

said the *Standard*, "will ever be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen." "Mr. Cobden is now gone," wrote the *Scotsman*, "and what history will say of him is, that he worked a good work by right means, under high motives and at great sacrifices." Said Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, "I am sure there is not a man in this House who does not feel the deepest regret that we have lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of its most useful servants." And from Eliza Cook come such verses as these:

"Cobden! proud, English, yeoman name!
I offer unto thee
The earnest meed that all should claim
Who toil 'mid slander, doubt, and blame,
To make the free more free.
.....
"A home-bred Caesar thou hast been,
Whose bold and bright career
Leaves on thy brow the wreath of green,
On which no crimson drop is seen,
No widow's bitter tear."

MEMORIOUS POEMS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This little work will help to pass a few hours, not unpleasantly, if the reader should happen to be a lover of facetious poetry, although, for our own part, 100 pages of funny verse is rather too much for us. The following ode is, so far as we know, original in its conception, and is, too, a favourable specimen of Mr. Holmes's Peter-Pindaric genius:

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
logwood
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow;
di. section
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
dye-stuff
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
half-rimmed cups
The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
taste sugar of lead
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
rank police crimes !!!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines
stable-boys smoking long-pipes
That were garnered by maidens who laughed thro' the vines.
scowl howl scoff sneer
Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
strychnine and whiskey, and rhabano and beer
For all the good wine, and we've come of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

ROUGH AND SMOOTH: OR, HO! FOR AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELD. By Mrs. A. Campbell. Quebec: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1865. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

This is a very readable book, though a little care or supervision might have made it more so. It is written with much feminine grace, but the marks of haste, at least, are here and there observable. Mrs. Campbell is the wife of an advocate of Quebec, who accompanied her husband to Australia in 1852, and the volume now before us is a narrative of their voyage to that colony, and their adventures there, as well as of their return to Canada. Mrs. Campbell is a shrewd observer, and her account of the condition of such portions of the land of gold she visited—of the city of Melbourne, the open diggings, and the diggers—are very graphic and interesting. The work is addressed to her children, but those of an older growth may derive information and amusement from it. Australia, from our author's testimony, is anything but the paradise it has been described by certain travellers, who have described it in print and in speech, and who seem to have viewed the infernal Goshen through golden spectacles.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson, Great St. James street, the British Magazines for December; and, as usual, the Christmas numbers of these periodicals are teeming with the most varied reading matter, calculated to please and

instruct folk of every size, age, and taste. The sexagenarian, dozing in his easy-chair, may awake from his pleasant dreams of his yearly "pr. & loss," and find in their pages mental food to his satisfaction, in the shape of dissertations on history, science, travels, biography, and kindred themes. Mamma, if she happen to have a tinge of the "Blue," may gratify herself to her heart's content; if she belong to the utilitarian sect, she will also discover, in some, at least, of these works, lessons on household craft and thrift which may convince even her that she has yet a few things to learn ament the mysteries of her calling. The young ladies, of course, delight in the magazines; for are there not tales of love, and war, distress to break one's heart, and sentiment to elevate them to the seventh heaven of admiration? Master Tom, too, may roam in them from Indus to the Pole, shooting tigers in Bengal or walrus at Spitzbergen. In short, the magazines offer a truly Catholic banquet to their readers, universal as light and the stars. Among them, we first welcome our old friend "Fraser's," in its russet dress, but on which the radiance of Father Prout's wit and genius still shines. This is an exceedingly good number. It contains, for instance, an article on the politics of Spain, well worth perusal; one on "The Military Situation in India," evidently written by a person conversant with his subject; an extremely ingenious article on "Fiction and its Uses," from which we should have made quotations in our last number, as confirming our own views on the question, had the magazine then reached us; Carlyle and his works receive a large share of praise and blame, both of which, we have no doubt, they richly merit. "The Gains of the Church of England" is an article of which we would say a few words, were we not pledged to eschew theology. Its spirit, however, may be discerned from those lines with which it closes:

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down...
Her open eyes discern the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears,
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

Fraser's has, besides, tales and other lighter reading. Next comes "Temple Bar," a very able number, G. A. Sala, and several other well-known writers, figuring among its contributors. "London Society" comes to us this time in the form of twins, the December number, and the Christmas number, *par excellence*. They are absolutely dazzling with wood-cuts and engravings, several of which are fine specimens of art, and worth many times the price of the entire work. The Christmas number alone has twenty-seven illustrations. How the publisher can afford to supply them in such profusion and excellence, we cannot conceive, and, it not being our business, we shall not enquire. We have also to acknowledge receipt of the "Dublin University Magazine," which continues to sustain its long-established character for great literary talent in its contributions. We publish to-day one of the tales in the December number, under the title of "Early Celtic Stories."

CURIOS PHENOMENON.—While pursuing a voyage to the East Indies, and being in Lat. 34° 10 S. Long 84° E, my attention, was arrested by observing a very curious formation of clouds, and one that I had never seen before, or ever remember to have read about. The sky was completely overcast with dark lead colour clouds, but towards the southward some still darker ones were formed into a perfect ring, which appeared to move in different directions and at the same time the whole body travelled away to the south-west, increasing in size as it receded from us, until it was lost in the distance. The weather at the time, and afterwards was very unsettled, so that I was led to think is not this the commencement of one of those revolving storms, which sometimes commit such fearful ravages and are so destructive to shipping?
Montreal, Dec. J. P. J.

MISCELLANEA.

An interesting relic, a large vessel, supposed to be of the second century, found during the late war, buried in the sand at Sandewitz, near Westertrap, has been lodged in the Town Hall of Flensburg, in Schleswig. Though decayed, with the aid of a few iron clamps, its original form and aspect have been well preserved. It is 80ft. in length, 12ft. broad amidships, with 4ft. 2in. depth of hold at same part. Its height from the keel at the prow is 9ft. 9in., and at the poop 10ft. 10in. When discovered it contained a quantity of arms, such as spears, arrows, axes, &c., some household utensils, objects of art, and a number of well-preserved Roman coins of the second century. The latter have been sent to Copenhagen.

A piece of gossip is afloat in Paris to the effect that Madame de Boissy, formerly the Countess Guiccioli, has placed in the hands of M. de Lamartine the letters that passed between her and Byron, with notes of her reminiscences of the author of "Childe Harold." M. D. Lamartine is writing a Life of Byron, which is published in the Paris Constitutionnel. It is said that he receives 40,000 francs for the life of Byron, and that the proprietors of the same journal agreed to give the writer 30,000 francs for another work entitled "Ma Mère," which has been in their hands for two years, but with the understanding that it should not appear till that period, at least, had elapsed.

As a proof of the suspicion with which the French Government regards every publication relating to the Emperor and his family, it may be mentioned that the writer of a series of articles in the *Revue Nationale*, with the title of the "History of Napoleon I., from his Correspondence and the new Documents," has just received, through his publisher, Charpentier, a gentle hint that care must be had in the opinions expressed, and in the grouping of facts, and that, instead of the title, "History of Napoleon," which the articles, in a collected form, were to bear, the designation must be the "History of Napoleon I."

At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, previous to the reading of the papers, the president announced, with great regret, that since the last meeting news had been received of the disastrous termination of two African expeditions in which the Society had taken great interest. The first was the East African expedition, fitted out at great cost by the Baron C. Von der Decken, a Hanoverian nobleman (the verifier of the existence of snowy mountains in Equatorial Africa), whose party had been in collision with the natives, and whose two steamers had come to grief on the bar of the river Jub. This unwelcome news had been received by Colonel Playfair, English consul at Zanzibar, now in England. The other was M. du Chaillu's expedition into the interior from Fernand Vaz, in Western Equatorial Africa. It appears after having reached a point about 400 miles from the coast, an unhappy brawl arose between the black servants of M. du Chaillu's party and the surrounding natives, during which one of the native black women was accidentally shot by one of du Chaillu's servants. In spite of the offer on du Chaillu's part of compensation, an encounter took place, during which the traveller was severely wounded by poisoned arrows, and his servants threw away all the scientific instruments, with which a series of most valuable astronomical observations had been taken. These observations, as well as the journals of the expedition, were fortunately preserved, and we hear that it is in contemplation to publish them as early as possible. We believe that an account of his travels will be laid before the Royal Geographical Society at an early meeting; whilst a description of the physical and cranial characters of the natives will be read before the Anthropological Society of London. The return of M. du Chaillu to the coast was accompanied by great privation, and the loss of most of the collections which he had made will be very disastrous to science. M. du Chaillu has arrived in England.