

tico here—there are no patches. She has again preferred to ply her tongue to her needle, and her husband suffers accordingly. But squalid and miserable as many of these localities are, they possess "one touch of nature," which leads, to a certain extent to enliven them. The air resounds with singing birds, for these feathered pets are great favourites with the lower orders, and there is scarcely a window you pass, from whence you do not catch

"The jubilate of the caged lark,
The thrush or the gregarious linnnet."

On my way one Sunday to St. Patrick's Cathedral I counted outside one dismal-looking building about a dozen cages, and, turning a corner, came upon a crowd assembled to witness a bird show. There were about fifty cages, hung up against the railings of the Four Courts, and the spectators were critically discussing the respective merits of the imprisoned songsters.

I have mentioned the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It has, as all the world knows by this time, been rebuilt by the munificence and at sole cost of Mr. Guinness, the celebrated porter brewer, who expended upon it no less a sum than £200,000 sterling. The late Thomas Molson, a brewer of Montreal, also built a church and an university or college at his sole expense, and a brother of the same firm built the new wing of McGill College; and has agreed to build the spire of Trinity Church.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick stands on the site of the old building, which is said to very near the well in which St. Patrick first baptized his converts. In carrying out his magnificent work, it was Mr. Guinness's wish to produce a *fac simile* of the old building without curtailment or addition. This, I am told, has been accurately accomplished. The Cathedral, which is cruciform, consists of a nave, transepts, choir and Lady's chapel, for which piece of architectural information I am indebted to my guide book. It is a handsome and imposing edifice, but it is situated in one of the poorest quarters of the city, and the approach to it is equally unfortunate. In fact, it may be pronounced a splendid jewel in a miserable setting.

Returning from the Cathedral I had the opportunity of witnessing an Irish funeral, or rather, a funeral procession. A hearse and four, decorated with some dirty white plumes, was going along full trot, followed by upwards of fifty jingling cars, six people in each, all dressed in the height of fashion, the ladies, especially coming out strong in all the colours of the rainbow, and both men and women gaily talking as if the melancholy business they were about was a decidedly pleasant affair. "Ah, Lord rest ye," was an Irish beggar's retort to a well known miser, who had refused him assistance, "Lord rest ye, sir, sure there'll be many a dry eye when ye lave us." There were plenty of "dry eyes" upon the present occasion, but I was informed that I should not regard the fact as evincing any want of respect for the deceased. On the contrary, the long procession of cars that followed told that he or she was held in high esteem, as no invitations are issued to these funerals; but those who choose, come of their own free will and at their own expense—a very sensible arrangement.

I mentioned just now that some of the streets of Dublin reminded me of the west end of London, and I think this is an idea that will strike most strangers as they walk up Sackville street, or through St. Stephen's green, or Merrion square—the latter, by the way, famous as containing the former residence of the Liberator Daniel O'Connell. But there is one particular element lacking in Dublin which is observable in the "Great Metropolis"—an evidence of wealth.

You may fancy yourself in Bond st., St. James' street, or Grosvenor square; but where are the gay equipages, the showy, highly trained horses, the smart, trim coachman, nicely balanced on his hammer cloth, his wig neatly curled, his ribbons well in hand; and where, oh! where is the imitable "Jeames" with his hair well plastered and powdered, and his gorgeous calves, of which he is so proud, set off by resplendent plush and silk? All are lacking. In truth it appeared to me that well appointed equipages in Dublin

were the exception not the rule. Indeed I saw but few really fine horses during my week's sojourn in Ireland. Those that came under my notice were small in size, seldom reaching above fifteen hands, but full of fire as a match, and not altogether free from vice, owing, I expect, a good deal to inefficient training; they were exceedingly restless. Perhaps they were four-legged Fenians.

The visitor to Dublin, if he has, as I had, but a short time to stay there, should hail a jaunting-car—the fares are cheap, the drivers are civil, and he can ride a good distance for a "quarter,"—let him drive round Phoenix-Park through the leading streets and squares—so as to obtain a general idea of the place—and then run through the principal buildings, which mostly lie pretty close together. By all means let him see that beautiful Ionic structure the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament House, where the fiery eloquence of Grattan, Plunkett, Curran, and other famous men once reverberated.—Let him visit, too, the Trinity College, with its fine quadrangle and noble spacious pleasure grounds;—not there, as in our McGill acres, sold to pay Professors' salaries—the Four Courts, still the focus of Irish oratory, wisdom and wit; the castle where so many state plots have been hatched, and plots against the state frustrated,—let him see all this, and a good deal more if he have time, and having, satiated himself with sights, let him return to his hotel, as I did (my quarters being the Hibernian), and dine sumptuously off a fresh delicate Dublin Bay herring, exquisitely cooked, with a cutlet and tomato sauce to follow;—then, having sipped his modicum of port, sherry, or claret, and smoked just one well flavoured old Havannah, he may retire to bed, in the full assurance that he has cause to be grateful to the gods that, unlike Titus, he has not lost a day.

This paper, I might if I were a member of the Montreal Literary Club, have given there, not in rivalry to our great Irish orators paper on Oxford; but if your readers think it possesses any merit and should any of them be a member, and will propose me (I enclose my card), I shall not consider the compliment a slender one. R.E.X.

VOICES OF NATURE.*

WHEN the glorious sun sends forth his brilliant rays on a fair May morning, and all the earth and heavens are clad in magnificent grandeur, we are furnished with ample, satisfactory and conclusive proof of one thing at least. It is then a self-evident truth that the sun is not obscured by great black hazy clouds, and that the earth is not being saturated with rain. Is not this a ridiculous thing to write—ridiculous because of its simplicity, because everybody knows it? And yet we meet with little sayings and big sayings put forth in big print and in little print, trumpeted forth by little orators and big orators every week day, and sometimes on a Sunday, equally ridiculous because equally simple, self-evident and well known. If this is true,—we mean the sentiment,—and it would be bordering on the ridiculous to cover a page in demonstrating it, then we surely are not without precedent—a most excellent thing—for writing down another simple, self-evident truth. Critics have said that Shakespeare was a great poet. We say, quite right. Other critics have said that Dryden, Pope, Byron, Moore, Scott, &c., were all great poets in their respective ways. Again we say, quite right. Critics now say that Tennyson is a great sweet singer, and there can be little doubt of it. These are all self-evident truths which everybody should know. Let us make another statement of a similar kind. We say William Cullen Bryant is a sweet poet; and who will dispute it? Who can read over the following verses on a scene on the banks of the Hudson, and not be convinced that their author is a Poet?

Cool shades and dews are rounding way,
And silence of the early day;
And the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glisten the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

* Voices of Nature. By William Cullen Bryant. Montreal: Richard Worthington.

All, save this little nook of land,
Clothed with trees, on which I stand;
All save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

It does not require any extraordinary stretch of imagination to form a pretty accurate conception of the scene here described. Then, can anything be more exquisite than this beautifully poetic idea?

Lovellest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away,
The rose that live: its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save

River! In this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose;
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

We will make one more extract of four little stanzas from the little book before us, which, by the way, is one of a series of cheap; octavo works (fifty cents each) now publishing by A. Appleton & Co., of New York, under the title "Companion Poets for the People." These little books are printed in the very best style on ruled paper, and beautifully illustrated. It is surprising that they can be sold at such a low price.

These four verses are from a short poem entitled "A Summer Ramble." The poet is speaking of the month of August.

Oh, how unlike these merry hours,
In early June when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout;
When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of thy music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nautilus blossom a bell.
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to day,
The only slave of toil and care.
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.*

By the courtesy of the publisher we have been furnished with the advance proof sheets of Heavysege's new book—*The Advocate of Montreal*—now in press. We scarcely know in what terms to speak of this work. It is a novel, but a novel, both in design and execution, of a wholly original order. The author has called forth an entirely new set of characters, and has succeeded admirably in making each act his part with perfect ease and readiness.

The advocate himself is the character of the book; in him we have a man of extraordinary abilities, "the credit of a noble English house," but in whom early acquired habits of dissipation had uprooted the great principles of morality, and prostituted talents of the rarest order from the great purposes of life,—talents which if rightly applied, would have elevated the man to the very foremost position amongst his fellows. In this successful, clever, dissipated lawyer—a man of most generous impulses, a man of most enlarged ideas, but a man of woefully loose principles, Mr. Heavysege finds full scope for those fine dramatic powers of which he is possessed in no ordinary degree.

The other characters of the book are all more or less interesting, and, contrary to our experience of the majority of modern novels, are well sustained throughout the work, never being placed in unnatural situations, or made to speak or act differently to what we would expect. The plot itself is one of sterling interest, and most skillfully and artistically worked out. *The Advocate* ought to become, and we doubt not will become, a very popular work of fiction, not only in Montreal, where its local interest will undoubtedly secure it a very large sale, but with novel readers all over the continent.

* *The Advocate*. By Charles Heavysege. In press. R. Worthington, Montreal.