

punishment, forfeit his license. When a person who has been guilty of a criminal act has the penalty remitted on the ground that he was drunk when he committed the offence, he shall nevertheless be liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one year, or to a fine, in such wise that the punishment shall be, either in its length or its amount, equal to two-thirds of that which would have been inflicted had he committed the same offence when in the full possession of his senses. It may be remarked that the expression "drinks or other inebriating substances" (*bevande od altre sostanze inebrianti*) might possibly be made to cover a much wider field than "intoxicating liquors."—*British Medical Journal*.

THE PLATFORM.

In all our political literature the platform is the lowest and most contemptible document. No voter any longer values it for its sincerity, or pays any heed to it except as a curiosity of adroit expression or non-expression. Least of all do those who frame it voluntarily pay any heed to it when once adopted, well knowing that, under present arrangements, no personal responsibility for it can be fixed. A party is unlike a reformatory association—for temperance, or abolition, or woman's rights. With the latter, the platform or resolutions mean something, and are made effective by the unceasing propaganda directed by responsible boards, elected annually. A party, on the other hand, has no such organization or propaganda, and all its collective professions of faith are evoked by approaching elections, and tintured, not by the latest opinions of its constituency, but by the fears and hopes of "opportunistic" leaders. It has no permanent salaried corps of lecturers indoctrinating the electors from November to November. Its recommendations are not moral, but partisan. It is satisfied, not with a change of conscience, but with a specified vote. So disregarded is the platform that even candidates take their stand upon it without disguising their opposition to certain planks apparently as solid and fundamental as the rest. Yet this despised formula is the greatest obstacle to the free play of party organization on living issues. It is forever being modified and expanded, not in the development of the original principles of the party, but in order to maintain the organization, even after its work is done. In other words, the platform is the main reliance of the Machine, which neither knows nor will foresee a time when the party shall naturally dissolve, to be reconstituted on other lines, in combination with once hostile elements.—*New Princeton Review*.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

MR. ROBERT J. BROWNE, of Coolarne, Glenageary, Kingstown, county Dublin, sends to the *Times* the following extract from a letter from Henry Browne, fifth son of John Browne, M.P. for Castlebar, who subsequently became Earl of Altamonte:—"Louisbourg, Nov. 17, 1759. . . . I write you a letter the 19th of Sept., and another to my Bro. Peter the 1st of Oct., both which letters I hope have arrived safe. I gave you, Dr. Father, as distinct an account in your's as I could of our action of the 13th Sept., and of the taking of the town of Quebec. I must add a little to it by informing you that I was the person who carry'd Genl. Wolf off the field, and that he was wounded as he stood within a foot of me. I thank God I escaped, tho' we had (out of our compy., which consisted but of 62 men at the beginning of the engagement) an officer and four men killed and 25 wounded. The Genl. did our compy. the honour to head us in person, as he said he knew he could depend upon our behaviour, and I think we fully answered his expectations, as did indeed the whole front line, consisting at most but of 2,500, by beating, according to their own account, 8,000 men, 2,500 of which were regulars. Our second line, consisting of 1,500 men, did not engage or fire a shot. The poor Genl. after I had his wounds dressed died in my arms. Before he died he thanked me for my care of him, and asked me whether we had totally defeated the enemy. Upon my assuring him we had killed numbers, taken a number of officers and men prisoners, he thanked God and begged I would then let him die in peace. He expired in a minute afterwards, without the least struggle or groan. You can't imagine, Dr. Father, the sorrow of every individual in the Army for so great a loss. Even the soldiers dropt tears who were but the minute before driving their bayonets through the French. I can't compare it to anything better than to a family in tears and sorrow which had just lost their father, their friend, and their whole dependence. . . . —Your truly most dutiful and affec. son, HEN. BROWNE.—John Browne, Esq., att Westport, near Castlebar, Ireland."

ARE GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE UNINTERESTING?

As a general thing, original people, people with wills and opinions—in other words, interesting people—are not, I am inclined to believe, of a very easy-going temper. The man who has a mind of his own usually wishes to have his own way, and is therefore not likely to be regarded as in any conspicuous degree pleasant. When it is said of a clergyman, "Oh, he is a very good man," all church-going persons at once get an idea of very dry sermons. (For the conveying of such a compliment as this all the vowels and consonants together are not equal to one left-handed inflection.) The most interesting character in Milton's *Paradise Lost* is unquestionably the arch-fiend himself; and in the modern newspaper—epic poems being long out of date—no class of persons, unless it be political candidates, cut a greater figure than the criminals. There is no doubt of it, good nature and even a good character—which things, I comfort myself with hoping, are not exactly the same—do tend to grow somewhat monotonous and tiresome. Human nature is like an apple—all the more palatable for being a trifle tart. No husband and wife ever lived together in greater mutual affection than did Elia and his cousin Bridget, concerning whom we read, nevertheless, "We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so as 'with a difference.' We are generally in

harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered." A little flavour of individuality and self-will is excellent for preventing insipidity. Thus I theorize. And why not? If a man is fond of his own ease and his own way, always "notional," often out of sorts, and never very amiable, why should he not shape his theory to fit the facts? All the while, however, I am conscious that I could find much to say on the other side. There used to be a funeral hymn (it may have gone out of vogue ere this) beginning, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," the word "lovely" being employed, I take it, in the old-fashioned dictionary sense of lovable, not in the new-fangled, boarding school sense of beautiful; and I cannot help feeling that mildness, gentleness of spirit, is one of the traits which most people like to attribute to their friends, at least after they are dead. It would sound rather odd and incongruous—would it not?—to sing about the coffin, "Sister, thou wast irascible and interesting." And even in the case of the living, I must confess to a preference for an equable and obliging disposition, especially in a woman. I may be whimsical, but I have never seen many who affected me as uncomfortably sweet-tempered.—*Atlantic Monthly for March*.

MY HANDS FULL OF ROSES.

[From the French of Auguste Desplaces.]

I COME with my hands full of roses,
Accept them, as kneeling I sue.
See, each one the sweetest that blows is,
And I come from the garden to you—
My hands full of roses.

The flower-girl, in her spiteful way,
Said laughing as she guessed my pain,
"Wilt thou have lilies or nervain,
Or what will serve for thy bouquet?"

Open your heart, open each door that closes,
I come to you, Sweet, with my hands full of roses.

Then running on—"the wish of every heart
May by a flower disclose its secret rare—
The flower says what the lips won't dare,
And my bouquets are eloquent with art."

Open your heart, open each door that closes,
I come to you, Sweet, with my hands full of roses.

And I replied, all happy to express
My hopes in emblem sweet and rare,
"Give me the flower that whispers 'May I dare';
And that which counsels her to answer 'Yes.'"

I come with my hands full of roses,
Accept them, as kneeling I sue.
See, each one the sweetest that blows is,
And I come from the garden to you—
My hands full of roses.

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

GIOVANNI DUPRE.*

It is possible that many visitors to Florence retain a recollection of the beautiful sculptures of Abel and of Cain, who have forgotten the name of the man who fashioned them; and we are heartily glad that Giovanni Duprè has been made the subject of a memoir so sympathetic, so true, and so deeply interesting as that which has been produced by the very competent hand of Professor Henry Frieze. If we are not mistaken, Dr. Frieze is not only Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, but has charge of the very excellent collection of sculptures and casts which that University possesses. From his tastes, therefore, and his familiarity with works of sculpture, he was well qualified to undertake the work which he has here accomplished. In addition to this, the writing of this biography is admirable, the English pure and flowing, so that the reader is carried on without an effort. We should notice, in justice to the publishers, that the book is beautifully printed and nicely bound, and that the illustrations are nearly all excellent.

Giovanni Duprè was descended from a French family, formerly of wealth and importance, which had suddenly fallen into great poverty. His father, Francisco Duprè, could be provided with only the poorest education, and he was put to the comparatively humble trade of wood-carving. His poverty was not alleviated by an early marriage, but his wife was one of the noblest of her sex, and she was the idol of her son Giovanni, and formed a very important influence in his life. "This fond devotion of the boy to his mother was not merely beautiful; it opened in his young heart a sympathy which made her religion and piety lovely and heavenly in his eyes; and it thus inspired in him that kindred fervour which gave to him as an artist the chief element of his power." Various illustrations are given in the narrative of the devotion of the boy to his mother.

It was a hard struggle that the young artist had to go through, battling with poverty and with a constitutional weakness which afflicted him through-

* Giovanni Duprè. By Henry Simmons Frieze. London: Sampson Low and Company, 1897.