

Mr. Hurlbert comes clearly and distinctly to the conclusion that the tyranny under which Ireland is suffering is not that of the landlord or of the English Government, but of the National League. Indeed, he is so far from thinking the English Government as too stringent that he imputes to it the opposite but serious fault of weakness and vacillation; and there can be little doubt that this wavering policy of the Imperial Parliament has been a serious cause of mischief. In spite of this and other evils, however, he does not believe that the Irish people, if they could express their convictions freely would be on the side of anarchy. On the contrary, he believes that if the country could be polled the majority of votes would probably be in favour of authority and property; and he further declares that, if the plunder of the landlords were accomplished, the nationalization of the land would be no nearer. This is a point upon which we have insisted repeatedly, and we are glad to have independent testimony to the same effect.

But we must pause; and before concluding, we will give a story from Mr. Hurlbert's book which will show that wit still lives in Ireland.

"Some excellent stories were told in the picturesque smoking room after dinner, one of a clever and humorous, sensible and non-political priest, who, being taken to task by some of his brethren for giving the cold shoulder to the Nationalist movement, excused himself by saying, 'I should like to be a patriot; but I can't be. It's all along of the rheumatism which prevents me from lying out at nights in a ditch with a rifle.' The same priest being reproached by others of the cloth with a fondness for the company of some of the resident landlords of his neighbourhood, replied, 'It's in the blood, you see. My poor mother, God rest her soul! she always had a liking for the quality. As for my dear father, he was just a blundering peasant, like the rest of ye!'"

### PARIS LETTER.

MANY are the comments made in Paris on the condemnation of Mr. Vizitelli's translations of the works of Emile Zola for the English market. As I understand that Canada took the lead in closing her ports to the novel *La Terre*, it is interesting to see that England has followed in the same path. Cheap translations have been placarded in the towns typical of the working man. In Birmingham, especially, any child with a shilling in its purse could lay hold of these books, and it was time to inflict a summary punishment. Vizitelli tried to get off by appealing to Shakespeare and the Old Testament,—to the literature of the Middle Ages and of the dramatists of the Restoration, but the relative value of words and images is like the relative value of colours, both are powerfully and profoundly modified by their surroundings; and where a Michael Angelo may pass unchallenged no one would tolerate the figures of the Last Judgment modelled in a waxwork or treated as easel pictures. Zola is a great artist who seems only able to paint in bad black tints—he does not see the more spiritual aspects of life nor believe in the seeing of other men. To the student his works may be read as a lesson on how the devil holds humanity, to the average reader of either sex or any age it is not well to look too closely on the spirit of evil; for it tends to reproduce its own horror as in a glass.

The *Rêve* is a *tour de force* wherein Zola disports himself among young men and maidens, painted windows and sculptured stones. But it is not these things which Zola really sees. He sees the devil as Milton saw Satan, but his devil is more than half a grotesque, and he cannot be made to understand that the brute he has evoked is a fearful and a gruesome thing.

Personally M. Zola is a heavy looking *bourgeois*, a good deal of rugged power in the lower part of the face. He gets his wonderful imaginative faculty, strangely exemplified in *La Rêve*, from his father, an Italian of Veronese origin, his sturdy business faculty from his mother, a French peasant woman from the north of France. All through M. Zola's house one can feel a strong love of warm rich colour which makes one feel that had he not adopted literature as a profession he might have become distinguished as an artist.

The painful process by which French criminal judges assume the guilt of an accused man was never more thrillingly shown than in the trial of Prado for murder which is now going on. The result must reach you before this letter can be in your hands, but whether he be acquitted or no, it is none the less shocking to see a man fighting for his life against a series of cleverly worded insinuations, for Prado defends himself. Every effort is made to entrap him, and like a hunted creature he turns at bay; denying the motives attributed, the actions related, speaking with angry vehemence, with sneering insolence, with cruel cynicism. At the best he is a very bad character, but when one sees men high in legal station and authority trying to lure him like a fox from his hole, it is hardly possible not to feel a sympathy for the poor wretch who shows his teeth and glares upon his persecutors. It is a nobler thing for human justice to warn a man that he need not criminate himself.

The Boulanger wedding has undoubtedly helped to bring the General again to the front. The ceremony, though performed at one of the most fashionable churches and by a most orthodox *abbé*, was attended by such men as Rochefort, Meyer, and all the Radicals who proudly claim the General's friendship. Never was such a scene witnessed, even at a Paris wedding; the pretty little church of Saint Pierre Chaillot, situated by the by between the Arc de Triomphe and the Tour Eiffel, holds almost fifteen hundred people and six thousand entrance tickets had been issued. The *invités* found it even difficult to approach the doors, for a regiment of gendarmes filled the streets for half a mile either way. The scene inside the church defies description. Mlle. Boulanger, the bride, looked very frightened and ill at ease, her father, *superbe et confiant*, glancing round with a pleased look at the motley crowd come to do him honour.

Although a strict order had been sent to all the commandants not to issue any leave of absence till the end of the month, a large number of

officers managed to appear to congratulate Capitaine Driant and—his father-in-law.

At the reception held after the ceremony in Comte Dillon's house all Paris seemed to be defiling before the General, the number of deputies were much remarked; the Duchesse d'Uzès, who has one of the brightest Imperialist *salons* in Paris seemed to be taking the whole affair as an excellent joke, laughing with Rochefort, Arsène Houssaye, and the young Republican, Laguerre, as though she entirely shared their political convictions, or rather they—her's.

The absence of Mme. Boulanger was somewhat remarked, but the marriage had already been twice put off on account of her health.

M. A. B.

### KNIGHTLY INSPIRATION.

HE reined, and gazed upon the castle-towers,  
The bravest knight in all the land was he,  
Who now fared home from years of victory;  
And lo! the Princess flitting 'mong her flowers  
Him saw and gaily led through fairy bowers,  
Till thrilled with joy he thought right merrily:  
Into her palace now she bringeth me,  
And love shall claim my life's remaining hours.

But she: Go forth again true-hearted knight,  
Weak ones there are for thy right hand to save;  
Let thought of me be impulse in the fight,  
So all may know as I how thou art brave—  
And though of love she yield no larger dower  
His life was lived in that exultant hour.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

### A PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

It is a pleasure to learn from semi-official sources that a Professor of English will probably soon be added to the staff of Toronto University. Every lover of our language and literature in the province will sincerely hope that no difficulty will arise to prevent an early appointment. In no department, however, would the results be more disastrous if special care were not exercised in filling the chair. There must be no undue haste.

The requirements of a Professor of English to-day are not what they were a few years ago. Graduates of fifteen or twenty years' standing, who have not watched the progress of Teutonic scholarship specially, would be astonished to learn what an entirely different aspect the study of English and the Germanic languages, generally, has assumed during the past ten years even. To possess an exceptional literary culture is doubtless more essential in a Professor of English to-day than ever before but vastly more is required. The historical development of the language and literature means more to-day—and promises to mean more with each day—than ever before. The English language and literature must not only be minutely examined from their earliest development to the present, but must also be carefully compared at every step with the cognate languages and literatures. The comparative study of Germanic languages and literatures—only just begun—has shed a world of light on the treatment of English; and has already made the great mass of English criticism of the past appear ridiculous. The standpoint of not only the linguistic critic but also of the literary critic is changing entirely. A trained classical student with a good knowledge of modern English literature would be a most unfortunate man to fill a chair of English in our day. A man without an intimate acquaintance with older French, one of the Scandinavian languages, German, Dutch and especially the whole range of English, including its dialects, would also be quite out of place in the English chair. To sneer at these aspects of English study, as many English and Canadian scholars still presume to do, is only to prove utter ignorance of the real significance of English study.

Let us find a man who is prepared for the place in sympathy at least, if none can be found prepared in fact, who is willing to accept the salary offered. And after all, to be fully prepared in sympathy is the one thing needful after intellectual ability, almost before intellectual ability even. With true sympathies and honesty of purpose few men will long remain ignorant of the necessary facts if they are not overworked in procuring food and clothing merely.

Many appointments in Toronto University in the past have awakened considerable dissatisfaction among Canadians, and perhaps not wholly without cause. We cannot think for a moment that there is any truth in the charge that fitness for the position is not essential in a successful candidate; still there is reason to fear that young Englishmen have been sent for before any serious search has been made for qualified men at home. To be truly Canadian ought surely to count for something in a Canadian University. An Englishman will require years at best to discover what are the actual needs of the country. The probability is he will never take the trouble to find them out at all.

It must be humiliating for a promising young Canadian candidate to feel, as we know some have felt, that if he could only be an Englishman and send in his application from Oxford or Cambridge much greater care would be taken to find out what his acquirements really are. What Canadians justly complain of is that no effort apparently is made to find out whether they are fitted for the positions they seek or not.