

## TENNYSON.

Who saith thy hand is weak, King Tennyson?  
 Who crieth "Ho, the monarch hath grown old;  
 His sceptre falls"? Vain carpers overbold:  
 Ye who have fed upon the gracious benison  
 Scattered unstinted by him, do you now  
 Bewail his sweet-strung harp grown tremulous  
 'Neath fingers overworn for all of us?  
 Ye cannot tear the laurels from his brow—  
 He stands above your idle vaunts and fears,  
 Enthroned where all master souls stand up  
 In their high place and fill the golden cup,  
 God-blest, for kings with wine of endless years,  
 And greet him one with them. O brotherhood  
 Of envious dullards—ye are wroth with good.

HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

## THE POET\* IN THE POLICE COURT.

THE "idle singer of an empty day,"  
 A busy scuffler in a merry mill!  
 Where were ye, sisters of the twofold hill,  
 At the sad hour of that ignoble fray?  
 Asleep, belike, beside your sacred rill;  
 Far from the Thames Police-court anyway.  
 Well was it that ye were not by, O Muses!  
 Methinks I witness your amazement wild,  
 Hear your nine shrieks of "William! Blows and bruises!  
 Policemen 'running in' our favourite child!"  
 "Apollo the Averter! Can it be?  
 Is this, indeed, the nursling of our lap  
 Who strikes the breast and tears the helmet-strap  
 From the stout chin of K. Four sixty-three?  
 Mauling and mauled! By what accursed hap  
 Do we our William in this changeling see?"  
 "And who are these we find around our stray son,  
 Germans and Cockneys, long of hair and ear?  
 What lungs! what jargon! Life and death of Jason!  
 What tagrag and what bobtail have we here?"  
 Ay, ladies, they are rough; but well I wot  
 That Folly is like Misery, and can make  
 Strange bedfellows; nor let your wonder wake  
 To find your son among this shady lot,  
 Since, if a man be froward and forsake  
 His birthright, the high gods forgive it not.  
 And the high gods designed your graceful poet  
 To sing, not croak—for swan and not for frog;  
 Nor, so designing, will they, if they know it,  
 Let him unpunished play the demagogue.  
 Him they intended, past all sort of doubt,  
 To rhyme of old-world legend and Greek myth,  
 Not to run Quixote-tilts at Adam Smith,  
 Not to orate among the rabble rout  
 Of knaves and loafers that you see him with,  
 The ring of this last pugilistic bout;  
 Not, surely, to command a later Argo,  
 More rashly bound upon a voyage new,  
 With sails of dream and visionary cargo,  
 Ballastless hold and half-demented crew.  
 The Golden Fleece, indeed! We know too well  
 The Argonautai of that modern quest  
 And prize of their pursuit; which is, 'tis guessed,  
 None other than the serviceable fell  
 Wherein the civilization of the West  
 Has thus far found sufficient cuticle.  
 William, that ram will take a deal of chasing,  
 And, should you catch it, you would only find  
 A fleece made worthless in the very racing,  
 And with its gold all somehow left behind.  
 Were it not better that ye bore him hence,  
 Muses, to that fair land where once he dwelt,  
 And, with those waters at whose brink he knelt  
 (Ere faction's poison drugged the poet-sense)  
 Bathed the unhappy eyes too prone to melt,  
 And see, through tears, men's woes as man's offence?  
 Take him from things he knoweth not the hang of,  
 Relume his fancy and snuff out his "views,"  
 And in the real Paradise he sang of  
 Bid him forget the shadow he pursues.

—Saturday Review.

\*Morris, the author of the "Earthly Paradise."

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

## TROPICAL SCENES.

FOR purely tropical scenes, I commend the verdurously rich isles in Mid-Congo, between Iboto on the right bank, and Mutembo on the left bank, with the intricate and recurrent river channels meandering between. There the rich verdure reflects the brightness of the intense sunshine in glistening velvet sheen from frond and leaf. The underwood presents varied colours, with their tufted tops, or the climbing serpentine form of the lianes, and their viny leaves. Each and all have their own separate and particular beauties of colouring that renders description impossible. At all times I believe the same refreshing gladness and vigour of tropical nature may be observed about this latitude. Some of the smallest islets seemed to be all aflame with crimson colouring, while the purple of the ipomoea, and the gold and white of the jasmine and mimosa flowered, bloomed and diffused a sweet fragrance. Untainted by the marring hand of man, or by his rude and sacrilegious presence, these isles, blooming thus in their beautiful native innocence and grace, approached in aspect as near Eden's loveliness as anything I shall ever see on this side of Paradise. They are blessed with a celestial bounty of florid and leafy beauty, a fullness of vegetable life that cannot possibly be matched elsewhere save where soil with warm and abundant moisture and gracious sunshine are equally to be found in the same perfection. Not mere things of beauty alone were these isles. The palms were perpetual fountains of a sweet juice, which when effervescing affords delight and pleasure to man. The golden nuts of other trees furnish rich yellow fat, good enough for the kitchen of an epicure, when fresh. On the coast these are esteemed as an article of commerce. The luxuriant and endless lengths of calamus are useful for flooring and verandah mats, for sun-screens on river voyages, for temporary shelters on some open river terrace frequented by fishermen, for fish-nets and traps, for field-baskets, market-hampers, and a host of other useful articles, but more especially for the construction of neat and strong houses, and fancy lattice-work. Such are the strong cord-like creepers which hang in festoons and wind circuitously upward along the trunk of that sturdy tree. The pale white blossom which we see is the caoutchouc plant, of great value to commerce, and which some of these days will be industriously hunted by the natives of Iboto and Bolombo. For the enterprising trader, there is a ficus, with fleshy green leaves; its bark is good for native cloth, and its soft, spongy fibre will be of some use in the future for the manufacture of paper. Look at the various palms crowding upon one another. Their fibres, prepared by the dexterous natives of Bangala, will make the stoutest hawsers, the strength of which neither hemp, manilla fibre, nor jute can match; it is as superior to ordinary cord threads as silk is to cotton. See that soft, pale green moss, draping those tree-tops like a veil. That is the orchilla weed, from which a valuable dye is extracted. I need not speak of the woods, for the tall dark forests that meet the eye on bank and isle seem to have no end. We burn specimens of their timber every day; and the engineers may be frequently seen admiring its colour and veining, and inhaling the fragrance of the gum. We are banqueting on such sights and odours that few would believe could exist. We are like children ignorantly playing with diamonds. Such is the wealth of colours revealed every new moment to us, already jaded with the gorgeousness of the tropic world. Rarities and treasures of vegetable life are passed by us continuously; we can do nothing with them, our mission at this time being to hunt up the human denizens to experiment on human nature.—*The Congo, by Henry M. Stanley.*

## UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

THE effect of the wholesale immigration of the lower and more ignorant classes of foreigners into our country has been two-fold. In the economical sense, we have greatly gained in wealth from the increase in the number of the labouring and producing classes; but in the social and political sense, we have greatly suffered from the vast concourse of foreign-born people, whose presence has changed or ignored the once prevailing American ideas. We have taken in this foreign element faster than we can assimilate it. Consequently, wherever it preponderates, as in most of the large cities, it has crowded the American element out of the control of public affairs, and fostered bossism, corruption, and fraud to such an extent that municipal government in the United States is generally conceded to be a failure. Moreover, public lands of good quality, throughout our vast domain, have been becoming scarce for some years. We have now none to spare for the pauper classes of Europe. We have not enough left to supply the demands of our own young men for more than two more generations. Why, then, continue to sell or give lands and provide money to half-a-million of foreign immigrants per annum? We have begun a partial exclusion of the Chinese; why not now announce to the world that we propose to Americanize our present foreign-born population by one or two generations of purely American breeding and education before admitting any more, and relieve our institutions, our society, and our public sentiment of the strain we have hitherto borne, before it wrenches the national structure entirely out of its original shape?—*Overland Monthly.*

## HOW TO ENJOY A WALK.

I WANT you to consider the walk an intellectual pastime. I beg of you not to confound it with the muscle-walking tramp who is not satisfied with less than four miles an hour. The walk which Thoreau loved, that ended in a saunter, is the genuine article. You don't think you must reach a certain point, or go over a certain amount of ground, or that you must know the names which science has given to the forms of nature. You have