

by Napoleon's grape-shot, and Charles's "*Le Roi le Veult*," by Cromwell's "Take away that bauble." Caesar was offered the laurel. Napoleon succeeded Louis XVI. Cromwell reigned after Charles. Perhaps a future Dublin Parliament will refuse Home Rule to Ulster. Most probably.

Submission to authority it is that is now so sadly wanted. But the man to wield such authority as will compel that submission does not at present seem to be forthcoming. That he will at no very future date be forthcoming we may, I think, rest confident. From whence it is hard to say. Probably not from the great ones of the earth. The salt of the earth was a title not applied to the mighty. A farmer once saved Rome; a Corsican lieutenant, France; a rail-splitter, the Union.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. DRUMMONT is a distinguished writer, and a gentleman of standing in the Catholic world and its Press. This is what has given rise to the belief that his two large volumes—*la France juive*, which is a formal indictment against the Israelitish community, was not the result of his own inspirations, but the first act in a crusade, under the auspices of the chiefs of Catholicism—an anti-Semitic agitation, similar to what has disgraced Germany, Russia, and Hungary.

The author does not spare the Freemasons and the Protestants any more than the Jews—he indulges in a general massacre. But his heaviest blows and direst wrath are reserved for the seed of Abraham. M. Drummont thus parallels the Semitic and Aryan races: The former is mercantile, avaricious, subtle, and intriguing; the latter, enthusiastic, heroic, chivalrous, and frank. *Credat Judæus!* The Jew is of the earth, earthy—seeing nothing beyond the present life. The Aryan, on the contrary, is a son of heaven, incessantly preoccupied with superior aspirations. From these standpoints, Jews and Gentiles are pretty much alike, though they may worship on different mounts, and both have about the same dose of the real and the ideal.

The Semite is a dealer by instinct; he has intuitively a vocation of traffic, the genius for commerce in moneys, and a proclivity for deceiving his fellow. This cap would fit not a few Gentiles. Again; the Israelite, it seems, has no creative faculty—Lord Beaconsfield declined to subscribe to this allegation—and has never invented anything. But he farms the creations of the Aryans, and pockets the profits. The author has collected all the gossip, discreditable to the Israelites, and current in France since fifteen years. It is to be regretted he never sifted the chaff from the wheat. Further, he distinctly names Jews of high and low degree, reputed to be involved in questionable transactions. Naturally M. Drummont has his course of duels to fight, which are presumed in this country to atone for all wrong—as cash damages do elsewhere. All the evil in the world—perhaps "the double dose of original sin" in the Irish included—the author alleges, comes from the Jews, or from associating with them. Then they are lunatics, living perpetually in day-dreams, and victims of neurosis. Doubtless these maladies will be a surprise to the Jews themselves. This said, the Semites are omnipotent in this country, but it would be wrong to add, popular. France is the New Jerusalem for the Israelites, and Paris is their abiding city.

THE Hungarians or Czecs possess witty proverbs, which form largely the current coin of their language. Thus, they allege that when Satan was hurled from heaven, he fell on earth, but with such violence that he was broken into fragments. These were scattered: his head to Spain, his heart to Italy, his stomach to Germany, his hands to Turkey and Tartary, and his feet to France. The latter explains why the French like dancing; and further, why the Turks have a weakness for pillage, the Germans for the table, the Italians for conspiracy, and the Spaniards for pride. The Slavs secured for their fragment the scroll his expelled majesty held in his hand, that recapitulated all the injustices they endured; there was not even a blank space to write more. Surely they merit Constantinople and Salonica as a compensation.

The Hungarians have a head composed of "wood and tow," hence, when rubbed together, it inflames. "Without the knout, the Russians could do nothing good; if they be scratched, the bear will be heard growling." A German is not a venerated neighbour; he is the symbol of a "mouse and a toad; a thistle is a German rose." The Italians say, "the worst thing in the world is a naturalised German." Of course the Danes are equally uncomplimentary; but they were tricked out of Schleswig-Holstein. The Poles are sure to be down on Bismarck's people, and declare they are all drunkards. But "as drunk as a Pole" is as common in France as is "drunk as a lord" in England. The Germans would accept the French "as friends, but never as neighbours," and the Spaniards say, "If

God wished to reside on earth, he would select Spain, with the king of France for head cook."

The English are synonymous with creditors, and their realm is the purgatory of servants; they have wit at the tips of their fingers, while the French have it on the tip of their tongues. As bearing on the questions of the day: The Spaniards, on taking possession of an island, first build a church; the French, a barracks; a Dutchman, a store; an Englishman opens a public house; and an American starts a newspaper. Greece is held to see truth only once a year, and the Hungarian is deceived by the Jew, the latter by the Greek, and the Hellene by the devil. It appears, the Serpent tempted Eve in Italian; she deceived her husband in Hungarian; God cursed them both in German; and the angel expelled them from Eden in Spanish.

FRANKFORT is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in Germany. Its inhabitants are intelligent, active, and industrious. They are just as "hospitable," as Parisians; they do not give you bed and board for nothing; but if you bring within their walls, intelligence, activity, and the ability to pay your way—taxes included, the foreigner is welcome to become a sojourner. More cannot be expected from any civilised capital. Such are M. Nuc's reflections, from a residence in Frankfort. As his countryman, the Père Didon, he concludes. "In proportion as I know Germany more, I understand and love France better." Neither authors "write down" the Germans like Tissot—who is a Swiss.

M. Nuc draws a comparison between German, English, and French ladies. With the former, although beauty be not rare, it is massive, material; the features are square; cheek-bones, large; neck, fleshy; and shoulders, broad. Teeth, excellent; skin, roseate; eyes, all the shades of blue; figure, slim, and bust superb. German girls have essentially looks at once spring-like and attractive. Merely "roses without perfume, fruits without flavour." Ladies are devoid of piquancy of character. They comprise the whole gamut of blondes—from ash-gray up to flaxen. The few that are dark are of Jewish extraction.

English ladies are frequently less handsome than their German cousins, but they monopolise the truest type of sculptural beauty; they have a profile more accurate; traits, more fine, more full of distinction and nobility. The English lady is at the same time bigoted; a rigid practician, prudish to an extreme; stiff in her bearing; a no surrenderer on religious principles, and intractable in her prejudices respecting caste and blood.

A German lady is more liberal, more broad in her social and religious views; she is more the housewife than either a French or English lady; thinks less about her hair and "make up"—matters that she leaves to nature. She does not blush to be in relations with the kitchen, or feel humiliated if caught with a brush or a saucepan in her hand. An English lady only gives orders; a French would do neither. *Fräulein* looks upon servants as "helps," not "mean whites," and laughs and jokes with them. M. Nuc asserts that German ladies are proverbial for jam-making, and nothing can surpass this branch of cookery, in causing mistress and maid to sympathise as a woman and a sister. The future is to—jam and democracy.

A *Parisienne* has wit, captivating manners, and that *je ne sais quoi* which replaces all drawbacks under the head of physical beauty. In a *salon* she would attract to her side all the gentlemen, leaving her national rivals out in the cold. She knows, too, how to wear her toilette, with ease and distinction, because her elegance dreads no competition; she is not clothed, but dressed; where colours are in harmony, shape in faultless taste, and both selected to suit herself and to vex every member of her sex. Germans are more intellectual than French; have solidity, rather than *éclat*; they possess, above all, practical sense. There is nothing frisky in their conduct; no shining eccentricities; no subject for society journals, but a temperament as calm as their conduct is tranquil. The German blue-stocking is a product that is limited to her own fireside; she is not a *femme de lettres*; never takes to tracts, tea, the ologies, or collecting cards. At an early age, the German girl is trained for her two great aims in life: to catch a husband, and wear him ever to her heart, by making his home comfortable and keeping his purse from leakages. ZERO.

THE infant king of Spain, who has been christened Alfonso-Leo-Fernando-James-Mary-Isidore-Pascal, already has a "household" of his own. Among the functionaries is a "surgeon-dentist to His Majesty," whose office is to take charge of the royal teeth—when they come.

ONE day, M. de Narbonne and Talleyrand were driving together in the Pont-Neuf, and M. de Narbonne was particularly tiresome, when suddenly they saw a man who was walking along yawn violently, upon which Talleyrand said to M. de Narbonne, "Ne parlez donc pas si haut, on nous entend."