there are now 4,200,000 native-born living in other countries. Add to these 215,374 soldiers and sailors abroad on foreign service, and we arrive at the almost incredible fact that every eight persons of the home population are now represented abroad by a native born "Britisher." And yet we know from other sources that the population of Great Britain, after deducting all this vast emigration, is increasing at the rate of 400,000 per annum.

The contrast is very great when we turn to France, which seems almost like a country whose vitality is exhausted. The slender yearly increase of the French population proper is only 29 per 10,000. As near as can be estimated, "about 483,000 French born in France are in the position of emigrants all over the world," while there are 1,077,136 foreigners resident on French soil. If this should go on, it would seem as if the French were in danger of being displaced by strangers on their native soil.

We return to the Teutonic race when we pass to Germany, and here the figures are surprising. There are 2,601,000 native-born Germans outside their fatherland, and a round two million of these are in the United States, while Germany harbors only 293,000 natives of other countries.

In Scandinavia we are still among Teutons. The population of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway together is a little under eight and a half millions living at home, while of the existing generation there are in addition 795,000, or 9.4 per cent, living abroad. Of these, 440,000 are in the United States, and 306,500 are Swedes living very near home in Russian Finland.

It is natural that, in emigrating, natives should seek latitudes and climates similar to those they leave, and this law we find verified by Italian emigration. Italy comes next to Great Britain and Germany among the great emigrating countries. She has 1,077,000 of her native residents in foreign lands, while there are only 60,000 foreigners resident in Italy. South American States absorb the larger portion of her emigrants,—namely, 403,000; the United States have 176,000. Italian emigration increases every year.

The paper is full of curious statistics. "United States immigration, which first sprang into great activity in the decade 1841-50, reached its highest point, 730,000—2,000 a day—in 1882. In 1884 it had sunk, temporarily no doubt, to 461,000." "The emigration from Canada to the States is noteworthy, a million having crossed the frontier before 1884, and 48,000 more in that year." Mexico now holds 2,000,000 born Europeans, or 38 per cent of her population. Brazil showed an immigration at Rio de Janeiro, in four recent years, of 93,000 Europeans, chiefly Portuguese, Italians, and Germans; but this is far surpassed by the Argentine Republic, which received in the same years 278,000 immigrants, mainly from Italy, Spain, and France.

Turning to literary subjects, we find in the _Contemporary_ for October a discriminating criticism of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. The following seems to the present writer a very just estimate: "We find Mr. Swinburne's poetry and criticism a mass of turgid rhapsody, only relieved here and there by a gush of pure and brilliant light whenever the rays of his torch fall upon the rigidly limited portion of life within his ken." . . . "That Mr. Swinburne is the most artificial of British poets, must be evident to any careful reader. The execution is everything with him; however diminutive are the jewels of poetic truth in his works, we may always expect to find them cut and set with rare and subtle skill. He is more a literary lapidary than an intellectual miner. He clothes his mind's progeny in verse's most glistening raiment. The soft alliteration, the recurrent burden, the softened clink of ear-pleasing shyness, combine with carefully arranged cadences to build up forms in which the greatest poet might be glad to enwrap his thought; all the keener, therefore, is the disappointment to find them often mere mansions of the dead, inhabited only by ghosts of ideas. It is painful to find so gifted an author guilty of the deadly literary sin of diffuseness; to find him more and more, as he grows older, getting into the habit of involving a minimum of matter in a maximum of tangled sentences. It thus happens that many of his most elaborate poems are very dull reading. They do not keep the intellectual faculties awake, for the interest which they excite is only that of watching the skillful manipulation of words, and that soon satiates. The mill is all that could be desired, but it grinds little corn."

Browning is better than this. Much of his poetry is a very dark mine, but there is ore there to be had for the digging. His mill creaks dreadfully, but it grinds something besides chaff.

W. P. A.