

"At last, O Heaven! has thy blow been dealt,
And he is gone forever from our sight—
How deep the anguish for his loss is felt,
And sorrow wraps my spirit in its might,
As cold, damp earth enwraps his form to-night,
With chill, unyielding, sorrowful embrace;
While his free spirit, to the spheres of light
Hath been conducted by the angel face
Of one who went before to that mysterious place."

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *Traveller* are two of the finest poems in the English language. Burke compared the former to the creations of Pope and Spenser, and said that in some of the pastoral images it surpassed the efforts of those fine writers. Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, and Gœthe both were in raptures with this beautiful poem. Of his prose writings, *The Vicar of Wakefield* is probably the most prominent. What a grand old English picture is here drawn! How many homes have been, and will continue to be, delighted with this sublime creation!

Edmund Burke's career is vividly sketched. The more notable events of his remarkable life are touched upon. His literary and parliamentary labours, his fine oratorical powers, his great speeches, all receive their full meed of attention at the hands of Mr. Harvey.

English, Scotch, and Americans is a wide subject, and the lecturer handles it without gloves. He goes directly into the root of these different nationalities, and explains his theme in an easy, graceful manner. The author has the happy faculty of clothing what appears to be dry and dull in very agreeable, poetical language. The information disseminated throughout this article is varied, and of a valuable and most interesting character.

The lecture on *Tom Hood* is a fine sketch of that immortal punster and poet. A few extracts from his serious poems are given, together with a clear account of his early life, when Hood wrote for the *Dundee Advertiser* and *Dundee Magazine*, which, as he remarked, "published his writings *without charging anything for insertion*." Then we are told of Poor Tom's painful illness, the gathering of his friends at his dying bedside. His heart-broken wife and sobbing children, listened one night, while he, in his mental aberrations, repeated the pathetic lines:

"I'm fading awa', Jean,
Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm fading awa'
To the land o' the leal.

"But weep na, my ain Jean,
The world's care's in vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal."

Then the last hour came. The hard-wrought poet (whose comicalities were often penned when he was lying on a bed of sickness, propped up by pillows) blessed his little family, and calmly awaited the final moment. Death entered and Thomas Hood was no more.

There are eleven lectures in all, and each one of them are treated in a most admirable manner. We might take umbrage with a few slips here and there observable; but the author accounts for these by attributing them to a too hasty revision of the proof sheets. The mode adopted by Mr. Harvey is what is termed the "pictorial style." There are many original thoughts, characteristic of the writer, in the book, and its easy, flowing style renders it delightful reading.