

laissez faire practice in regard to a world out of joint, stands in such ludicrous contrast to the stern, anxious menacing accents of the perfervid Scot. Emerson, the American panegyrist of Goethe, seems to be less blinded by the glare of his genius, although he rates it above that of most if not all other men. "The old eternal Genius who built the world," he says, "confided himself to this man more than to any other. I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshipped the highest unity. He is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment. There are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer and more touches the heart.

Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture. He has no aims less larger than the conquest of universal nature, of universal truth to be his portion. A man not to be bribed, nor deceived, nor overawed; of a stoical self-command and self-denial; and having one text for all men—what can you teach me? He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts, sciences, and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual, but not spiritualist. There is nothing he had not a right to know; there is no weapon in the armoury of universal genius he did not take into his hand; but with peremptory heed that he should not be for a moment prejudiced by his instruments. From him nothing was hid, nothing withholden. The lurking demons sat to him, the saint who saw the demons, and the metaphysical events took form."

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

BY J. G. MANLY JR.

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Let it be for England's dead ;
Still let the tones of sorrow roll
Down, down to ocean's bed.

Down, down, down,

Where the waves wash on the sands ;

Where sea-king Neptune makes his throne,
And the Mermaids rove in bands.

There five and twenty score
Of Britain's free-born sons
Lie low : they sank not 'mid the roar,
The deadly roll of guns.

They sank not in the flush
Of death's victorious pride,
These forms, o'er which the billows rush,
As they sleep side by side.

No sudden cannonade
The vessel's timbers shook.
No entrance was by broadside made
Through all her walls of oak.

Yet she is gone, is lost,
The tidings sad unfold,
Let the hands of silent grief be crossed
For Britain's seamen bold.

We mourn the buried ship,
O'er which the waters meet,
She lies where roving Mermaid's dip
Their softly-stirring feet.

Lead back the path of years,
And such another day
Recall, when Britain, bathed in tears
As now, in sorrow lay.

'Twas in the hour of night
When England's fleet did sail,
The bulwark of her ancient might.
All darkly grew the gale.

A sudden storm sprang up,
It raged and swept along,
It drowned earth's sense of joy and hope,
And laughed that it was strong.

It laughed as on it bore,
In its tempestuous might,
And like a knell, its wild-voiced roar
Rang in the ear of night.

Then came the dreadful scene,
To tell the tragic tale,
What heart, but would in sorrow lean?
What tongue, but what would fail?

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Toll for the untimely death,