SOME NEW BOOKS.

Woman Suffrage in America and Europe.

The *History of Woman Suffrage*, by ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, is completed with the third volume, which brings down the account of the agitation for equal political rights for women in various European countries, as well as in the United States, from the year 1876 to the close of 1885. This volume, with its predecessors, should now, and will certainly hereafter, be appreciated as constituting the only exhaustive and authentic repertory of facts relating to the inception, growth, and measure of success of one of the most noteworthy efforts at political and social reform of modern times. No citizen who desires to form a clear conception of his individual duty toward a question which already is a practical one, and may in the near future become urgent, no man whose vocation, present or prospective, may call upon him to discuss the justice and expediency of woman suffrage from the pulpit or the platform, in the press or in legislative chambers, can dispense with these invaluable volumes.

When the reader calls to mind the broad field traversed by the authors and their colaborers, and the multiplicity of details faithfully reproduced—the third volume alone contains more than 1,000 large octavo pages—he will not expect anything like a full and adequate synopsis of the contents within the limits of this necessarily brief notice. We shall therefore pass over the chapters portraying the progress of the woman suffrage movement during the last ten years in New York and neighboring States, with which the reader is presumably familiar, and confine ourselves to bringing out the scope of the book by marking some of the more salient facts connected with the agitation for equal rights in the more distant sections of our Federal republic and in European countries. Let us look, for example, at the situation in Kansas, Wyoming, California, and the Pacific Northwest. As to Kansas, it appears that whereas six years ago there was hardly a paper which regularly allotted any portion of its space to the woman suffrage question, now fully two-thirds of the newspapers published within fifty miles of Lincoln Centre have a column devoted to the subject, and with every year more serious attention is paid to it by the press in other sections of the State. At the school district elections in Kansas women are allowed to vote, and it seems that at the last three elections of this kind held in Lincoln Centre, 50 per cent. of all the votes cast came from women. In 1880 the Democrats of Kansas, in their State Convention, nominated Miss Sarah A. Brown of Douglas county Superintendent of Public Instruction. She received, however, a smaller number of votes than were cast for other candidates on the same ticket. In three counties women have been elected to the offices of County Clerk and Register of Deeds. In 1883 six counties elected women as Superintendents of Public Instruction; there are now eleven. It should be remembered that in Kansas the constitutional right of a woman to hold any county, township, or school district office, or any State office except that of member of the Legislature, is the same as that of a man. It has, in fact, become so common for a woman to become a candidate for office in Kansas that it attracts no particular attention.

In Wyoming, where woman suffrage was granted by the Territorial Legislature in 1869, all efforts to repeal the law have failed, and there has been a rapid growth of public opinion in favor of equal political rights for both sexes, since the effect of the reform has been made patent by experience. The Wyoming statute is worth quoting for its singular explicitness. It enacts, "That every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in the Territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote; and her rights to the elective franchise, and to hold office, shall be the same as those of the electors." It is worth noting that for some time after the passing of the statute there was a concerted endeavor to make jury service, for which they had been made eligible, odious to women. But the women insisted on the performance of this duty, and the effect of their presence in the Grand Jury room and on petit juries has proved signally beneficial. The Sunday laws, for instance, were rigorously enforced. At the first election for Delegate to Congress under the Woman Suffrage law, the candidate of the whiskey shops was defeated. At the succeeding election for members of the Legislature the interposition of the women had a similar, though not a decisive effect. Enough Democrats were elected to pass a bill repealing woman suffrage, but the bill was vetoed by the Governor, and his act was sustained by the Council. At present there is no voice raised against the innovation anywhere within the Territory, and it will be impossible to form a party for repeal. It seems to be an almost universal conviction, the result of some sixteen years' experience, that never was crime so effectively repressed or life and property so thoroughly protected as where man has woman's help in the jury box and at the ballot box.

California women have been eligible to school offices since 1873. In 1877 women were by law admissible to practice at the California bar, and the new Constitution makes them admissible to any of the collegiate departments of the State University, and to practise medicine or follow any other vocation. In Oregon the advocates of woman suffrage have appealed in vain to the Legislature and to the voters by a projected constitutional amendment, but in Washington Territory women were enfranchised on November 15, 1883. We may add that in the province of Ontario women have possessed the school suffrage for more than thirty years, and the right to vote at municipal elections since 1884. It is noteworthy that in Toronto on Jan. 4, 1886, the women polled a large vote, insuring the election of the candidate pledged to reform.

The authors of this book seem somewhat discouraged by the actual position of the woman suffrage question in Great Britain. They fear that the addition of 2,000,000 male voters to the number of the enfranchised made by the last reform act will compel them to go over the work of educating their masters by appeals and arguments. But while the prospect of carrying a woman suffrage bill through Parliament at the present time is certainly not bright, other movements tending to the emancipation of women have made signal progress during the recent years. Not only are women often chosen poor law guardians, but they are sometimes appointed church wardens, overseers of roads, and registrars of births and deaths. In 1882 was passed the Married Woman's Property act, by which the last surviving discriminations of the common law against the weaker sex were swept away. In 1878 some obvious shortcomings and grievous discriminations against women in the divorce law were remedied by the Matrimonial Causes act. The Contagious Diseases acts have not yet been abolished, but they have been suspended since 1883. Finally the authors of this book describe "the Criminal Law Amendment act as the great triumph of 1885. It had been postponed session after session, but the bold denunciation of certain crimes by Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at last roused the national conscience, and now a larger measure of protection is afforded to young girls than has ever been known before."

One of the most interesting and useful chapters of this third volume is contributed by Mr. Theodore Stanton, and portrays the present situation of the woman question in European countries. The event of most importance which has taken place in France during the last decade is the International Woman's Rights Congress held in Paris in 1878. Mr. Stanton tells us that "the committee which called the Congress contained representatives from six different countries, viz., France, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Russia, and America. Among the eighteen members from France were two Senators, five Deputies, and three Paris Municipal Councillors. Italy was represented by a member of the Chamber of Deputies and the Countess of Travers, who died just before the opening of the Congress. Among other delegates were Senators, deputies, publicists, and men or women of letters from all parts of Europe." By this Congress an International Committee was created, with the aim, which has been zealously kept in view, of imparting organization and effective impulse to the Propaganda. "At the head of the agitation in favor of woman's political rights in France stand Hubertine Auclert and her monthly journal, *La Citoyenne*. The reformers of the code are led by Leon Richer and his monthly, *Le Droit des Femmes*. The movement in favor of divorce, which was crowned with success in 1884, has been headed by Alfred Naquet in the Senate, and has found one of its earliest and ablest supporters in Olympe Audouard. The emancipation of women from priestly domination counts among its many advocates Marie Deraismes. Woman's moral improvement, as depending on the abolition of legalized prostitution, is demanded by Emilie de Morsier and by Dr. and Mrs. Chapman, while the uprising in favor of woman's education has a host of friends, and has already accomplished great results."

In Italy the civil code has, it seems, been materially modified in the interest of women; schools have been established for them, the universities thrown open to them, and special courses in agriculture proposed for them. In 1876, and again in 1884, a bill recommending that women be allowed to vote on municipal and provincial questions was favorably reported from the proper committee in the Chamber of Deputies. It is Mr. Stanton's opinion that the proposition will soon become a law. Even in Spain, during the year 1881-82, twelve women attended lectures at the universities, and three of the medical students have since passed their examinations and received certificates, which, although equivalent to degrees as vouchers, do not yet entitle the recipients to practise.

There seems to be less progress on the whole among the Teutonic than among the Latin races, though Germany, backward as she is, is naturally more advanced than Spain and Portugal. But in Germany the agitation is still merely academic, and can scarcely be said to have obtained a foothold in legislative chambers. It is a curious compromise which has been reached in the Austro-Hungarian empire, where "women have a voice in the municipal, provincial, and even the national elections, but male citizens duly authorized by them must cast their votes for them." It seems also that women are eligible to office, for in Bohemia not long ago a countess was chosen member of the Provincial Assembly, and at Agram, in Croatia, a woman was elected member of the Municipal Council. Nevertheless, throughout Austro-Hungary the universities are not open to women. On the other hand, the Dutch universities are open to women, and a female physician has an extensive practice in Amsterdam. In Belgium also female students are admitted to all the higher institutions of learning, though women are not yet allowed to practise medicine. It is at Geneva and in Sweden that the emancipation of women has been carried furthest, though even in these most promising fields the movement for equal political rights has not yet been successful.

The Goethe-Carlyle Correspondence.

We are not sure that the *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON (Macmillan), contains matter enough in respect to either quantity or quality to make a book of. It has, indeed, only been possible to eke out the present little volume by printing Goethe's letters in the original German and in an English version. Neither can it be said that these epistles present much riches in little room. They tell us nothing about Carlyle that we did not know before, and they can add nothing to Goethe's reputation. Of the latter's letters in particular, it must be said that most of the earlier in point of date are perfunctory and formal, while the later, though more confidential and genial, are neither strikingly illuminative nor suggestive. It would doubtless have astonished Goethe to learn that even the most fervent and indiscriminate of worshippers had dreamed of printing them. The utmost that can be said of this correspondence is that some extracts from it would have been appropriate, although not indispensable, in a biography of Carlyle, while some brief allusions to it would have been pertinent and even telling in an estimate of the wide-reaching and, so to speak, cosmopolitan influence which Goethe had begun to exercise before the close of his long life. But the source of Carlyle's distinctive trend of thought and characteristic grotesqueness of diction was already patent to those who had compared the letters and other compositions penned by him before he had begun the study of German, with the work done after he had made himself thoroughly familiar with German literature in general and with Richter in particular. It was, indeed, Jean Paul—Das Einzige—who furnished the true prototype of the style unique in English which we know as Carlylese. The breadth, on the other hand, of Carlyle's obligations to Goethe as regards stimulus and guidance, ethical aims and conceptions, standards of taste, spiritual ideals and literary models, was incessantly acknowledged by himself, and seems to have been brought out with sufficient clearness by Mr. Froude.

But of course those letters cannot be dismissed as entirely superfluous; it would be hard for men like Goethe and Carlyle, when writing to any one, and hardly possible when writing to one another, to miss saying something worthy of meditation and remembrance. But when we call to mind the relative position of the writers at the date of this correspondence—the one a poor and obscure hack writer for Scotch booksellers, and the other the acknowledged primate of European letters—we should naturally expect the most strenuous thinking, painstaking expression, and arduous attempt to please, to come from the humbler and more anxious of the two. Such, although to some blind devotees of the oracle of Gotha it may seem heresy to say so, seems to us in fact to be the case. There has been, we venture to affirm, a considerably larger expenditure of gray matter on the epistolary tributes here laid at the feet of Goethe than upon the gracious manifestations of response and satisfaction.

By far the most noteworthy of Goethe's contributions to this volume is the following extract from a testimonial forwarded to Edinburgh in furtherance of Carlyle's attempt to gain the professorship of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Although the passage is somewhat long, the reader will probably thank us for transcribing it: "True conviction proceeds from the heart; the Soul, the real seat of the Conscience, judges concerning what may be permitted and what may not be permitted far more surely than the Understanding, which will see into and determine many things without hitting the right mark. A well-disposed and self-observant man, wishing to respect himself and to live at peace with himself, and yet conscious of many an imperfection perplexing his inner life, and grieved by many a fault compromising him in the eyes of others, whereby he finds himself disturbed and opposed from within and from without, will seek by all methods to free himself from such impediments. When once, however, he has fought his way patiently and perseveringly through these discordant elements, and has recognized that only by striving and by doing can he vanquish his sorrow and suffering, that for each defect a merit, for each fault an amends must be sought and found, then does he feel himself at peace, as a new man. But then, too, does an innate good impulse at once impel him to lighten the burden for others and to save them from like sufferings, to enlighten his fellow creatures as to their inner nature and the outer world, to show them whence contradictions come in and how they are to be avoided and reconciled. At the same time, however, notwithstanding all this, he must confess that in the course of life the outer and the inner remain in incessant conflict, and that one must therefore daily arm himself to maintain the ever-renewed struggle. It may now without arrogance be asserted that German literature has effected much for humanity in this respect, that a moral-psychological tendency pervades it, introducing not ascetic timidity, but a free culture in accordance with nature, and in cheerful obedience to law, and therefore I have observed with pleasure Mr. Carlyle's admirably profound study of this literature, and I have noticed with sympathy how he has not only been able to discover the beautiful and human, the good and great in us, but has also contributed what was his own, and has endowed us with the treasures of his genius. It must be granted that he has a clear judgment as to our æsthetic and ethic writers, and, at the same time, his own way of looking at them, which proves that he rests on an original foundation and has the power to develop in himself the essentials of what is good and beautiful. In this sense I may well regard him as a man who would fill a chair of Moral Philosophy with single heartedness, with purity, effect, and influence; enlightening the youth intrusted to him as to their real duties, in accordance with his disciplined thought, his natural gifts, and his acquired knowledge, aiming at leading and urging their minds to moral activity, and thereby steadily guiding them toward a religious completeness."

There is another letter from Goethe to Carlyle over which the reader will be disposed to linger; it is one written in July, 1827, and containing some remarks on the service rendered by translations. We make some excerpts which, although not consecutive, carry on the writer's train of thought. "It is obvious," writes Goethe, "that the efforts of the best poets and æsthetic writers of all nations have now for some time been directed toward what is universal in humanity. In each special field, whether in history, mythology, or fiction, more or less arbitrarily conceived, one sees the traits which are universal always more clearly revealed and illumining what is merely national and personal. * * * Whatever in the poetry of any nation tends to this and contributes to it the others should endeavor to appropriate. The peculiarities of each nation must be learned and allowance made for them, in order by these very means to hold intercourse with it; for the special characteristics of a nation are like its language and its currency—they facilitate intercourse, nay, they first make it completely possible. * * * A genuine, universal tolerance is most surely attained, if we do not quarrel with the peculiar characteristics of individual men and races, but only hold fast the conviction that what is truly excellent is distinguished by its belonging to all mankind. To such intercourse and mutual recognition the German people have long contributed. Whoever understands and studies German finds himself in the market where all nations offer their wares; he plays the interpreter while he enriches himself. And thus every translator is to be regarded as a middleman in this universal spiritual commerce, and as making it his business to promote this exchange; for say what we may of the insufficiency of translation, yet the work is and will always be one of the weightiest and worthiest affairs in the general concerns of the world. The Koran says: 'God has given to each people a prophet in its own tongue.' Thus each translator is a prophet to his people. Luther's translation of the Bible has produced the greatest results, though criticism gives it qualified praise and picks faults in it even to the present day. What, indeed, is the whole enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the Gospel to all people in their own tongue?"

In a letter written by Carlyle from Craigenputtock in September, 1828, to thank Goethe for a packet of books and music, we come upon the following interesting passage: "Doubtless it does seem wonderful to us that you and yours, occupied with so many great concerns in which the whole world is interested, should find any time to take thought of us who live so far out of your sphere and can have so little influence reciprocally on aught that pertains to you. But such is the nature of this strangely completed universe that all men are linked together, and the greatest will come into connection with the least. Neither, though it is a fine tie, do I reckon it a weak one, that unites me to you. When I look back on my past life it seems as if you, a man of foreign speech, whom I have never seen, and, alas, shall perhaps never see, had been my chief Benefactor; nay, I may say the only real Benefactor I ever met with; inasmuch as wisdom is the *only* real good, the only blessing which cannot be perverted, which blesses both him that gives and him that takes. In trying bereavements, when old friends are snatched away from you, it must be a consolation to think that neither in this age nor in any other can you ever be left alone; but that wherever men seek Truth, Spiritual Clearness, and Beauty, there *you* have brothers and children. I pray Heaven that you may long, long be spared to see good and do good in this world. Without you, existing Literature, even that of Germany, so far, as I can discern it, were but a poor matter, and without one man whom other men might judge clearly and yet view with a true reverence."

Another extract well worth reproducing we clip from a letter of Carlyle's to Goethe, apropos of the *Briefwechsel* [the Goethe-Schiller correspondence], a copy of which he had lately received from Gotha: "Chiefly I must thank you for that noble Briefwechsel which does 'like a magic chariot' convey me into beloved scenes and seasons of the glorious Past, where Friends ever dear to me, though distant, though dead, speak audibly. So pure and generous a relation as yours with Schiller, founded on such honest principles, tending toward such lofty objects, and in its progress so pleasant, smooth, and helpful, is altogether unexampled in what we Moderns call Literature; it is a Friendship worthy of classical days, when men's hearts had not yet become incapable of that feeling, and Art was, what it ever should be, an inspired function, and the Artist a Priest and Prophet. The world is deeply your debtor, first for having acted such a part with your friend, and now for having given us this imperishable memorial of it, which will igrow in value as years and generations are added to it. You will forgive me also if I fancy that herein I have got a new light upon your character; and seen there, in warm, beneficent activity, much that I only surmised before. To Schiller, whose high and true, yet solitary, pain-stricken, self-consuming spirit is almost tragically apparent in these letters, such a union must have been invaluable; to you also it must have been a rare blessing, for 'infinite is the strength man lends to man.'"

Our final excerpt from Carlyle's share of these letters derives its chief interest for us from the circumstance that it was written not long before Goethe died, and was called forth by the latter's reference to the fast nearing end of his life. "In this Letter are two prophetic allusions breathing a noble, pathetic dignity, which nevertheless affect me with alarm and pain. Far distant be that day so mournful for us, and to millions! It is true, I might ask myself what are you to me but a Voice; and is not that Voice one of those that cannot die? Will not also, when we are still more inaccessibly parted, the memory of past kindness abide, perennially sweet, with the survivor? Neither in any case do we sorrow as those that have no Hope. He who has seen into the high meaning of '*Entsagen*' cherishes even here a still Faith in quite another Future than the vulgar devotee believes, or the vulgar skeptic denies. 'God is great,' say the Orientals; to which we add only 'God is good,' as the beginning and end of all our Philosophy. But let us look away from these solemnities, which, however, the wise man at no moment forgets; the blessedness of Life is not in living, but in working well; and he to whom a Task, rarely exampled in the history of men, was given, and who has done it and is still doing it, 'looks both before and after,' with calm eyes, though the dew of natural tears' may gathor there."

M. W. H.

The Story of Chaldea.

We could scarcely have a more striking testimony to the extension of the historical horizon in recent years than the fact that the editor of the "Story of the Nations Series," now in course of publication by the Putnams, should deem it necessary to devote a whole volume to *The Story of Chaldea*. When men, now middle-aged, were young, the Story of Chaldea may be said to have begun and ended in the chapter recounted by Herodotus, and to have had no limits more remote than those of the brilliant but brief record of the latest Babylonian kingdom which culminated in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Thanks to the excavations of Layard and his successors, and to the interpretation, now fairly well advanced, of the tablets and cylinders inscribed with cuneiform characters, our knowledge of Mesopotamian civilization has been pushed far beyond what used to be considered the twilight of history, so that scholars are beginning to believe that here, rather than in the valley of the Nile, should be recognized the veritable cradle of human society. Significant of the progress made in this direction is the fact that Zenaide A. Ragozin, the author of the book before us, actually brings her volume to a close with the rise of that Assyrian empire which was to engulf the kingdom of Israel, and which preceded the final outbreak of Babylonian independence, which itself proved fatal to the kingdom of Judah. Professing, as she does, to give the ordinary reader information which has hitherto been reserved in large part for the archæologist, she has properly enough prefaced her narrative with some account of her muniments of title, that is to say, of the authorities on which, in the absence of Greek or Hebrew written record, she must rely. We say Greek or Hebrew because the inscribed tablets and cylinders assuredly may claim as fairly to rank among written records as may anything set down on papyrus or on parchment, or traced on the rock walls of tombs. We should add that two facts must always be kept in view by those inclined to look with skepticism upon attempts to reconstruct the history of Chaldea in the remote period between 4000 and 1500 B. C. These facts are, first, that we possess for the Accadian inscriptions a key analogous to that which the Rosetta stone supplied for Egyptian hieroglyphics, since on some of the cylinders or tablets in the royal library of Assburbanipal, the ancient Accadian texts are copied with modern Assyrian translations, either interlineal or facing them. The second fact is that one of the astronomical or astrological treatises, which is avowedly the copy of a work executed at least 2,000 years before, chronicles phenomena by means of which modern astronomers have been enabled to verify the chronology.

Book Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a new and revised edition of "Rural Hours," by Susan Fenimore Cooper, a work first published nearly forty years ago, and replete with pleasing pictures of country life and scenery.

"A Yachtsman's Scrap Book," by J. F. Loubat (Brentano Brothers), consists of a number of extracts from American and English newspapers, recording the yacht races in which the author participated, and particularly the performances of his fast schooner, the Enchantress.

"Theophilus Trent," by Benjamin F. Taylor (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago), is a story of old times among the oak openings of Michigan. It is pervaded by a peculiar vein of quaint humor, and affords some striking pictures of life and society in certain portions of what not so many years ago was the young West.

"He" and "It," by the author of "King Solomon's Wives" (Norman L. Munro), are weak attempts to parody Mr. Haggard's brilliant romances. The external appearance and general make up of these volumes are also calculated to deceive superficial observers into supposing that they are really the work of Mr. Haggard.

"Public Debts: an Essay on the Science of Finance," by Henry C. Adams (Appletons), is a large volume full of more or less accurate information, but otherwise of no great value. A writer who fancies that "Black Friday" occurred in 1873, instead of 1869, and who assumes that the issue of circulating notes is an essential part of the business of banking, cannot expect much attention to be paid to his theories.

Under the title of "Tolerance," E. P. Dutton & Co. publish two sermons by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, addressed to the students of several of the divinity schools of the Protestant Episcopal Church. They illustrate a subject which the writer has often discussed from the pulpit and respecting which he holds very liberal views and are eloquent, persuasive, and, above all, imbued with the spirit of Christian charity.

We have received from the Government Printing Office the report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1884, recording the progress of science within that period. Secretary Baird, in his introduction, gives some curious scraps of information regarding the personal history of James Smithson, the founder of the institution. The papers on the antiquities of Central America and the West Indies are of especial interest.

"Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County," by Joseph Kirkland (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a humorous picture of Western life during the early settlement of the prairie States. The characters are broadly drawn and racy of the soil, and speak a dialect so primitive that the author is forced to append a glossary. It is a thoroughly entertaing novel, and the hero and his winsome wife, Anne Sparrow, are persons from whom the reader will be inclined to part reluctantly.

We have received from the Tribune Printing Company of Jefferson City, Mo., "The Official History of the Great Strike of 1886 on the Southwestern Railway System," compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and Inspection of Missouri. The compiler doubts if any cause for the strike can be definitely ascertained. It cost employees, whether strikers or non-strikers, nearly a million and a half of dollars, was apparently of no effect, and will be memorable as the most expensive and prolonged movement of its kind on record.

The Rule of St. Benedict was the first monastic code written for the West, and its teaching and discipline are elaborately set forth by the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle in a volume entitled "The Teaching of St. Benedict" (Catholic Publication Society). Of the influence wielded by the Benedictines it may suffice to say that the historians of the order reckon upon its roll of honor no fewer than 55,700 saints; and they further relate that it has produced 4,600 Bishops, 1,600 Archbishops, 200 Cardinals, 51 Patriarchs, and 46 Popes. This indicates that the government of the Church of Rome has been for upward of five centuries in the hands of Benedictines.

"Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit" (Appletons) is the title given to a volume of characteristic sayings by the late Henry Ward Beecher, taken from his sermons, speeches, and writings. If not always original, these selections are generally quaint and forcible. We append a specimen or two: "The piety of impossible boys is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy is simply monstrous. The world is soundly skeptical of the whole school of juvenile *pâté-de-foie-gras* piety." "There are many men who would not blaspheme—oh, no! but they will use cowards' oaths. They will not say 'By Jehovah!' but they will say 'By Jupiter!'"

Edward Caswall of the Oratory, Birmingham, England, is the author of "The Masque of Mary, and Other Poems" (New York Catholic Publication Society). The author is a well-known poet of the Roman Catholic Church in England, whose "Lyra Catholica" has been widely read. He is also an Ultramontanist of the most extreme type, as a perusal of the present volume will show. A passionate love of his Church and a deeply devotional spirit characterize almost every one of his poems; the thoughts are clearly and melodiously expressed, and he frequently rises to a pitch of genuine exaltation. But he is so intolerant of Protestants of every type that he will find few readers outside of his own communion.

The Right Rev. Edward Conatty, one of the domestic prelates of Pope Leo XIII., has written an interesting "Life of Saint Cuthbert" (New York Catholic Publication Society). It follows pretty closely the memoir by the Venerable Bede, omitting none of the marvellous stories with which that writer enriched his narrative, and reproducing with considerable detail the accounts which described his body as having been found incorrupt eleven years after his death, and again in 1540, when Durham Cathedral was seized by the Crown. In 1827 the grave of St. Cuthbert was again opened, and only a skeleton swathed in cloths was found. The question of the identity of this skeleton with the incorrupt body of the saint, the right reverend author believes has not yet been settled.

"The Dictionary of Religion," edited by the Rev. William Benham (Cassell & Co.), is a volume of nearly 1,200 pages, in which religious doctrines, denominations, sects, heresies, ecclesiastical terms, history, biography, and many other matters are described with brevity and generally with accuracy. It will be of value chiefly as a book of ready reference; the information is too scanty and condensed to satisfy those who prefer to go to the roots of things. In the article on Passion Sunday the editor correctly describes that day as the fifth Sunday in Lent, but he makes a mistake, of which no ecclesiastical scholar should have been guilty, when he says that the last week in Lent is popularly known as Passion Week, and implies that Passion Week and Holy Week are one and the same. Holy Week is the week preceding Easter, and Passion Week precedes Easter Week. In writing about the Episcopal Church of the United States he says that at its conventions the Bishops elect from their number a presiding Bishop. This is by no means the case. The oldest Bishop by consecration is the permanent presiding Bishop, and at his death the office devolves upon the next oldest. In a volume intended for general reading we are surprised to see the word "Romish," which is a term of opprobrium, frequently employed. This work was projected and partly prepared by the late John Henry Blunt, and it is to be regretted that he did not live to see it through the press. His exact learning and editorial supervision would have prevented the appearance of such blemishes as we have pointed out. We hope they will not appear in subsequent editions.

POEMS WORTH READING.

To Ireland.

From the Dublin North and South.

Arise in thy beauty, O Land, ere the light that so tardily
lingered
Through ages of bondage and sorrow, at last, in its
brightness, breaks o'er thee,
And the glory thereof is revealed in the hopes that have
triumphed o'er evil.

Nor ever, my Country! though darkness may cover the
earth and its people,
Shall that light, in its far darting splendor and God-given
power, be extinguished,
And, as in the days young and golden, when foreigners
came to the valleys,
Allured by the beacon of wisdom that shone, like a sun,
o'er the darkness
That lay on the waters around thee, all earth shall look
to thy glory,
And sages, with kings in their train, shall come to the
light of thy rising.

Oh Mother! O Land long deserted! O desolate Daughter
of Ocean!
The lone, and the seemingly lost one, whose children
were torn from thy bosom,
And flung forth, like weeds, on the waters of sorrow and
great tribulation,
From thine heart draw its curtain of mourning, and lift
up thine eyes from their weeping.
For lo! over mountain and billow, thy sons and thy
daughters are coming,
Strong and brave from their school-time of exile, to fight
for and nurse thee forever.
Like doves in their tender delight, as they fly to their
homes by the windows—
In ships of the stranger, that cloud-like in swiftness,
spread over the ocean.

O Land! so beloved and so wept for, thy hour is at hand,
and the islands
Which crown the broad sea with their blossoms shall
bring their bright garland to honor
The faith that was patient in sorrow, and fearless amid
every danger,
And unto thy bosom wind-beaten, their queens and their
treasures all golden.
Four forth from their plentiful hands, till the poverty,
long your portion,
Shall turn every hut to a palace, and deserts to garden
of roses.

And the sons of the stranger who scorned thee, shall
raise from their ruins thy cities,
And kings who have served at thy weakness, shall bend
their proud knees to thy glory.
For the God who once smote thee in anger, in mercy
shall crown thee with riches,
And the children of those who oppressed thee, shall come
to thee crouching and humble,
And they that aforetime despised thee, shall hasten to
crown thee with honor.

Though forsaken and hated of old, though contemned
and rejected by all men,
Thou shalt arise in thy glory a joy to unborn generations;
And peace shall be thine, for no longer the strife that
made chaff of thy people
And gave them a prey unto strangers, shall enter thy
freedom-girt borders.

O Mourners! long! then the mourning which hangs as a
vail o'er thy beauty,
Shall pass like the mists from the mountains, when open
the gates of thy morning.
And as, in the old time, thy children were sages and
saints 'mongst the nations,
The light of the wisdom that crowned thee, again shall
illumine thy valleys;
And gathered together, thy sons in their strength, like a
river full-flowing,
Shall dwell in thy fields and thy homesteads in union un-
conquered for ever.

J. B. KILLEN.

The March of the Workers.

From John Swinton's Paper.

What is this, the sound and rumor? What is this that all
men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is draw-
ing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they, and whence come they? What are
these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of
heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a
master well?
Still the rumor's marching on.

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend
toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the
earth.
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain
what 'tis worth,
For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy rai-
ment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into
sweet,
All for thee this day, and ever. What reward for them
is meet?
Till the host comes marching on.

Many a hundred years passed over have they labored
deaf and blind;
Never things reached their sorrow, never hope their
toil might find.
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes
down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the
sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we labored; changed hence-
forward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men
and life,
And our host is marching on.

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the
fire?
Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our de-
sire.
Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall
never tire;
And hope is marching on.

"On we march, then, we, the workers, and the rumor
that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing
near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we
bear."
And the world is marching on.

CHORUS.—Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Last Man.

From the Mining and Engineering Journal.

I am the last New Zealander
Of whom Macaulay wrote.
And I have cruised around the world
In my own private boat.
A visiting of London Bridge
And other things remote.

'Twas after I had finished with
The ruins of St. Paul's,
I turned to cross the Atlantic Sea,
In spite of waves and squalls
To study the traces of vanished races
And see Niagara Falls.

This is the land, you understand,
That once was owned in fee
By folks who worked, and never shirked,
And never stopped to tree—
A nation that became extinct
In the twentieth century.

From time to time strange rumors came
About their wondrous doom,
Until at last we heard no more,
So I resolved to come
And with mine own eyes see the truth,
And tell the same at home.

I steered my vessel up the Bay,
Once famous, and still fair;
A prostrate statue barred the way
That stood a marble bear;
Its torch was in the water, and
Its heels were in the air.

I floated slowly up beside
A long deserted pier.
When at the gangway I descried
A sign, as I drew near,
Upon a sign board old and dried,
"Boycott! No landing here!"

"Boycott!" Methought I knew the word;
It was some sort of pest
That in the past, as I had heard,
Went scourging through the West,
Searing one half its victims dead,
And starving all the rest.

No matter! Time will disinfect
The most contagious airs;
I put my respirator on,
And washed, and said my prayers,
And, boldly stepping to the pier,
Went up the rotten stairs.

An empty town, whose dreary wastes
At human grandeur scoff!
But stay! an aged figure hastes
With many a wheezy cough,
Waving its lean and withered arms,
And wildly warns me off.

My nerves are strong, yet I confess
It was a grewsome sight,
That visage gaunt, that tattered dress,
That fiercely brandished right,
Holding a can of some strange mess
That looked like dynamite.

"Art thou the sad survivor, then,
Of all thy nation's fate?
And how didst thou escape it, when
The rest fell desolate?"
"I am," quoth he (and coughed again),
"The Walking Delegate!

"My duty is to walk about
And see that things stand still;
I snap my fingers—men go out
From road and mine and mill,
At least they did, but now I've none
On whom to work my will.

"Gone are the days when tyrants shrank
And trembled at my talk.
The Boycott took them all away;
And now I sadly stalk,
A lonesome Walking Delegate,
With naught to do but walk!

"It was a glorious fight, I ween,
We Knights of Labor won!
We cut the hours of labor down
To eight, six, four, two, none.
Sometimes I wish it had not been
Quite so completely done!

"Our last great strike the continent
O'erspread from side to side;
We had to boycott everything
To gain the point decided;
And, just as we were going to win,
All parties up and died!"

"But you survived," I said. "What power
So safely brought you through?
When no one more did anything,
What could you find to do?
When all support for others failed,
Pray, what supported you?"

Oh! but he grinned a ghastly grin!
"What did I live upon?
Why, I'm a Walking Delegate,
And no mere myrmidon!
Though all the world besides should stop,
My salary goes on!"

When her Love Comes Back.

From Tid Bits.

When he comes back I'll say the fault was mine;
Forgive me, Oh, my love! let pardon shine
Upon these tears that have not ceased to flow
Since I offended thee, and saw thee go
With flaming anger on thy brow benign!
My heart is wasted with the free malign
Of vain regret. Oh, with a smile of thine
Restore my peace! Thus will I tell my woe
When he comes back.

To pity error is a grace divine;
'Twill move him but to see how I repine.
Is that his step? Now, then, I'll let him know
Just what I think of temper's pettish show!
I'll make him suffer anguish most condign
When he comes back!

EVA MCGLASSON.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A BRITISH DIPLOMATIST.

An Adventure in a Harem.

From Murray's Magazine.

In 1843, while attaché at the Embassy of Constantinople, I was acting private secretary of the great "Elchee," Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Sir Stratford Canning.

The British Consul at —— had laid before the Ambassador complaints against the Pasha of the district where he resided, and the latter had also brought under the notice of the Porte grievances of a serious character alleged to have been suffered from the proceedings of the Consul. Attempts were made both by the Porte and the Ambassador to bring about a settlement of the differences, without success. British subjects, Ionians, and Parks, whose interests were affected by this state of affairs, appealed to the Embassy and to the Porte, urging that steps should be taken to secure the ends of justice.

Sir S. Canning proposed to the Porte that an officer of the Embassy should be sent to —— to make an inquiry into the conduct of the two functionaries, and that he should be empowered both by the Porte and the Ambassador to bring about a settlement of these differences, which had been a constant source of vexatious correspondence.

Sir Stratford selected me for this duty, and delivered to me letters from the Porte to the Pasha, and from himself to the Consul, acquainting them respectively that I had been authorized to inquire into the various questions at issue, and to endeavor to bring about a settlement.

Accompanied by a Greek servant who knew the country and could act as guide, we embarked in a steamer which took us to a port where we hired horses and proceeded to ——.

Both the Consul and Pasha, on my arrival, offered me hospitality, which I declined, under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed by my mission.

The day after my arrival the Pasha summoned a divan of several local notables, who were to give evidence, and the Consul was also requested to attend.

When I entered the divan, being then a youth of about 25, I was much shocked at seeing the Pasha, Consul, and other notables with white and hoary beards and a venerable appearance, upon whom I had, as it were, to sit in judgment. After pipes and coffee, the hearing of the dispute commenced.

Though I refer to this scene, as it affects the end of my tale, it is needless to relate what passed, further than to mention that I found both Pasha and Consul were in the wrong, but that neither had acted in a manner to require any severe censure on the part of the Porte or Ambassador, and I drew up a report in that sense. On my return journey to the port, having heard that game was plentiful, I gave my horse to the Greek to lead and wandered over the country. I had good sport, and the Greek frequently warned me that unless we kept to the beaten path and rode on quickly we should not be able to reach the port before dark.

I continued, however, to shoot, wandering into thickets after game many miles distant from the road, or rather track, until it became so dark that I could no longer see the birds rise. On remounting I told the Greek to lead the way, but he declined; he knew not where we were, nor even what direction to take. It was a bright, clear night, and at a distance of about two miles I espied a light; thither I decided to direct our steps, and to ask for shelter for the night or for a guide.

We arrived at a large building, with lattice windows several feet from the ground, surrounded by a high wall enclosing what appeared to be farm buildings, with a large double gate, where carts and cattle could pass. After knocking loudly, an old Turk appeared. I spoke Turkish fluently at that time, so I told him I was an English traveller and had lost my way, and begged to have shelter for the night any where in the farm yard; a feed for my horses and some bread and coffee if nothing else in the way of food was procurable, for myself and servant, for we were very hungry.

The Turk replied that his master was —— Bey, who had formerly been in the service of the Porte; that he was a landed proprietor; that, as his family dwelt with him, no man could be admitted into the house; but he offered to ask the Bey's permission to allow us to pass the night in one of the outhouses, and to put up our horses.

The gate was again closed, and, after waiting a few minut