

political caterwauling and nonsensical baby lyrics, which have not a tittle of the grace and beauty of the poems on such subjects by M. Victor Hugo or Master Robert Herrick to recommend them. Did not thine ancient enemy Robert Buchanan apologize and extend the right hand of fellowship to thee because he believed thee sincere when thou didst pose as the apostle of freedom, and didst rant over the French Revolution, the struggle for Italian unity, and the insurrection in Crete? Then, too, thy page was fair with such names as Aurelio Saffi, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Louis Blanc, Armand Barbès, and La Signora Cairoli—that supreme and noble woman who challenges comparison with the mother of the Gracchi:

But now, O lover of the cancan and the bolero, thou art, to use a paradoxical expression, progressing backward—like a crab; constantly thou art changing, but not for the better, with all the chameleon-like facility of the most volatile Frenchman. Perhaps even now thou hast thine eye on the sinecure and butt of Canary which Alfred Lord Tennyson cannot enjoy a great while longer, else why thy fulsome praise of Vic in thy Jubilee Ode published in the *Nineteenth Century*? Would that the admirable Bon Gaultier were still alive to satirize thy aspirations and idiosyncrasies in the most amusing of verse, or that Thomas Love Peacock had lived in our time and had shown up with his masterly hand thy mirth-provoking inconsistencies!

Only scorn and contempt can there be in the minds of all just men for one who deserts the cause of things good and true, who changes Republican raiment for the garb of a flunkey, who eats his own words, and goes back on all things his youth and manhood, ere his mind was warped by bigotry and prejudice, held dear, and who allies himself with the hereditary foes of freedom, belly-crawlers, and pre-Adamite moss-backs of the most disgusting type.

Even France, whom thou so beslobbered with praise (hyperbolic panegyrics), even "My mother, O my France!" thou hast now turned thy back upon. "Sea Song and River Rhyme" contains a poem by thee entitled "A Word for the Navy," in which occurs the following line:

"Smooth France as a serpent for rancour."

Thy next line,

"Dark Muscovy girded with guile,"

reminds us of thy antipathies to all things Russian. Thy small Cockney soul has no sympathy with the brave men who are striving to free themselves from the tyranny of the doomed house of Romanoff—men whose game is tzars—men whom neither axe nor knout nor the harrowing horrors of Siberia can dismay—men who meet death with unfaltering mien, unblanched faces, and smiling lips for the sacred cause. To thee Tourguénieff and Krapotkine are *nomina et præterea nihil*.

Men of talent are often poor critics, but for imbecile obtuseness and lack of intuition thou dost merit the raspberry tart. When thou dost endeavour to make the literary world believe that the mediocre Tom Decker or the miserable Cyril Tourneur are great dramatists, certes, thou hast an elephant on thy hands. Injudicious alike in praise and blame art thou, and frequently dost thou mistake fustian for genius. But enough! We leave it to Buchanan, Walter Crane and George Meredith to give thee a rap occasionally. We do not anticipate that thy shrill and eunuch-like falsetto will cause the sun to stand still, or the earth to tremble to its centre. It is not probable that anyone takes thy chronic utterances on political subjects seriously. For the present, Algy, adieu!

JUDSON FRANCE.

TO SOMEBODY.

I've watched the glow of sunset fade,
I've watched the shadows fall,
I've watched the play of light and shade
O'er earth and sky and all;
And know that spirit twilight nears,
And night, to cover me,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
Whene'er I think of thee.

The lives we dream in summer days
Are lives we ne'er can live,
For we would bask in milder rays
Than summer suns can give.
But though the faith of youthful years
No longer dwells in me,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
Whene'er I think of thee.

The flower that buds may live to bloom,
The fledgling live to sing,
A hope a life may long illumine,
And time fruition bring.
But well I know in earthly years
Some things may never be,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
Whene'er I think of thee.

MERONNE.

LITERARY NOTES.

Sir Wm. J. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, will publish, through Harper Bros., a new work entitled "Modern Science in Bible Lands."

A second edition of the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy's "Art of Conversation," has been issued, in which his replies to the reviews and comments evoked by the first edition are to be found.

The concluding volume of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be issued in the course of a month; when this is done an exhaustive index volume will be made. This edition is an advance on the previous one, but in their desire to confine the number of volumes to twenty-four, the publishers have omitted many important subjects or have treated some of these in a manner far from corresponding to their merits.

In the *Athenæum* of Sept. 29th the announcement was made that Walter Scott would publish, as the November number of the Canterbury Poets, an anthology called "Poems of Wild Life," edited by Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Professor in the University of Kingston, Nova Scotia. Mr. Roberts, it will be remembered, was a candidate for the position of Professor of English Literature in Queen's University, and it was even rumoured that he was likely to be successful, but we have yet to learn that the Limestone city has been removed to Nova Scotia. It is understood that it is possible that several poems which appeared in the columns of THE VARSITY are to be among the contents of the volume, but of this more may be said when it reaches this side of the Atlantic.

A somewhat adverse criticism of Mr. Stewart's poems has appeared in the new number of the *Spectator*.

Charles Mackay, the English song-writer, is in a state of illness, induced by old age and poverty. Lord Tennyson has started a fund for his assistance.

Messrs. Bentley will shortly publish the "Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley," compiled from family papers in possession of Sir Percy Shelley, by Mrs. Julian Marshall. The volume will be enriched by a portrait of Mrs. Shelley.