

Wilde, and instead we are dazzled by a Swinburnian light intensified to a dangerous degree. The subject matter of the poems, is, with few exceptions, of small importance. The only apparent object is to please, not by logically unfolded arguments, but by adroitly-limned word-pictures. "*Aue Imperatrix*," a poem dealing with the struggles of England for Empire, is certainly the best in the collection. From it are the following stanzas:

"The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steep of Indian snows
Shall to the tread of armed men.

"And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranite-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

"The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

"For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire."

Another poem, a sonnet written in "Holy Week" at Genoa, is presented as affording a fair specimen of Mr. Wilde's extreme enthusiasm in verse:

"I wandered in Scoglietto's green retreat,
The oranges on each o'erhanging spary
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day;
Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet
Made snow of all the blossoms; at my feet
Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay;
And the curved waves that streaked the sapphire bay
Laughed 'i the sun, and life seemed very sweet.
Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear,
"Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain,
O come and fill his sepulcher with flowers."
Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours
Had drowned all memory of thy bitter pain,
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear."

Mr. Wilde has been saterized by some and lionized by others. Dispassionate criticism he can scarcely expect until the novelty of his appearance, and the newness of his style shall have become familiar. He has, at all events, launched his argosy on the sea of literature, and almost unknown to the world at large, he may even now, Columbus-like, be sailing near the shores of some hitherto hidden continent. The chances of discovery seem remote, but those paltry branches, caught from the passing wave, bear ruddy berries of hope. The day may dawn when a fruitful land will smile to the morning sun, and invite the venturesome voyager to take possession in the name of Appollo.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott wrote all of his new book of poetry after his eightieth birthday.

Mr. Whittier is in capital health this winter; writing a good deal, going often to Boston, and even going to quiet parties now and then.

Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday, Feb. 27, was quite generally observed in various parts of the country; many schools taking note of it by special exercises.

The "younger authors" are growing old: Edwin Arnold's second son, Julian, is old enough to have written a book on Egypt, which will soon appear; and Bret Harte's son is going on the stage, in the company supporting John McCullough.

Bryant and Longfellow, so it appears from an extract from Parke Goodwin's new life of the poet, very early became literary friends and mutual admirers.

Mr. Ruskin, in accepting the presidency of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, says that his late illnesses has made it necessary for him, if not to cease from work, at least to waste none. He adds that Edinburgh is dearer to him than London.

There are in the United States ten cities with a population of over 200,000 each, and the names of them represent eight different languages. New York is English; Philadelphia, Greek; Brooklyn, Dutch; Chicago, Indian; Boston, English; St. Louis, French; Baltimore, Irish; Cincinnati, Latin; San Francisco, Spanish, and New Orleans, French.

Alexander Dumas, *fil*, says that Alexander Dumas, *pere*, was not only the first dramatic author, but the first poet of his day. "He most nearly approaches Shakespeare, and the distance between Shakespeare and Dumas is probably less than that between Dumas and his contemporaries." To sum up my opinion of this extraordinary man I will say that he is as little known as he is illustrious."

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question—Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

Prof. R. A. Proctor's announcement of the possible destruction of the world by the return of the comet of 1880 has not greatly increased his reputation. Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, says that he knows of no known comet large enough to produce, by its fall upon the sun, an increase of heat great enough to destroy all living things on the face of the earth. He adds: "If a comet drops into the sun I hope I shall live to see it, and in that case I shall expect to survive the event." In justice to Prof. Proctor himself, it should be said that he told some excited revivalists in Illinois that, while he considered the matter an interesting speculation, its likelihood need not prevent any of the ordinary arrangements of life.

The Smack "Out" of School.

The sun shone in through waving boughs
Of elm trees by the door,
Across the row of feet that stood
The chalk-mark on the floor.
Down at the foot of that long line
Of spellers, standing quiet,
Was Allan Deane, with quiet face
Framed round with stiff tow-hair.

The fair young teacher called this boy
"The dunce of Wheaton school;"
But Allan's wits, though slow, were keen,
And since to Lawyer Poole
This same fair creature gave a kiss,
So slyly, as she thought,
The boy, with mischievous delight,
A cunning plan had wrought.

Next morning Allan charged his class
To learn their lessons well,
For young Squire Poole that afternoon
Would come to hear them spell.
And this was all; they never knew
What else was on his mind,
Until the teacher gave out "smack,"
To be spoiled and defined.

'Twas Allan's turn; he raised his eyes
To watch the lawyer's face,
And spelled the short word slowly through.
With calm and steady grace.
"Define it, sir," the mistress said,
For, courage to acquire,
The boy had paused—"Why, ma'am," said
"It's what you gave the squire."