

A DREAM.

WEARY and soul-faint with longing,
At the close of the dreary day,
My heart sad memories thronging
In the gloom of the twilight gray :
I lay on my lonely pillow,
Sore grieving for one far away—
Between roll'd many a billow,
And naught else could I do but pray.

Then slowly to dreamland drifting,
My spirit went roaming away,
Where cloud after cloud was lifting
From the pearl-capped gates of Day.
In the joy of my new-born freedom
I revelled in sights and sounds,
And wander'd through roseate regions
That seem'd without limits or bounds.

At length I stood on the sea-shore,
Where the tall cliffs rose pile on pile;
Below them the sun-lit ocean
Stretched out for many a mile.
I paused in rapturous wonder,
And gazed with delighted eyes;
I heard not the waves' deep thunder,
As I looked at the smiling skies,
And scanned the world of waters,
With sight to which space was as naught,
Or before which distance scatters,
As time flies us in realms of thought;
And beheld in wondrous splendour,
Yet away on the farther shore,
A temple with spires more slender
And lofty than earth ever bore.

On its walls soft light was gleaming,
And flashing o'er tower and dome;
O'er it Love's banner was streaming—
Yes; there was my idol's fair home.
My breast with glad rapture swelling,
I stood enthroned on the rock;
No fear in my world had dwelling—
I dream'd not of hurricane's shock.

Sweet music my senses ravish'd,
I heard not the thunder's deep roar;
My heart Love's whisperings cherish'd,
Nor noted the surf on the shore.
But soon the gloomy clouds gather'd
O'er the blue sky so fair and sweet;
The tempest my bright fane shatter'd,
The waves wash'd the wreck to my feet.

With cry of anguish half utter'd,
My heart throbbing wild with pain,
I woke, when lo! there had flutter'd
To my couch Love's message again.
Fast fled, like a breath from a mirror,
All my fears born of doubt and delay;
Alas! short-lived was my error,
For my joy was more fleet than they.

A type of the false and unreal
Was my palace beyond the sea;
As fair and as false, my ideal
Of true love has proved to be.

M. J. D.

THE HAYWARD LETTERS.

THE Hayward Letters,* the appearance of which was so eagerly expected, are now before us. The editor has certainly done his part well; indeed, his portion of the work is a model of its kind. But we doubt whether the Letters themselves will fulfil expectation. Interesting they are, no doubt, and the list of celebrities, with whom Hayward corresponded, is magnificent; it sounds like the muster-roll of all that was most eminent, renowned, and bright in the generation which is passing away. But those who looked for social reminiscences, knowing Hayward's vast opportunities in that way, will be somewhat disappointed by finding, to a great extent, political and general matter in their place. The Letters are in no sense a diary of Hayward's social life. He had too much literary work always on hand to do anything elaborate of that kind. Therefore he will live as a social essayist, not as a St. Simon or a Horace Walpole. The notion that he would indulge his satiric and sarcastic vein at the expense of those with whom he lived is wholly belied; for there is not a

malicious word in the book. It is something to have a man who, with such opportunities and such powers of using them, has left nothing malevolent or treacherous behind him. Social confidence, which has received some severe shocks of late, will be revived by his example. There are, however, many rich plums in the book, such as the following account of Brougham's lecture on Optics before the French Institute (vol. i., p. 146):—

Mr. Hayward, having occasion to go to Paris on business, managed to make his visit one of pleasure also. In the following letter to his sisters he mentions his visit to the *Institut* with Lord Brougham, and the dinner afterwards at Philippe's. But on referring to Mr. Hayward's article in "Lord Campbell's Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham," we find these two incidents more fully related, and that one morning Mr. Hayward called for Lord Brougham by appointment at Meurice's about twelve, and found him in a squabble with a Frenchman whom he had engaged to translate a scientific paper to be read that day at the *Institut*, and which he ended by calling *bête comme une oie*. They then got into a *remise*, and drove to a celebrated optician's in the Faubourg St. Germain quarter, where Brougham occupied a full hour in testing an experiment which he had anticipated in the paper, but which did not turn out exactly as could be wished. What he wanted to establish was, that light, falling upon or encountering a flat surface, after passing through three or four successive apertures in boards, or pieces of pasteboard placed some paces apart, would be fringed or uneven at the edges. "*Voilà les franges*," repeatedly exclaimed Brougham. "*Je n'en vois pas, milord*," invariably replied the optician, who was himself a member of the *Institut*. To cut the matter short, Hayward gave his voice for the fringes, and all three started for the *Institut* in the *remise*. Before they had gone far, Brougham stopped the carriage, and, in spite of the optician's protest, who said they were already late, insisted on calling to see the Duc Decazes, who was too ill to see him. Their destination was reached at last; and dragging Hayward (who was not even a corresponding member) after him, he hurried into the centre of the assembled *savants*, and began introducing Hayward right and left to all of them. This ceremony ended, the business of the day began by Brougham reading his paper, which (barring accent) was not a bad or unsuccessful performance. No less a person than Arago remarked, in answer to a timid inquiry from Hayward, "*C'est bien, mais il n'y a rien d'original là dedans*."

The most marvellous and grotesque of human beings has hardly ever been more vividly portrayed. This also is a good story of old Quentin Dick, who, by the way, had sat in "Grattan's Parliament." Louis Blanc, who had come to England as an exile, was athirst for information about the British Constitution, and was receiving large doses of it from different members of the company. Dick, becoming bored at last, said: "Sir, you have heard many explanations; they are beside the mark. I will tell you how it works. At my last election I spoke to my constituents as follows:—'Gentlemen, my opponent is a very poor man with a large family. I am a rich man, and, thank God, all I care for in this world I cover with my hat.' I put my hat on my head and they returned me." Many of the letters of Hayward's correspondents, Mrs. Norton's among the rest, are fully as interesting as Hayward's own. We find a curious consistency and definiteness of purpose in what might have seemed to be a desultory and rather aimless life. Hayward knew from the beginning of his career exactly what he wanted, and what he wanted he thoroughly attained. He chose not to go into Parliament, having made up his mind that for any but a wealthy man it was vanity and vexation of spirit. He chose to combine a moderate amount of work as a lawyer with literary activity and the highest social enjoyment. This he did to perfection, and he probably managed to skim the very cream of life. His status as a Q. C. and a writer of acknowledged eminence secured his position, and prevented his falling to the level of a professional diner-out. The price which he had to pay was celibacy, for which he seems to have partly indemnified himself with flirtations of the fancy if not of the heart. But his family relations were most affectionate; and, when he was dying, his pillow was smoothed both by devoted friendship and by a sister's love. His vitality must have been extraordinary: at eighty-three he wrote for the *Quarterly Review* an article which showed no decline of power.

NOTES FROM MONTREAL.

MONTREAL musical circles had a rich treat in the two concerts of the Philharmonic Society given on the 15th and 16th Dec. "The Spectre's Bride," by Dvorak, was given the first evening. It shows a wonderful conception, and is most difficult to render; but, under Professor Couture's guidance the performers proved equal to the difficulties of the piece. Miss Pyk, the soloist, from New York, was a decided disappointment to all, but, if not equal to what she had undertaken, yet her voice is very sweet and flexible.

On the whole the second night was the most enjoyable; Miss Pyk was in good voice, and sang with confidence, appearing "in touch" with the audience. The programme was composed of "Hymn to St. Cecilia," by

*"The Hayward Letters," edited by E. Carlisle. London: John Murray; New York: Scribner and Welford.