

the day it was uttered. For the French clergy to take part in politics, or the elections, that means religious war. The clergy in France are unpopular, because before the Revolution they were on the side of the nobility and the privileged classes. Under MacMahon, the "Sixteenth of May" showed what the Church would do, could it regain the upperhand. For the masses, the Church still remains the ancien regime. Avoid politics and take to socialism, urges M. de Mun. You have to decide between the masses and the classes—he lays down; between the capitalists and the labourists; between financial Israelism and the banking interest; "remain then on the side of the masses, take up position against capitalists," asserts M. de Mun, the mouthpiece of the Vatican, that's Christian socialism! It is the socialism of the extremists also. Now there is the slough into which the French labour question has arrived. No wonder the anarchists are full of glee.

The terrible torrid drought continues to reign, and shows no sign of change; sickness is augmenting, and people complain of premature fatigue. It is difficult to know the truth about the endemic fever; people do not accept as gospel the official assurances that "all's well"—they are ascribed to good attentions. In the country districts the wells are becoming dry. Should there be no frosty nights in June, everything is meteorologically possible after dog days in March, the vintage will be magnificent and so abundant that it will not pay to water or adulterate wine. A proprietor remarked to me a few days ago, that the vegetation of the vine was so splendid, that one might be excused joining the cult of tree worshippers. Hitherto gardeners suffered from being frozen out; at present they are condemned to be grilled out. They are the market gardeners at Gennevilliers, outside the city, who are to be envied by their co-horticulturists; their lands are irrigated by the sewage of Paris, which is their Nile, so that they have the monopoly of supplying Paris with early vegetables; they can dictate what price they please. The new municipal council has thus its task for laying on the sewage in fresh districts much facilitated. Milk remains plentiful, good, and no augmentation in price. Microbes are quiet—esto perpetua.

During the 1870-71 invasion, Parisians—who always have a weakness for the something new, suffered from obsessional fever; now they complain of carolic insanity. The intense sudden heat set brains boiling, though unassociated with politics; suicides are, too, numerous; people hesitate to make any important change in winter clothing till "May be out;" only a few weeks ago a cold snap succeeded the heat wave that sent many to their graves. There promises to be a run on the Eiffel Tower by suicides, hence, why the staff of guardians has been doubled; for a visitor on the first stage to receive on his head, a cosmopolitan from the third story, is undesirable.

The preliminary skirmishes of the general elections have commenced; thus, Deputy Robert Mitchell, one of the witliest and popular men in the Chamber, has been feeling his way to contesting a seat for Bordeaux; he is brother-in-law of the late composer, Offenbach. The candidate in possession warned M. Mitchell of his missing ground,

alleging he was not a true blue republican, only a wolf in sheep's clothing; that he had in his political lifetime changed his opinion seven times, and was even a Bonapartist. Mitchell's is a test case; he admits he was a Bonapartist, at a time, too, when nearly 8,000,000 voters went solid and straight for the Second Empire, and that it is only the absurd man who never changes his opinion. Besides, Nisard, the philosopher, upholds, not only the doctrine of two moralities in politics, but also that of "successive opinions." M. Mitchell is a Monarchist and leader of that portion of them that has rallied to the republic in obedience to the advice of the Vatican. Hence, the importance of the skirmish. If the moderate republicans refuse the adhesion of the rallying royalists, the latter at the general elections will undoubtedly vote for the pure socialists or extremists, and so waterlog the new Chamber.

No one takes the slightest interest in the financial difficulties of the situation; the budget for 1893 is not yet voted, and that for 1894 will have a deficit of 150 million francs, at least. There is no possibility of laying on new taxes since everything is taxed, and to augment them on the eve of a general election would be suicide. Tax alcohols more, suggest teetotalers; if you do, replies the excise, the smuggling would be so great that the general revenue would suffer. The estimates have been cheesepared into the very crust; civil servants complain that their salaries are so low that their situation is a purgatory.

I encountered John Chinaman a few days ago, who always struck me as a trader that nothing discourages. He has never changed his costume, and his pigtail is as long as when he left the Celestial Empire. He had several shops in Paris, where he sold Chinese knick-knacks and Japanese curios, exhibiting a document pasted on a tea-tray, attesting, he said, that all his wares were authentic. Gradually his business collapsed; then he advertised teas from the French colonies—which do not grow a leaf; for a while patriots purchased a little. He says he is now in the one sou per glass, ice business, and that he makes more money in his new venture than he did in all his other enterprises put together. He fits out ambulatory dealers who frequent the proximity of the market. Only young people buy street-ices, and many boys and girls prefer an ice to a piece of bread which they much need. Z.

COLERIDGE. - III.

In two previous papers we have treated of some of the incidents in the Life of Coleridge and of his general influence on Theology and Philosophy. It remains to offer some remarks on his Poetry. We have already quoted the statement in Blackwood, published at the time of his death, that "Coleridge alone perhaps of all men that ever lived was always a poet—in all his moods, and they were many, inspired;" so that in his contributions to Philosophy and Theology we are to discern the poetical genius, as in his formal contributions to Poetry itself. It is not of this illustration of his poetic powers that we have to speak, but of his poems.

It is generally agreed that a very high place must be given to Coleridge among

English poets. But for the peculiar misfortunes and weaknesses which have been mentioned, he might have been anything. Hardly any place too high can be imagined for him. Of many of his utterances it has been said by critics of the highest eminence that none but Coleridge or Shakespeare could have produced them. When Coleridge appeared, the school of Pope had already waned, and a return to nature had been made, among others pre-eminently by Cowper and Burns, although Coleridge seems to have been more permanently influenced by Bowles, a poet now seldom quoted or remembered. It was Wordsworth, however, to whom Coleridge was most indebted for stimulus to his imagination, even as Wordsworth confesses that he owes more to Coleridge than to any other. Prior to his collaboration with Wordsworth he had done very little. It was the undertaking of his part in the Lyrical Ballads that set the tide of his poetical genius flowing.

In forming a judgment of Coleridge's poetic gifts, it may be well to give some attention to his own views on the subject of poetry. We could hardly be under better guidance. If any will deny to Coleridge a very high place among poets, they will hardly question his preeminence as a critic. We will begin with a reference to a passage in the "Biographia Literaria," (chap. xv.), in which he brings out "the specific symptoms of poetic power elucidated in a critical analysis of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "Rape of Lucrece"—works, he says, "which give at once strong promises of the strength, and yet obvious proofs of the immaturity, of his genius." We can here give only a bare outline of his remarks; the reader who wishes to possess himself of them in full will turn to the volume.

1. The first and most obvious excellence, he says, is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant.

2. A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. In the "Venus and Adonis" this proof of poetic power exists even to excess. It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by the pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit, in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated.

3. The third characteristic is the beauty and force of the imagery employed. Images, he remarks, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become proof of original genius only as far as they are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or