

Must perish with its kindred clay ;
 Perish Ambition's crown
 Perish her sceptered sway ;
 From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown.
 In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,
 That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam.

Yet it is only fair, even when considering him as a poet, to remember how early he was cut off, and with what true prophetic feeling he had described that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift" as

A dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow.

Had he come to man's estate—but the book before us is a biography, not a collection of his writings. We never opened a volume, which from every point of view, we could more honestly commend. It is calculated to do good, if only to teach us how unjust we are in our judgments.

The Princess Salm Salm* is a lady with a touch of the more amiable side of the adventurousness of Becky Sharp, and something of the literary faculty of Lady Morgan. Her history of ten years of life is given in the volume before us. But she might have made the book a great deal more interesting, had she, as Horace says, commenced *ab ovo*. She is a Canadian, being the daughter of Mr. William Joy, of Phillipsburg, Quebec. While yet a girl she "struck out for herself," and commenced life as a waitress in a Vermont Hotel. She threw away her napkins and joined a circus. From the circus she passed to the theatre. She was an actress when she met Prince Salm Salm—a man about thirty, middle height, elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, agreeable, handsome face. The Prince wore an eye-glass. The future Princess felt particularly attracted by his face, and she observed with pleasure that her face evidently attracted him. He did not speak English. She knew neither French nor German. Both knew a little Spanish. "Our conversation," she says, "would have been very unsatisfactory without the assistance of the more universal language of the eyes which both of us understood much better." The Prince had squandered his patrimony in Vienna—a city where the operation is easily performed—and had come to America in 1861. Why pursue the old story further! The pair fell in love and were immediately married. "Dear Felix" gets command of a regiment, and the Princess gives us a very good picture of the inner scenes of camp and political life. The female lobbyist has often been sketched, but she adds to the portrait some vivid touches. Her portrait of Lincoln is exceedingly graphic, as are her portraits of some of the best known generals. The corruption of American political life—Methodism—Spiritualism—American railroads—hospitals—nothing escapes her pen. She must be a woman of great vigour of character. She wields a pointed if not a brilliant pen. A lazy man would get from the book a good superficial view of the great civil war. In Mexico in the midst of Maximilian's disastrous attempt to found an Empire under the patronage of Louis Napoleon, the Princess is equally sketchy and instruc-

* *Ten Years of My Life*. By PRINCESS SALM SALM. Belford Bros.: Toronto. 1877.