



FIRST INNOCENT : I wonder why those yacht boys stared so?
 SECOND INNOCENT : Strange ! The same thought passed through my mind, too.
 YACHT BOYS : By jove ! those girls have an ANTIDOTE ; let us also take one.
 Which they do.

• • LITERARY • •

The *Fortnightly Magazine* for June, reproduced by the Leonard-Scott Company, of New York, takes its turn for notice in our columns a little late. It opens with "The Gladstonian Secret," an article which exposes an assumed plan of Mr Gladstone to promote Home Rule—simply to invite the Unionists to a conference just before the next elections. If they yielded, all would be well; if not they would be shown up as inciting Ulster to the armed resistance they predict as the consequence of passing Home Rule. After formulating the plan, the writer makes Mr. Gladstone say in a less oratorical voice, "Of course you understand that we have been talking of a line that might be taken—probably the best. There is none without difficulty. The most promising thing about this one is that it would throw all the logical calculations of Unionist speakers and writers into confusion." The trouble with the scheme is that it affords both parties no common ground for discussion—and is therefore impracticable.

The second article in the *Fortnightly* deals with the difficulty experienced in placing Sardou's "Thermidor" on the

French stage owing to the treatment of the characters of Robespierre and other actors in the Reign of Terror on which the play is founded. The audience would not endure any adverse comment on the conduct of the revolutionists. Although the play ends with "Vive la Republique," it would not be tolerated by the Parisians, and it was at length interdicted by the government. Coquelin finds his London audiences more tolerant and appreciative.

"Egypt, 1882-92," is the title of the third article, which is from the pen of Sir W. T. Marriott. It shows that in the last ten years, under British rule, the cotton yield of the country has doubled, that the exports have increased seven millions sterling, and that it is no longer necessary to use a whip to collect the taxes. The improvement is owing to extensive irrigation bringing more territory under the influence of the Nile overflow, and to a wise system of government. It is believed that in seven years more that Egypt will be able to take care of herself. The best proof of the improvement is the fact that Egyptian bonds are at par.

W. H. Mallock's article on "Poetry

and Lord Lytton," shows the writer to be a master of prose. He defines in the terms of their uses "Prose as the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, or with emotion which is slight or intermittent; poetry as the language they use under emotion which is exceptional and sustained. We do not agree with the writer's view of the popular idea of a poet's manners and appearance. "Set any artist to draw a typical poet," says he, "and we all know what we shall see—some long-haired object, with flashing or languid eyes, who in ordinary society would look like a sentimental scarecrow, whom some women might love, but whom most men would wish to kick." Think of Tennyson, Lytton himself, Byron, Moore, Scott, with such a description. As a foil to the pessimism of some of the verses given in the article, the writer quotes the following beautiful stanzas from the poem called "Her Portrait," in the volume reviewed, and known as "Marah :

I.

Her form has the mingled grace
 Of a child and a queen in one.
 There is pride in her pure young face,
 In her voice a far off tone,
 And her eyes have the gaze of a forest
 creature
 That has lived in the woods alone.

II.

I have faced the world in my day,
 And have fought and overthrown ;
 I have struggled and won my way,
 And no rival has beaten me down :
 Yet my courage fails and my whole form
 falters
 If she chances to chide or frown.

III.

She has read not the tedious tale
 Of the dead world's grief and glee,
 Nor been stirred by the shrill birth-wail
 Of the ages beginning to be :
 But she carries secure, at her simple girdle,
 The Infinite's golden key.

Mr. Mallock believes that Lytton's figure as a poet, which was overshadowed during his life by his figure as a politician and a diplomat, will have justice done it by the world now that he is gone, "and will accord as high and singular a place to his poetry as all who knew him and understood him accorded to this born poet."

The number closes with a charming little tale called "Elder Conklin," the scene of which is laid in Kansas, where