

that they could not slip out. Notwithstanding, the Colonial Express Agent had the audacity to draw two or three of the books out and keep them, and Mr. Gowan, a thorough gentleman not suspecting any wrong, neglected to count the books, and of course was quite unaware of the fact. Mr. Gowan, having now returned to Canada, the Express Agent "makes no bones," as the saying is, of exhibiting the books for public inspection. Thus, he has made public what every member of the order is pledged to keep sacred. Not only this, but an old friend over the way, an old S. O. T., has also been kindly favored with one copy, which is constantly laid open at his business place for inspection, and to which he specially invites the kind attention of the inquisitive public of Windsor. And when a gentleman high in position in the Society, good-naturedly asked the parties to deliver up the books—they refused to do so, first declaring that they had them not, and afterwards acknowledging that they had them. If Express Agents are allowed to act in this way, it should be made public, in order to prevent the property of others from being filched in the same manner.

PRINCE OF WALES LODGE.

[We cannot but imagine, that our correspondent has been misinformed regarding the conduct of the Express Agents. Surely, no agent would dare to tamper with any goods temporarily consigned to his charge. The law will doubtless settle this matter in favor of our correspondent, should his case be clearly established. —Ed. B. F.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO LAWYERS, GRANVILLE.—In the waste basket. You should learn how to spell, before seeking to gratify your taste for scurrility. You are wise in withholding your name.

F. W. CHESLEY.—Your letter has been received, and will appear next Saturday. *Bullyrog*, No. 22, was sent to you on Thursday last. Please inform us as to any future postal irregularity.

Extracts.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have overread at college entering upon life as languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation; for their own generation is young, and they "wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth in its contests for fame or fortune."

Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth.

He is seldom overworked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self: when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his.

Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book.

Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision which seem to the crowd like the intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent, but all of which can be only gathered into a single whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

Invention implies the power of generalization, for an invention is but the combining of many details known before into a new whole, and for new results.

Upon any given point, contradictory evidence seldom puzzles the man who has mastered the laws of evidence, but he knows little of the laws of evidence who has not studied the unwritten law of the human heart; and without this last knowledge a man of action will not attain to the practical, nor will a poet achieve the ideal.

He who has no sympathy never knows the human heart; but the obtrusive parade of sympathy is incompatible with dignity of character in a man, or with dignity of style in a writer. Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of the perfect man, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence.

In science, address the few; in literature, the many. In science, the few must dictate opinion to the many; in literature, the many, sooner or later, force their judgment on the few. But the few and the many are not necessarily the few and the many of the passing time; for discoverers in science have not unoften, in their own day, had the few against them, and writers the most permanently popular not unfrequently found, in their own day, a frigid reception from the many. By the few, I mean those who must ever remain the few, from whose dicta we, the multitude, take fame upon trust; by the many, I mean those who constitute the multitude in the long run. We take the fame of a Harvey or a Newton upon trust, from the verdict of the few in successive generations; but the few could never persuade us to take poets and novelists on trust. We, the many, judge for ourselves of Shakespeare and Cervantes.

He who addresses the abstract reason addresses an audience that must forever be limited to the few; he who addresses the passions, the feelings, the humors, which we all have in common, addresses an audience that must forever compose the many. But either writer, in proportion to his ultimate renown, embodies some new truth, and new truths require new generations for cordial welcome. This much I would say meanwhile, Doubt the permanent fame of any work of science which makes immediate reputation with the ignorant multitude; doubt the permanent fame of any work of imagination which is at once applauded by a conventional clique that styles itself "the critical few."

A VISIT TO THE CRIMINAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

We are all of us familiar with the verdicts, "acquitted on the ground of insanity," and the invariable sentence which follows on them, "to be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure." These two meagre scraps of information, if such they may be called, are generally all that the public learn concerning the career of criminal lunatics. What becomes of them afterwards—where they are imprisoned, how they live and die, whether they become partially cured, or still more confirmed in their derangement and add to their first crime by fresh attempts upon the lives of their keepers—none but their own friends, if even they, ever know afterwards. The criminal lunatic—and by this term we mean to refer only to those of homicidal tendencies, persons never dangerous to themselves, but always so to others—is, when once acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, as dead to the world as if the earth had already closed over him. For every other class of criminal there is some chance of ultimate reprieve: for these dangerous madmen none whatever.

The great Broadmoor Asylum, is distant about two miles from the Wellington College Station of the South-Eastern Railway, and, surrounded by pine woods, commands a magnificent prospect. Every part of the buildings, and the long, steep, terraced slopes

which lead down the gardens, are surmounted by a high wall, but, as it should be expected from the walls, committed to Broadmoor, these they live and little cemetery attract those who are condemned to the perpetual incarceration of maniacs, those who factually check nor reality this rule is a several now in Broadmoor from complex or three years in lunatic, healthy life, medical treatment; sanity, and they we sane in the quiet of the more marked rounded, soon lost struggle with all the such have been admitted to its never, but this time for more murders, unpunished. So quiet of the asylum again to almost the same in either liberty. A commitment final as regards the

Broadmoor now and 50 or 60 women, and we say that the victim is 1,000. Here or on the lawn, the page of some 30 nalle, a little group time rung. Enter the visitor passes: rooms, which are: firmaries being abfull, the first thing criminal type of a of visiting our gre expression. The associated with cri head, narrow and at Broadmoor into weakly, undersiz heads, narrow sto tating gait, are the a "block" of a h selves, "Her Maj of murder on the ment during Her writing, some pla moody silence lik blank intensity o move their eyes. dangerous to Her from a vain love the grand strut v enough. The on to a mild and on as really mad as non-commission some years ago sl about his good c have already all tempted murder, then perpetrated here for evermore and these seldom tensely are gene Hume Secretary, the Commissioner for their discharg Meyer and the g for their being s solemnly, "I holj jury themselves: for not going to sence of a sane n have noticed i This man is rath All in this first can be enforced