeon horrors and Siberia, and that I should proceed with the same deliberation and uninterruption I would traverse any other portion of the Continent. At London my English friends looked aghast and declared that I took my life in my hands when I entered Russia, and remonstrated against it. The English know more of the country, the customs, and the alleged laws, I find, than the Americans; but being more excitable and prejudiced, they are less likely to do justice to the subject. The English have small and done so much against Russia that, as a general rule, they do not receive the few civilities and privileges granted strangers.

After a fortnight's sojourn in the region of the capital of the empire, I am constrained to believe that very little injustice could be done the government were one to write it all down as diabolical and bad, for I have been unable as yet to discover a single act or design intended to ameliorate the tyranny and burdens the people bear. I thought it quite exacting to have my passport vised by the Russian Minister at Washington, or the Consul at the point where I entered the country, before I could see Russian soil, when a passport, plain and simple, is required in no other country a man visits in all Europe; but when I learned that even the inhabitants of Russia must take out a passport every year and have it regularly vised by the local officer before they are exempt from contempt of the Emperor, I concluded that strangers were quite as well favored as the Czar's own subjects. The object in requiring natives to have passports is revenue, while a strangers is simply made to take an infliction; and even then he may expect to be called away to attend some poor sufferer at a distance in the wild glens around. He is ever ready, in every weather, to respond to the call thus made upon him, even when exhausted nature most needs repose. At all times, in all weathers, the people who fill the chapel of Glengariff at service on all Sundays, that neither distance nor storm can keep away these pious country folk from the house of God. But there are numbers of the aged and the infirm who cannot possibly attend. It is for their benefit especially that the "stations" are intended to be held, nevertheless, when I consider the way this apostolic custom of holding stations is carried out in Ireland, and witness its fruits in every locality, I feel bound to say that no more touching institution ever existed among a Christian people, one more fitted to bear solid and lasting fruits of piety, or more well adapted to the wants of his people, and to bind firmly and indissolubly to each other the hearts of pastors and flocks.

The station is held on a week day, in a house indicated beforehand, in each locality containing some twenty or more families. Thus, Father Mangan tells me, the turn of each family comes round in the course of a year, only once in ten years. Yesterday morning, for instance, the good priest was up with the dawn and down at Glengariff beach, where a fisherman's boat was ready, with four or five stout hands, to take him across the bay. Arrived at the house—the cabin, rather—appointed, the whole neighborhood has already assembled, and the work of hearing confessions begins. Not till the last person is heard will the priest prepare to celebrate mass. They do their very best, these poverty-stricken folks, to have a table, or the best approach to a table, to serve for an altar. But repeated evictions make sad havoc with the household and scanty furniture of these mountaineers. The priest, however, only remembers how poor and naked was the wayside cave at Bethlehem in which the Saviour was born; and both he who offers the Eucharistic sacrifice beneath the peasant's roof of thatch and the people who crowd there to hear the mass, feel an increase of faith in and gratitude toward our Emmanuel, who is a God very near to us indeed. And then, during the long, dark centuries, from the Eighth Henry to the dawn of the present, was it not the supreme, the only religious consolation of their forefathers thus to meet and to listen to their priests, who could if anyone amongst them all the divinest comforts and promises?

Father Mangan returned in the afternoon to the beach where his boatmen were ready. Several women, with their infants, sat in the bow, on their way to the dispensary, where the law obliged them to have their babes vaccinated. There was quite a number of distinguished guests on the steps of the Eccles Hotel, as well as at the landing, who gazed at the good priest and his companions. The scene might have recalled the Master landing near some hamlet on the Lake of Galilee, after having spent the day in teaching, feeding, and healing the multitudes in the wilderness.

And then Father Mangan's brave fishermen pulled out into the bay to begin their night's work.

HARRISON DISMUKE.

gates of Russia are wide to those who enter, but narrow to those who would go out," lingered in my mind.

The American traveller is quite as much impressed with the gaintness of the country and the remarkable character of the people when he arrives at Cracow or Warsaw (the latter the old capital of Poland), now subject to Russia, as he is with any other part of the country. The characteristics of the Poles, so far as the construction of a city goes, are as far at variance with the English or American as those of the Russians. Strange old buildings, covered with crazy characters and pictures, broad, roughly bouldered streets, filled with droskies, the prevalent vehicle, make one feel that anything is possible in this country.

The face of Russia is like Wisconsin, less the lakes and beautiful streams; northern Michigan, without the largest pine trees, and New Mexico, with the absence of warmth. The pineries are stunted, the fields covered with wheat—in harvest during August—and the villages are of small wooden buildings, covered with straw. Nowhere is there architecture, taste, or cleanliness displayed. The advancement of the country may be illustrated in the statement that though Russia is one of the greatest in wheat producing, the cereal is sown broadcast, harvested with the sickle, threshed with the flail, and three-fourths of the work is done by the women. The forests are infested with wolves and other wild animals; the fields, when not covered with wheat, are carpeted with Jean-Marie, with a yellow rattle, and a plume of blue leaves at the top. Mushrooms and all the fungi of a cold climate are seen, and one's bewilderment increases as the slow train goes further and further into the empire.

GROWING FLOWERS AS A BUSINESS.

And the Manufacture of Perfumes as Carried on in the South of France.

From the Journal of the Society of Arts.

For nearly a century the culture of flowers on a large scale and the manufacture of perfumes and essences have formed a special and lucrative industry in southern France. The principal district in which the manufacture is carried on is at Grasse in the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, but it is also conducted on a more or less extensive scale at Sommières, Nîmes, Hyone, and Sellians. The description of flowers principally grown and their season of harvest are the violet, jonquil, and mignonette, which are usually gathered in February, March, and April, although in mild, moist winters the violets commence as early as December; roses and orange blossoms, with thyme and rosemary, in May and June; jasmines and tuberoses in July and August; lavender and spikenard in September, and acacia in October and November. The flower harvest covers, therefore, about three-fourths of the year, but the season of greatest activity is May and June, when the roses and orange blossoms are gathered. Thyme, rosemary, and lavender are among the minor products grown principally by small farmers of the grape and olive, who have at home the simple apparatus for distilling the flowers; and they produce a more or less inferior class of essences, which are used to dilute and adulterate the superior essences produced at the large establishments in towns and villages.

Consul Mason of Marseilles, in a recent report upon flower farming in southern France, says that the condition of industrial success in flower growing can be best studied from a specific example, and he quotes the case of a plantation at Seillans, in the Department of the Var. This farm is about twenty-three acres in extent, and is situated in the southern slope of the hills, about 2,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and at a distance of twenty miles from the coast. The calcareous soil was originally naturally poor and thin, and the olive trees which had occupied the ground for a century or more prior to 1881 yielded but scanty and unsatisfactory returns. The slope of the surface was so steep that the waters of a spring which flows from the rocks above the track could be but imperfectly utilized for irrigation, and the land was regarded as practically worthless. In 1881 the proprietor caused the olive trees to be removed and the land prepared for flower culture. The ground was first dug up to a depth of four feet, the larger stones removed and built into sustaining walls for the terraces, into which the surface was divided, and levelled. Along the upper margin of each terrace a shallow ditch was cut, connecting with transverse channels, which supply the spring water for irrigation, the abruptness of the slope will be indicated by the fact that on the tract of eighteen acres the terrace walls required to produce a series of level or gently sloping surfaces are over 2,000 yards in length. Thus terraced, the tract yielded about seventeen acres of prepared ground for planting. In the autumn of 1881, 45,000 bulbs of tuberoses and 140,000 roots of the white jasmine were planted. The following spring the remainder of the ground was planted with roses, pelargoniums, tuberoses, and jonquils, and a laboratory erected for the manufacture of the perfumes. The position proved to have been well chosen, as the flowers grew vigorously and the first crop, in 1885, a fourth year after planting, this farm, which had previously yielded a rental of £23 a year, produced perfumes valued at £8,630, giving a net profit of £1,553. This is sufficient to illustrate how lucrative flower farming may become in favorable districts and under good management.

From observations made in Seillans, the neighborhood of Grasse, where perfume flower growing is the leading industry, Consul Mason says that the essential conditions appear to be an altitude of from 500 to 2,000 feet. Flowers grown on such elevated positions are said to be richer in perfume than similar varieties which bloom in the valleys and lowlands, a soil rich in calcareous elements; a situation sheltered from cold northern winds and not subject to the white frosts which in spring and autumn affect the damp lowlands. In countries like southern France, where the rainfall is always scanty, and often wanting entirely for months together, artificial steam is essential to the culture of flowers as well as of every other crop. It is said the perfume growers and distillers on the Mediterranean coast attribute their success not less to the peculiar climate of Provence than to their knowledge of every detail of the industry—a knowledge acquired by more than a century of experience, and transmitted from generation to generation.

One essential principle in perfume culture is that all fancy and improved varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kinds are exclusively grown. The cases on the market of Seillans are the common pink ones, and the single white violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety appearing to be either discarded or unknown. Jasmine plants are set in rows about ten inches apart, and are closely pruned and kept grown down on the lower terraces and are also cut low, and the ground between the plants heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered, the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, to preserve for the next season the entire vigor of the plant.

During the harvest