

the success of Prince Alexander ; if they had rushed into the fray when Servia did, they might have gained something ; but they never fight when *finesse* will serve their turn ; they waited till Servia should snatch the chestnuts out of the fire ; but Servia having only burnt her fingers, they have the mortification of knowing that *finesse* this time has failed them miserably, while fighting is forbidden.

NEGATIVES.

THERE is no heart
So overwhelmed in shades of utter night ;
But in some part,
A ray of living light
May kindle hope, and guide the faltering step aright.

No mind exists
So full of weeds, so overgrown with vice ;
But through its mists,
A breath from Paradise
May penetrate and bid the sleeping flowers arise !

No ocean rolls
So deep, the plummet may not strike its base ;
There are no souls
So quite devoid of grace,
Love may not sound their depths, and find a resting-place.

No hill so vast,
But that some heavenward wing has spurned its crest ;
So, at the last,
Our labours will be blest
If we aspire to rise, and dare to do our best.

No blossom dies,
But, rising from its sojourn in the clay
To summer skies,
It flaunts its colours gay,
Maintaining in the fields eternal holiday.

Though likewise fall,
Like storm-beat blossoms, all the sons of men ;
Immortal all,
They shall, beyond our ken,
Out of the deep profound, come forth again.

And nevermore
Need man despair, for down the ringing years,
Glad tidings pour,
That scatter all our fears ;
And change to tears of joy the multitudes of tears :

While from afar
A voice is calling to the people, Come !
O Avatar !
Thy voice is never dumb,
But always calling, calling to the people, Come !

Hamilton, 1886.

ROBERT C. STEWART.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

"WHEN I was in London, in the fifties," writes a Brooklyn friend, "I used to have a great fancy for running around the by-lanes and corners, and of hunting up places of historical or literary interest that the guide-books barely mention and that few travellers go to see. Among my haunts was an old, low-ceiled tavern, with a sanded floor two feet below the level of the sidewalk. I used to go there and drink 'alf and 'alf,' and try to bring up images of the wits of the last century, who used to sit in that same room and drink 'alf and 'alf' too. One day an image materialized ; for while I was sitting beside a table, with my pewter pot half-emptied, I observed that a large man in a cloak had entered. His face was round, pale, and heavy ; but the eyes were bright, and his bushy eyebrows slid up and down with quick changes of expression. He sat down at the table next to mine, and directly a waiter came in with a big plate of bread and cheese, and a glass of ale, and set it before him. He ate and drank heartily, and after finishing his lunch sat upright and rested his hands on a heavy cane. I could see only his back ; but from occasional movements of his head, such as a man makes when he is arguing in earnest, I surmised that he was doing some pretty hard thinking. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor with all his strength, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, 'tipped' the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar, and passed out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. 'Oh, no, sir,' said he. 'That's nothing unusual with 'im, sir. W'y, he's broke maybe a 'undred glahsses since he's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it

when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as he got mad at some-thin' 'e was thinkin' about.'—'Who is he?'—'Lord Macaulay, sir.'"
—*The Critic*.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ARMIES.

THE following striking passage describing the temper of the French armies at the moment when they were passing out of the revolutionary stage, and preparing themselves to become the instrument of Napoleon, is extracted from a French letter written to Lord Elgin in 1794, and now published by the University Press in a volume, *The Despatches of Earl Gower*, edited by Oscar Browning :—

The army is no longer, as formerly, given to reasoning and talking politics, roused to disorder in clubs or excited against its chiefs and its officers. The revolutions of Paris, the struggle of parties, the constitutions made or to be made—all this has become strange and uninteresting to it. As much as possible they are kept in a profound ignorance of the difficulties under which the republic labours, the losses it suffers, the disputes that arise at Paris. No longer influenced by these changes, the enthusiasm of the army has taken a new complexion ; its passions are concentrated in a frenzy of fanatical hatred against the enemies of the Republic, of ardent desire to beat them, of enthusiastic certainty of success. Such is now its spirit universally—a mixture of pride and rage, of frantic patriotism and love of glory ; this gives it gallantry, contempt of death, obedience, patience to endure privations, labours, and cold ; the army is in some sort neither royalist nor republican—it is a wild nation, hating other nations and persecuting them, sword in hand.

DUMAS THE ELDER.

AFTER some delay, our host appeared again at the door in a velvet jacket, and beckoning us into the dining-room, caused the Spanish literary gentleman to sit opposite to him, his daughter on his left, and myself on his right. All passed well, and we discussed *hors-d'œuvres* and *pot au feu* with delightful appreciation of their excellence, heightened by the extraordinary powers of conversation of our host, who did all the talking. Presently he gave a start, and with a cry, "Ma matelote !" he got up, darted into the kitchen, and with equal suddenness returned, with a long dish containing eels swimming in brandy, to which fire had been set. I never saw a face, and especially a fat face beam with so much joy as that of Alexandre Dumas, on depositing this dish on the table, and declaring to me that in England we might set fire to plum-puddings—the fire would not melt such mixtures ; but in France, in his house, there was a man, a novelist, a writer, who could set eels on fire, and the eels were liquefied. "Croyez moi," he added, "j'ai beaucoup écrit ; j'ai même écrit de belles choses, mais ce que je fais de mieux c'est une matelote d'anguille."—H. E. H. JERNINGHAM : *Reminiscences of an Attaché*.

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

IN a review of Sir Richard Temple's *Cosmopolitan Essays* the *Athenæum* says :—Conservative as he is in home politics, Sir Richard is far more inclined to bless our American cousins than to curse them, and his tone is in remarkable contrast with the scornful remarks of Sir Lepel Griffin. A more cheerful forecast of social and political prospects in the Great Republic could hardly have been delivered by an English Radical. He finds in the United States abundance of that individuality the decay of which in modern democracies Stuart Mill was wont to deplore. He gives the people full credit for generosity, tolerance, frank fearlessness, inventiveness, self-control, political practicality, and "a higher sense of personal responsibility for order, in the extreme resort, than that which is felt in any other nation." Their zeal for education strikes him not less forcibly than their religious activity. He does not despair even of the spread of culture in a land where "the style of the society among the best classes conduces distinctly" thereto. The almighty dollar is, after all, "comparatively powerless respecting social eminence, or even respecting admission to what are the inner circles of the best classes."

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE approach to the Rocky Mountains from the prairie is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the world. I do not wish to give exaggerated ideas. They are scarcely more than a third as high as the Himalaya. Nevertheless, the approach to them from the prairie is truly wonderful ; for they rise as masses of rock right out of the prairie. During the greater part of the year they are covered with snow. As we approached the mountains, we actually saw about 150 miles of continuous snow-clad hills, which, rising straight out of the prairie, constitute a sight that is almost, if not quite unique. There is only one parallel to it, namely, the approach to the Caucasus from the steppes of Russia ; and even this is not so fine, as there is first a range of low hills, then another a little higher, and again above all the summits of the snow-clad peaks of Caucasus.—SIR R. TEMPLE : *Cosmopolitan Essays*.

"TALLEYRAND asked," says Greville, "if Fox had not been très occupé de Madame Siddons." "Oh no," said Brougham, "that's impossible ; one might as well be interested in the sea as in Mrs. Siddons. She was too great in her way to inspire love. The East India Company might aspire to her, nothing less." This reminds us of some story of Sydney Smith's, who was told that a very stout lady was about to be married. "Impossible," said Sydney Smith, "a man might marry a section of her."