

## AN IRISH STEW.

(From St. James' Gazette.)

If you want a receipt for that national mystery known to the world as an "Irish Stew," just take the events of the last two years' history. Giving to each the importance that's due.

Letter of Beaconsfield, prudent and prescient,  
Telling of troubles we'd soon have to face;  
Gladstone's assertion, both hostile and nescent,  
Curtly denying that such was the case.  
"William's" success by the aid of the pack of 'em,  
Infidel, Rebel, Dissenter and Rad;  
Each of 'em, all of 'em, every man Jack of 'em,  
Claiming reward for the share he had had.  
Peace Preservation Act not to be thought about;  
Nothing worth fighting for, 'er to be fought about;  
Parnell and Biggar and Co.'s opportunity;  
Outrage and murder, and crime with impunity;  
Gladstone and Bright crying "Force is no remedy;"  
Chamberlain spurning coercion on any day;  
Ireland down trodden by Land League ferocities;  
Government paralyzed; Justice a sham;  
(Memories) row of Bulgarian atrocities  
Seemingly indicting Gladstone a sham.  
Sallybury bitter, and Parnell obtrusive;  
England indignant at Gladstone's delay;  
Gladstone vindictive, in language abusive,  
Puts Parnell and Company out of the way.  
The gall of Kilmainham and Griffith's reduction;  
The robbery of landlords and Irish obstruction.  
Land Act, and Land Court, and Land League for years;  
Landlords and tenants all set by the ears;  
Poverty, crime, de-olation and woe;  
Chamberlain, Forster, and Gladstone and Co.  
Take of these elements all that is fusible,  
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,  
Set them to simmer, and leave on the steam;  
And an "Irish stew" is the residuum.

## LITERARY SUCCESS.

In the elegant country house of Alphonse Daudt some of the best known French authors assembled one day. By the side of the sympathetic face of the host could be seen the stout Emile Zola—there also was seen the intelligent profile of Edmund de Goncourt, and next to him quietly sat the fair Frederick Wilhelm Schulze; the latter who left his country a long time ago, has gained at present a great fame in Germany under a French pseudonym. The company related incidents which had happened during their youthful days. Schulze, as usual, complained of the bad taste of the German public, of the publishers whose motto is "cheap and nasty," of the newspapers being entirely unconnected with literature. He did not spare even the critics. "As for me, I think you judge your country too harshly," interrupted the author of "Le Nabab." "Of course neither your talent nor your industry has been of much use to you, but then you were quite young, and you had not then written any serious work. We also had great difficulty in gaining publicity, but why do not your authors touch vital questions so deeply as we do? Why are they satisfied with clerical variations of the worn-out theme of Strauss's love to Gretchen. Look how books are read in Germany. How my own novels and yours are paid their weight in gold." "It is," replied Schulze, "only because we are in fashion, because conquered France dictates the fashion to the Germans even in literature, besides it is not a new thing—it was the same when Lessing had to implore Corneille; when Frederick the Second protected Voltaire. The same thing, again, was repeated when Dumas and Sue pecketed our thalers; when Scribe occupied all our theatres. The same thing, takes place now with Sardou and Dumas fils, with Jules Verne and—excuse the comparison—with Alphonse Daudet. Go to the publishing office of any German magazine under a German name, and you will see what success you have. It is true that in Paris you would not get much for your novels if you were to introduce them under the name of an unknown author. Thanks to their real value, they would be read, the papers would speak of them, and you may even become the talk of the day. Amongst us—literature only exists for a very small circle of highly educated people. We read only to kill time, and for this purpose the publishers crowd themselves with trash, which sells better than the work of the disciples of Balzac. A new book is entirely lost if it be not supported in the newspapers by a powerful clique of critics. It is true that later on, when many years have passed, the book is remembered or discovered in the archives of literature, but the author has possibly died of starvation, or his talent has entirely vanished in the struggle of life. Try to sell one of your unpublished works in Germany, and you will see. Your 'Bohemians' are quite ready. I shall soon have finished the translation of it. Send it anonymously to the 'country of poets and thinkers.' There was a short pause. Zola was thinking. De Goncourt was looking sadly at the trees, which were beginning to be covered with leaves. Daudet appeared thoughtful. Suddenly his face was lighted up by a smile, and he held out his hand to Schulze. "All right," he said, "we are going to send 'Les Bohémiens' to Germany. I have nothing to fear, much less so that I am not the destroyer, as you are. I do not throw overboard all the good old habits. Zola, for example, would have to fear. I should like to try." A few days afterwards "Les Bohémiens" was renamed "Clarice," and its author, Johann Lohrbeer. According to the desire of Daudet, Schulze first sent the manuscript to Berlin to I—. Three months afterwards the manuscript was returned without comment, and carriage unpaid. Schulze then sent it to Leipzig to P—. This time an answer was received, but the publisher begged to be excused; he could not publish "Clarice," as he had already too many offers. The letter was accompanied by a catalogue of new publications for sale. Other publishers refused without giving any explanations. One said that he had discontinued publishing novels, as they were no

longer bought. Readers are satisfied with *feuilletons*, and buy only useful books, such as can adorn the drawing-room table, *éditions de luxe* of famous authors. Daudet was angry. "Try the newspapers," he said to Schulze. "It is their sacred duty to develop the literary taste of their readers. At W— is published the excellent paper *Die Morgenglocke*. It always gives the novels of our school. I have already sent it several tales, for which I was well paid." Schulze sent "Clarice" to the *Morgenglocke*. Three months afterwards the manuscript came back to Paris, and with it a printed circular, with these words:—"Dear Sir,—We return you the manuscript which you sent us; unfortunately we cannot make any use of it." Daudet twitched nervously his beautiful moustache, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I'm sure they never read my novel. Wait a bit. I shall paste some of the leaves and you must send the manuscript in that state." Four weeks passed again, and "Clarice" returned to Paris—the leaves were still pasted together. A letter which accompanied it contained the following:—"Highly honored Mr. Author,—We cannot accept your remarkable work, because we are so glutted with literary productions that we have enough novels and tales for at least three years." "You have some connection with German publishing firms," said Daudet in a discontented tone of voice; "perhaps your recommendation will cause the editors to read my production." Schulze wrote to the weekly paper, *In allen Zonen*, and three months afterwards he received the following letter:—"Dear Mr. Schulze,—We return you the novel of Herr Lohrbeer. Evidently you have not read the manuscript, otherwise you would not have sent it to us. The author describes things which cannot possibly be inserted in a family paper. Moreover, all the characters of high society which are found are rogues; this cannot be. You ask us what we think of the talent of Lohrbeer. His style of writing is not bad undoubtedly; he is an experienced author, but his style is high-flown and not natural; the plot of the novel is poor, the intrigue not dramatic and rather tedious; in a word the author is no novelist. We regret, etc. The friends received this criticism with loud bursts of laughter; Daudet framed the letter and adorned his study with it. The manuscript again went traveling through Germany, and was again returned to Paris with a printed circular. Only an editor of a new newspaper recognized in Lohrbeer some traces of talent and begged him to send him something else reminding him that he could only receive books without any express tendency and containing nothing improper. Historic tales answering these conditions have the greater chance of being received. "Is it not enough?" asked Schulze. "Once more let us try," said Daudet; "is not S— an active publisher?" "Yes, indeed," replied Schulze. "There is hardly a day in which he does not publish some novelty, and we can't say that these books are not very hurtful to literature; the publishers do not pay for that trash, yet thanks to advertisements and puffing our libraries are filled with it, and the publishers get rich. Let us try S—." This time the manuscript remained at the publisher's, who asked how much would be required for the book. "How much do you generally get for your novels?" asked Schulze. "From 30,000 to 40,000 francs." "Well, then, it is better to let the publisher fix the sum himself," replied Schulze. The answer came a few days afterwards. S— wrote: "In fixing a price for your novel I make a great sacrifice—an exception to the general rule. Usually the first works of unknown are not paid for at all. I can give you 70 marks. I do this as a favour, and I hope you will soon send me a fresh work. After having read this letter, Daudet crumpled it in his hands and threw out of the window. "Go to the devil!" he cried. "For a year my novel has been traveling, and I might have died of hunger long ago. Now, I shall send a telegram to the editor of the *Morgenglocke* that Daudet has finished his novel 'Les Bohémiens,' and wishes to know how much the editor would offer him for the first German edition." The same evening a telegram was received with these words as an answer—"10,000 francs."

## CLUBS.

The notion is still entertained in remote parts of the country, and even by many simple persons in London, that a Club is a blessed place where superior persons meet daily and exchange freely all the newest gossip and the latest State secrets. The London correspondent of the provincial newspaper proves his omniscience by declaring that he belongs to "one of the leading London Clubs," and the readers of his letters imagine that he is therefore one of the favored recipients of every interesting piece of news that ever transpires, and altogether a superior person. Little do they know of the heaviness and dullness that reigns supreme in these favored establishments. Nobody ever yet learnt anything worth knowing, much less worth printing in a Club; bores and billiard-players furnish most of the conversation of most of them, and so small a value is set by their members on Club conversation and society, that the worst reputation a Club can have is that of being "crowded," and the best that of being an elegant and well-waitered solitude. A man of position was recently vindicating the claim of his Club to be the best in London. "I assure you," he said, "that I go in there day after day and read the paper and nobody ever says a word to me." Nevertheless, beneath the calm surface of the best of Clubs there is commonly working a sea of passions and piques, of animosities and little-

nesses which when, as occasionally they do, they come to the surface, might make even a country cousin wonder. The mere fact, which is too notorious to need more than mention, that no man who is at all known has any chance of being elected at any Club of any pretensions is enough to show this. There may be "nothing against him" of any kind, he may be a man of irreproachable character, and eminently desirable as a member; but if he is known, he is certain to find men enough among the electing body who will "pill" him because of some mean personal spite or merely from a still meaner personal jealousy. If he is not known at all he is safe enough, as was the convict Mr. Harry Benson, who was made a member of the St. James's Club at the very time he was engaged in swindling the Lord Mayor of a large sum of money under pretence of collecting subscriptions for Chateaudun.

It is not too much to say that a good half of the members of any one Club in London would, if they were to be presented afresh at the ballot-box, be inevitably blackballed. Elected when they were nobodies they have since become somebodies, and that alone renders them horribly obnoxious to the great ruck of nobodies of whom Clubs and Club-committees are mainly composed. There is a seeming, but only a seeming exception to this in the case of Princes and nobles, for they run a much less risk of rejection than others. But if the exception be scanned closely it will be found to be only another instance of the rule. Princes and nobles as a rule are nobodies; and what is especially dear to the free and independent elector of the Clubs, they are nobodies with tremendous names.

The kind of creature who is dear to the Club elector is the lay figure—the mere result of the tailor and of those public schools and universities which are the great social clothiers of our times. Nobody knows anything against him—or for him; he has no enemies—and no friends; he represents nothing, has done nothing, is nothing; and he will therefore be elected by acclamation.

It is fitting that the mediocrities should have a home. It is fitting that those who cannot compass a good cook or a good bottle of wine of their own should be enabled to find dinner and drink of an average goodness at a Club. And it is also fitting that those who of themselves can think no thought and do no deed should be able to keep themselves warm from the consciousness of their nothingness by consorting with other men in like case. But to suppose, as a large proportion of country cousins still do, that the Clubs are the centre of wit and wisdom, the receptacles of State secrets, and the originators of political action; or even to suppose that they offer an exemplar of the highest efforts of the culinary art; this is to suppose that at which those who know their tameness, their dullness, and their littleness can only smile.

## I AM GOING HOME.

What a world of meaning in these words! What music to a wanderer's ear! How it quickens our pulses and sends memory surging back, bringing on its return over the rocks and quicksands of time the recollection of the happy days of yore. Home! dearest spot on earth, around which cluster and centre our best thoughts and wishes, for there dwell the dear ones. "I am going home," says the sailor on the wide ocean, as he paces to and fro upon the deck of his homeward-bound vessel. The waves dash high against the sides of the ship, and breaking, scatter their tiny drops around him. He heeds them not, is unconscious that the wind is screeching through the masts, and threatening to hurl him beneath the rolling waves. His thoughts are far away; and lifting his hand to screen his eyes from the glaring sunlight, he gazes with an entreating look for some familiar token in the distance to indicate that he is nearing home. In thought, the intervening miles have already been travelled, and he stands in the presence of his family. The captain's voice awakens him from his reverie, and he endeavors to place his mind upon duty; yet it is in vain, for he is approaching his native land. "I am going home," says the wounded soldier. Comrades gather around the scathed and war-worn veteran, for one moment envying him the pleasure an home care he so much needs. His eyes sparkle, and his flushed cheeks tell of an inward excitement which thoughts of the future occasion. Though disease preys upon him, not a happier man can be found in the camp, for those musical words resound in his ears, "I'm going home."

## HOW HE WON HIS WAGER.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lives on a princely income in Vienna, was in his younger days well known all over Europe on account of the bets he made and generally won. Once, when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian capital, he made a bet that he would carry a lamb duty free through the gates of Vienna, and that the gatekeeper, who acts as imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let him pass. The bet was taken. Next morning the Count, disguised in the clothes of a butcher, his butcher's knife in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the gates of the city. But the officer espied him:—"What have you in that sack, fellow?" "A dog, sir." "A dog? Dog yourself! Down with the sack! I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in

sacks through the gates, and sell them for mut-ton in the town."

"But it is nothing but a dog, and a bad one too. I will—"

"Never mind what you will—down with your sack."

And the officer pulled the sack from the butcher's shoulder, cut the string, and, sure enough, out jumped one of the biggest dogs in Vienna. The dog rushed against the faithful Government servant and knocked him down, and then made off for parts unknown. After him went the butcher, shouting to the officer:

"I'll settle you after I catch the dog."

About two hours later, the face of the butcher appeared at the window of the office—

"I have caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?"

"Get away! Get out, you and your infernal dog."

And with a crash the window went down, and the smiling butcher entered Vienna. But no dog was that time in the sack, but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of the capital.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Chateau of St. Cloud, or, rather, the ruins which the Prussians left, are to be conceded to a great company for a casino, which the projectors say will rival Sydenham. Such a desecration of an old abode of Royalty will be no innovation. Rambouillet was for a long while a sort of suburban Mabilly.

THE compliment has been paid to a very faithful friend of Paris, Prince Demidoff San Donato, of presenting him with the order of Commander of the Legion of Honor. The Prince has had the pleasant news telegraphed to him to St. Petersburg. The Russian colony is very popular in presidential circles—which has its significance.

A MEETING of notabilities of Parisian fencing circles has taken place at the residence of M. E. Dollfus, 2 Rue de Presbourg, for the purpose of making arrangements for founding a Société d'Encouragement de l'Escrime. The organizing committee adopted the provisional rules and regulations drawn up by M. de Villeneuve, and selected the journal *l'Escrime* as the medium for receiving applications for membership.

A BERLIN dealer in game, birds, &c., recently received an order for 30,000 pigeons for Paris, which, according to Dr. Russ's magazine, *The Winged World*, is due to the silly fashion of wearing pigeon's feathers on hats and as dresses in masquerades. The birds were mostly bought in Silesia, killed, skinned, and the bodies sold on the spot at three halfpence each, while the feathery part went to Paris.

COUNT BEUST, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, has just turned out of his bed, after three weeks' sojourn there, to breathe the lovely air that young spring especially blesses Parisians with, worth all the tonics of all the doctors. The Count was travelling between Munich and Stuttgart at night, snugly ensconced in his Pullman's-car bed, when a sudden concussion flung him out head first, and virtually from one bed to another. We are all glad it is no worse, for he is an item in Paris society that is much missed if long absent.

SHORT dresses necessitate very elegant hosiery and slippers, and the silk stockings now shown are marvels of embroidery, of lace like open work, and of literal lace, the whole covering of the instep in some instances being in black or white thread lace, according to the toilette wherewith these dainty articles of foot-gear are to be worn. Fine embroidery in colored beads is also shown. It was an æsthetic sight to witness the other day on the Boulevard Montmartre, a pair of peacock-green silk stockings with a peacock feather embroidered on the instep in colored beads relieved with gold ones. This was only one of a series of very beautiful and striking patterns to be met with *en route*.

SOME time ago a young gentleman gave an order at a flower dealer's to send every morning, until further notice, a bouquet of rosebuds to a certain young lady of very high standing, and paid a rather high price six months in advance. The gentleman was a prince, and the lady a princess, who have since become engaged to be married. The contract about the bouquet nevertheless holds good to the end, upon which the flower-dealer may congratulate himself, seeing that the bouquet is paid for at the rate of 100fr. per day, exclusive of that of the nuptials, which will be paid for separately, and be made up of as many as shall have been previously delivered.

A PARLIAMENTARY Commission is engaged on the great social question of duelling. It was proposed five years past by the late M. Hérod, Prefect of the Seine, that all persons taking any part in a duel, whether as principals or seconds, should be held amenable to the law as guilty of *délit*, or "criminal offence." This was but the renewal of a proposal made some thirty or forty years previously by M. Dupin. The Chamber is now asked to defend peaceful people against public insulters; the existence of such pests to society would not be tolerated in England or America. Were the Tribunals to be empowered to inflict heavy fines on such swashbucklers and on their seconds, the public papers would be less polluted with accounts of affairs of honor.