

fathers have breathed since the days of Homer. Such are the rather intolerant ideas of a book-worm, who by no means grudges the pleasure which other readers receive from what does not please him to enthusiasm. And pleasure, not edification, is the end of all art. We are all pleased when we write; a public of one enthusiast every author enjoys, and the literary men who depreciate the joys of their own art, or profession, may not be consciously uncandid, but they are decidedly perverse.—*Andrew Lang, in New York Critic.*

A TALK WITH HAWTHORNE.

In the face that confronted me there was nothing of keen alertness; but only a sort of quiet, patient intelligence, for which I seek the right word in vain. It was a very regular face, with beautiful eyes; the mustache, still entirely dark, was dense over the fine mouth. Hawthorne was dressed in black, and he had a certain effect which I remember, of seeming to have on a black cravat with no visible collar. He was such a man that if I had ignorantly met him anywhere I should have instantly felt him to be a personage.

After a few moments of the demoralization which followed his hospitable attempts in me, he asked if I would not like to go up on his hill with him and sit there, where he smoked in the afternoon. He offered me a cigar, and when I said that I did not smoke he lighted it for himself, and we climbed the hill together. At the top, where there was an outlook in the pines over the Concord meadows, we found a log, and he invited me to a place on it beside him, and at intervals of a minute or so he talked while he smoked. Heaven preserve me from the folly of trying to tell him how much his books had been to me, and though we got on rapidly at no time, I think we got on better for this interposition. He asked me about Lowell, I dare say, for I told him of my joy in meeting him and Dr. Holmes, and this seemed greatly to interest him. Perhaps because he was so lately from Europe, where our great men are always seen through the wrong end of the telescope, he appeared surprised at my devotion, and asked me whether I cared as much for meeting them as I should care for meeting the famous English authors. I professed that I cared much more, though whether this was true, I now have my doubts, and I think Hawthorne doubted it at the time. But he said nothing in comment, and went on to speak generally of Europe and America. He was curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow, of Europe had not fallen. I told him I thought the West must finally be characterized by the Germans, whom we had in great numbers, and, purely from my zeal for German poetry I tried to allege some proofs of their present influence, though I could think of none outside of politics, which I thought they affected wholesomely. I knew Hawthorne was a Democrat, and felt it well to touch politics lightly, but he had no more to say about the fateful election then pending than Holmes or Lowell had.

Hawthorne descanted a little upon the landscape, and said certain of the pleasant fields below us belonged to him; but he preferred his hill-top, and if he could have his way those arable fields should be grown up to pines too. He smoked fitfully and

slowly, and in the hour that we spent together, his whiffs were of the desultory and unfinal character of his words. When we went down he asked me into his house again, and would have me stay to tea, for which we found the table laid. But there was a silence in it all, and at times, in spite of his shadowy kindness, I felt my spirits sink. After tea, he showed me a book-case, where there were a few books toppling about on the half-filled shelves, and said, coldly, "This is my library." I knew that men were his books, and though I myself cared for books so much, I found it fit and fine that he should care so little, or seem to care so little. Some of his own romances were among the volumes on these shelves, and when I put my finger on the Blithedale Romance and said that I preferred that to the others, his face lighted up and he said that he believed the Germans liked that best too.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE RELATIONS OF JAPAN AND CHINA TO KOREA.

The relations of Japan and of China to Korea date back to very early times. Both have conquered her, and she has successively recognized each as a suzerain power. It would be idle, however, to attempt to define these claims to suzerainty, whether arising from conquest or from mutual arrangement. They were of a peculiar character and possess no practical significance under the rules by which states now govern their relations to each other. Japan's claim lapsed long ago. China has virtually abandoned hers on several occasions. To the United States and to France, respectively, when they demanded reparation for injuries sustained by their citizens in Korea, China expressly disavowed any responsibility for the actions of that country, and looked on without protest while each of those powers in succession sent military expeditions against Korea. China made no objection when in 1876 Japan concluded a treaty with Korea, which in distinct terms asserts the independence of the Korean Kingdom. Nor did she interfere when several years later first the United States, and then other Western powers in rapid succession, entered into such treaties with Korea as could only have been concluded with an autonomous state. And, finally, in 1885 China agreed to the Tientsin Convention with Japan, than which there could not have been a more complete surrender of whatever alleged suzerain privileges she might up to that time have still claimed the right to exercise. To these examples, and to others that might be cited, the only answer ever made is that China has long maintained "relations of benevolence" toward neighboring weaker states, which cannot be precisely explained by the definitions of international law, but which nevertheless give her the right to assume a certain supervision over the affairs of those countries. Whatever may have been true of the past, when the West had not come into close contact with the East, and when China claimed suzerain rights over all the world within the limits of her geographical knowledge, such a pretension to-day is a manifest absurdity. It is more; it is an offence against the laws of nations when, as in the present case, the claim is at times openly disavowed, and then surreptitiously utilized to the injury of innocent nations to which the alleged subordinate or tributary country is bound by covenants and obligations assumed as an independent state.—*North American Review for September.*

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