

counter part for the free spoken Russian girl? If you please no less an ideal than *Santa Theresa of Avila* comes to the scintillating critic's mind as she studies the morbid heroine, whom somebody less well disposed has called "Marie Bask-in-herself." But here's an old book, not old as the *Arabian Nights* nor the *Talmud* but a book one can read with interest the second time and that's saying a great deal of a novel isn't it? John Boyle O'Reilly's "*Moondyne*" has, I presume, from a novel point of view, been fairly judged long ere this. As for the escaped convict himself, admiration, etc. is still at high tide. Of course you know he is one of the pet lions of the *Boss Menagerie*, sometimes called Boston; not long ago talking with some western folks about the author of "*Moondyne*," and of the "Amber Whale," etc., I concluded that after all, cattle kings, wholesale dealers in treacle, soap, patent suspenders and shoe strings are not altogether wooden. J. B. O'Reilly has charming manners, a good head of hair, and a genuine Irish ring to his laugh, to say nothing of the twinkle in his eye, long life to him! There's a disturbing grandeur about that *Moondyne* which one doesn't shake off right away nor is "Mr. Wyville" purely ideal, since he believed in the American absurdity: that all men are equal. He was almost as sanguine a believer in the universal democracy as Mr. Leete of the prospective Boston,

*Homologation* (vide some recent theorist on the process of becoming monkeys,) is one of the new words much sounded down here among the *elite*; Massachusetts does not lead in literary matters only, a little pamphlet is now being discussed at the High-teas, and to be sure it is going to cut up the Romanists most fearfully. "No ballot for the man who takes his politics from the Vatican." This quotation suffices to set us on our guard against the awful (?) struggle coming. In the mean time, we are enjoying the return of the robins and other heralds of the new season. Soon the cry of "strawberries" will be heard in our streets, even though the delusive quarts measured out to us with the unscriptural measures of green peas, are of a nature to make one say hard things about one's fellow-beings. Still spring brings with it a something that awakens

within us, the fraternal instinct, and "*Homologate*" we wont.

God bless all gifted men and their gifts, but why in the name of all that is clever does such a man as Justin McCarthy give us such consummate silliness as is going round with his signature? It is true some of his novels are written by Mr. McCarthy and Mrs. Praed, now who's accountable for the silliness, to say nothing of the moral significance of some things that have followed "The Right Honorable?" Will the Owl answer for the sake of setting the great man back in his normal state of splendor in the mind of one foresworn admirer of his?

Who will say that politics especially Irish politics affect the powers of fancy negatively? Beaconsfield showed that an English statesman might dream dreams such as no mortal ever dreamed before. McCarthy has made good his claim to *dual* power in spite of the above cantankerous remarks, and here comes Win. O'Brien with his romantic laurels fresh upon him: "*When we were Boys*" does not teem with romance a *la* Beaconsfield, still it is likely to survive being sat upon even by English critics. I wish some of the great literary infallibles would help me formulate the correct dogma anent Tennyson's latest, perchance his last poem; *Demeeter and Persephone*. To those whose loving admiration for the singer was so much dampened by *Vastness and Despair* and a few other wails of a few years ago, *Persephone* comes as a reassurance: the faith by which alone the poet is a divine messenger, asserts itself in this lament of *Demeeter*. We feel indeed that as the aged poet draws near the end his progression has been ascensional. That indeed "he stands on the heights—with a glimpse of a height, that is higher."

Speaking of heights—shall we not have to climb very high to fully appreciate the fact that a great man, in the completest sense of the word great, went out from amongst us. When Father Hecker stepped out from the heights of religious perfection, of noble and useful manhood to to that other height just above him of everlasting companionship with God? What a thrilling, interesting story Father Walter Elliott is telling us of his father and friend! Verily giants are of all times.

PERRY GREENE.