

Again, John Haynes, who left the stage in 1700, the year of Dryden's death, says :

"When poets' plots in plays are damn'd for spite,
They critics turn, and damn the rest that write."

So, also, in the Epilogue to Congreve's "Way of the World," we read :

"Then all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their number 's swelled, the world well knows.
In shoals I've watched 'em sitting in the Pit,
Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit ;
But that they have been damned for want of wit.
Since when, they by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault."

In 1711 Pope wrote thus in his "Essay on Criticism" :

"Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turned Critics, next, and prov'd plain Fools at last."

The twenty-sixth of Shenstone's "Essays on Men and Manners," is on "Writing and Books," and contains the following sentences : "A poet that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar." Passing over similar sentiments in Hazlitt, and in Horace Smith's "Tin Trumpet" (page 316), I may quote from page 4 of Coleridge's "Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton" (J. P. Collier, Ed. 1856) : "Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, etc., if they could ; they have tried their talents at the one or the other, and have failed." The words of Walter Savage Landor in his "Imaginary Conversations" should not be omitted : "Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners ; those who have failed as authors turn reviewers." So, too, at page 49 of "The Relics of Shelley" (edited by Richard Garnett, and published by Moxon in 1862), we read : "Reviewers, with some exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic." Captain Marryat says the same thing at page 142 of his "King's Own" (Ed. 1864) : "It is one of the necessary qualifications of a good reviewer that he should have failed as an author, etc." Emerson, also, has touched on the subject in one of his latest essays, entitled "Poetry and Imagination," and remarks : "A critic is a failed poet or philosopher." Lastly, I may here quote an epigram addressed by George A. Sala to his assailable Hain Friswell, which may be compared with the sentences from Shenstone cited above :

"Janus, a scribbler, weak and void of spirit,
Thinks as a critic he perchance may shine ;
He may—if sourness really be a merit—
Fair vinegar is made from sorry wine."

Before taking leave of "the critics," notice should be drawn to the fact that the sentiment of Mr. Phœbus may be found in the pages of Balzac, an author to whom Lord Beaconsfield has been frequently indebted. In "La Cousine Bette" we find : "Wenceslas avait beaucoup de succès dans les salons ; il était consulté par beaucoup d'amateurs ; enfin, il passa critique, comme tous les impuissants qui mentent à leur début."

It is in "Lothair" also that we read : "A hansom cab—it is the Gondola of London." This expression, like the one about "the critics," may possibly be adapted from Balzac. In his "Physiologie du Mariage," he writes : "Votre femme monte-t-elle en fiacre ? Ne sait-on pas où vont et d'où viennent ces gondoles Parisiennes ?" Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards says : "When Mr. Disraeli called our street cab 'The gondola of London,' he borrowed from 'Friends of Bohemia,' a wild, brilliant novel by the late Edward Whitty." It is certain that the phrase may be found in a clever satire in four cantos, entitled "Mayfair," that was published by Mr. Harrison, of Old Bond Street, in 1827. Mr. Disraeli was assuredly not the author of the poem, or he would have claimed it ; but it contains his words almost exactly in the following couplet :

"Here Beauty half her glory veils,
In cabs, those gondolas on wheels."

It is of course perfectly within the range of possibility that both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Whitty used the phrase without knowing that it had done duty before. It was in 1827 that Edward Michael Whitty first saw the light, and his "Friends of Bohemia ; a Satirical Novel of London Life," in two vols., was published in 1857. Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair," as every one knows, was produced about thirteen years later. Mr. Hayward, in one of his entertaining essays in the *Quarterly Review* on "Alexander Dumas," tells us that "its heroine, Theodora, bears so strong a resemblance to the Olympia of 'Half a Million of Money,' as to raise a compelling conviction of identity." I may here mention that I have failed to find "the gondola of London" in Mr. Whitty's epigrammatic volumes ; but the phrase has been adopted by Mr. R. L. Stevenson in his "New Arabian Nights," and by the writer in the *London World* of "Letters to Celebrated People," in an epistle addressed in 1882 "To the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Montreal.

"VICOMTE"—that was his title in the Chamber of Peers—Hugo was the balm in Gilead, the physician of consolation, to Louis Philippe. The latter deplored he was not a Louis XIII., in order to make Thiers a cardinal, as he would have made an excellent instrument of government. Once at an artistic dinner, the painter Ingres was present : he was so small that his chin only reached the table, and his necktie was mistaken for a napkin. The King complained of the inability to find real ministers—good servants are ever rare ; those he had quit always a cabinet council with the relief and joy of scholars. On one occasion when ministers were defeated, Marshal Soult was sent for ; on arriving, he met the Duc de Broglie dancing in the corridor for joy, with other ex-ministers, delighted at having got no more work to do. "You entered as wise men, and you retire like fools," observed the Marshal.—*Criticism of Hugo's "Choses Vues."*

THE LITTLE HANDMAIDEN.

THE King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry.
He little knows for his toil and care,
That the bride is gone and the bower is bare.
Put on garments of white, my maidens !

The sun shines bright through the casement high,
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry—
The little handmaid, with a laughing eye,
Looks down on the king's son, strolling by.
Put on garments of white, my maidens !

"He little knows that the bride is gone,
And the Earl knows little as he ;
She is fled with her lover afar last night,
And the King's son is left to me."

And back to her chamber with velvety step
The little handmaid did glide,
And a gold key took from her bosom sweet,
And opened the great chests wide.

She bound her hair with a band of blue,
And a garland of lilies sweet ;
And put on her delicate silken shoes,
With roses on both her feet.

She clad her body in spotless white,
With a girdle as red as blood.
The glad white raiment her beauty bound,
As the sepals bind the bud.

And round and round her white neck she flung
A necklace of sapphires blue ;
On one white finger of either hand
A shining ring she drew.

And down the stairway, and out of the door
She glided, as soft and light
As an airy tuft of thistle seed
Might glide through the grasses bright.

And into the garden sweet she stole—
The little birds carolled loud—
And her beauty shone as a star might shine
In the rift of a morning cloud.

The King's son walked in the garden fair,
And the little handmaiden came
Through the midst of a shimmer of roses red,
Like a sunbeam through a flame.

And the King's son marvelled, his heart leaped up,
"And art thou my bride ?" said he.
"For, North or South, I have never beheld
A lovelier maid than thee."

"And dost thou love me ?" the little maid cried,
"A fine King's son, I wis !"
And the King's son took her with both his hands,
And her ruddy lips did kiss.

And the little maid laughed till the beaded tears
Ran down in a silver rain.
"O foolish King's son !" and she clapped her hands
Till the gold rings rang again.

"O King's son, foolish and fooled art thou,
For a goodly game is played :
Thy bride is away with her lover last night,
And I am her little handmaid."

And the King's son sware a great oath, said he,—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry,—
"If the Earl's fair daughter a traitress be,
The little handmaid is enough for me"—
Put on garments of white, my maidens !

The King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry—
And the little handmaiden walketh there,
But the old Earl pulleth his beard for care—
Put on garments of white, my maidens !

A. LAMPMAN.