

THE WEEK:

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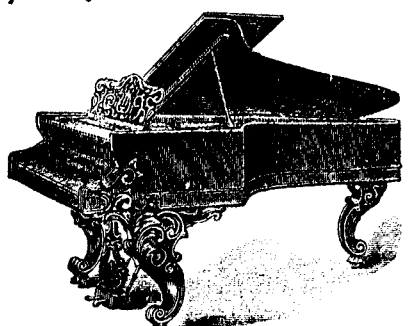
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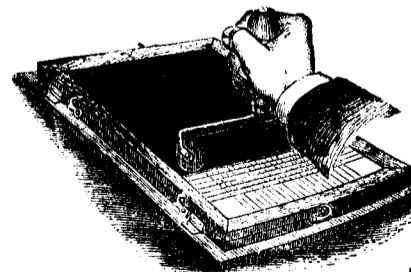
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LITERARY PABULUM.

A SORT of mania has been raging all over England and the United States of America lately. Its chief symptom is a literary one, being unbounded curiosity to know what other people would read from an eclectic standpoint. Yet it counts most of its victims among the great unliterary. At first it was only distinguished people like Mr. Ruskin whose opinions were solicited in the interest of the public, but the desire seemed to thrive on its gratification until it included all sorts and conditions of authors, from Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Morley to the people who have told in the *Forum* about "books that have helped" them. The weeklies and the dailies have taken it up, and the very welkin rings with literary preferences. The discussion has spread to the non-professional, and the Philistine of the stock market and the lotos-eater of the drawing-room have joined issues upon it. It is thought to be edifying. It is said to be useful. It is known to be popular, and therefore editors nobly surrender their columns to it. This self-sacrificing desire to elevate the taste of the masses in the way they want to have it elevated is characteristic of modern journalism.

At first sight it looks reasonable enough, this demand to be told which are the "best" books for a person of limited leisure—and in this busy new country we are all people of limited leisure—to read. The mass of printed matter copyrighted every season upon all subjects is a little appalling to anybody who wants to keep abreast of "current literature." That phrase, by the way, was well invented. Most of it is truthfully described as "current." That is the consoling part of it. "The fashion wears out more apparel than the man," in printed stuff as well as clothes and carpets, and *bric-à-brac*. Conscious though one may be, however, that three quarters of the publications that are piled on the bookseller's counter will not survive the century, the multitude of them is none the less confusing. The critics should help us, but the critics we have not always with us. The critics, moreover, honest and conscientious though they generally are, are but men even as we, and yet unlike us, and must be governed to a certain extent by their prejudices. Doubtless our critical replica exists, and criticises somewhere if we could but find him, but where is he? The needle which nobody has found yet in the proverbial bundle of hay is discoverable in comparison. As for the rest, when they beguile us into buying a book we don't like, it is small consolation to give it away with the incontrovertible quotation in the Latin grammars about the autocracy of taste. And so, remembering the distinction between books and literature, we look helplessly about, and wish somebody who speaks with authority would make it for us.

But our wise friends do not come within a quarter of a century of today's literature. Carlyle did, when he enjoined his faithful Jeannie to "read me" among other people, but the average eminent person gathers his

robes about him and travels off to Plato. From this somewhat remote beginning he comes forward his fifty or one hundred steps, according to the number of works he is asked to designate, toward our time. The last one does not leave him within hailing distance of Mr. Howells or Mr. James, gentlemen both engaged in developing a school of fiction most closely and subtly related to the conditions and progress of our time, of which we all should know something. So the decision of authority as to the best books to read is no ark of safety for us in this latter day flood.

Apart from this, there is something very like fiction in the idea that any individual, however familiar with the walks of literature, can properly inform another individual whom he has never seen, whose occupation, habits of thought, religion, diet, and grandmother he does not know, as to what the unknown can most profitably read. Still more unreasonable does it appear when the information is addressed to several hundred thousand individuals, all differing in these important respects. Which of us would be content to abide by another person's—even an epicure's—decision as to the food regimen most enjoyable and most beneficial for all mankind! And are not essays more than *entremets*, and poems more than puddings? Above all, is it not foolish to expect to be greatly profited by the opinion of genius in this matter? The gods thrive on nectar and ambrosia, but common people must have their mutton.

These are the "honest doubts"—as the economic Thomases say about Commercial Union—of a person who has observed the literary application of the old saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. Every intelligent person's mind is supplied with infinite tiny feelers that stretch out in all directions, and instinctively grasp what is good and nutritious for the soul they belong to,—that is, if no evil will commands them to pamper the baser man instead; in which latter case the opinion of authority avails nothing.

I have heard the unregenerate say that in this matter the opinion of authority is—Humbug!

SARA J. DUNCAN.

THE PROVINCIAL PREMIERS AND THE VETO QUESTION.

If the Quebec Conference had been an assemblage of gentlemen brought together for the purpose of discussing, among other things, how they might best rid themselves of vexatious interference in a matter personal to themselves, their resolution respecting the disposition of the veto power would be intelligible. That Mr. Mowat should suggest, and that the rest should concur in the suggestion, that the power of supervising their actions should be placed in the hands of one whom experience has shown to be disposed to give them at least full justice is only natural and to be expected. But the Quebec Conference was nothing of the sort. Its members were the Premiers of all the more important provinces in the Dominion, convened for the purpose of deliberating upon the relations of the various Provincial Governments to the central Government, and their resolutions were a series of suggestions, which, if adopted, would in their opinion materially reduce the friction which the consideration of those relations disclosed. It is important to note that, with one exception, these gentlemen were all Liberals. In order to appreciate fully the import of the resolution in question, it will be necessary to get a clear view of those who complain of the unjust use of power on the part of the Federal Government. It is not the people of any one province who claim to be especially aggrieved, though the disallowance of the Manitoba Railway Bill was probably what led to the resolution. The adoption of the resolution by the Conference has put the case on a different footing. The real complainants now are the representatives of the people of Canada sitting in her Provincial Legislatures; and those of whom complaint is made are the representatives of the same people of Canada, sitting in her Federal Government. If there ever was a case which, by its existence, designated its judge, this surely is one. Who should decide it but the people of Canada themselves?

It is not necessary however to impugn the motives of the Provincial Premiers, in suggesting that the veto power should be placed beyond the reach of the people of Canada altogether. The recent threatened trouble in Manitoba and the conviction that it was the oppressive power of a great corporation that prevented the Government from granting the desired relief, would go far to make some extraordinary remedy seem necessary.

They may have thought that the people of Canada must be saved from themselves. But giving them the benefit of the most charitable interpretation of their motives, to what a violation of Liberal principles do they stand convicted. If representatives from all the municipal bodies throughout Ontario were to propose to Mr. Mowat that in view of the want of harmony between him and them, all questions in dispute between them should be referred to the Premier of Canada, we can easily imagine Mr. Mowat returning the true Liberal answer: "No, gentlemen, such a course would be an insult to the people of Ontario, of whom, though in different capacities, we are both representatives. If you are not satisfied with the use I make of the power entrusted to me, lay the matter before our masters. If they cannot see the matter as you see it, the only thing for you to do is, as I have so often observed to those urging me to extreme temperance legislation, to wait till they do so see it, meanwhile losing no opportunity of furthering a knowledge of your views."

We do not purpose discussing the question of the best disposition to be made of the veto power. That question will be settled when our people are fully alive to the fact that we cannot afford to look to England to settle for us matters of purely domestic concern. Unless we are content to resign ourselves to a hopeless provincialism, we must grapple manfully with our difficulties as they arise, and solve them as best we can. The question of the veto power is not the most serious problem we shall have to deal with. Apart from the difficulties inherent in every system of government established on a wide popular basis, there are others arising from the circumstances of our country and people, that will tax the energies of the most resolute. But the political difficulties in this country are not one whit more perplexing than those of the country to the south of us, yet there is no inclination among the people of that country to resign in despair the solution of their problems to a power outside themselves. Happily in the case of political questions, the solving of them is of infinitely more value than the solution. To make a people strong, wise, and patriotic, capable of dealing with any problem as soon as it presents itself, is to have accomplished all the ends of government. We trust we shall hear no more of this attempt to deprive us of our political rights, under the specious plea of securing the provincial legislatures against the tyranny of the Federal Parliament, as if the Federal Parliament were a power outside ourselves, and not, like the Provincial Legislatures, created by us for the execution of our purposes and dependent on our will for its existence.

S.

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE.

A COLONIAL comparison must always be interesting to Colonials, and the article from the *Contemporary* on the above subject, which we abridge, will be no discouragement to Canadian authors but rather, we venture to predict, the reverse.

AUSTRALIAN literature, says Mr. Stephen Thompson, has so far been almost entirely adapted for home consumption. It is perhaps not yet sufficiently abundant in quantity or matured in quality to bear exportation. Australia's upheaval in the world of letters is so recent that everything of worth, with one exception, has been written by other than Australian born. America is an ancient of days compared with this youngest of Britain's great dominions. Australian history really begins in any vivid manner with the discovery of gold, or less than forty years ago: a discovery which brought sudden population, and precipitated a development that would otherwise have taken many generations to accomplish. Between Cook's discovery in 1770 and this period all is vague and shadowy to European comprehension.

Of the ages past, before the British flag was planted on those distant shores, there is no record; lost is lost, gone is gone, for evermore. There are no legendary lore, no poetic associations, no memories of heroic deeds to stir the pulse or wake to ecstasy the living lyre. Time has been here as elsewhere, but without the wallet upon his back. The rivers Hawkesbury, Clarence, and Yarra have none of the human interest bound up with centuries of bygone records, nor of those quickening influences which time alone can impart. The circling years brought their seasons, Nature's stock-in-trade was in many essentials much the same, but the human element was wanting. Scott would have made little of his enthralling scenes without flying moss-troopers, the blast of the bugle-horn, minstrels gray, and young Lochinvar not wholly devoted to the making of money. The poets and prose writers of Australia have therefore had no traditional lore, no accumulated materials with which to make a beginning, no heritage except that vested interest which we all possess in the literature of our common race. A national literature is not created in the perfunctory manner of things which perish in the using. Absorbed in the settlement of the country, separated from those monuments of history which in the old world lie everywhere around as a perpetual incentive, the colonists' progress in culture bears no comparison with their rapid advance in material wealth. Few devote any considerable portion of their time to study. Political life is an easier road to distinction, and political knowledge is more easily acquired. Literature is a finer product,

requiring qualities of a higher order, and workers for nobler wealth than that represented by nuggets are rare. Journalism absorbs the greater portion of the literary ability of a new country like Australia. Colonial brains run into journalistic channels as naturally as streamlets into rivers. Such a career is generally fatal to any persistent effort at making permanent additions to literature. The exigent demands of a daily press forbid divided aims. The field is too often reaped to admit of its growing any fully matured crop. The crystal forms by its own laws, the granite, by its own, and thought crystallises into book-form only under similar natural conditions. The literary man must love his art above all considerations as to its mundane rewards. But he can scarcely do without the companionship of congenial minds, and the mental stimulus it affords; whereas, in this making-haste-to-be-rich country there is no atmosphere of sympathy with purely intellectual aims.

Among Australian writers, there are three names which stand out from all others, and every visitor will be sure to hear them often repeated there: these are Lindsay Gordon, Marcus Clarke, and Henry Kendall. The fatal age of thirty-seven, so ominous to men of genius, was not attained by any of them—barely so by Gordon—and their careers were as sad as anything that could be told of any of the immortals in the old world. Gordon's verse is that which is most often on the lips of Australians. It reflects the peculiar social atmosphere and tone of thought prevailing at a time which will always stand out as a distinct epoch in the history of the colony; not the earliest period nor the most recent, but coming between, when the majority of the colonists were still those of British birth—a phase of colonial life now for ever passed away. Gordon's verse falls in with the temper of the time. Others may arise more perfectly equipped, and with a larger share of the divine afflatus, but it is scarcely possible to imagine a period when Gordon's verse will cease to move Australians. Of gentle birth, he was destined by his father, Major Gordon, for the army, and sent to Woolwich, afterwards to Merton College, Oxford, where his love of horses—always with Gordon a better and deeper feeling than that of the mere turfite—brought him into trouble. Thence he went to Australia. A greater change at that time can scarcely be imagined, from the gray old cloisters of pleasant Merton, overlooking the daisied meadows where the Isis rolls its broad silver, to the wilds of Australia.

Of unworldly nature, utterly without guile if not without blame, few ever understood this proud, shy man, who sought no sympathy, and though feeling the change most keenly, made no pageant of his fallen estate. The natural tenderness of his nature became overgrown by the rough bark of manhood developed in the adventurous life of the country into which he plunged, and few knew how living and fresh it remained at the core, finding vent only in the poems which he long withheld from publication.

Much of the charm of Gordon's poetry must ever remain in the land that inspired it. It cannot exert its full force upon the minds of the uninitiated in Australian life and scenery. It is therefore wanting so far in one quality essential to verse of the highest order. But it is impossible not to feel the manly ring of his galloping rhymes, or the nobility of sentiment and unaffected pathos which pervades his verse. A wasted career was Gordon's, for in reading his poems you can scarcely fail to perceive that the author was a born soldier. The best amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies, he had in that rough country, at one time or other, broken nearly every bone in his body.

In his first volume—*Bush Ballads*—there is one poem which is especially rich in local colouring, reflecting in a remarkable way the peculiar social atmosphere common to life in the back-blocks far away from colonial townships. Whatever poetry exists in this lonely station life has been embodied by Gordon in *The Sick Stock-Rider*:

"Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.

Old man, you've had your work cut out—to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at 'Morrabind' was a mist, rich, dull, and dense:
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp.

I was dozing in the gateway, at Arbutnot's bound'ry fence;
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the haze,
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth,
To southward lay 'Katawa,' with the sand peaks all ablaze,
And the flush'd fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander, as we've wandered, many a mile;
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while
'Twas merry, 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs—
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

"In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
Come back to us.
Aye, nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,—
It seems that you and I are left alone.

"I've had my share of pastime; I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span!
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

"The deep blue skies wax dusky, the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And in the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead."

A deep undercurrent of sadness runs through all Gordon's verse.

Painfully conscious of the hopes he had wrecked, he yet, with a fine instinct of pride and reticence, asked none to share his remorse.

Kendall is the first poet of Australian birth whose poems have taken a permanent place in Australian literature. His boyhood, passed in the Ulladulla and Clarence River districts of New South Wales, amidst the wild scenery of the coast ranges, by hill and stream, and surf-fringed Pacific shore, was of that semi-civilised character which seemed to his sensitive, impressionable nature, a mental vision saturated with forest sights and sounds, and memories of stories of the early days of the settlers in the oldest Australian colonies. More than any others, his work is redolent of the soil; it is pervaded by that *intimité* not always found in his contemporaries. In his verse there is an echo of the dripping gorges, a perfume of the odorous gum forest, a distinct impress of native influences which have never been crossed by actual contact with the aspects of nature in the Old World.

His reed was of no great compass, but had a few sweet notes that linger in the ear, and bring back visions of the lonely bush in a manner which no other writer has accomplished. His most sustained effort is the poem republished under the title of *Orara*, but better known in Australia as *The Glen of Arrawatta*. It serves as the corner-stone of the somewhat slight temple of Kendall's poetic reputation. It is the story of one of those adventurous spirits who, seeking to open up new country for pasturage, and thereby new fortune for those who stayed with narrow means-at-home, penetrates farther into the unexplored interior, and is murdered by the blacks while sleeping at night by his camp fire. The sequel is soon told, and the pioneer, transfixed with many spears, is left alone:

"With night and silence, in the sobbing rains,
There he lies and sleeps
From year to year: in soft Australian nights,
And through the furnace noons, and in the times
Of winds and wet! Yet never mourner comes
To drop upon that grave the Christian's tear,
Or pluck the foul dank weeds of death away.

But while the English Autumn filled her lap
With faded gold, and while the reapers cooled
Their flame-red faces in the clover grass,
They looked for him at-home; and when the frost
Had made a silence in the morning lanes,
They looked for him at-home; and through the days
Which brought about the million-coloured spring,
With moonlike splendours in her garden plots,
They looked for him at-home. From sun to sun
They waited. Season after season went,
And Memory wept upon the lonely moors,
And Hope grew voiceless, and the watchers passed,
Like shadows, one by one away."

In this poem Kendall touches the highest point which his measure of poetic force admitted.

A Government appointment of considerable value, as Inspector of State Forests, came too late to restore a constitution undermined by irregularities and bitter conflicts with poverty; and after holding it scarcely a year, the first native-born singer with any considerable claim to the poet's bays died in August, 1882.

Among prose writers Marcus Clarke leads the field. His novel, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, reprinted by Bentley in his Standard Series, gave its author a permanent position in the ranks of men of letters. Much of his superior work appeared in the pages of the *Australasian*, the weekly of the *Melbourne Argus*. Some of his best stories, reprinted from these journals, will live at any rate in Australian literature; though there is besides a good deal of purely ephemeral interest which must inevitably soon be forgotten. Born at Kensington in 1847—the son of a barrister—Marcus Clarke arrived at Victoria at the age of seventeen, and after some attempts at following the career of a bank clerk, passed two or three years in an up-country station in the Winnemara district. Later he held an appointment at the Public Library and Museum at Melbourne, until his death at the early age of thirty-four. Station life furnished him with that close contact with the materials of some of his subjects, and those opportunities of painting direct from Nature invaluable to the literary artist. It has been said that no one has yet succeeded in describing the Australian bush, that vast interminable sea of unchanging gum trees and illimitable distances. In Kendall's verse and certain passages of Marcus Clarke we come nearer to that achievement than in the writings of others.

In another department of literature the works of Dr. Hearn claim a niche to themselves, as by far the greatest productions in philosophic writing which the colonies have brought forth. *The Aryan Household* is a permanent contribution to literature. *The Government of England* and *Plutology* are books of which the Colony of Victoria is justly proud. After twenty years in Australia, Mr. J. Brunton Stephens is perhaps not unfairly, seeing that his works have been produced under the Southern Cross, claimed as an Australian poet. The first place among living men of letters he indisputably holds. A graduate of Edinburgh University, on his arrival in Queensland he became tutor in the family of a squatter, in that semi-tropical portion of Australia, and thus acquired familiarity with the scenes and scenery reproduced with so much power in his verse. His fine poem, *Convict Once*, filling an octavo volume, is far and away the most sustained effort the colonies have yet seen. It is written in hexameters, scholarly, well conceived, unflagging in interest, perfect in execution; it has not, however, caught the popular ear, as was perhaps to be expected.

A tale of love and passion and darkest treachery, its pages are illuminated throughout with the intense palpitating light of a glowing Australian sun. There are passages which seem flooded with the fervid heat and tropical life of Northern Queensland:

"Linger, O sun! for a little, nor close this day of a million;
Is there not glory enough in the rose-coloured halls of the west?
Hast thou no joy in the passion-hued folds of thy kingly pavilion—
Why shouldst thou only pass through it? Oh, rest thee a little while—rest!

Why should the night come and take it, the wan night that cannot enjoy it,
Bringing pale argent for golden, and changing vermilion to gray;
Why should the night come and shadow it, entwining but to destroy it?
Bide 'mid thy ruby-trailed splendours, oh stay thee a little while—stay!

Brunton Stephens has published a volume of minor productions in the style of Bret Harte, but the greatest portion of them are suitable only to Australia. A few, however, take an altogether higher standpoint. Of these, *The Story of a Soul*, *Mute Discourse*, and *Spirit and Star* are the most remarkable. E. S.

A REVERIE.

I WANDER alone at sunset
By the marge of the purple sea,
As the twilight's dreamy shadows
Steal slowly o'er upland and lea.

Like rhythm of sweetest music
Is the murmuring wave to my ear,
And the golden light of heaven
Sheds a glory around me here.

I sought the scene in the morning,
But the peaceful beauty had fled;
The sea lashed the cliffs in fury,
And dark scowled the heavens o'er head:

As fair as an infant sleeping
Was the eve as it sank to rest;
The morn, like mad passions leaping
To wild conflict in manhood's breast.

ZELL.

SCENES IN HAWAII.*

SHORTLY after the coronation ball had taken place and we were wondering "what next," we received invitations to a large "Luau" or feast, to be held at Iolani Palace. The cards were quite as elaborate as those for the coronation itself, and we were asked to present ourselves at twelve o'clock in the day; most fortunately it was a brilliantly beautiful day, the sun shining brightly, but always tempered in its heat by the cool trade winds. At the appointed hour we walked down towards the gate which had admitted us on the former occasions, and found throngs of natives of every class on their way to the same destination, a Luau having much the same attraction for the Hawaiians that an immense feast would have for a lot of school children. All were dressed in their smartest array, the women in the brightest-coloured holokus with in nearly every case large hats with feathers and wreaths of flowers; the men in gorgeous shirts of every hue, and the inevitable straw sailor-like hat, with leis of roses, honeysuckle, and wild ginger, flowers of every kind; they almost always wear snowy-white trousers on gala days, and the result is a very picturesque costume. They laughing and chattering, no doubt chaffing each other, for the natives are very sarcastic, and always see the humorous side of a thing first, no matter at whose expense, we passed through the fast collecting crowd, and gained the entrance to the palace grounds, which were on this day thrown open to the public. Rushes strewed the pathway to the same large enclosure which, with its tent roof and tiers of seats, presented much the same appearance as on the coronation day, except that instead of the small pavilion the centre space in front of the palace was taken up by two enormous tables running their full length between the seats. These tables were draped with white, but the entire tops were covered with ferns and leaves massed together so as almost to form a tablecloth of themselves; quantities of flowers were placed about mingling with the ferns. All manner of native dainties were offered to the guests, who took their places, ate as much as they wished, and then withdrew to the seats to look on at their hungry successors. At every second or third place was a great calabash of the inevitable poi, without which no Hawaiian meal is complete. At each plate was a small bundle of the ti leaves enclosing various fish which, being cooked in the leaves and also served in them, preserves the delicate flavour immensely. Sweet potatoes of enormous size, boiled and baked taro (from the root of which the poi is made), sea weeds of different kinds mashed and boiled and eaten hot, kukui nuts grated up as a kind of salt relish, native onions, bananas, and native fruits in quantities,—all these go to make up a native Luau, and above all the noble pig baked in a hole made in the ground for that purpose, which is filled with hot stones and leaves, covered up for a certain length of time, and finally emerges in a state of perfection unknown to those who have not been fortunate enough to taste Mr. Piggy in such a condition. No Northerner can imagine the difference between the ordinary roasted pork and a pig baked in the ground—the flavour is totally different. Raw fish plays a conspicuous part at Luau too. The method of eating these various delicacies is certainly not appetising, the rapidity with which they disappear being something marvellous. The fish is dexterously torn to pieces and passed to the next neighbour and so on, the last person who receives it probably being the loser. Everything is eaten in that way, so that at the end of the feast the untidiness of the remains is generally something appalling. The only liquid served on the day I speak of was soda water, a bottle of which lay at each place.

We sat down at a little distance, and watched the curious scene. The

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natives had turned out in great numbers, and the scent of their leis of flowers and maille leaves was almost overpowering. Many half-whites were there too, dressed in a wonderful attempt at European fashion. Two sisters we especially remarked, dressed in flowing black holokus and the very largest crimson plush hats I ever saw, with enormous plumes nodding in the air. There were numbers of attendants, male and female, all natives, who moved about in the leisurely way natural to Hawaiians, and did their best to clear each table, as it was vacated, for the next comers.

The King had devoted many of the offerings at the Hukupoo to this Luau, which, strange as it may appear, actually went on for hours; it had been going on for some time when we were there at twelve o'clock, and it was still progressing late in the afternoon. On the veranda of the palace were Queen Kapiolani, Princess Lilliokalani, Likelike, and Kaiulani, surrounded by a large suite and many officials. Presently an aide-de-camp, in a handsome German uniform, almost all white, was sent to ask us to go up to the piazza, and so we presently found ourselves in the court circle. Her Majesty was in the centre, attired in a beautiful holoku of rich white satin, whose flowing, ample folds suited her much better than her gorgeous coronation robes, and she looked much more comfortable, giving us her kindly smile of welcome as usual. The little heir-apparent looked pretty in a crimson velvet and pink costume, with a huge Kate Greenaway bonnet framing her dark eyes. Many of the white ladies had assumed the holoku in compliment to the natives, many in richest material; but all paled before the wonderful tints in a holoku worn by the wife of one of the Cabinet Ministers, who was sitting close to us. She was a remarkably handsome woman, a full native, very dark brown skin, enormous in stature and size, but with a really beautiful head and face, the features perfectly regular, of a half sad, almost statuesque expression. Round her shapely head was a wreath of various-coloured roses, but her dress was marvellous, the brightest yellow satin, shot with purple and trimmed with quantities of green—a brilliant grass green, too! It was as near one's idea of a bird of paradise as could be; a large lace collar lay on her shoulders, which was no doubt the finishing touch. The whole combination made one's eyes fairly blink!

During the afternoon some ancient spear dances took place, mingled with others, and during the evening we heard the heathenish sounds of the small native drums, which invariably accompany the Hula-hula dances.

The professional dancers (of whom the best come from Hanalei) are regularly trained by an extraordinary looking man, who is known by the name of "The Dandy;" he is, I think, a half-white, and the aim of his existence seems to be to make himself as conspicuous in appearance as possible. To this end, his costumes are of the most flashy kind, and quite different from those worn by ordinary individuals. I saw him one afternoon in Honolulu, attired in purple velvet, with a green waistcoat; the coat was similar in shape to an ordinary dress coat, but with unusually long tails, and there appeared to be some gold embroidery about his sleeves. A ridiculously high collar, with a stock and a tall white hat, completed this most extraordinary—what? one cannot call it dress!

I believe these Hula dances are a relic of the barbarism practised by the Hawaiians, and am told they are extremely coarse and ungraceful in every way; the Government at times make spasmodic efforts to suppress them, but hitherto with little result. The girls are usually ugly, and wear a curious kind of short dress, drawn up through wreaths of leaves which are worn round the hips, and their bare ankles have small fur or feather rings; the music consists of a small round drum which gives a monotonous sound, beaten continuously by the dancers or others placed for that purpose.

The coronation festivities were closed with some races, which took place on the pretty race-course at Waikiki, about two miles from Honolulu, and we enjoyed the fun of it all immensely. The officers of the ships in harbour got up a gentlemen's race on any scratch animals which could be got together, regardless of size, age, or weight; which gave an interest to the friends looking on. A charming luncheon in the tent of the King's chamberlain, at which His Majesty King Kalakua attended in person, gave us an additional pleasure, and having heard the strains of "Hawaii Ponoï" from the band, we drove back to the town, pausing a moment to see the start of a fine four-in-hand, coached in a masterly fashion by an ex-officer of Her British Majesty's cavalry.

We also saw the unveiling of a very fine bronze statue of Kammehameha I., which was placed in front of the Hall of Legislature. The great chief was a man of enormous strength and grand appearance, and the statue shows the tall, manly figure clad in the malo, the ancient feather robe falling from the shoulders. On the head was the headdress assumed by the chiefs going to battle, the form almost precisely the same as that of the ancient Greek helmet. This was also made of the glittering gold-coloured feathers massed on some kind of firm foundation, and as the cloak and helmet were gilt, the effect against the dark bronze was really beautiful; the right hand was extended holding the mighty spear, which it was said no chief but Kammehameha could wield, so large and heavy was it.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

LONDON LETTER.

THOUGH Sabbath peace is proverbial, it is Grant Allen I think who points out that Nature, always quiet in her operations—as people invariably are who accomplish much, is no gentler than on any other day; but inasmuch as all rattle is arrested, looms stop clashing, office doors are shut, so we have time to pause and listen if we choose (and if we have ears, a rarer possession than people think) to a hundred of unfamiliar voices, so noiseless though perfectly distinct as to be almost without sound. Impos-

sible as it is for city dwellers to distinguish anything above the roar of the machinery of every-day life, yet Nature is as near us here as ever she is to the country folk in those solitary meadows and copses a few miles off; for have we not wide squares full of birds, parks and crescents in our midst glowing with flower (albeit bird, flower, and leaf are a trifle sooty), and above the great cloudy skies which I remember Creswick watching with so much interest from his painting room windows in Linden Gardens? And to-day, when our streets are colourless with shuttered shops and every one is diverging to that peculiar form of doctrine which suits them best—Low Church and Dissenters, High Church and Catholic, travelling together as far as certain points and then separating—London air vibrates with all sorts of quiet tones; for the same language is spoken in the streets which is uttered in the lanes day by day, month by month, all unheeded while we work.

Dickens describes the city and the city churches as practically empty on Sunday mornings, but for my part I have always found average congregations in the latter, and in the former plenty of holiday life, the humorous side of which was represented this morning by the figure of that Personage whom Du Maurier christened "Kangaroo Tim" in one of his *Punch* pictures. He wore a checked suit and a wide gray slouched hat, and was driving to St. Paul's in company with an English lady and gentleman of the genus "swell," driving to the cathedral with the swagger which characterises his entrance into his Ring, and as if he were conferring a favour on the saint by his visit. Crossing Holborn, the coroneted horses nearly ran over me, and as I escaped up Kingsgate Street, and looked with gratitude at the house (over which the barber's pole is still suspended) of the immortal Mrs. Gamp, I wondered what the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* would have said as regards our conduct to this astonishing Yankee showman.

Personally I am fond of Bloomsbury, and find new things to interest every time I stray into the quaint district. Before going into the Foundling this morning I turned off into Doughty Street to gaze with proper reverence at the house where *Pickwick* was finished and *Oliver Twist* written: and I went to Queen's Square to find No. 18, where Dickey Steele once lodged with his Prue; and I saw the odd little church where Philip Fermin sat with his children (who does not remember Walker's exquisite drawing?) and reconnoitered the passage into Southampton Row down which the tinted Venus came to the shop, that terrible day after the Roschurch adventure. I find it difficult to understand why people inhabit Maida Vale, Notting Hill, or Bayswater, paying large rent for badly-built stuccoed houses, when for the same sum they might live in fine old red-brick mansions round about Ormond Street, and be in the centre of a most charming neighbourhood. Year after year Hardy the novelist comes up from his Dorchester home to lodgings near Russell Square, as he considers this part more convenient than any other, but beyond a few who have the courage of their opinions, such as Buckle, of the *Times*, and the Humphrey Wards, this interesting old world north of Oxford Street is unknown to society, who prefer the wilds of South Kensington, with its deep stained glass and paper dadoes, to the large high rooms of Bloomsbury—mahogany doors, Adam decorations and pannelled powdering closets thrown in. But the Foundling bells, which good Captain Coram first set ringing, warn loiterers to hurry, so I turn from the manifold distractions in the street of hammered iron work, fine torch extinguishers, and graceful fanlights, into the famous chapel with its crested windows and wreathed medallions, and the service begins.

A chance line in the *World*, describing the congregation as drawn here by Professor Momerie's brilliant and incisive preaching, is no doubt responsible for this immense congregation; we are literally packed, even in the galleries, where I sit over against the children. Girls in mob-caps and snow-white aprons cluster by Handel's beautiful organ on one side, and lads in a uniform of brown cloth and cherry waistcoats (like so many robin redbreasts) are on the other. "Oh come let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation," pipe the girl's voices, and the boys answer: "Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms," and so the music swings on. As I glance at the children's faces one after another, I wonder if there is not something faulty in the education which produces so much plainness—not to put too fine a point upon it—many looking as if afflicted with that dire disease, the rickets, and others as if brains had been left out entirely from their composition. The little maids make by far the best appearance, and show they are conscious of the fact by the characteristic manner in which most of them have arranged their caps; but their brothers, guilty of no expression of either satisfaction or dissatisfaction, preserve a hideous resemblance one to another. Over the altar is a poor piece of West's and near it sits the Professor. He is thinking doubtless that it is too great a strain upon any one to be expected to be "brilliant and incisive" every Sunday. We have morning service and hymns, and we have an anthem, and then after part of the Holy Communion the very small Foundlings are hustled out by their elders, and while they walk sedately two and two round the building (the doors are open and we can see them wandering in and out among the bare garden trees) the parson, in black gown according to ancient custom, talks to us from the pulpit.

Now I've heard Father Ignatius, and find him in appearance like one of the least wise of the *Ingoldsby Legend* monks: with a foolish, kind face, and a foolish, kind manner, and a boisterous Spurgeon-like way of emphasising nothing at all; and I've put him down (in my superior knowledge), as a person of affectations, relying eminently, if not mainly, on the effect produced by shaven crown, rosary, cord, and black robe,—enjoying the semi-mediæval life at Llanthony Abbey as if it were a play, and whose most serviceable quality lies in his tolerance of every sort of religion, be it Methodist, Roman Catholic, or Unitarian. I've listened in my salad day

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THE munificent gift of forty thousand dollars made by the Hon. John Macdonald to found a new hospital in Toronto adds another to that gentleman's many titles to respect and honour among his fellow-citizens. So substantial a furtherance to so worthy a design affords an opportunity of showing at once appreciation of Mr. Macdonald's generosity and interest in its object. The beneficent purpose of the gift deserves that all, by joining their subscriptions to his, should aid in completing the fund of which it forms so handsome a nucleus; and we trust that a hearty response to Mr. Macdonald's invitation may soon place Toronto in possession of an hospital worthy of the city and its citizens.

THE Springfield *Republican* discerns in the recent Inter-Provincial Conference, in the ambitions of the Provinces, the signs of a struggle between the Provinces and the Dominion somewhat analogous to the old American question of State Rights. It is not technically the same question, however, because the Provinces composing the Dominion Confederation were colonial dependencies of Great Britain, with no claim for independence. "This Great Republic," it says, "acts like an immense magnet upon everything that Canada produces. The geographical situation creates a tendency to Reciprocity, and this is why even Provinces like Ontario, Conservative in Dominion politics, are Liberal in Provincial politics." So that we are to conclude that all that makes for the consolidation of Confederation is naturally Conservative, and all that makes for disintegration Liberal.

SOME one once said that the first thought of a Yankee on reaching heaven would probably be to appraise the value of the Great White Throne. And really Mr. Edward Atkinson hasn't a much better sense of the fitness of things than our mythical friend. The proposal that the United States should purchase the Maritime Provinces for fifty million dollars—their proportion of the Dominion Debt—could only proceed from a conviction that there is nothing on earth money will not buy. Mr. Atkinson has probably imbibed the notion from some of our newspapers that Canada is quite ready to sell herself, her future, all the promise of a distinctive and beneficent form of civilisation offered by her growing nationality,—for the sake of a little extra trade. And we suppose there is little use in assuring Mr. Atkinson that the almighty dollar is not yet almighty in Canada or Great Britain; that among the things still held sacred is patriotism, which would not permit Canada to sell her whole eastern seaboard for money, nor England her colonies.

THE result of the election in Haldimand was a surprise to the Commercial Unionists, because they had allowed themselves to be deluded by the approval of people who had never given the subject any real thought; while the honest sense of the country had been deliberating—with the result that was seen at Haldimand. The blow dealt there at Commercial Union, already a decaying cause, was a tremendous one, and it seems has proved fatal; although chameleon-like, the chimerical proposal is able to appear again with another hue and under another name. It is now, it seems, Unrestricted Reciprocity *without* customs-union. The distinguishing features of Commercial Union—the abolition of the customs barrier between the two countries, and the adoption of a common tariff—are thrown away incontinently. We are now to be at liberty to arrange our own tariff at Ottawa, instead of having it done for us at Washington; and the customs barrier is to be retained solely in order to prevent the British manufacturer from taking advantage of the greater intercourse between Canada and the States. If we could have Unrestricted Reciprocity with the rest of the world besides the States, THE WEEK would not have a word to object to it, but we must insist that in essential respects the new proposal is as objectionable as the old. With our protective tariff in force, to take down the barriers against the United States manufacturers alone would be to discriminate against Great Britain, a thing that might be expected from a hostile State, but would certainly not be borne from a colony; and therefore it is impracticable if we are to remain a colony.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S unofficial utterances the other day to the newspaper reporters, respecting the Fisheries question, must be eminently satisfactory to Canadians. Holding that the Treaty of 1818 explains and interprets itself, he deprecates any patching of it to make it better serve the purpose of either party. It must either remain in force according to its literal construction, or be superseded by a new treaty. This is reasonable. If the treaty is not now satisfactory to both parties, instead of this clause or that being twisted out of its plain meaning by a new interpretation, or allowed to fall into desuetude, let all the circumstances be discussed candidly, and when a fair agreement has been arrived at—as cannot be difficult if each side is honest about the business—let a new treaty be made that cannot be objected to fifty years hence as no longer suitable to the condition of the two parties. The Treaty of 1818 has never been heartily concurred in by the States; it was accepted as the most that could be got, and the Reciprocity Treaty and Washington Treaty were designed to supply its deficiencies; so that on the whole perhaps it is better that the Treaty of 1818 should be superseded altogether by a new one, especially as Mr. Chamberlain assures us that this time the voice of Canada will have due weight, her concurrence being necessary to any agreement.

THE United States Government has, it seems now clear, wisely determined to abandon its recent claim that Behring's Sea is a closed sea, and that the Government has consequently jurisdiction beyond the customary three-mile limit. This attitude is a return to that of the United States diplomats before Alaska passed into possession of the States; and it will immensely strengthen the hands of the American members of the present Fisheries Commission, who otherwise would have been handicapped by the assertion of totally opposite rules in the Atlantic and in the Pacific.

RESPECTING Commercial Union, Mr Chamberlain's statement was no less satisfactory. The whole range of Imperial commercial treaties, securing to the Colonies the privileges of the most favoured nation, is not to be upset because a bare majority in Canada may have voted to discriminate against the Mother Country in a manner that could not be excelled in offensiveness by the most hostile foreign Power. Canada may do this if she pleases, but it will mean Separation; and before consenting to Separation or any step designed to lead to it, England must feel assured that the wish is practically *unanimous* on the part of Canada. A bare majority in favour of Commercial Union would not be sufficient. The Imperial veto, we are gratified to know, would be applied to any such legislation on the part of the Canadian Parliament; and when it is asked why the majority should not rule in this case, Ireland may be pointed to, where the majority is not allowed Home Rule for a similar reason.

THE Chinese Government has set an example to the States that we trust will be followed in every future Alabama or other similar Award case. It has returned to the Government of the United States a part of the Wyoming Indemnity Fund, recently voted by Congress in consequence of the killing of certain Chinamen by the mob. The Chinese Government found that six claims had been sent in in duplicate, and thus the amount voted was too large.

A RECENT sale of the tenant's interest in a farm in North Tipperary does not seem to show that the farmers consider that Irish land is over-rented, even at judicial rent; and it does not show that the farmers are as badly off as represented. The farm was one of fifty acres of light tillage land, paying, under Lord Ashbourne's Act, £40 yearly for forty-nine years, together with all rates and taxes. Government valuation, £47 15s. Judicial rent, £50. There were five bidders for it at sums varying from £300 to £600, at which latter figure it was sold. Auction fees brought up the total to £630, or, in other words, the amount paid for the tenant-right (calculated at 5 per cent.), added £31 10s. yearly to the rent.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN, writing to the *Times*, says: "The relations between Hungary and Austria can teach us nothing as to Home Rule, because Hungary is an independent kingdom, Austria an independent duchy, neither of them dependent on the other, but both joined together on such terms as the two States hold to be for their common benefit. In such a case there is no room for Home Rule, a relation which, if it has any meaning at all, means something granted or allowed to a dependency." And what does Catholic Ireland want,—the Home Rule of a dependency, or Ireland a nation? Irish writers leave us in no doubt: Ireland is to a nation, and the Home Rule they are clamouring for a mere step in the advance to Separation.

WE all remember how exactly six years ago Mr. Gladstone employed his son surreptitiously to send up the Home Rule kite; and a correspondent of the *Times* pertinently asks whether some words Mr. Herbert Gladstone is reported to have used in a speech at Dunse—"The Government had not only given the Irish a cause for revolution, but, undoubtedly, in his (the speaker's) mind, a just cause for revolution,"—are the mere irresponsible chatter of a hairbrained politician, or whether Mr. Gladstone is now meditating another *coup* more advanced than the Home Rule one, which ultimately failed so miserably?

THE chief Liberal journal of Vienna, commenting on a recent speech in which Sir William Harcourt placed Mr. Gladstone on a parallel with Cavour and Prince Bismarck, says that Lord Hartington, by refuting this comparison, evinced greater sense. Cavour and Bismarck have created empires, and realised the ideals of their countrymen; while Mr. Gladstone is bent on destroying the unity of the British Empire, and undermining the compact power of England.

How can Mr. Gladstone consistently foster the Home Rule sentiment in Wales, or propose the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, having regard to what he said in proposing the Redistribution Bill of 1884?—"Wales has never been dealt with separately, or upon any separate principle in any Reform Bill. The distinction between England and Wales, except in a recital in an Act of Parliament, and for the purpose of indicating their unity, is totally unknown to our Constitution."

MR. GLADSTONE'S condemnation of lawlessness in London, and approval of lawlessness in Ireland, proceed, not from principle, which indeed would be hard to stretch over both cases, but from a growing consciousness that in England the disreputable courses of the Gladstonians are fast alienating from them every respectable person, and every one possessed of the smallest stake in the country, while in Ireland anything that would make for the restoration of law and order necessarily would damage the Home Rule cause, and by consequence the chances of Mr. Gladstone's return to power.

REFERRING to the "treating" at the Gladstonian picnic at Templecombe, which we mentioned recently, the London *Law Journal*, commenting on the letter of Sir Henry James, whose view it says is fully supported by the Corrupt Practices Act, 1883, remarks that the objection to the old law that there could be no corruption unless there was a candidate was recited in the preamble of the Act, and it was provided that "any person who corruptly by himself or any other person either before, during, or after an election directly or indirectly gives or provides or pays wholly or in part the expense of giving or providing any meat, drink, entertainment, or provision to or for any person for the purpose of corruptly influencing that person or any other person to give or refrain from giving his vote at the election shall be guilty of treating." The punishment is imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term not exceeding one year, or a fine not exceeding £200. It visits both him that gives and him that takes, and the section is practically in force always in every constituency, which nowadays is normally in the state of being "either before, during, or after an election." At Templecombe they seem to have been careful to let there be no doubt that the object was to influence votes at the next election, by passing a resolution pledging the meeting to use every effort to return to Parliament supporters of an indomitable leader. The proper course is to prosecute for the offence when committed, but if it is left to the next election, and the candidate returned subscribed towards the treat, although at that time he may not have been a declared candidate, he is guilty of treating "in reference to his election," his seat is void, and he is disqualified from sitting for ever for that county or borough, and is for seven years incapacitated for sitting in Parliament, holding a public or judicial office, and voting at an election. He might lose his seat even if he had been a stranger to the previous festivities, but adopted them by standing as the candidate of the organisation responsible for them, and taking advantage of their baiting the ground. This ought to put a stop to this form of corruption at any rate. It will be a heavy blow to Gladstonianism if the leaders cannot continue to pose as political acrobats and get up sham demonstrations; but if they are likely to be disqualified for it, the game—and so uncertain a game—is not worth the candle.

ADDRESSING an influential gathering in support of the Fair Trade movement recently, Lord Brabourne said very truly: "The natural price of any article is the cost of its production *plus* sufficient profit to some one to induce him to undertake to produce it. But in the case of the

British farmer the price of his produce is not determined in this natural manner, but is regulated by the figure at which the foreign producer can bring the same things into the market, having produced them under different and more favourable conditions. The question is rapidly narrowing itself into this—Whether the land of Great Britain is to remain under cultivation or not?" We believe that the question will be found to be, in the long run, Whether the land of Great Britain shall remain in the present hands or pass into the hands of people more capable of using it to advantage. Freedom of transfer is really what is wanted in England—Free Trade in land, not Fair Trade in commodities.

THE folly of prohibitive duties is well illustrated in Russia, where the high tariff has produced a great falling-off in imports, and a consequent decrease in the exports of Russian agricultural products—the very life of the country. Foreign countries of course seek their breadstuffs elsewhere, if Russia will not accept manufactures in exchange.

FRANCE is again in the midst of a Ministerial crisis. The Rouvier Cabinet, brought into power last spring by a combination of the moderate Radicals and the Conservatives, as a bulwark against the extreme radical principles of M. Clemenceau and the ambition of Gen. Boulanger, has been upset immediately on the re-assembling of the Chambers, not by the advanced Radicals, as was then expected, but by the Conservative party which brought the Cabinet into power. This is evidently the immediate result of the Comte de Paris's manifesto; and it shows we believe a resolve by this party to tolerate no Government—to make government impossible, while the French princes are in exile. What the outcome is to be is impossible to guess at this early stage of the crisis, but a prolonged period of unstable government, a series of weak Governments, may apparently be expected; and France will lose much of the advance in public esteem gained for her during the past few months by the sensible and moderate policy of M. Rouvier.

NOT for many years has France enjoyed such esteem in Europe as during the past few months. Her relations with all the Powers have improved. The diplomatic world has visibly drawn towards French diplomacy. England ceases to be unfriendly. Germany enjoins peace on her frontiers. Austria facilitates the task of France, and is ready to approve what she negotiates on behalf of Europe. Russia forgets democracy and demagogues, and is as amiable as possible. Italy addresses to France friendly words, and is inclined to renew the commercial treaty. Even Spain, despite the Morocco affair, is on more pacific terms than ever with France. Whereas under M. Ferry France was perpetually engaging in impracticable colonial enterprises, which absorbed both blood and treasure, and embroiled France with her neighbours in Europe; and under M. de Freycinet difficulties were created in Egypt, in the New Hebrides, with Germany. M. de Freycinet drew nobody towards France, and choosing restless agents, while subordinating foreign to home questions in order to please the Radicals, he too succeeded in embroiling the country abroad, and earning the universal distrust of diplomatists. The return of either of these men to power would be a great misfortune for France.

THE British Consul at Canton points out various ways in which foreign trade might be increased in China, by foreign tradesmen settling down to supply, not the wholesale dealers, but the retail purchasers; for there is a growing taste for foreign articles, and few houses are without a foreign lamp, a foreign clock, and probably some articles of glassware. And, he adds, apparently with a judicious eye on the American Syndicate, that for the general interests of foreign trade it is desirable that the Chinese Government should not grant concessions for railway construction. "Knowing so little as we do of China, an investment in Chinese railway stock must be, in nearly every instance, a wild speculation, from which only the manipulators of the shares could hope to get a return," and there is, therefore, more money to be made in supplying Chinese wants, and doing their work for payment, than in taking the risk and finding the capital in the hope of prospective profits.

AT Labuan, a British possession in North Borneo, the only English officials are Governor Leys and Lieutenant Hamilton. The latter gentleman combines in himself the offices of master attendant, postmaster, colonial secretary, treasurer, magistrate, inspector of police, inspector of the prison, chief commissioner of woods, and colonial engineer. In all of these capacities he corresponds from himself to himself, and carefully copies and registers his letters. In writing official letters from himself to himself he adopts a very dignified and stately style, and subscribes himself, "Your obedient servant."

A PLEA.

For the Idle Singers of an Empty Day.

Not by us the seed
Sown—we only tend it ;
Not by us the gift
Bought—we only send it ;
Not by us the flowers
Plucked—we only fling them ;
Not our own the songs,
But the way we sing them.

Though all blossoms grew
Cheap—we still should miss them ;
Though some gifts appear
Poor—we often kiss them ;
Though the seeds may look
Small—we cannot spare them ;
Though our songs be slight,
Shall the world not share them ?

Now should Fate be kind,
Cause us to inherit
Sweet access of Fame,
Based on others' merit,
Hear us now confess,
As to-day we bring them,
Not our own the songs,
But the way we sing them.

SERANUS.

VICTORIAN POETS.*

To paraphrase a well-known proverb, the true critic is born, not made. Although scholarship may widen, attainments go on increasing, and experience ripen, the elements of true criticism are frequently found in comparatively youthful writers, and also among writers who perhaps are not fortunate enough to have access to the most polished and influential magazines. One is inclined to think that on the whole the best things about the best writers have long ago been said, especially in the face of the myriad attempts at criticism that flaunt us in contemporaneous periodicals. Happily for himself, for his country, and for the subjects he takes up, the achievements of Mr. Stedman, author of *Poets of America*, are in this respect above a shadow of doubt or reproach. His reading of the age, his estimates of the probable destiny of living poets, and his absolute incapacity for admiration of anything that is artificial, slovenly, or inartistic have provoked the warmest admiration from all students of poetry, and have fitted him for the arduous duties of literary censorship. He needs must love the highest when he sees it, although he displays a kindly charity towards those who stand and wait and print their smaller volumes of minor song.

This book consists of about ten separate critical notices of representative English poets, beginning with Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Hood, and Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). To many it will come as a surprise to find Matthew Arnold wedged in between these two latter poets as early as the third chapter. In point of time there is little correspondence, and in genius none whatever ; yet it is on account of, or rather in spite of, these facts that Mr. Stedman has chosen these three widely different poets as representative men of their age. Hood, to his mind, is the high-priest of the crowd, Procter of the open air, and Arnold of the closet—all purely English, and belonging to the England of a very recent day. The analysis of Barry Cornwall's poetry strikes one as almost over-conscientious ; it is like breaking the traditional butterfly, and conversely there is commonly found in Matthew Arnold's *blasé* verse something more than is here attributed to him. Of Mrs. Browning, the very truth, and nothing but the truth, is said, and a more tender, more thoughtful, more affectionate tribute was never paid her. Indeed, there will be doubtless heard and read many a caveat from his critical compeers at the amount of feeling, of reverence, of positive emotion, exhibited by Mr. Stedman in the chapters alluded to. He calls her "a Christian sibyl, priestess of the melody, heroism, and religion of the modern world ; . . . the greatest female poet that England has produced—not only England, but the whole territory of the English language : more than this, the most inspired woman, so far as known, of all who have flourished in any land or time, or composed in ancient or modern tongues."

In dwelling upon Mrs. Browning's culture, and the quality of her published writings, Mr. Stedman does well to reiterate the truth that many a woman of perhaps not inferior gifts has grown up in a less cultivated sphere, and thus missed the fostering influences of a classical education, while as to bulk it is evident that before the sustained effort necessary to produce a poem of over twelve thousand lines in length, such as *Aurora Leigh*, the occasional verse of such women as Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and others seems all at once constrained and limited. As the critic asserts, "her reading was so varied as to make her the most powerful ally of the classicists among popular authors, and her poetical instinct for meanings was equal to Shelley's."

As Mrs. Browning is held to be the representative of her sex in the Victoria era, so Tennyson is rightly considered the crowning product of the refined, speculative, complex, modern administration under which we live, "not one of the great wits nearly allied to madness, yet possibly to be accepted as a wiser poet, serene above the frenzy of the storm," "in technical excellence, as an artist in verse, the greatest of modern poets, the one who rarely nods, and who *always* finishes his verse to the extreme," "the master of an original and fastidious art, in itself a theme for an essay." Of this art Mr. Stedman goes on to say that the poet who studies it "may well despair, he never can excel it, and is tempted into a *reactionary carelessness*, trusting to make his individuality felt thereby. Its strength is that of perfection, its weakness, the over-perfection which marks a still-life painter." With such masterly summaries as these Mr. Stedman takes a reluctant leave of the Laureate and proceeds to analyse Browning, before which however occurs the chapter on "Tennyson and Theocritus," long considered the most important in the book, dealing with the likeness our great Englishman bears to the Dorian father of idyllic song. The perusal of this supplementary chapter is another proof of the fitness of M. Stedman for his work, inasmuch as it reveals intimacy with Greek forms of verse and general classical literature, rare enough among American critics. With all deference however to Mr. Stedman's patience in research one doubts if for example in the cited case of the isometric burden,—"Too late, too late ! Ye cannot enter now"—the truth is that Tennyson obtained "more than a hint" for it in a miracle-play of the middle ages, printed by Monmerqué in 1839.

The portion of this work devoted to Browning is in keeping with the wise and scholarly treatment of what has gone before, but it has probably long ago given much offence to those ardent souls who see in Browning the struggling exposition of the intellect of the age. Mr. Stedman allows, as the true critic must, that here the weight of intellect is undeniably very great, but he feels that the struggle is too visible, the methods of work, or rather the absence of lawful methods, such as to gravely impoverish and impair the intrinsic merit of the thought. Here the critic is unquestionably wise, if severe. Perhaps the following sentence about sums up these affectionate and reverential strictures : "For so much of Browning's crudeness as comes from inability to express himself, or to find a proper theme, he may be readily forgiven ; but whatever is due to real or assumed irreverence for the divine art among whose votaries he stands enrolled is a grievous wrong, unworthy of the humble and delightful spirit of a true craftsman. He forgets that art is the bride of imagination, from whose embraces true creative work must spring."

The estimates of Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti are thoroughly careful, and evidently the result of conscientious study ; that of Jean Ingelow singularly wanting in appreciation of her wonderful command of form and her innate originality, and among the later minor poets there are perhaps a few about whom it is scarcely safe to make as yet any statements. Mr. Stedman has turned an attentive ear to the cultured verse of Oscar Wilde, and hopes that it is not too late for that promising disciple of Ruskin to contribute much that shall be of permanent value to the imaginative literature of his country. But the majority of the dainty stanzas penned to-day by the ever-increasing band of society singers he has grouped cleverly enough as the outcome of "troubadour insouciance," a phrase which represents, in his opinion, the attitude of the singers of England to-day in the middle of her "storm and stress" situation, ripe with social and political fever, discontent, and rebellion. This warning note is not without sense and appreciation of England's difficulties, but is akin to previous utterances from American writers, including Emerson, who have ever been fond of painting the insecurity and dangers of the old land, with a species of wonder that it has kept alive so long. Mr. Stedman's remarks would prove quite as true and significant of his own country, where, week after week, writers of periodical verse and publishers of aesthetically bound volumes appear to tickle the ear with Dobsonian rhymes, and rivet the eye with tints of lavender, pearl and rose. Are there no poor within their gates, nor any sick within their land ?

In conclusion, Mr. Stedman's literary style is one of much clearness, free from affectation, and fraught with admirable restraint and tact. Occasionally a direct American manner of expression creeps into view, and it is usually welcome, being natural to the writer, forcible, and direct. Such is this absolutely correct, though almost too Saxon a sentence,— "He so constantly wants to stop and sing that he gets along slowly with a plot." This, of course, is Swinburne, and Swinburne to the life. On page 186 reference is made to the music of Gluck as being on a narrower range than that of Rossini. Rossini came much later than Gluck, it is true, and inherited modern ideas, but even with their aid failed to evolve as grand a lyric school as that which may confidently claim Gluck for its founder. The prototype of Wagner, every day sees his music growing in importance and interest, though it is also true that the brilliant Italian is likely to overshadow him for many years yet with the melodic phrases that so easily attract the ear, and atone in many places for their shallow contrapuntal setting.

In such felicities of expression as "Stained-glass Poetry," for the school of Rossetti and Morris, and "Debonair Verse," for the dainty eccentricities of the Lang and Gosse school, Mr. Stedman is curiously rich. He has a capacity, rare at this moment among critics, of generalising to a purpose, and of setting forth his thought in a perfectly lucid and luminous style. The book will ever remain a candid, thorough, and scholarly production, to which students may turn equally for purposes of reference or pleasure, and is to be regarded as the very best practical evidence of a high state of culture and the presence of critical powers among our brethren of the Republic.

SERANUS.

* *Victorian Poets*. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto : Williamson and Company.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AN ABRIDGED HISTORY OF CANADA. By William H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C. Also, AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CANADIAN LITERATURE. By G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: William Briggs.

This carefully-abridged addition of one of the best attempts at an impartial and well-sustained History of the Dominion, is just issued in neat and convenient form by a Toronto firm, having appended an excellent treatise on our native literature. The authors, Dr. Withrow and Mr. Mercer Adam, are too well known as prominent *littérateurs* to need more from us than a word of gratitude for the timely and welcome result of their combined efforts. The History is so clear, so abundantly and clearly classified as to deserve a place in our schools, and upon the shelves of our libraries. For Mr. Adam's work we have only admiration, admitting the difficulty there always is in appraising contemporaneous authors, of whom perhaps there are hardly as many of the front rank as the writer in his wide sympathies and national eagerness of feeling would seem to indicate. It is pleasant to observe how little by little an appreciation of the good and graceful work done in Lower Canada is being disseminated among our people here—a knowledge which must ultimately greatly affect the culture of Ontario, despite some widely different opinions frequently expressed in this relation. We cordially commend this text-book on our History and Literature, not alone to Canadians, but to all of whatever nation who are desirous of information on these points.

THE FROZEN PIRATE. By W. Clark Russell. Toronto: William Bryce. Canadian copyright edition.

It is to be feared that many of our novel-reading people do not include the wonderful nautical romances of this fascinating author often enough in their excursions into the charmed land of fiction. No such phrases as the modern Marryat, the Defoe of the sea, the English Verne, and so on, can give us the faintest conception of what his command of nautical knowledge, his graphic descriptive power, and his combined humour and tenderness have already done for English imaginative literature. For it is, of course, among imaginative writers that Clark Russell will take his place and keep it, without doubt, unmolesated for many years to come. This latest creation excels in various conflicting, but always truthful and startling, presentations of the scenery of the frozen Antarctic continents and islands. Where before he has introduced us to coral shores, tropical woods, great illimitable stretches of waste ocean and the crowded decks of English merchantmen, he brings us in *The Frozen Pirate* to the vast and silent icy solitudes of the South Pole, discovers, hopelessly jammed into the crevices and chasms of an island of ice, a pirate ship of the year 1740, and for companion the reckless and cunning Frenchman whom he finds frozen, but thaws back to life. This latter incident is certainly rendered very weird and fantastic by the quasi-supernatural nature of the proceeding, but it savours a little of the eccentricity of *She* and similar literary freaks, and will not materially add to Mr. Russell's reputation, though it will no doubt find him many readers—the primary question in these days. It is in describing the storm-swept decks, the floods of icy water that strike the sailor and leave him breathless, the confusion and roar of the tumults, the appearance of the pallid and luminous icebergs, the haze of white light on the horizon, the horrible character of the floating mass of ice on which he finds himself cast away—ephemeral, such as will dissolve with warmth, and yet is solid to the degree of stoniness—the exquisite shapes of the ice-bound coast, displaying delicate spires of frosted elegance, towers, turrets, minarets, and belfries, all tinged with the blue of night or the faint rose of the southern dawn,—it is in these magnificent word-paintings, second only to Ruskin, and assuredly equal to Flaubert, that the individuality of the author is uppermost and his genius most transcendent.

However, he is quite at home in the more ordinary experiences of the wrecked sailor, and recounts the chopping off bits of frozen wine, the thawing out of food, and the final electrifying situation of the discovery of life in the apparent corpse at his side with quite as much homely fidelity to the truth as either Anstey, Stevenson, or Haggard, the writers whom, in some respects, he most resembles. Mr. Russell excels, next to his descriptive powers, in sudden touches of feeling, without which element it is possible to write good novels, but which goes far, all the same, in perpetuating his claim to be read, admired, and loved.

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D, late Dean of Westminster. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These sermons will be found of inestimable value to parents and teachers, and all who have the welfare of children at heart. They are also suited to the reading of the little ones themselves, being rendered attractive and intelligible by reason of the many striking little tales and sketches of life, travel, adventure, and character scattered through their pages. The much lamented Dean has left no more significant record of his singularly gentle and sympathetic nature than this collection of special addresses to the young, over whom he seems to have in a manner yearned with the feelings more of a father than of a pastor. One might not expect to find much literary value in such a volume, and yet even in this respect the preacher seems to have combined the most perfect simplicity and directness of expression with valuable hints of information and indirect richness of suggestion. The "Uses of Children," "St. Christopher," the "Goliath Boys"—a sermon suggested by the events that took place on board a training-ship in the Thames—and four addresses on the "Beatitudes," are among the collection.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS. By Walter Pater, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Master of a fine and original though involved English style, a phrase-builder of uncommon elegance, and an apostle of the modern renaissance or æsthetic school, Walter Pater gives us in his latest volume all that we should expect to find in it of beauty, of vivid sensuous description, of keen insight into the mediæval period. His style is to literature what his subjects are to art—warp and woof of refined English, with here and there an archaism or anachronism of thought—the native Saxon cast out in favour of Gothic or Roman expressions. His subjects, the figures on a faded piece of tapestry, in a stained glass window, carved over the doors of an old seigniorial mansion, found in the silken panels of an oval *à la Watteau*. Watteau himself is graphically described to us under the head of "A Prince of Court Painters" as a large-eyed, serious, consumptive genius, who painted the exquisite follies of an ephemeral period better than any one else, because he saw through them. As we read, our scientific century disappears, and we are won by the innate beauty of the style to consider aspects of life, people, and scenery in the picturesque Italy and France of the Middle Ages in a new light, not unlike the hazy, illusive, but always alluring atmosphere that the author describes for us in the Watteau sketches. As we read, we remember bits of Ruskin, *motifs* in the Grosvenor Gallery, stray lines of verse from Rossetti and Morris, pictures by Whistler and Burne-Jones; and we have a fancy that this kind of writing is hardly literature at all, it is so close upon the borderland of art. In fact, it appears to hold the same place in literature as the ornate, metal-decked elaborated work of Burne-Jones does in art. Yet it serves a purpose quite as historic as æsthetic.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. VII. New York: John B. Alden.

The latest volume of this excellent publication, which must surely prove of inestimable value to teachers and literary men, is before us. The biographical notices are as usual concise and to the point, and the specimens of prose and poetry skilfully chosen. Beginning with Edward Dowden, author of many well-known poems and a work on Shakespeare, the longest articles are those on John Dryden, Paul du Chaillu, Emerson, Euripides, and M^{me}. Dudevant. It is pleasant and significant to note the name of Henry Drummond in a prominent position, also that of Eliza Farnham, one of the most fearless original and cultivated minds America ever produced. Considerable space is allotted to the *Federalist*, under which name were published eighty-five political essays, between October, 1787, and August, 1788, in two New York newspapers. It is popularly supposed that the authorship of these letters was divided among John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison. The last edition was issued in 1886 by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge. The price of this marvelously convenient work is only fifty cents a volume, and as all authors, of all languages, in all ages of the world, are represented in its pages, the reader will gather that a most useful and important book is within everybody's reach, at an extremely low price. The paper, printing, binding, and arrangement are all excellent, and reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Alden's publishing house.

WAYS FOR BOYS TO MAKE AND DO THINGS. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This little book of eight chapters, by as many different writers, is just what is wanted by the handy boy who loves outdoor sport, but cannot afford to buy everything he may require. It teaches how to make a kite, how to make and pitch a tent, how to build a safe—if somewhat rude—boat, and how to manufacture snow-shoes as useful as "store" ones, if not quite so stylish, from materials to be found on almost any premises. It gives directions for plain and fancy skating, and tells the young pedestrian how to equip himself for a summer walking tour, and how to make it healthful, instructive, and enjoyable. A chapter on tree culture is full of practical suggestions which may be of value to the grown-up readers.

HANDBOOK OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Based upon Federal and State Laws and other reliable sources of information. By D. J. Bannatyne. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. New York: The Author.

Those who make themselves acquainted with this book and get to use it regularly, as they are sure to do, will wonder how they got along without it. The amount of information which it contains is simply wonderful. The author says he wishes (after a residence of twenty-two years in Canada and the States) to assist his countrymen in an effort to overcome the dead-weight "ignorance" by which so many are hindered on coming into a new country. The book is "founded upon the statute law of the United States and of the several States of the Union—the State of New York being especially stated as illustrative of the others." It is impossible to criticise this book; it is hardly possible to give even the most general account of its contents. It is perhaps best to say that it tells us all about "the United States generally, and the State of New York in particular." In the first place, we get the fundamental documents, the Declaration of Rights, the Articles of Federation, the Constitution of the United States. Then we are told of the qualifications required for suffrage in the particular States; and this is followed by every kind of information concerning population, immigration, crime, education, religion, and everything else. As far as we have tested the contents their accuracy is remarkable.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Admirers of the genial Dr. Holmes—and they are not by any means confined to his native country, but spread all over the English-speaking world—have already welcomed in the *Atlantic Monthly* these witty, graphic, and altogether alluring reminiscences of a delightful pleasure trip to England and France. Much comment at this season is therefore superfluous, though one would fain linger on the enthusiasms and enjoyments, the meetings, feasts, banquets, and receptions that made the Doctor's progress in the mother country little short of a triumphal one. While remaining loyal and leal, as a good citizen should, to the institutions and traditions of his beloved America, he was able to enjoy all he saw in England in a large, generous, and appreciative spirit which testifies much to his charm of mind and character and his inherent nobility. Books of this kind do not as a rule add in any very striking measure to their author's reputation, yet, even in this respect, Dr. Holmes' good angel has pointed his pen and inspired his sentences with the result that his rare gift of investing commonplace subjects with lively and genuine interest has again created a work of much more than mere occasional importance. His keen, correct, and always admirably cultured perceptions were nowhere at fault throughout his residence in London, his appearances in the venerable halls of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, or his sojourn at Salisbury; and the reader cannot fail to be much impressed with the exquisite tact, the delicate humour, and the ready wit that shine on every page and enhance every topic.

JACK THE FISHERMAN. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

A story which is not strictly speaking a temperance story, but which yet deals very powerfully with the evils of drink and the terrible and ineradicable curse of heredity. The tale is told with that strong and sudden pathos, that wealth of beautiful language, and that irresistible dramatic vigour that characterise Miss Phelps' best work. There is of course always much of the purely ideal in her books, and we therefore accept only in the ideal spirit that sense of fitness which demands that Jack shall have a crucifix tattooed upon his arm, and that he sings in a clear, sweet tenor "Rock of Ages," as he throws himself overboard after murdering his wife. The realists despise all this, and partly with justice. Yet truth has often been proved to be considerably stranger than fiction, and it would be unwise to cast away these nice details which have surely given their creator much trouble to think out and employ. In conclusion, it may be said that everything Miss Phelps writes appeals in the highest sense to the imagination, and *Jack* is no exception to the rule.

THE OLD GARDEN AND OTHER VERSES. By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Upon the first appearance of this delightful book it received warm commendation from the American press, and has since been circulated freely enough to warrant a second instalment of praise. The dainty binding, in a figured chintz of long ago, the beautiful paper and printing, the charm of rhythmic verse and cultured thought, all combine to make an inexpressibly pleasing little book. Once open the pages, and we are in truth inside an old garden, faint with breath of old-world flowers, poppies, pansies, daffodils, and daisies. Each flower has some tale to tell of love for lovers, of joy for children, of wisdom for old age. Anything more magically sensuous than the fragrant flower-laden atmosphere of these poems would be hard to find.

"THE SWANEE RIBBER." By Stephens Collins Foster. Beautifully Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor and Co., 1888.

We cannot do better than quote the following as an appreciative notice of this pretty gift-book: "The cover has a representation of the blazing fire-place in the old cabin, and, as a frontispiece, a glorious full-page picture of Christine Nilsson, as she appeared when singing this marvellous song. The words of the song are exquisitely drawn and illuminated, amid wreaths of rich Southern flowers and fair Southern landscapes, with many full-page illustrations, representing the Swanee River, the old cabin home, the weary wanderer, the joys of childhood, the banjo-players, etc. The air of the song is also given." Surely it is a happy idea to perpetuate in so beautiful a form a thoroughly American composition, famed for its pathos and truth to nature.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Washington Irving. New York: John B. Alden.

All that is required to be said of this well-known American classic is unstinted praise of a new, handsomely bound, and illustrated and exceedingly cheap edition. At a time when numberless compilations from modern sources are being issued upon American subjects, it is well to read once more this brightly written and popular biography, which has always exhibited the gifts of its celebrated author at their best. The touch is always the same, whether the subject be native to his pen and thought or foreign to at least the latter; the brilliancy, the terseness, the sympathy are his in every case, whether the hero be Columbus or Goldsmith or George Washington. The *Life* is complete in four volumes, and contains excellent portraits and illustrations.

UTOPIA. By Sir Thomas More. New York: John B. Alden.

The use of the word *Utopian* is frequent among hosts of people who have never opened, much less carefully read through, the celebrated work of Henry VIII.'s celebrated Chancellor. Nevertheless, it is one of the most important and readable classics to be found in the early literature of England, first printed in 1516, then appearing again two years later, and finally translated into English (it was originally written in Latin) by Ralph Robinson in 1551. To have written a work of such length in Latin would seem a marvellous thing in itself, but when are added the author's natural gifts, style, perspicacity, and keen knowledge of men and manners, we seem to be in the presence of a universal genius, to whom indeed much has been given. Following are two or three more characteristic of the aphorisms contained in this remarkable work, which is issued in very charming style by the well-known New York house:

"If any man aspires to any office, he is sure never to compass it."

"They have but few laws, and such is their constitution that they need not many. They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters, and to wrest the laws."

"Their priests are men of eminent piety, and therefore they are but few; there are only thirteen in every town—one for every temple."

"None of the magistrates have greater honour paid them than is paid the priests; and if they should happen to commit any crime, they would not be questioned for it. Their punishment is left to God and to their own consciences."

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE. With Illustrations. Vol. II. America, British, to Artemis. New York: John B. Alden.

The previous impression made by the first volume of this very useful work is considerably deepened by our reception of the present instalment, although we note several omissions. The name of Edwin Arnold is, we think, most inexcusably omitted, also Anaphora, a familiar figure of rhetoric. Otherwise the work seems to be one of the most valuable, and at the same time one of the cheapest that has ever been offered to the public. The type and general press-work are delightful, the statistics sound, and its comprehensiveness really astonishing.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

To hell the Thracian Orpheus went,
He went to seek his wife below;
To worser place he could not go,
Nor on a worserr errand bent.
He sung before the congregation,
With awe and wonderment he filled them;
Yet, sooth, 'twas not his song that thrilled them,
It was his strange infatuation.
To Pluto's rage it lent the fuel,
And with a vigour most inhuman
He gave him back the wished-for woman,
He knew no punishment more cruel.
Though to his arms he'd not refuse her,
In payment of the grudge he owed him,
Yet for his wondrous song he showed him
A short and easy way to lose her.

—J. G. Gibson (Translation from the Spanish).

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.

It is quite like "old times" to see the familiar lithographs of Mrs. Scott Siddons' beautiful face contesting possession of the dead walls with the flaring posters of travelling troupes and startling announcements of sacrificial sales. It is six years since Mrs. Siddons was here, and during that time she might have been residing in another planet, for all the world has heard of her. In fact she has been living quietly with her adopted son, Mr. Henry Waller, in whatever European city his musical studies have kept him. This Mr. Henry Waller is the boy "Seraphael" whose playing aroused some enthusiasm six years ago in London. Mrs. Scott Siddons predicts a brilliant career for him; indeed this is the only subject upon which she talks with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Siddons will not find, in fact she has not found, for she told me so, that it is nearly so easy to arouse appreciative interest now as it was six years ago. Elocution, pure and simple, seems to have lost its charm for the masses. They demand the many-sidedness of the stage. It requires a slight mental effort to enjoy readings, and the crowd would be amused without that. Recognising this, modern comedy prospers, and an *artiste* like Mrs. Scott Siddons is perforce content with diminished receipts.

Mrs. Siddons' beauty has hardly faded perceptibly at all, but a slight huskiness—the result of the bronchial affection on account of which she is making this Canadian tour—was noticeable on the second night of her appearance in Montreal. She gives *The Captain* with all her old dramatic force, interprets Shakespeare as ideally as ever, and is simply delightful in *Anne Hathaway*. In Mark Twain's *Famous French Duel*, however, she makes the mistake of affecting the down-east drawl which her honest English tongue does not circumvent very successfully, and which moreover is by no means necessary to the interpretation of the piece.

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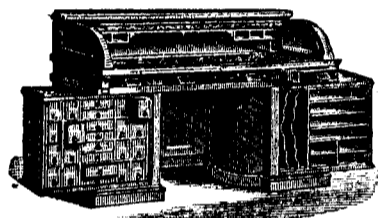
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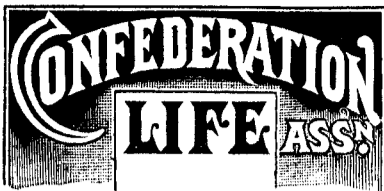
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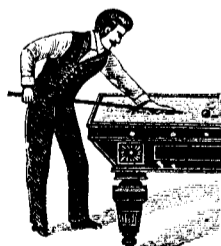
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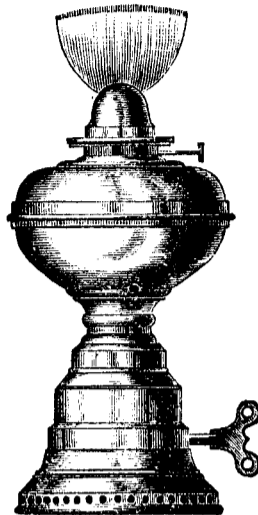
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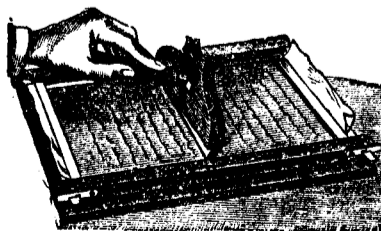
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