

a part on the staff of Household Words. Dickens sent him to Russia to write a series of articles for that magazine, and all went well till their republication in book-form. There was some disagreement about expense and Sala and Dickens parted company. It was at this time that Sala published his novel "The Baddington Peerage," dubbed by some wag-gish critic the "Paddington Beerage." It received only one favourable review, and that was from the pen of Geraldine Jewsbury, poor Janie Carlyle's friend.

Sala's connection with The Daily Telegraph dates from 1857. Once on the staff of this now famous journal his pecuniary difficulties ended, and his position in the world of journalism became assured. He married in 1859, and as he tells us, realized for the first time in his life true happiness. But we feel a want of delicacy in his making us so familiar with all the little private and strictly personal affairs of his home-life. In 1863 his paper sent him to the United States as Special Correspondent during the Civil War, and when his work there was finished he visited Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. Speaking of people he met while in Canada he mentions with enthusiasm Sir James Macdonald and Sir George Brown. From this time forward there were few world-stirring events and political crisis which were not described by him as an eye-witness. He was with Napoleon III. in Algiers; in Spain during an incipient rebellion; with Garibaldi in the Tyrol; in Germany, during the Franco-Prussian war; again in Spain; in Turkey; once more in the United States, and in Australia. Those who remember the description of the meeting of the War Correspondents in Kipling's "Light that Failed," will easily find a personality for the "Nilghai."

In view of the recent discussions concerning poets and the Laureateship, we quote the following interesting lines: "Thus as a humble professor of prose, but as one whom Providence has blessed with the faculty of admiration . . . I deliberately place Edwin Arnold, as a poet, next after Algernon Charles Swinburne; next to him Alfred Austin next Lewis Morris, and next William Morris." Our faith in the judgment of this "Fleet Street Solon," is a little shaken when we learn that he places Miss Braddon in the first rank of novelists. Sala was an enthusiastic collector, but his choice was an astonishingly frivolous one for a sober middle-aged man: fashion books, cookery books, and criminal literature. Everything graphic or plastic relating to Napoleon the Great and the Duke of Wellington were his delight.

Sala was eminently fitted for the position of newspaper correspondent, by reason of his cosmopolitan descent and ideas; and as the Illustrated London News said at the time of his death, last December, to read his leaders in the Daily Telegraph was a liberal education. His career as a journalist is well summed up in his own words: "The ups and downs of man and woman-kind that I have seen during the last forty years—Royal, Imperial crowns won and lost; picked up from the gutter or pilfered from the right owners; beggars set upon horseback to be afterwards tilted out of the saddle and rolled in the mud; . . . republics dismembered and reunited; petty principalities woven into many million peopled monarchies; Crowned Heads and Presidents defied and then assassinated; what political upheavals have I not witnessed, what social eruptions have I not watched? And all this while I have been tranquilly earning my bread by scribbling "copy" for a "newspaper."

### American Verse.\*

THESE are two little volumes of American verse, duodecimo in size, very nicely bound with a rubricated title page. Other volumes of the series are to follow at irregular intervals. We do not remember having seen any work by these authors before, but shall look out for it in the future as there are some very prettily written pieces in each of these books. The style is somewhat similar and the poems are all lyrical in character. The first volume is the more ambitious in its attempts, the second is more musical and easy-flowing. To take one or two pieces from the latter first, "Dethroned" strikes us as really very happy:

A King was he yesterday, ruling his realm  
By a nod or a beck of his hand,

\* "Dumb in June." By Richard Burton "A Doric Reed." By Zitella Cooke. Boston: Copeland & Day. Oaten Stop Series. Vols. I and II. Price 75c. each.

And never were subjects more loyal or proud  
Of a sovereign's behest and command.  
A King yesterday; but alas for the change  
Which may come in a night or a morn!  
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the Queen  
When the sweet baby sister was born.

Another one, entitled "A Rainy Day," is an instance of how the seemingly most uninspiring of subjects may afford the theme for some striking stanzas. It reminds us of the spirit of the opening words of Kingsley's "Ode to the North-East Wind." In a number of others the melody is very catchy and rippling, such as "Castles in Spain" (p. 70), "The Babbling Brook" (p. 61), or "Maying."

Oh let us go a-Maying;  
The warm south wind is blowing, and the wood is fresh and green,  
And whispering leaves are saying,  
We are losing all by staying,  
When sweet the grass is growing, and the cowslips in between.

At the end of the book are some odes addressed to Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others which we liked, particularly one to Wordsworth which admirably points out how he

"Made life's daily board a feast,  
O Poet-seer and Nature's great High Priest!"

It was stupid that in such a well-got-up book the dedication at the beginning should have been printed upside down.

In "Dumb in June" the poet attempts to sing "Life's woven lay in syllables of self." There are a number of finely put introspective passages which should commend them to thoughtful readers. For instance the following is very true:

If I had the time to find a place  
And sit me down full face to face  
With my better self, that cannot show  
In my daily life that rushes so:  
It might be then I would see my soul  
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,  
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—  
If I had the time!

Or again, to quote a stanza from the "Song of the Sea," as an interpretation of its voice, a poem which reminds us of Rudyard Kipling at times:

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,  
For it mirrors human life;  
It is grave and great as the judgment day,  
It is torn with the thought of strife;  
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife  
With love-lights everywhere,  
Where the sky has taken the deep to wife  
And their wedding day is fair—  
Such is the ocean's mystery,  
Such is the song of the sea.

### BRIEFER NOTICES.

*A Monk of Fife: A Romance of the Days of Jeanne d'Arc.* By Andrew Lang. (New York: Longmans. 1895.)—This romance is said to be "done into English from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon," and we have no means of knowing how far this is an exact description of its origin. However, it is a very good story just as it stands, whether we take it as illustrating the career of the wondrous Maid of Orleans, or as telling the story of the less striking characters. As regards the story of the Maid, there is not, we suppose, much to add to our former information. She is here still Jeanne d'Arc, from which we do not know whether Arc is supposed to be her home (and there was no such place as Arc, whatever Southey may have thought), as whether it is a name of nobility which certainly did not belong to the humble girl of Domremy. However, this is not of much importance. The story told here of her great achievements, of her doubts after the coronation of King Charles at Remis, of her subsequent failures, and of her martyrdom, if it may be so called, does not differ from that with which we are familiar. One chief interest of the present consists in its being told by a Scotchman, who is in the French army, and, on every ground, regards the English as enemies, so that we have the whole subject treated from a point of view different from that with which we are familiar. The minor incidents of the story are well managed. In spite of the hero being ultimately a Monk of Fife, he is, at the time of the story a soldier and a lover, and he is successful in war and in love; but we must not tell all the story, as it is quite worth reading.