

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

The following is Mr. Tennyson's new poem, entitled "De Profundis." It is published in the *Nineteenth Century* for May:—

Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast,
Waste down of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of every heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Tone'd with earth's light—thou comest, Darling Boy:
Our Own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee, as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
Thy fated channel where thy motion lies
Be prosperously shaped and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unhindered—then full current thro' full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentle fall,
By quiet field, a slowly dying power,
To that last Deep where we and thou art still.

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

The great man who is also a good man—and there is no real greatness without goodness—ever retains some elements of the child within him, and so is never out of his element when in company with children. He is too much one of themselves in heart and feeling to be ill at ease with them. He gets on them by the free-masonry of right good fellowship. Of choice quality is manhood such as that memorialised of Arthur Henry Hallam—

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

If Boswell tells us in one place rather slightly of Doctor Johnson, at a dinner-party at Mr. Langton's, that before dinner he said nothing but "Pretty baby" to one of the children, in another, some seven years later, he emphasises "Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'Pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats." And Johnson was in the mind's eye of Lord Lytton when he pictured this Herculean attitude—

So huge Alcides, on his club reclined,
And tired of fighting monsters for mankind,
Smooths awful brows, from solemn toil beguiled,
And rocks in fostering arms a dreaming child.

The lines are in *St. Stephen's*, and they pass on at once from Johnson to apostrophise Goldsmith—"Child thou, sweet bard of Auburn!—child, what then? A child inspired, and worth a world of men." And Goldsmith's description of Burchell might have stood for himself, as regards his talking at intervals with great good sense, but in general being fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men; he was famous for singing them ballads and telling them stories, and seldom went without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or a half-penny whistle. A game of romps was Oliver's delight with the small people; at Mr. Seguin's, his neighbour when ruralising at Edgeware, he took the lead in the children's sports of blindman's-buff, hunt the slipper, and their games at cards, and was the noisiest of the party, affecting to cheat, and to be excessively eager to win; while with the still younger fry he would turn the hind part of his wig before, and play any number of tricks to amuse them. Little Master George Colman, the Younger of course, at their first interview, met Goldsmith's playful advances, as he fondled the child on his knee, with a very smart slap of the face—it must have been a tinger, for George left the marks of his little spiteful paw upon Oliver's cheek. For this assault the assailant was off-hand condemned and consigned by Colman the Elder to solitary confinement in a dark room, where he howled most abominably till Goldy appeared with a lighted candle and an inflamed face, and coaxed and soothed Little Pickle into amity. From that time, whenever Goldy came to visit George senior, George junior was sure to "pluck his gown to share the good man's smile;" a game of romps constantly ensued, and the past author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the future author of *John Bull* were uninterruptedly cordial friends and merry playmates.

Mr. Pepps makes mention in his *Diary* with what exceeding pleasure he saw his future sovereign, James II., then Duke of York, "play with his little girl," afterwards Queen Mary; "like an ordinary private father of a child." If Cato the elder could unbend under the influence of wine, so could the austerity of Cato the younger relax in favour of his young people. "Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome, filled with domestic tenderness, the best, the kindest father." Frederick the Great in his old age liked to have his grand-nephews about him—they playing at ball while he sat at work in his cabinet, not too hard at work to be regardless of the ball; how he pocketed it once may be read in the last volume of Carlyle's big book. There is that story too of William III. and little Lord Buckhurst, the Lord High Chamberlain's small son and heir, who tapped at the door of the royal closet one day, and in answer to the Kings "Who's there?" replied, in his four-year-old childish treble, "Lord Buck." "And what does Lord Buck want?" rejoined William, opening the door. "You to be a horse to my

coach," replied his little lordship. "I've wanted you a long time." William's smile for his young friend was amiable to a degree which the secretary in attendance had never before thought possible on that careworn face; and, taking the string of the toy in his hand, the King dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied. In Walpole may be read how Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his old age let the little Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—shoot him with plaything arrows; down falls the old peer dead, and the child kisses him to life again. But Pulteney was an excellent courtier, and could play a dotting grandpapa to the life—or, as here, to the death.

The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

May a time, Chateaubriand tells us, had he seen Malesherbes, towards the beginning of the Revolution, arrive at Madame de Rosambo's, all heated with political encounters, toss aside his wig, throw himself on the carpet, and surrender himself to the riotous romps of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren in whose fellowship he took such delight. The late Bishop Lonsdale, not less dear to memory at King's College, London, than in his diocese of Lichfield, not only knew how to win the affections of children by talking to them in their own way, but was not above playing with them. One of his clergy, with whom he was on a visit, once missed the Bishop within the house, and, looking out of the window, saw one of the children driving him round the garden as a horse. One likes to think of Lord North escaping to Bushey Park from the stress of fight in St. Stephen's, and entertaining with sallies of mirth all his children, but making the most of his little girl, five years younger than any of the others, who in after life, as Lady Charlotte Lindsay, recalled so lovingly and described so charmingly the pranks of her paternal playmate; and of Burke wheeling little Tom Sheridan round the sword at Beaconsfield in a child's hand-chaise, with an alertness and vivacity that indicated as full an enjoyment of the sport as possessed the child, who would not let him desist—nor indeed did the veteran statesman show any desire of the kind; and of Sir Walter Scott allowing his children, as well as their mute playmates the dogs, free access to his study at all times, never considering their tattle any disturbance, and always ready to break off from his writing to tell them a story; as elsewhere to be their playmate himself, with all his might and main, and all his heart.

He will not blush that has a father's heart
To take in childish plays a childish part,
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

Of Scott we are reminded in that passage of the *Life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton* which tells how, though engaged in the most absorbing business, he welcomed his children in his study with the sweeties he kept in store for them; nor could he hear from the far-away nursery the cry of a child without jumping up from the most important letter or paper, and satisfying himself on the spot that there was nothing really amiss. Doctor Channing mingled in his children's scenes of merriment with cordial delight, was inexhaustibly ingenious in inventing entertainment, and received them, on their return from ramblings and junketings, with a fellow-feeling that seemed to rival their own buoyancy of spirit. "Happy as any imp among them" is a description by Professor Wilson which might do for himself—worrying them in play like a papatiger acting the amiable with his cubs. "Look at him," exclaims the Ettrick Shepherd, "wi' his heels up i' the air, just like a horse rollin' i' the garse on bein' let o' the harness! I wush he mayna murder some o' the weans in his gam, bolls." Glancing in other directions, we light on Horace Vernet teaching a tiny grandson to sing "Rabadalabadalablabla"; and Thomas Carlyle putting new shoes on the feet of little Charlotte Sterling's doll; and Macaulay, pronounced with one consent by nephews and nieces "beyond all comparison the best of playfellows," unrivalled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating them—especially that favourite game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and enacting robbers and tigers—the little Trevelyan shrieking with terror, but always fascinated and begging him to begin again; nor does he seem to have sooner tired of his ever-reiterated observation that, after all, children are the only true poets.

INCIDENTS IN A RAILROAD CAR.

There are few places in which human nature can be seen under so many different phases as in a railroad car. There is such a gathering of humanity from the four winds of the heavens; such a festival of varied characters! The old, the young, the sombre-browed, the gay, the veteran of seventy years holding a council of war upon his head, the dear old lady of large magnitude and possessing a large bundle bound for—goodness knows where! The middle-aged lady in the corner who has passed through the valley of summer maidenhood, and has just set her foot to climb the rugged hill of declining years; the matronly lady with her children nestling around her, forming a little world in themselves governed by three motions—independent of the rocking motion of the car—the motion of papa, the motion of mamma, and the perpetual motion of childhood. Then there is Mr. In-

differentism in a seat there ahead. In a seat did I say? Yes in two seats. His feet rule one seat while his head governs the other. He is a perfect Czar with the fear of no Hartmann to blow him up. The conductor may blow him up. He stares at everybody because everybody is staring at him. When a fresh passenger is added to the car he takes an inventory of the arrival as if preparing him to accept an insurance policy. The window he throws open simply that it may blow *Harper's Bazaar* out of the hands of an old lady with spectacles who is seated on the opposite side of the car struggling to find the latest fashion in dress. It is no gentle zephyr that salutes the passengers through the window for the morning is chilly. It toys with the golden ringlets of the little child of seven, capsizes the dainty hat that sits in triumph on the lipping three-year-old, dislodges the frills which lay so gracefully, fencing as it were so many budding and blooming flowers, and plays havoc with a professional stove-pipe hat whose dimensions seemed to grow smaller as each gust of wind increased, till finally its owner is compelled to doff it to every passenger in the car. This is more than Chesterfield politeness. You might ask why a gentleman should venture out with so small a hat. The reason is obvious. He is an advanced thinker and has been reading a work entitled "Cosmos," and according to the laws of chemistry becoming warmed up in his subject he, of course, expands—intellectually I mean. Besides as his practice professionally increases his hat continues to contract. His hat mark you, not his heart. Strange phenomena! But Mr. Indifferentism is quite blind to the manner in which the truant wind is running riot among the passengers. Meanwhile affairs have reached a crisis. A sturdy countryman rises from his seat and without any conference in the matter slams the window down. An air of satisfaction rests upon every one. But we are whirling along and have already reached another station. A few more climb on, amongst the number a beautiful little child upon whose low, white brow six summers sleep and dream amid the roses of her cheeks. Just across from me sits a mother with a little girl whose face shows a tide of discontent. Cloud adds to cloud; they burst and are deluged with waves of surging agony. Poor mother! The basket is sought for the purpose of bribery; it is in vain. The tree, the fence, the house, each gyrating as if to please the distracted child is pointed out, but to no purpose. The car rocks the mother, rocks the child, knocks—yes hammers. Will it ever be pacified? For the time being the child is the centre of attraction, but the mother thinks she herself is. Just in the seat ahead is a group of three,—a mother and two children—the younger apparently about three, a bright little fellow who seems to take a deep interest in act first in the seat behind. When the noisy little girl reaches the full compass of her voice he smiles triumphantly in his mother's face as if soliciting a comparison with the implacable little girl. His mother, too, wears an air of satisfaction probably from the thought that her boy is the quietest child in the car. It is always pleasant for a mother to think that her children are under complete subordination; that maternal discipline fences around them even in a railroad car, before the eyes of criticizing strangers. This and the thought of being superior to somebody, or to somebody's child, tickles human nature. But the boisterous wave in the seat behind has meanwhile found its level, and the anger which flooded the face of the little girl has ebbed away, probably to lash in some other corner the sea of infancy. Yes, here it is gathering ominously upon the face of the good little boy, and, oh, what efforts his mother is putting forth to still the wave! It is in vain. A little pebble will ruffle the bosom of a little stream. The tidal wave is upon us. Where is human sympathy now for a mother's trials? Nowhere visible. The scene is truly changed and this is act second. The infant acrobat climbs to the summit of a seat, falls down, climbs again, meets with the same fate, piling up agony upon agony in the car, till every passenger is lost sight of in the din which meets our chartered ears. Oranges, lemons, figs, and a tin whistle avail not. A truce suddenly ensues; the little girl in the seat behind has attracted his attention, and at her mother's request she gains the aisle of the car where the little boy is now standing to introduce herself as being the leader in the orchestra. She approaches, encouraged by her mother, but he recedes; the little boy is aristocratic, the little girl is democratic. He takes an inventory of her dress and general get up. The little girl feels the cut and retires to the side of her mother. She is a neat little girl but does not move in the same circle of society as the little boy. What, so young! Yes, the child is father to the man, and twenty years hence this instinct will have assumed such proportions as to divide the little boy and girl by a gulf in society which cannot be bridged. But here we are rolling into another station and I see the word "Refreshments" above the door. I hope to continue my railroad incidents after I have taken some cake and coffee.

Belleville, Ont.

T. O'HAGAN.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT is reported to have applied to the Sultan for a grant of the Valley of the Jordan for purposes of colonization on a new and improved model; but his Majesty did not approve of the proposal.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A good story all the way from Warsaw: A stranger of distinguished appearance seen on the steps of the Cathedral of Warsaw a poor woman bathed in tears, with a child in her arms.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" queries the stranger.

"I am," was the reply, "the most unfortunate of beings. I wish to have my child christened, and the Pope charges me two roubles, while I have not a single kopeck."

"Is that all?" said the stranger. "In that case don't worry," and, drawing five roubles from his pocket, he added:

"Here, go and pay the Pope his fee, and bring back the change."

No sooner said than done, and a few moments later the woman returned with three roubles, which she gave her benefactor, at the same time overwhelming him with thanks.

"Don't mind," said he, "I dislike to see people crying, and love, above all things, a smiling face. Besides, in this little operation everybody is satisfied. The Pope has had his fee, your child is christened, you are content, and I—have three good roubles in exchange for a counterfeit bank-note."

Jones was the life of every company. He could talk upon any and every subject, spin anecdotes by the hour, and monopolize conversation to the wonderment of all his listeners. One day, however, in a lively circle, he was obstinately taciturn and nothing whatever could draw him out.

"What's the matter with you, Jones?" asked a friend. "Why don't you speak?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Oh! I never knew that to keep you from speaking before."

It is related that in a late border warfare between Russians and Chinese, a victorious Chinaman burst into the house of a Russian, whose wife was a very handsome woman.

"I declare," said he, "your wife is deuced good-looking. I'll take her along."

There was no resistance, one way or the other. Only the Russian ascended to the top story of his house, and, looking intently at the receding couple, murmured:

"Poor Chinaman!"

Child talk.

"Jane, didn't I tell you always to eat bread with your meat?"

"Yes, mamma, but I can't do two things at once."

"My dear sir," said Matthews recently to a friend, "I wish I were a millionaire."

"Of what use would that be to you?" asked the other.

"What use? Why, then I could economize on a larger scale."

This bit about a miser is not bad.

An old scientist was so careful of his clothes that during thirty years, he scrupulously abstained from using a brush to them. He did this, not through fear of wearing out the clothes, as that was done twenty years back, but his object was to avoid wearing out the brush.

In a commercial school, a sharp-witted youth was asked the meaning of a square root.

"Sir," said he, "I came here to answer commercial questions, not to be examined on agriculture."

LACLEDE.

VALUABLE FACTS FOR HOME USE.—If your coal fire is low throw on a table-spoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the top of the knife in cold water. In boiling for meat soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their own benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."