

failure. Saloons exist in large numbers in all these so-called prohibition States, and there is no revenue whatever from them.

In fact, there has been no form of legislation in recent years which has proved so successful in actual experiment as these high-license laws. They do accomplish the most important purposes of restricting the traffic, keeping it within bounds wherein it can be regulated and controlled, and reducing the evils which flow from it. It is the one form of legislation which the liquor interests most fear, and for excellent reasons. We ought to have such a law in this State, and if the present Legislature does its duty, the responsibility of preventing us from having it will be put squarely upon the Governor's shoulders.

#### FROM TRIPOLI TO ALEXANDRIA.

Rome, December 21, 1887.

COMING from the French possessions in Algeria and Tunis to Tripoli is a change from tolerably well-ordered countries to a narrow strip of fertile, poorly-cultivated land, with Turkish rule and garrisons, an unhealthy and, for a great part of the year, very hot climate. Mirages are common, and have often deceived mariners on the inhospitable and poorly charted and lighted coast. From the mountains and fertile plains of the northern part to the arid deserts and flat coast-land of Tripoli—the Sahara being but two miles inland from the city—is indeed an extreme change, and the older order of things obtains, with all the evils of Moslem misrule, wretchedness, and neglect. The few oases within travelling distance send their products to the weekly market, and these consist of barley, dates, rough cloths and carpets, cattle, horses, chillies, some fruits, grasses, and melons. It is stated that gold dust is brought in also. Formerly the slave-trade was prominent here, and caravans with slaves from the interior were the chief source of trade and activity.

The garrison, besides occupying the citadel, were encamped without the walls, on the right, in the public gardens, to the number of two thousand. There is some apprehension regarding the aims of Italy in this quarter, and these troops—at their present strength—have not been here long. Two well-armed men-of-war were also in the harbor, and the fortification mounts a few large Krupp guns besides the considerable number of ordinary cannon. The walls are much worn and decaying, but they are manned; sentinels are posted at all points, and visitors are not permitted to go near them. Two large schools were visited at 7 A.M., and were full of all classes of scholars—adults as well as boys—studying aloud. The morning hours are not neglected by any portion of the community; trade was brisk, and none were abed. The population consisted of the usual Jewish traders and merchants, very many negroes from the interior, a few Europeans—Maltese, Italians, and French—and the larger part Bedouins. The Turks number not over a sixth of the inhabitants. A large number of the Arabs are Tunisian, and appear to be rather a hard lot, freely reviling the foreigner upon sight. Since the French occupation of Tunis, these Arabs come into Tripoli, and are said to be a little troublesome. They pitch their tents near the city.

For pure sightseeing of Arabs—their mode of life, productions, trading capacities, and characteristics—Tripoli offers better facilities than any other northern African port. I saw great

heaps of their staples—grain, dates, and chillies—and vast numbers of camels, horses, and some cattle. Well-bred and blooded colts of four or five months were priced at from two to four English pounds, and they were exquisitely beautiful. Cloths and carpets of coarse make and fibre were strewn about for several hundred yards, and were mainly of wool. Barley and dates exceeded all other displays, and the space occupied by the market was certainly a half mile long by a quarter wide. The scene was unique; there were money-changers and story-tellers, musicians and armorers, the rich, fat Jew and the haughty, well-to-do Arab, with servants of both sexes, black as Erebus, a mingling of costumes and colors, flowing white burnouses, and head-gear of all the northern African races. Ears, necks, noses, arms, and ankles of the Arabs loaded with jewelry; hidden faces, tattooed skins, the lame and the sick—all were there, and rarely a European. The sun beat down, and there were no tents; the season was declining; October was at hand, and the thermometer (F.) was at 95°.

There is no American consular officer here. The bazaars offer nothing unusual, but they are large, roomy structures, and with few exceptions are occupied by the Jews. The principal stocks are cotton, silks, carpets, embroideries, and European fancy articles, smokers' materials, fezes, arms, perfumes, and so on. There is no good accommodation for travellers, and the tourist coming to Tripoli must rough it—must accept poor fare and many strange bed-fellows. The streets are merely lanes, foul and ill-smelling to the last degree, and there is no cleanliness. Sheep are killed at any convenient wall, and the meat sold on the spot; offal is left for dogs—too few for the purpose—and one meets everywhere heaps of garbage and refuse. Eye diseases and poorly nourished children are common. The best element of Tripoli seemed to me to be the nomadic Arabs. They at least appear clean, and, with their fine faces, tall figures, and haughty bearing, their quaint arms, their pure white flowing costume, incessantly going and coming, on camel or horse, they have a striking individuality.

There is no way of ascertaining the volume of trade accurately, and though it may not be as large as formerly in the days of slave-selling and the great caravans from the far interior, it is nevertheless considerable and mainly local. Of course there are no docks, and all loading and discharging of steamers is done by large boats and lighters. Labor is cheap as well as human life. With the extinction of piracy and slavery, and the decline of the power of the reigning chiefs—from this last cause more than anything else—Tripoli as well as Tunis soon took an inferior place and is now rarely heard of in a material sense. There does not appear to be much to attract foreign conquest, and if it is asserted that Algeria is a drain on the French treasury, it is inconceivable that Tripoli could ever support for any length of time a European force. It is an unhealthy country, and the few square miles of fertile coast land in the immediate vicinity of the capital offers the choicest part of the country. It is probably hotter than Egypt, with the desert a few miles away on three sides, and the relative humidity is extreme.

From Tripoli to Egypt is an agreeable change, but before reaching Alexandria there are days of scorching heat and blistering sun, steaming along the arid northern coast. The first impression one forms of Egypt at the present time is, that a struggle is going on between many forces, and that this fair country may not after all emerge from the condition of servitude and chaos she has been in for so many

years. Few people can successfully deny the benefit Egypt is deriving from the English control. For the first time in ages the "fellah" or producer in this land gets a receipt for his annual tax payments, and he seems to be correspondingly happy and industrious over it. Formerly taxes were wrung from him as long as his money and worldly goods held out—often with the lash—and as often as two and three times in the year. One sees great quantities of cotton on the wharves, and much evidence of a large trade in Alexandria, while from the ruins of the old city is rising a vast, and in many parts an elegant, metropolis. Alexandria promises to be again a great city, and in the building activity one is reminded of a growing Western city in our own country. It is now estimated that the population is 250,000, and plans for the entire building of several new sections of the city are in progress. The English garrison are rarely seen, though they have two large buildings in the heart of the city, and occupy a commanding fortification in the old citadel, near the railway station, besides an encampment a few miles out, near the remains of the Khedive's unfinished summer palace. Without going into the question, one becomes impressed with the fact of the solid benefits of English control. During a visit to Egypt in 1881, I formed some idea of the order of things and the management of affairs then, and, coming now again, there seems to be a change for the better, though I should hesitate to state why. Notwithstanding a feeling of insecurity, which is quite general, the workers in the country are probably gaining a better spirit, there is more production, more industry, and less fear of a summary and brutal official and military class in government.

There is now prevailing at Cairo a form of fever, of malarial type, sometimes with a continuous or typhoid tendency engrafted on it, in all probability due to the excessive height and overflow of the Nile, and the consequent stagnant pools of water, decaying vegetable matter, and the formation of specific miasms. The mortality is reported as very low. The disease is, however, very general, and will in all likelihood unfavorably influence the coming season for tourists, as strangers to the country seem to be especially prone to experience an attack. In some cases symptoms of joint involvement and deep-seated pains are noted, and hence unusual reports of dengue and "break-bone fever" are in circulation, but there is an absence of the chronicity and serious sequelæ usually attendant on dengue.

In the older and strictly native portions of Alexandria the old order of things still obtains, and one winds through miserably kept streets, wooden bazaars, by heaps of garbage and refuse, and other annoying nuisances made more potent by the heat. As usual in the East, the Jews seem to have the bulk of the trade, and the money to do it with, but there is a wonderfully mixed population to be found in all manner of trades and occupations, and the country undoubtedly now contains a great number of renegades and adventurers from Europe—men and women with no good behind them. In many sections there are blocks upon blocks of the poorest hovels and wooden structures serving as shops, cafés, workshops, and dwellings, and inhabited by a motley crowd of Egyptians, negroes, Armenians, Jews, and low Europeans. There did not appear to be many unemployed people, and I was assured that there was work to be had by everybody desiring it—coarse labor on the many new buildings in course of construction. One, however, sees here as elsewhere a considerable number of the frock-coated gentry (here wearing the fez),

always fairly well fed and dressed, idle, vicious, engaged in small peddling, or acting as quondam guides when subsistence becomes precarious. They accost one everywhere and are of all countries and languages. There are two large and influential clubs in Alexandria, several first-class hotels, an exchange, many elegant shops and stores, and at evening quite a display of pretentious equipages. Hotel rates are higher than in Europe, and first-class accommodation, without any extras, cannot be obtained under four dollars per day.

After October the climate of Egypt is not surpassed for mildness and equability anywhere, and many lives are prolonged for the winters spent here. In some respects the Messrs. Cook control much of the country's prosperity, and the number of people moved about by them is amazing. When one considers their paraphernalia, servants, and far-reaching influences generally, Egypt in winter without Cook would be "Hamlet" without the title-rôle. One only requires a long purse to do Egypt thoroughly and particularly; there is no trouble or annoyance about it. The natives are a long-suffering, patient, and generally honest lot, and thievery and rascality occur, if at all, in contact with the superior being from abroad. I have met with instances of rigid honesty and orthodoxy among the natives, both Mahometans and Copts, and going about among them is both safe and agreeable. Should some of the projected schemes for more general irrigation come to a successful conclusion, the area of arable and valuable land will be increased at least a million acres—by seven millions, as some assert. This land is all in the Nile delta, easy of access, and correspondingly valuable.

C. A. SIEGFRIED.

#### JOURNAL OF THE BROTHERS GONCOURT.

PARIS, December 28, 1887.

THE brothers Goncourt were as like in appearance and in feeling as twin brothers. One of them is now dead, but we still say "les Goncourt." The survivor leads a sort of double life. He looks unhappy, like a man who has lost his shadow. The Goncourts were in one sense a rare instance, for they were literary twins. We sometimes see two men write in collaboration—we have had the case of Erckmann-Chatrian; but we know the secret of these collaborations. One does not bring the same things as the other to the literary picnic. The Goncourts really seemed to have had one heart and one brain; there is no sign which can help you to say, Here I recognize one and here the other. This mental and intellectual identification is all the more remarkable because these two brothers were not merely given to receiving and translating sensations: they had theories, they made plans, they were full of ambition, of hopes; they meant to create a literary school; they considered themselves as the true precursors of the naturalistic school.

Still, their dualism was a weakness, and it probably accounts for the failure of many of their hopes and ambitions. 'Madame Bovary' will be read when 'Germinie Lacerteux,' 'Madame Gervaisais,' 'Renée Mauperin,' 'Mánette Salomon,' will be forgotten. I might say, without much injustice, that they are forgotten. Flaubert impressed his strong individuality on his work; the Goncourts had not the same creative force. They had a great sensibility, and received sensations as a mirror receives images. They were never able to give a dramatic form to their thoughts, to condense their observations in living types. They were witnesses rather than actors in the struggle of their own

time, and though they pretended to be naturalists and impressionists, there is a curious want of reality in all their work. They always produce on me the effect of men who are just out of a dream.

In many respects they were interesting young men when they began their Parisian existence. They were well born (and many passages in their 'Journal,' which has just been published in two volumes, show that they were not unconscious of this great advantage); they were not extravagantly rich, but they were rich for their time; they might have lived like hundreds and thousands of other young men, enjoyed the pleasures of the gayest capital in the world, mixed with fashionable society. They made early for themselves an ideal; they had an intense curiosity with regard to artistic and literary matters, and they chose to see only artists and writers. Their name belongs to the pleiad of the poets and novelists who came after the great Romantics. Théophile Gautier was a sort of connecting link; he was a Romantic, he had been at the famous first representation of "Hernani," he had no leaning towards the naturalistic school.

In the society of artists, the Goncourts became collectors. How often did I see them on the Quai Voltaire, entering the shops of the dealers in old engravings and old drawings. They were early seduced by the French school of the eighteenth century, a school which was thoroughly despised in the time of Horace Vernet and of Ingres. They had no system, or, if they had one, they did not like the dryness of the French academical school of the Restoration; they appreciated the merit of men who were almost forgotten—of Chardin, Watteau, Boucher, Latour the pastellist, Greuze; of the brothers Saint-Aubin; of the engravers Gravelot, Cochin, Eisen; of Moreau, of Fragonard. They found a number of original drawings of these men, and bought for a trifle what would now fetch enormous prices. Their fine book entitled 'L'Art au XVIIIe. Siècle' will keep a very honorable place among the art literature of our time.

Their familiarity with the painters and engravers who lived during the French Revolution gave them opportunities for studying the French society of that period and of the Directory. The pictures they drew of these extraordinary times are vivid and full of interest, as well as their studies on the actresses of the eighteenth century, on the Duchesse de Châteauroux and her sisters, on Mme. de Pompadour, on Mme. Du Barry, on Marie-Antoinette.

The 'Journal' begins on the very day of the *Coup d'État* of December 2, 1851. By a curious chance, on that date the first novel of the Goncourts was to appear:

"In the morning when we were lazily dreaming of edition after edition, entered with noise and slamming of the doors our cousin Blamont, a *ci-devant garde du corps*, who was now a pepper-and-salt conservative, asthmatic and always angry.

"It is done!" said he.

"What is done?"

"Well, the *Coup d'État*!"

"Oh!—and our novel, which is to be put on sale to-day."

"Your novel? A novel? France cares little now for novels."

They went out, and though they looked at all the placards which covered the walls, and which had the proclamations of the new Government, they could not help searching for the placard which was to announce to the world the appearance of two more literary men, "Edmond and Jules de Goncourt." The placard was not there; the publisher had got frightened and had thrown all the placards in the fire.

The 'Journal' shows us, so to speak, the gradual development of the Goncourts; it takes us into their society. Flaubert plays a very important part in it, as well as Gautier. Gautier looked like a sort of lazy lion; he wore long hair, and had something of the sphinx. This is the way he worked at his feuilleton:

"At eleven o'clock I take a chair, I put on the table the paper, the ink, the pens, the instruments of torture. It bores me to write—it always did, it is so useless. . . . When I am once there, I write quietly like a public writer. I don't go fast, but I never stop, for, you know, I never look for anything better. An article is a thing of impulse, it is like a child—it is, or it is not. I never think of what I am going to write. I take my pen and write. I am a man of letters and know my trade. . . . I throw my phrases in the air; like cats, I am sure that they will fall on their feet."

Gautier did not like Molière, and thought the "Misanthrope" badly written. He did not care for dramas of any sort: his was a subjective nature. "All my worth," he used to say, "arises from the fact that for me the visible world exists." He pretended that few people, when they had entered a room, could tell a moment afterwards what was the color of the paper. He preferred verse to prose, and when he wished to do something good, he always began it in verse.

Flaubert was more genial, less sceptical than Gautier. Like Gautier, he was what we call a stylist, only Gautier never changed the form he had chosen, while Flaubert changed it constantly. He had absurd theories upon the art of writing, like receipts for cooking; he gave so much importance to the words that sometimes the idea disappeared. He was very coarse in conversation, somewhat of a fanfaron of vice. He chose Carthage as the scene of one of his novels, as the most corrupt place which had existed on earth. Maxime Du Camp has told us for what reason Flaubert retired so often to Croissy, in his house on the Seine: he was subject to fits of epilepsy. Nobody could have believed it, seeing him so strong and apparently robust. In Paris he saw but few people, only a small number of friends: "he lived the life of a bear." This *ourserie* of the man of letters of the nineteenth century is curious, when you compare it with the worldly life of the writers of the eighteenth century, from Diderot to Marмонтel. The middle classes of the present hour only care for the man of letters when he is disposed to accept the part of a curious beast, a buffoon, or a cicerone of foreigners.

One day About is painted, and the picture is very exact:

"We meet About while we are walking in the woods of Bellevue. He talks, he unbosoms himself, he becomes expansive. It is the measure of intelligence of a very intelligent man of the world, with a remainder of the professor and a little of the quack. He speaks of his person, of his hair which is growing gray, of his mother, of his sister, of his family, of his Castle of Saverne, of his five servants, of the eighteen people he always has at his table, of his hunting, of his friend Sarcey [the theatrical critic], of his disillusion in reading over the 'Notre-Dame de Paris' last week, of the qualities of Ponson du Terrail [a popular novelist], and of the opinion he has of him with Mérimée. It is the successful *moi*, but not too heavy, not too insupportable, saved by clever monkey tricks, by little flatteries for the *littérateurs* present. But in his conversation there is not an atom which is not terrestrial, Parisian, and small-news-paper."

The Goncourts describe Sainte-Beuve as a small, round, rustic-looking man, with a large forehead, a bald head, great eyes starting from his head, an irregular nose, an ugly mouth with an amiable smile; looking like a provincial librarian living in the dust of books, under which some good Burgundy wine would lie concealed. Sainte-Beuve was engaged in writing