

individuality in that of another and greater people, ever yet recovered its forfeited autonomy. Ireland is not a nation, I repeat, unless indeed a nation can exist which possesses no distinctive, honourable past; no distinctive language, literature, or art; which is without a present, and manifestly without a future."

In the course of a recent review of the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson's "Reminiscences of a Court Chaplain," *Temple Bar* says: "The wise Duke of Marlborough was aware that the capacity of the mind is sometimes strangely diminished, for when advanced in years, he requested that he might no longer be summoned to give an opinion on the great affairs of State, for though he was himself unconscious of the decay of his intellect, yet such decay there might be, and his advice might be detrimental to the interests of England. Our 'grand old man' does not possess the serene mind of the great duke, for any opposition to his absurd projects causes his temper to be on the move. He rather resembles the aged Archbishop of Granada, who when Gil Blas mildly hinted to him that his sermons smelt of apoplexy, fell into a furious passion and dismissed him in disgrace, although he had asked him for his candid opinion. Mr. Gladstone has no Gil Blas to warn him of his errors, for his confidants seem to be 'My son Herbert,' and the irrepressible Mr. Malcolm MacColl, whose united ideas on any imaginable subject would be as valuable as those of a London sparrow. When Barzillai, at the age of eighty, was invited by David to go with him to Jerusalem, he refused, saying: 'Can I discern between good and evil?' Mr. Gladstone seems to have lost all discernment."

MR. BLANFORD, the Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India, has drawn up a memorandum to accompany charts of temperature and rainfall of the country. The temperature being reduced to its equivalent at sea-level, the hottest tract in India is a portion of the Deccan plateau between Bellary and Sholapore. The hottest region of the peninsula is really the eastern coast from Vizogapatam southwards and the plains of the Carnatic and Northern Ceylon. In intra-tropical India, except as modified by the elevation of the country, the temperature increases from the coast inland, the west coast being cooler than the east coast. Sind and Rajputana are the driest portion of India. In the greater part of India, May is the hottest month in the year, except in the Punjab and Sind, where, owing to the lateness of the rain, June is hottest. Of those stations the temperature of which has been pretty accurately determined, the hottest in May is Jhansi, the coolest region is Assam, where the May rains are very copious. The mean annual rainfall of the whole of India is about forty-two inches, varying from nearly five hundred inches at Cherra Poonjee to about three inches at Jacobabad. The provinces most subject to famine are the North-Western Provinces, Behar, Rajputana, the Carnatic, the North Deccan, Hyderabad, Mysore, Orissa, and the northern Circars.

THE *Times*' correspondent in Paris, who is greatly exasperated by the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, calls constant attention to the acts of General Boulanger, Minister of War. This officer, a very good soldier and disciplinarian, but of ill-defined political opinions, is evidently getting the Army into his own hand. He makes himself felt everywhere, visits every considerable garrison, makes speeches, some of which point to revenge for Sedan, and promotes and dismisses officers rapidly. His last act has been to rebuke General Saussier, the officer in command of the garrison of Paris, for writing to the newspapers without permission—no doubt an offence in every Continental Army—and the rebuke was so sharp that General Saussier resigned, though the resignation was not accepted. General Boulanger is reported to have said that the incident was of no importance, for he remarked to his colleagues,—"If I decided to send you to Mazas (the usual prison for political prisoners), it is not Saussier who would stop me," an utterance not precisely Republican. It seems clear the General is assuming a position in front; but it is possible that a certain tone of alarm visible in all comments on him is suggested by colleagues anxious for his removal. The General used to be a good Republican, but the Army is certainly not contented. In Anam, M. Paul Bert cannot obtain respect from the military at all, a sure sign that there is irritation in the barracks at home.

THE author of "The More Famous Birthplaces of Gladstone" writes again to the *St. James's Gazette*:—"As you were good enough to find space for some remarks from me on my difficulties in getting this little book out, will you now allow me to say that I have given up the project. Yesterday I opened the *Times* with fear and trembling, and alas! with the usual result. Mr. Gladstone has written to Sir Robert Peel saying that Inverness is his natal place. At sixpence it is impossible to get in so many,

and my publishers have sent back the sketches. I hope the public will see that it is not I who have broken faith with them. I may add, for the benefit of interested persons, that photographs of a large number of the Gladstone birthplaces are on sale (mounted or unmounted) in the shops of the Edinburgh stationers." On which the *Gazette* says: It is fortunate for this correspondent that he has given up his idea. It would be impossible to keep the volume up to date. Liverpool is the latest place where Mr. Gladstone was born. He informed his audience that it was at Liverpool that he first drew breath seventy-six years ago, and he further gratified them with the intelligence that he has been drawing it ever since. He also told them that he was a very old man and did not expect to live much longer; which things he affirmed in order to show that he was "conscious of the solemnity" of the dispute about the Separation Bill. This may be true; but, after all, Mr. Gladstone's statement that he was born in Liverpool was no more than was expected of him. He could not refuse to Liverpool an honour which is granted to so many towns in Scotland. They are quite hopeful in Chester now, and are confident that Mr. Gladstone will be born there too.

REQUIESCANT.

ALL night the land in darkness slept,
All night the sleepless sea
Along the beaches moaned and wept,
And called aloud on me.
Now all about the wakening land
The white foam lies upon the sand.

I saw across the glimmering dark
The white foam rise and fall;
I saw a drifting phantom bark,
I heard the sailors call:
Then sheer upon my straining sight
Fell down the curtain of the night.

What ship was on the midnight deep?
What voices on the air?
Did wandering spirits call and weep
In darkness and despair?
Did ever living seaman hail
The land with such a hopeless wail?

The flush of dawn is in the sky,
The dawn-breeze on the sea,
The lark is singing sweet and high
A winged melody:
Here on the sand, among the foam,
The tired sailors have come home.

Their eyes that stare, so wide, so wide,
See not the blessed light;
For all the streams of death divide
The morning from the night:
Weary with tossing on her breast
The sea at last has given them rest.

—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE MAORI.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has been enduring with considerable equanimity lately, for the sake of the faith that is in him, the slings and arrows of outrageous critics, chiefly of the small and comparatively unimportant variety connected with the American Sunday Press. However Mr. Howells may have fumed over this persecution in private, he has publicly maintained his composure, advocated his principles, and serenely gone on producing the truth in fiction that has given his genius its universal recognition. In this month's *Harper's*, however, he condescends to a little good-natured demolition, by which his thousands and his ten thousands will be gently and indirectly slain. Of Mr. Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, the author of a work upon "Comparative Literature," whose theories are Mr. Howells's, he says: "It is one of the superb conditions of modern civilization, however, that so important a man can be equally valuable in London or New York or Auckland, and can speak as easily to the whole world from one place as the other. He must not look for ready acceptance from the Maori anywhere; but he may be assured that the less barbarous races in different quarters of the globe will be very glad to hear from him again." The Maori will be easily seen to have a general and a specific signification.

With the Maori proper this paper need not concern itself. In point of picturesqueness they are not interesting unless illustrated. Morally, they present an appalling blank to the most industrious chronicler, and their