

my, pensioning off the innumerable dependents, making gifts of horses from the enormous studs, which he would not consent to sell, to numerous staff officers. It is in the same spirit that the king has acted during these years of financial trial for Italy. A large portion of his income has been surrendered to meet the needs of the government, and the income offered to the prince of Naples was declined, the king paying his allowance out of his privy purse. This economical spirit is not shared by the queen, who, rumor says, has frequently received hints from the king to moderate a little, her lavish expenditure on dress, which he considers to be a bad example set in Rome. One Christmas, knowing her to be in difficulties, his present to her consisted of a package of receipted milliner's bills which he had paid and collected. It was not much more than a year after his accession on making his state entry into Naples that the king's life was attempted by a half mad cook named Passanate. He was seated in an open carriage with the queen and Prime Minister Carlioli, and if the latter had not seen the attack and flung himself forward, receiving a severe wound, the affair might have had a fatal termination. As it was the health of the queen suffered much, the shock causing a nervous melancholy which lasted for some months.

How much King Humbert is beloved in Rome is easily seen by anyone who watches the hearty greetings bestowed upon him by one and all as he drives through the streets in the high dog cart with plain dark liveries in striking contrast to the vivid scarlet ones of the queen's carriage.

He is almost always in plain clothes, his heavy moustache all but white now, and his massive irregular face marked by the same kindly frank expression that is seen in the portrait of his father. And well may the Roman people love him for many a day, he has been the first to their aid in peril. Last year when a house fell on some workmen, the king hastily dismissed the council he was holding, and rushing to the scene of action remained there for six hours until the last of the poor imprisoned men had been carried out. It was the same a few months later, when the terrific powder-magazine explosion wrought so much wreck in Rome, the king was one of the first to the field, carrying the wounded to his own carriage, giving clear directions in the scene of universal panic. There were many kindly jokes made this winter when a fire breaking out just as the king was dressing for one of the few balls which he can not manage to avoid, he rushed off to the scene of the disaster, thereby avoiding a ceremony which he detests.

The queen is devoted to music and seldom misses a good concert during the winter in Rome. But the king can hardly tell one note from another, and there is a tale told that when he wishes to stop the queen wearing glasses, which he particularly objects to, he has only to threaten a song, and she removes them at once.

In the matter of dyeing, or rather of not dyeing his hair, the king is also said to have got his own way, for when the queen after many hints and even requests had some bottles of Parisian hair dye, placed in the king's dressing room, and the only visible result was the apparition of her

own pet white French poodle converted into a glossy black one, she left off any further efforts in that direction.

The young prince of Naples, only child of the Royal couple is naturally the subject of much thought and interest to the nation, and the possibilities of his marriage are already much discussed. What a pity that difference of faith stands between him and the English Royal family. But though it would be such a brilliant match the daughters of the Prince of Wales now stands too near the throne for one of them to marry a Roman Catholic, while a future queen who was a Protestant would be an impossibility in Italy. The prince resembles his mother both in face and figure, having her long body and short legs. His headquarters are in Naples, where he works hard at his military profession, makes himself popular in society, and, altogether, is a good boy, in contradiction to his cousin, the Duc Aosta, at Florence, who sometimes plays the 'naughty boy,' getting into debt, bestowing his affections where he ought not to bestow them, and causing much worry to his uncle and guardian, Humbert. It is the young man who can boast of the unique distinction of having wished to marry his step-mother or perhaps more correctly, of having had his fiancée, Princess Letitia Bonaparte taken from him as his father's wife.

It is said since his father's death, he has made several efforts for a papal dispensation to marry his father's widow, but certainly so far without success.

Between these two cousins lie the future of the House of Savoy. Let us hope that they may maintain its old renown, and its proud motto, "Sempre Avanti, Savoia."

ALICE JONES.

Florence March '92.

### ANITA.

Your eyes are like blue stars,  
Still shall I say:  
Love is ephemeral,  
Burning as violet bars  
Over the bay,  
O'er the hill's emerald,  
Out of the day.

Your cheeks are like soft fire,  
Still, is it true:  
Burn they 'neath other eyes  
Into flames brighter,  
As this red hue  
Brimming the sunset skies  
Under the blue?

Your lips—need I ask you:  
Have others touched?  
Ah! no—  
Love of my life, to you  
Here will I swear,  
Eternal love—  
Thou and thy God above,  
Behold how fair.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to begin the publication, in their subscription department, of an edition, for subscribers, of the works of Fenimore Cooper. The set will be termed the Leather-Stocking Edition and only 1000 copies are to be printed. It will be completed in 32 volumes, octavo, handsomely printed from entirely new type and on selected paper. The volumes will contain original designs by a number of well known artists. The first group, comprising six volumes, will be ready for delivery in February.

### OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

It has been said and generally assented to, that poetry possesses three great themes—love, war and religion. From the exhortation at the commencement of the Iliad to the "Arma virumque cano" of the Æneid, right on to the triumphant pseudo-classicism of the Henriade, war has been the chosen theme of the epic. War in its broader sense as signifying conflict against men, against nature, against gods. Paradise Lost is such an epic as well as the tale of the Trojan War. Love has had its place in the epic but not the seat of honour. The love of the fair-cheeked slave girl Briseis prolonged the Trojan war, the love of Argive Helen produced it, but love is not the centre of the Iliad. The history of Dido is a love story which rings true to life amidst the monotonous tears of her "pious" deserter but Dido is not the heroine of the Æneid. The place of religion in the great epics of the world, pagan and christian, is undoubtedly of the last importance. It is said that one reason accounting for the innate difference in spirit between the Iliad and the Æneid is that the former is a production of sincerity and the latter of scepticism. That the one Aphrodite was a beautiful reality while the other Venus was an artist's dream. The inference to be drawn is obvious.

The drama implies action and in it there will be always the conflict implied in action. But while the epic is to a certain extent an objective account of what took place in reality or in imagination, the drama introduces an essentially subjective element—motive. Sometimes as is indeed the case in real life, the motive is love. The drama has been intimately connected with religion from the master-pieces of Æschylus and Sophocles to our own mystic plays and interludes. The human interest was, however, never quite eliminated and with Euripides the most sceptical of the great three, it was paramount; while the tendency in modern times has been so obvious that according to some self-constituted authorities the drama and the church are not only separate in interests but directly antagonistic to one another. And yet "Esther" is a drama as is also "Athalia." On the whole we may consider the subjective interest of the drama to be religious as exemplifying the constant struggle between the two sides of our nature, the good and the bad, shewing at the same time the essential differences between the two. Voltaire produced the Merope a drama without love but which of us does not prefer his "douce et tendre Zaire?" Yes, this also can claim its share in the drama as in the epic. If in the epic and the drama love and religion have been subordinate in a certain degree to objective description in the one case and objective analysis in the other, it is in lyrical poetry, necessarily subjective, that they claim the right of standing alone.

Lyrical poetry in the form of hymns is the embodiment of the purest emotion felt by the individual who recognises a personal deity. These lyrics, the product of awe and reverence must be judged, like all poetry, by their spontaneity. It is by reason of their very simplicity that some of these hymns are cherished amongst the noblest lyrics of any language. And by this standard and by this alone must the lyrics of love be judged. For in this perhaps more than in any other form of poetry, sincerity is the touch-stone of worth. The vague sentimentality which is couched in words vague as itself, will die away and with it the