

age may be applied to Portugal during these years, "Kingdoms, like machinery, run best when they make least noise." It was owing to the skill with which King Luis steered the ship of State that the little Iberian monarchy is mostly indebted for twenty-eight years of peace, such as it had not enjoyed for generations. When King Luis was called to take his brother's place in 1861, he was a young man of only twenty-three, and around him surged a swarm of greedy adventurers, more eager to help themselves to power than to form a stable government. But the sagacity of the young Sovereign soon showed itself in the choice of his advisers, and, with the exception of a futile insurrection headed in 1870 by the Duke of Saldanha, the peace and prosperity of King Luis' reign have been unbroken. His mother was one of the first of her race who broke through the ancient traditions of the house of Bragança by marrying a German prince. Perhaps it was the German blood in the veins of King Luis that saved him from the precipitation which so frequently brought trouble on his ancestors. Luis followed the example of his mother and allied the throne of Portugal with that of Italy by choosing for his queen the daughter of Victoria Emmanuel. Another proof of his wisdom was his refusal to accept the crown of Spain in addition to his own. Impetuous politicians denounced him at the time for throwing away what they called a splendid opportunity of uniting the whole Iberian peninsula under one government. Subsequent events proved that King Luis was right; he foresaw that Spain would not have long submitted to his rule, while his native land would have been estranged, and before long he would have had to confront a republican conspiracy as well as a Carlist war.

Paris must be amused. Now that the great Exposition is drawing to a close, Boulangism is dead, and the elections are over, the gay Parisians naturally turn to some other object for recreation. They have suddenly discovered that some of their great dead have not yet been commemorated in marble. The municipal authorities of Paris have decreed that forty-six celebrities of the past shall be thus honored. Some will stand in some of the vacant niches outside of the Louvre between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Tuilleries. In the Pavillon de Rohan are already eight statues, those of Kleber, Hoche, Marceau, Desaix, Ney, Soult, Launes, and Massena. It is now proposed to ornament the other eight niches with the statues of several of the great women of France such as Joan d'Arc, the "Warrior Maid of Orleans," Madame de Staël, Madame de Sevigné, Madame Roland, etc. Perhaps when Macaulay's mythical New Zealander comes on his travels two thousand years hence, he will jot down in his journal something like this: "France was a celebrated nation of antiquity containing about forty million inhabitants, each of whom had a statue."

A touching incident took place in Paris lately. An old lady seventy years of age was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. It was Sister Maria Therese, a member of the Order known as Sisters of Mercy. The ceremony took place at a military review. Over the kneeling form of the venerable lady the General of the Legion drew his sword and thrice touching her shoulder gently with the glittering weapon he pronounced these words: "In the name of the French people, in the name of the French army, I present you with this Cross of Honor! No one has more glorious claims to this reward, as no one has more than you devoted a whole life to the service of the country." This was no vain eulogy. Sister Maria Therese had barely attained her 28th year when she was wounded at Balaklava while tending the wounded on that memorable battlefield. The Italian campaign was her next experience, and again she was wounded on the battlefield of Magenta. In Syria, in China, and in Mexico she was ever at her post alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded; but her most brilliant achievement of all was at Reichshofen. On that battlefield she was picked up wounded and faint from loss of blood; but her hurts did not long detain her from her work of mercy, and shortly afterward a shell having fallen close to the ambulance entrusted to her care, she took the missile up and carried it to some distance. Soon after laying down the shell it burst, wounding her severely. Such is the woman whose heroism has at length been rewarded, just as she has attained the age of three score and ten.

The festivities that have taken place in Athens during the past week to celebrate the marriage of the heir apparent, Prince Constantine, to the Princess Sophie has been on a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in modern Greece. The Greeks have long had a traditional prophecy that Turkey is to be conquered and added to Greece, and the Mosque of St. Sophia again restored to Christian worship when a prince named Constantine and a princess named Sophie shall sit on the throne of Greece. Thousands implicitly believe that during the lives of this young pair the ancient Eastern or Byzantine Empire will be restored as it was previous to the time the Turks invaded Europe.

With Tennyson and Browning in the long line of modern poets, there are other names that cannot escape mention, and one of them is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In point of quantity it may be said that he has done but little; yet such is the quality of his writings that long before he had published a volume, Swinburne and Morris had each dedicated works to him and evidently regarded him as their master. More than any other modern, Rossetti has brought the arts of painting and poetry into harmony. His poems were often suggested by his pictures; his pictures were often an expression of the ideas that

dominated his poetry. Both as artist and poet his position is unique. Rossetti, being of Italian origin, inherited that sensuousness of temperament, intensity of passion and love of art that so often characterize his countrymen, and these qualities are manifested in his writings. English poetry presents no more curious study than that contained in Rossetti's work. His peculiarities are no doubt caused by the romance and tragedy of his life. He was first attracted to his future wife by her remarkable beauty; but it was a beauty of a very unusual type, full of stately purity and dignity.

After an engagement of many years they were married, and a year later she died. From that hour the glory of life was gone for Rossetti. He became a recluse, a brooding and melancholy man. How fully his wife loved image filled his mind is seen in the long array of his pictures. His poems were occasional; painting was his vocation; and in every ideal Beatrice or Francisca that he drew can be easily discerned the features of the woman who filled his thoughts. To his melancholy feelings was added his custom of taking morphine, till at length he seemed the embodiment of the unhappy subject of Poe's poem of the "Raven." The rooms he inhabited were rich with the curious collections of an artistic taste; the lamplight streamed upon the "tufted floor," but just above the "bust of Pallas, just above the chamber-door," was seated the bird of evil omen, recalling vainly in his mournful cry the perished splendors of the past. Sensuous in all things, Rossetti was sensuous in his grief, and cultivated sorrow as other men cultivate happiness. The shadow that had fallen on his soul was, in this life, "lifted nevermore." Can we be surprised if we find his works are a reflex of his feelings? Melody and imagination there always is; a charm that is at once weird and powerful; a heart-piercing sadness—a gloomy force. Even when the theme is not in itself sorrowful, there is something in the poet's sentences that lets us know he suffers.

But the great merit of Rossetti is that he has given us something new, or rather he leads us into old paths, as no modern writer leads us. With him we enter the strange scenes of mediæval times, with all its chivalrous ardors, its awe-struck faith, its simple movement of human passion, its glory, its romance and its shame. It is as though the figures on some faded canvass began to move and the gateways of the quaint old turreted towns opened, and we saw the knights and ladies, the troubadours and artificers of the days of chivalry. There is no doubt that Rossetti has exercised a wide influence on modern poetry, not directly upon the masses, but indirectly by leading other poets into new fields of thought and new modes of expression. He has had many imitators, but few have struck his note or awakened his melody. By misunderstanding the character of Rossetti's writings we better comprehend