

it is not probable that it will do much towards relieving small holdings at the expense of great estates.

Some curious proofs of the way in which the Galician nobles abuse their power were afforded by the last land-tag elections. In some districts, where they knew the peasants were going to vote against the official candidates, they stationed troops before the voting booths to drive them away at the point of the sword, and prevent their voting at all. In others they allowed them to vote, but took care that their votes were burnt uncounted. In one village, when the peasants presented themselves at the parish room, although they were punctual to the minute, they found that the election had already been held, and with closed doors! In several places their chief men were quietly arrested while on their way to vote, and thrown into prison. Devices of all sorts were resorted to in fact to prevent these people from using the votes the Austrian government had given to them. The reichsrath elections last spring were conducted on much the same lines.

It seems almost incredible that men should submit, in this our day, to the sort of treatment that is dealt out to the Galician peasantry. But the ignorance of these people, it must be remembered, is surpassed only by their credulity and their superstition. They know no more than their sheep do of nineteenth-century ways or of nineteenth-century civilization. They are, too, by nature patient and long-suffering. English workmen would stand aghast could they hear them talk; for although they have been freemen now for nearly half a century they still talk as serfs, and what virtues and what vices they have are the virtues and vices of serfs. That their master should give them a flick with his whip as he passes is in their eyes the most natural thing in the world; nay, they will even turn and kiss the hand that strikes them. The majority of them are firmly convinced that there are on this earth two distinct orders of human beings, nobles and peasants; and that, for the time being, the very *raison d'être* of the latter is to serve the former. And serve him they must, therefore, whether they wish it or not, for such is the decree of the fates. All the good things of this life, too—beautiful houses, warm clothes, rich food—they look upon as the special property of the nobles; it is only upon the scraps and odds and ends that they advance any claims for themselves. Not that they approve of this arrangement; on the contrary, they regard it as being woefully unjust; for, although until quite recent days it has

rarely ever occurred to them to resist the tyranny or resent the insolence of their masters, they have never a doubt in their own minds but that these masters, who are Roman Catholics, are morally worse and less deserving than they themselves, who are many of them Anabaptists. It is by foul means, not by fair, they are sure, that their oppressors have obtained possession of the land, and with it of all that makes life worth living. Perhaps this is why, whenever they have risen up against them—as in 1846—they have smitten them hip and thigh, ruthlessly, with blind fury. It is an article of faith among them, indeed, that when the day of their deliverance comes—and prophets have now arisen who are preaching that it is near at hand—no quarter must be shown to the nobles, as they are in league with the devil.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Extracts from an article written for the Outlook by Mr. Ramon Reyes Sala, a native of Manila.

There are about 600 habitable islands in the Philippines. Of these the principal ones are Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Panay, Negros, Palarian, Paragan, Mindoro, Leyte, Cebu, Masbate and Bojol. The total area has been estimated to be nearly 150,000 square miles. From my own travel and observation, however, I should put it somewhat less than 100,000 miles. All of the islands are of volcanic origin and are crossed by ranges of mountains from two to eight thousand feet high. Earthquakes occur frequently and sometimes do much damage. For this reason the American sky-scraper will never be transplanted to Manila.

In the interior are magnificent forests, trees two or three hundred feet high. The glorious flora, of a luxuriance unequalled, I believe, anywhere, makes it a paradise for the naturalist. The gigantic orchids are justly celebrated. Strange to say, there is no large game, although bear-hunting furnishes rare sport. Boa-constrictors, ranging from ten to twenty-five feet in length, are all too plentiful. Bears are to be found in the mountains. However, for the benefit of young Americans who are anxious for excitement and big game, I will say that the bays and rivers swarm with the proas of pirates; while in the mountains and forests lurk bands of brigands—the natural result of Spanish misrule and oppression.

There are nearly 10,000,000 natives, and these are divided into about 180 tribes, each possessing its own peculiar dialect and customs. All of these are of Malay extraction except the Negritos—the descendants of the aborigines—

a dwarfish, ugly, feeble, stupid race of African descent. They are, fortunately, fast disappearing.

The Malays in the interior of the islands are yet in a state of semi-savagery.

The main population is the so-called Tagala. These are all Catholics, though in Sulu are yet many Mohammedans, governed by a sultan under the protection of the governor-general. The mestizos or half-caste Spaniards are the most intelligent. Many of these possess considerable wealth and are highly cultivated, often having had the advantage of a European education. Until lately this element did not affiliate with the insurgents, which, perhaps, was the real reason of the failure of all previous insurrections. This was due to the fact that so many of the rebels were the half-castes known as mestizo-Chinos—a mixture of native and Chinese blood—and for this class, ugly and vicious, though often shrewd and intelligent, the better element has nothing but contempt.

There are also many Chinese in the islands, who may properly be designated the Jews of the Orient. Many of these are very rich, though they have to pay very dearly for each privilege.

The natives are docile and easily led. Their hospitality is proverbial. They are also very artistic and musical. The climate, though extremely hot, is very healthful.

There are about 15,000 Spaniards in the colony, counting the military. At the head of each of the 18 provinces is a governor.

There is but one railroad in the islands. It is from Manila to Dagupin—a distance of 123 miles. It is a single track, and English engines are used. Their speed is about 45 miles an hour. This road has paid more than ten per cent. to the shareholders. The trend of the trade seems now to be towards the United States, though Germany, England, Spain and France contribute most of the imports. American manufacturers will be able to compete with the English and the Germans only when the cost of production and transportation shall have been so reduced that they can offer their goods at much lower prices. American products are preferred, but they come too high.

Under new and favorable conditions I see a great future in the colony for American commerce. Sugar, hemp, tobacco, fruits, coffee, rice and indigo are the principal exports—amounting at present, I should judge, to about \$40,000,000 a year. The imports are about \$30,000,000. Native labor is very cheap, and the soil is wonderfully productive.

The American colonist will find there both a garden of Eden and a gold mine.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT.

No character is quite so interesting to thoughtful Englishmen as that of the Americans; it is so like our own, yet so unlike, so complex and yet so simple, so intelligible and yet so full of unexpected turns. They are as difficult to depict as Englishmen seem to foreigners, and if we try to do it, it is with a full consciousness that after our best efforts many facets of the stone will still remain undescribed. But for two peculiarities which are universal and deep enough profoundly to modify character, we should say that the Americans, as a nation, more closely resembled the English in Ireland than any other people in the world. The long contest with enemies, with nature, has bred in them the inner hardness and incapacity of yielding to opposition which that peculiar caste derives from its long habit of keeping down superior numbers and exacting from them tribute. There is dourness somewhere in every American, a "hard pan," as they say themselves, to which if you get down there is no further progress to be made. You must crush it to powder or retreat, and nine times out of ten retreat is found to be the easier course. The American character rests, in fact, on a granite substratum, which has been the origin of their success, and will give them the mastery of the western hemisphere. It is not merely the English doggedness, though it doubtless had its root in it; it is a quality which enables its possessor to go on whatever happens, to charge, as it were, instead of merely standing to receive the assault. It is, in fact, if we are to be minute, doggedness made fiery by an infusion of hope, of a sanguineness which you would never expect from an American's face—that, owing to some climatic peculiarity, is usually careworn, especially in the east—but which colors his very blood. We never met an American in our lives who did not believe that he should "worry through" any trouble on hand, and reach at last the point desired, however distant it might seem to be. Like the Anglo-Irishman also, the American has a quick sense of the incongruous; he perceives the comicality alike of things and persons, and he has a habit of pointing that out with a reserved shrewdness which has always the effect of, and sometimes really is, mordant humor. (The humor of exaggeration, which all Englishmen attribute to all Americans, is, we fancy, accidental—that is, is attributable to humorists

with a Celt-Irish trace in them who have caught the popular ear). Like the Anglo-Irish, too, the American has a strong sense of personal dignity; he cannot bear to be belittled, and is, if anything, over-sensitive on the score of his individual claims to respect. His pride is not the glacial pride of the Englishman, who at heart holds the man who offends him to be a boor for doing it, and would as soon quarrel with a cabman as with him, but is a glowing pride, quick, perhaps over-quick, to resent insult and to imagine wrong. Add to these traits an almost infinite depth of inner kindness so long as there is no provocation and no resistance from inferiors, and you have the Anglo-Irish character on its strong sides, and that is also the American, about as efficient a character as the world presents to our view. He can fight or he can bargain, he can build or he can diplomatisé; and when doing any of these things, he generally contrives to come out at top, with perhaps just a glance around to see that the high place out of which he emerges with unmoved countenance has been noticed by the world around. We should add, for it is characteristic, though perhaps it is of little importance, that the manner of a well-bred American is usually, and allowing for individual idiosyncrasies, almost exactly, that of a well-bred Anglo-Irishman, courteous and kindly, with a touch of intended grace, and with a certain patience, as of one accustomed to other men's folly, which is not English at all. The Englishman's patience offends—that is the testimony of all mankind, to the Englishman's great perplexity—but the American's patience and that of the Anglo-Irishman leaves a sensation, not always fully justified, of friendliness. There are a hundred Lord Dufferins in America.

The American has, however, as we said, two peculiarities which differentiate him from all mankind. We should not call him a happy man exactly, but he is an incurably cheerful one. The weight of the dozen atmospheres which press down the Englishman is off the American's spirit. He does not expect to find anywhere persons superior to himself; he thinks he can make, instead of obeying, etiquettes; he sees no reason, unless, indeed, he is a candidate for his municipality or for congress, for professing to be anything but what he is. He is quite contented as to his past, and quite satisfied that the future will go his way. He lives mainly in the present, but as the past was good and the future will be better, the present will do very well for

the time being. If no one has affronted him he has no quarrel with anyone, but is disposed to look on all men with an appreciative smile, as being all equally creatures of Allah, poor creatures, some of them, no doubt, but still creatures. He takes life as it comes, in fact, with little concern whether anybody takes it differently, and with a complete admission, not only from the lips, but from the heart, that it takes a good many sorts of men to make up a world. The conviction of equality with all men has taken the social fidget out of him, and given him an inner sense of ease and tranquillity, never quite absent even when his external manner seems awkward or constrained. It follows that he is always ready to try anything, and that the English idea of living in a groove seems to him confined and small, a waste of the faculties that God has given. And it follows, also, that being inwardly content with himself, and having a whole continent to work in, he is seldom so thorough as the Englishman, is satisfied with knowing many things less completely than the Englishman knows one, and has for intellectual temptation, always provided that the task before him is not machinemaking, a certain shallowness. The kind of man who is least like an American is the kind of man about the British museum, who knows upon some one subject nearly all there is to know, and can tell you almost to a foot where all that remains to be known will ultimately be found. We doubt if the American is fuller of resource than the Englishman, who generally when Chat Moss has to be filled has his plan at last; but he is much quicker in bringing his wits to bear, and much less disposed to let any habitude of mind stand for a moment in his way. In fact, though the American, like every other of the sons of Eve, is clothed in habits, he wears them with singular lightness, and if his sense of propriety would permit, would on the smallest provocation cast them all away. There are only two exceptions to that with an American, his religion and the constitution of the United States. Those two are not habits at all in the Carlylean sense, but outer and inner skins.

There remains the strongest and strangest peculiarity of all, which already differentiates the American completely from the Englishman, and a hundred years hence will make of him an entirely separate being. The American is a nervous man in the sense in which doctors who study constitution use that word. He is not neurotic, no man less so, and is prob-