

## THE FAITHFUL WIZARD.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Oh, were we but nearer, O were we at home!  
They are coming, see here is the night-haunting  
gnome:  
The weird sisters approach us, the witches.  
They are roving this way, they'll discover us here,  
They will drink what we toil to carry—the beer!  
And will leave us the pitchers quite empty.

So murmured the children, and quickly they ran  
Till they saw just before them a kindly old man:  
Be still child! Be silent, my children!  
The demons are coming fatigued from the chase,  
If you let them but drink with the very best grace,  
They will not bewitch you, the witches!

As spoken, so done! And the Terror draws near  
And they gaze on the ghastly grey shadows with  
fear.  
Yet they guzzle and swill with great gusto.  
The beer disappears—the pitchers are dry—  
And the crowd has vanished, with wild dismal cry,  
In recesses of valley and forest.

The children run homeward as fast as they can.  
And still at their side moves the kindly old man!  
My poppets, now don't you be frightened—  
But we shall be scolded and whipped till we bleed—  
Nay, all will be well if my counsel you heed  
But be silent and listen like dormice.

And he who advises and aids you to-day,  
'Tis he who best loves with the children to play,  
The faithful old Greybeard, the Wizard.  
Of the Miracle Man you have often been told,  
But now, to your joy, in your small hands you hold  
The best proof of the truth of the story.

They arrive at the house, set each jug in its place  
By the side of their parents, with the timidest grace,  
And expect to be beaten and scolded.  
But see, it is tasted: Oh! capital ale!  
It goes round the board three, four times without  
fail,  
And the jug still remains inexhausted.

The miracle lasts till the dawn of the day:  
But ask it who dare, or ask who it may.  
How the pitchers are filled? By what magic?  
And the little mice smile when the danger is past  
But they stammer, and stutter, and chatter at last  
And the pitchers are suddenly dried up.

When to you, my dear children, with serious face  
Father, tator, or sages may speak; keep your place  
And listen, and follow them duly!  
And hold your small tongues under sway of the will.  
To chatter is wrong, it is well to be still;  
And the beer will come into your pitchers.

## A STUDY ON TENNYSON'S 'PRINCESS.'

Students of Tennyson owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Dawson for his charming little volume upon the most fascinating of all the laureate's poems. Regarded solely as a work of art, the book is as pretty as anything we have lately seen. But Mr. Dawson's study breaks new ground and supplies, to some extent, an existing want. It is a characteristic mark of Mr. Tennyson's poetry that it is as full of "allusions" as the works of Horace, Dante, or Milton. The ordinary reader is constantly perplexed by references to classical writers, ancient and medieval history, and, *pace* Mr. Dawson, to current events. This is one of Tennyson's charms to scholars, but interferes with the pleasure that most readers derive from the study of his works. To meet this difficulty several studies upon his poems have appeared, and "In Memoriam" has by this time received more comment than was ever given to almost any other work during the life of its author. Mr. Mann has written an explanatory essay upon "Maud," and "The Idylls" were made the subject of a volume by Mr. Elsdale in 1878. This, however, is the first work that has appeared upon "The Princess" as a whole, and every page witnesses to the pains and erudition spent upon it by its author.

The purpose of the essay which was originally prepared for reading before the Athenæum Club of Montreal, "a semi-social, semi-literary society," and which occupies the first half of the volume, is to vindicate the claims of "The Princess" to a consideration which has not generally been accorded to it by the critical public; to explain the scope and purpose of the poem; to show with what artistic perfection it is carried out; and to impress upon its readers the importance of the question which is its subject, *viz.*, the relation of the sexes, and the true place of woman in the economy of nature. "We can see now," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the unity which runs through the songs is continuous also throughout the poem; and that the songs are not snatches of melody, thrown in to diversify the interest, but are integral parts of the main motive of the piece. The true sphere of woman is in the family. The grand mission of woman is the conservation and elevation of the human race through the family. For the family is the molecule of society. It is the one and only stable and divinely appointed institution." This, which contains the substance of the teaching of the poem (though its author would hardly subscribe to the concluding sentence), is curiously enough one of the lessons that George Eliot sought to impress upon us. "The relation of the sexes," she wrote in, "Theophrastus Such," "and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human well-being. They are the original foundations of a sensibility to the claims of others, which is the bond of societies." Thus wrote this advanced thinker in 1870, when the excitement of the "Woman's Rights Question" was well over. It is identical

\*A Study; with critical and explanatory notes of Alfred Tennyson's Poem "The Princess" by S. E. Dawson. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

with the conclusions of the poet, given to the world before the movement had started.

The chief difficulty presented by the poem lies in the explanation of the songs thrown in between the different parts. These, which are among the most perfect of Tennyson's lyrical pieces, have never received adequate explanation or comment till the present moment. Mr. Dawson's words, however, are too long to quote, and we must refer our readers to the book itself for a theory, which is not only original, but convincing. Many other points of interest receive adequate attention in the opening essay, but we think its author is happiest when he is pointing out the humorous touches in the poem. Mr. Dawson, *more suo*, considering the true heroine of the poem to be—Psyche's baby! "Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her secret influence." Our author is equally at home in his happy discrimination of the leading characters.

In turning to the notes that accompany the essay, we must begin by acknowledging the care with which the writer has pointed out many of the sources to which the language and ideas are due. We notice, however, several omissions, such as at the description of the child "headed like a star," which comes from a celebrated passage in the Iliad (Book VI); again,

"She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck  
Was rosed with indignation."

is a characteristically Tennysonian, reference to Æneid I. 402. But readers will learn much from comparing the songs in their latest form with the originals reprinted in the notes to the study. In his explanation of difficult passages and recondite allusions, Mr. Dawson is frequently very happy, especially in his note C. V., 1,263 *et seq.* We must confess, however, that we cannot go with him in his explanation of two extremely puzzling passages, *viz.*, the lines, Cto. III. 328 about "the crowned towers built to the sun" near the Elysian laws, and of "death the morning on the silver horns," (Cto. V., 190.) Whatever the towers may be, they cannot, we submit, be those of Troy, nor can the words "built to the sun" mean "built to the music of Apollo's lyre." In his explanation of the latter passage Mr. Dawson shows much ingenuity but without, as it seems to us, any success. The "silver horns" must refer to Diana, the patroness of chastity. About "death" and "morning" it is hard to speak with any certainty, but could they possibly refer to the two other names, respectively of the "Diva Triformis," *viz.*, to Hecate and Lucina? However, this is a mere theory. We shall close our fault-finding with pointing out a misprint; "the Appian law" (p. 105), line 108, should be "Oppian."

Besides the notes and comments the usefulness of which all future students of the poem will find out for themselves, we have appendices on the Versification of the Poem, on Tennyson as a Wood-Printer and as Interpreter of the Age, and on the Bibliography of the Poem. We wish that Mr. Dawson had substituted for "Changes and Omissions" a complete variorum text, such as we have in the larger editions of Scott. This would have made his work more complete. But we must be thankful for what we have, and we hope Mr. Dawson's volume will spur on other students of Tennyson to do what he has done for their own favourite poem.

R. W. B.

## MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

BY A SUCCESSFUL BARRISTER.

"A Lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents, rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk, returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rages to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him downstairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrears of the fellow's wages, and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ballroom, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen.

The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with show and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door; I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and, though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes: I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. —. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and, after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for the consultation with the two gentlemen who were "with me" would be convenient; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard—open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him everything that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles disposed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished.—B. was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for anything which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma or a hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gestures, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my tears, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The Court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read, that "Mr.— followed on the same side."

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, November 18.

It is pleasant to find that Miss Rhode Broughton is to contribute a novel to *Temple Bar* next year. The lady has been too long silent.

MR. PINERO can afford to smile at his critics. He has received from Mr. Toole a lump sum of £500 for "Girls and Boys," besides retaining an interest in the piece.

DISESTABLISHMENT of the Church of England is the next trump card of the Premier. The *Clôture* will give the powers that were so absolutely necessary to carry this measure.

A "wonderful boy," who gives whole plays of Shakespeare from memory in good dramatic style, is about to appear at the St. James's Hall. His rendering of *Hamlet* is stated to be a striking achievement.

A GRAND amateur opera performance will shortly be given in aid of the Egyptian War Fund. Lady Jane Taylor is taking an active interest in the arrangements, and Mr. Vandeleur Lee has consented to conduct the opera.

LORD and Lady Aveland will have a distinguished circle of friends at Normanton Park early in December, when the Duke of Cambridge will be their guest. The preserves at Normanton and Grimsthorpe are to be shot over, and some excellent sport is anticipated.

SHOULD there be a committee to investigate the charge brought against the Government with regard to the so-called Kilmainham treaty, a lady witness will be brought forward, who, it is said, was concerned in the negotiations. Mr. Gladstone, it is to his credit, preserves the old traditions of politics and diplomacy with regard to the value of the fair sex as instruments to effect great ends.

MR. LALOR, who retires from the House of Commons, was best known there as "the man with the hat." This article was no mean covering of the conventional silk variety, but a low-crowned white hat, much affected in London by corner boys and cabmen. Summer or winter, it was all the same, the strange white hat seemed to be something foreign to the place, and out of sympathy with all its surroundings.

MR. WILLS is said to be writing a play for Mrs. Beere, founded on *Jane Eyre*, and it will be the next original production. He will not dramatize the volume after the fashion of modern adapters, but will take a leading incident and make it the centre of his play. Something will be attempted more in the style of *Olivia*, and the interest will all be with Mrs. Beere. Mr. Kelly is likely to be a bluff, manly Rochester.

SOME excitement was occasioned on Wednesday morning by a rumor that the new Law Courts were on fire. It was true that a chimney had ignited, and that what Prince Hal might have called "an intolerable deal of smoke" cleared the "opal" of a frosty November sky in London. No damage was done, but the incident may be regarded as serving a useful purpose by bringing out the fact, on the authority of the builders, that, each of the rooms in the new Palace of Justice being of stone, the structure is fire-proof.

A firm in London have patented an invention for extinguishing fires in theatres. They propose so to arrange gas pipes all over the building as to be able to turn them into water pipes at a moment's notice. That is to say, by touching a lever the gas is to be forced out and replaced by water, which will pour down upon the fire. The invention allows of the water being directed to any particular part of the theatre, so that behind the footlights, where the outbreak generally occurs, the gas pipes might be turned into water jets without affecting the lights in other parts of the building.

MR. GLADSTONE was observed the other night, during a heated debate on the hated *Clôture*, to be reading a novel! Some curiosity was manifested to ascertain the name of the particular romance with which he was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours; and it is satisfactory to state that it was *Proper Pride*. It is to be hoped that the Premier will take the moral to heart. This is the novel which the leading journal reviewed twice within a month! Fortunately for the credit of the oracle of Printing House-square the reviewers did not, in this case, take opposite views of the work. The novel in question is by an Irish lady, named Croker, the wife of an officer lately returned from India, but now serving with his regiment at Dover.