

All this may seem a trivial objection to a trivial criticism. But if Landor is right, then there is a serious blemish in a poem too short to dispense with qualification on its account. If Landor is wrong, we may be content to admire it to the full.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE RAMBLER.

WHO has seen the portrait of Mistress Kitty O'Shea as it appears in the—I think—*Pall Mall Budget*? Faith, and it is the curious looking individual she is entirely, being reproduced as I imagine from an antique photograph in the chignon and tournure of twenty years ago.

That same *Pall Mall Budget* is a live journal however, when it calmly throws discrimination to the winds and prints, in never ceasing sequence, portraits of all the distinguished (?) men and women of to-day. I suppose Mrs. Pearcey appeared in some back number, which I did not see. By-the-way, the name of Birchall has already passed into a journalistic if not a household word. I saw some allusion the other day in an English paper to the career of that unhappy young man by which it was evident that his fate was regarded as a typical one. So, to the already too large list of unfortunates in the Criminal Gallery (not of Robinson's Musée, but of the World), to a Wainwright, a Jack Sheppard, a Borgia—may be added—a Birchall, this being the manner in which he was alluded to in the journal sent out to me. Mrs. Pearcey's courage, nevertheless, was no whit behind his. Disdaining, or at least refusing, all assistance, she walked to the scaffold with combined determination and coolness.

En passant, the existence of such a chamber of horrors in our midst as the Criminal Gallery on Yonge Street is surely within the bounds of local prohibitory measures. I have not been enterprising enough myself to have looked in upon it, but from all I hear it is not calculated to advance public morality. Easy-going people adduce the existence of Mme. Tussaud's exhibition, but it is not clear that even that eminently moral show has been conducive to anything actually useful or improving. I may be unlike everybody else but I must say it—I hate wax! In my opinion, only two articles should be manufactured of wax—candles and sticks for sealing. Any kind of figure, image, effigy, is abhorrent to me, and of course the better it is—I mean the more lifelike—the less I approve of it. Achatas—I hope no one has forgotten who Achatas is—not of my opinion however, for he confesses to an ardent admiration of a certain wax head in Tranklé-Armand's window, and will stand staring at it until I remind him of the Dickens' sketch in which the barber's figurehead occurs. Yes—all wax is vanity—from the "peck and pine" effigy of the mediæval period into which pins innumerable were stuck and over which incantations were sung of doleful, often savage meaning, to the incomparable beauties that adorn the private boxes of Musée and Variety Concert Hall.

Then the limmer made an image of wax,
Alike in every part
To my lady's self, and, when all was done,
She stuck it through the heart:
"Dwindle and dwine in shade and shine,"
She said, "Till all of thine be mine."

And ever beside the waxen shape
In the gloaming of the day,
With folded hands she crooned the curse
As a troubled soul might pray:
"Dwindle and dwine in shade and shine
Till all be mine that now is thine."

Two curiosities of criticism came my way the other afternoon. That delightful autobiography of Mr. Jefferson has been very cruelly reviewed by a prominent London journal. Mr. Jefferson is not a literary man, but his work shows very few signs either of innate unfitness for the post, or of undue advantage having been taken by him of his opportunity to recount some interesting phases of his own career, as well as the position of the American Drama. It is difficult to say whether national feeling has had anything to do with the utter recklessness of this notice—surely not. But whatever the cause, it is disappointing to meet, in a steady English literary periodical, with such a fluctuation from the proper path. One feels one's standards suddenly melting away, and the stability of all things to be seriously affected.

The other item was a *quid pro quo* in shape of a patronizing notice of Anstey's really remarkable little series of dramatic sketches reprinted from *Punch*. The article in question opens with that antiquated fling at British humour, which is neither true nor brilliant. The ponderous quality of the thing is what apparently staggers the American mind. Well—as an offset, what does the "sittings," the refuse and the rubbish of Hawk-Eye, Danbury, Denver and Co.

Prizes are things worth gaining in England. Mr. Grant Allen has been lucky enough to win the prize of £1,000 for the best novel sent in for the competition recently announced by Mr. George Newnes, M.P., the proprietor of *Tit Bits*.

An interesting trial recently held at the London Sessions, Clerkenwell, turned upon the impropriety of a Rabelais Exhibition. Mr. Besley, in summing up the

case for the prosecution, urged that the colours and shading of M. Garnier's pictures had a more pernicious effect on the morals of the young than even the writings of Zola. Mr. Poland, Q.C., stated that the character of Rabelais had been entirely misrepresented by his learned friend, for he was a great moral writer, and made use of no language which was not used by English authors of the sixteenth century. The French nation had reason to be proud of Rabelais, and, being proud of him, was there any wonder at Jules Garnier painting one hundred and sixty pictures in illustration of his works? These had all been shown in Paris, and had met with general approval. The Vigilance Committee had plenty of good work to do without entering upon such unnecessary prosecutions. If, instead of rushing into this prosecution, the Vigilance Committee had thought proper to have written to the defendants, pointing out the desirability of withdrawing certain of the pictures, their request would probably have been attended to, but had it not been, then, and only then, would they have any ground for prosecuting. A verdict of "guilty" was, however, returned, and the sentence is postponed, pending the appeal against the destruction of the pictures.

I have not space to give the entire double cast of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, but here are the principals: "Ivanhoe," Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. O'Mara; "Cedric the Saxon," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Mr. Burgon; "Rowena," Miss Lucile Hill and Miss Palliser; "Rebecca," Miss Macintyre and Miss Thudichum. The armour is by Gutperle, of Paris, and Francis Cellier will be the musical director, although Sir Arthur will doubtless conduct the opening performance himself. A gala night, truly. Let us all wish the new *English* opera every success.

BOSTON.

THINKING, thinking, thinking—wrongly, rightly, conceitedly, self-denyingly, now extremely, now profoundly, now fantastically, as concerning witch-tests and Habakkukian family nomenclature, now mutinously, of popular rights and taxes, as in the Tea-party, in one phase represented by Cotton Mather and the generation of "Isms," in another by the sane meditating of an Emerson or the plain power of the stern maiden, Dorothea Dix, who went from land to land and compelled the peoples to hear the cry of the suffering insane—'tis all one; those blessed little stumps of three hills anciently called Trimountaine, then Shawmut, now Boston, have ever been distinguished from all the American centres by a striking and predominant throbbing of brain. Why was it that my closest acquaintance chose this place for his wedding-trip, there to settle himself down for two solid weeks with a new-wedded wife on his hands? It was because of the Long Path, because of the Schoolmistress, and because of the genial Autocrat who had made Boston beautiful to them until they longed to tread the Common together and almost wished themselves Bostonians for a little, good Canadians though they insist they were. The Common, the green Common, with its knolls and monuments, its great elms, its shady paths, its liberal lawny play-grounds, set in the midst of the city, what thoughts of tree-worshipping England it brought back! And the streams of ruddy faces and fair Saxon brows! The lines of William Blake haunted him:—

Another England there I saw
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower.

England everywhere. Thought in everything. Those two phrases make up Boston. Next to the look of the people their manner strikes one as British. The kindly answers to street enquiries are particularly noticeable. In New York when you ask the way to Madison Square, the native glances at you a moment suspiciously and then gazing ahead, throws out something curt at you sideways. In Boston he will go to the next corner with you if you need it, and he looks at you like a man, not a machine. In New York the "El" man jerks out his reply at you like a clack of the car-brake he is holding. In Boston, the "motor-men" on the "electric" answer with those rich voices which you only expect to hear in a Piccadilly bus-driver.

The colouring, the architecture, the "estates" of the suburban villa owners, too, are British, or outcomes of the British tendencies in these lines. So, perhaps, after all is the thought of Boston,—its distinguishing characteristic. For what were its first Puritans but Englishmen, determined to worship God as they believed? What were the men of the Revolution but followers of Cromwell, the men of the "Isms" and "Brook Farm" but brethren built on the same patterns as Ruskin, Pusey, Wesley and Irving. The glory of Boston in America is that its men dared to think, and, no matter how overpowering the weight of old-world knowledge, believed that they had something to say and found and said it; and the consequence is that the place is glorious with memorials. There is the house of Longfellow, whom Boston attracted to herself by her appreciative circles. There are the haunts of Emerson, Hedge, Alcott and the founders of New England Transcendentalism. Channing, Jonathan Edwards, Berkeley, Franklin, Count Rumford and many other giants of intellect were here. Holmes, Lowell, Everett Hale and Parkman are still residents. Among the churches and halls is

cherished the architecture of Richardson, the only American architect, the glass of Lafarge, the portrait of Copley. In the Public Garden is a monument to the discovery of the medicinal use of Ether, made at Boston. The marvellous education of blind and deaf Laura Bridgeman was done there. The credit of the world's insane asylums belongs to Boston; liberal Christianity first arose there as a movement. The Revolution arose there.

Now how did Boston acquire all this crown of thought? Her history and monuments give two conjoint answers: By each man daring to think and speak in all things independently; and by Boston's pride in and affection for a thinker. For there any man who has ideas is sure to get a fair hearing. In Toronto or Montreal his ideas must bear the stamp of somewhere else or perforce they ought not to exist. When we have those two marks of Boston, we also shall have the same results.

It is not strange to find such a city doing a vast amount of general historical research. Numbers of monuments, from the tall tower of Bunker Hill, and the Civil War memorial on the Common, to the Boston Massacre pillar and the statues of Washington, Hamilton, Winthrop, Adams, John Harvard at Cambridge, and Leif Eric, the Scandinavian Columbus, meet the eye. Agassiz's grave at Mount Auburn Cemetery is marked by a boulder. Longfellow's is covered by a beautiful sarcophagus, bearing his favourite emblem, a device similar on its three sides, which are marked respectively "Lux, Rex, Crux." Bronze tablets on the gates of the city cemeteries recount the names of remarkable persons buried there. Numerous other tablets are placed upon houses and public buildings. And yet, so rich is the town in associations, that the city council are about to place a municipal series upon noted spots not yet provided for.

Five or six museums of local history also exist. Faneuil Hall is one of these. The Old South Church, purchased for the purpose by a private association at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is another. The Bostonian Society's Rooms and the house belonging to the New England Historical and Genealogical Society make a third and fourth, while the State House and other repositories contain most interesting collections. It is amusing to remark some of the extremes of this form of activity. The Curator of the Historical and Genealogical Rooms pointed jocularly at the large book-cases full of family histories, as he described the strange industry of the numerous individuals occupied with "the craze," many of these works consisting of little more than laboriously constructed lists of obscure names and empty dates.

To see some of the celebrated men was of course a great pleasure. Horace E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic*, is a man full of masterly literary information—with plain and friendly of manner, and like all the "lions" of Boston, though busy, very approachable. Oliver Wendell Holmes was at his country place, but it was worth something to call upon him and get a glimpse of his house. He is still bright, and writes his "Over The Teacups" wonderfully, but, being over eighty, sleeps a good deal. A doctor of Cambridge, who attended his physiology lectures some years ago, remarks merrily that Holmes knew very little physiology, but that before the lecture the assistant professor's duty was to put him up to the points he was expected to say, and these, with a fund of delightful stories, did the duty as perfectly as was wanted. Francis Parkman was sick and feeble, and, his friends said, is obliged to carry a light stool with him in his walks through his garden, so that he may rest from time to time. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the active present leader of literature at Boston, nominal editor of several magazines, conversed, sitting for his portrait to a sculptor in a busy office, with a constant stream of needy parishioners being brought before him for advice and assistance. A large, generously built, peculiarly patriarchal man, he attended to each of these requirements in succession, now dictating a letter to his lady short-hand writer, interjecting a question to the sculptor, Mr. Partridge, sending some young man to a probable situation, or talking of the Le Moynes of Longueuil, to his Montreal visitor who sat beside him. Besides his literary work he preaches noble sermons to one of the great congregations.

But Boston and the pen are running away with me. Careless of rhyme or reason, let us say farewell at the Ether Monument. The discovery of this great boon to mankind—the soothing use of the anæsthetic—is claimed by two different persons, an allopathist and an irregular practitioner. When the gentleman who erected the statue was asked to which he intended it to be a memorial, he answered "To Either."

ALCHEMIST.

At first, every man was his own shoemaker. In the early attempts at shoemaking the aim sought was not a covering for the foot, but a protection to the soles from sticks, stones, etc. The Egyptians made theirs of the bark of the papyrus, a rush growing on the banks of the river Nile. Of course it did not take long to find out that the sandals might be improved by "stitching a low rim or wall of leathering along the sides, and about the heels of sandals; to these the straps or thongs were attached." By slow degrees, for invention creeps with leaden feet, these rims grew higher; at last, they met, and, behold, there was the first shoe, crude and ungainly, but, nevertheless, a shoe.—*The Hospital*.