

THE LOVE OF THE PAST.

As sailors watch from their prison
For the long gray line of the coasts,
I look to the past re- arisen,
And joys come over in hosts
Like the white sea-birds from their roosts.

I love not th' indecise present,
The future's unknown to our quest,
To-day is the life of the peasant,
But the past is a haven of rest—
The joy of the past is the best.

The rose of the past is better
Than the rose we ravish to-day;
'Tis holier, purer and fitter
To place on the shrine where we pray—
For the secret thoughts we obey.

There, are no deceptions nor changes,
There, all is placid and still;
No grief, nor fate that estranges,
Nor hope that no life can fill,
But ethereal shelter from ill.

The coarser delights of the hour
Tempt, and debauch and deprave;
And we joy in a poisonous flower,
Knowing that nothing can save
Our flesh from the fate of the grave.

But surely we leave them, returning,
In grief to the well-love'd nest,
Filled with an infinite yearning,
Knowing the past to be rest—
That the things in the past are the best.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PICTURESQUE QUEBEC (1).

Under this title Mr. J. M. Lemoine has given us a sequel to his "Quebec Past and Present." Future generations of Canadians will owe even more to Mr. Lemoine's painstaking research than we ourselves. He has spent a great portion of his life in rescuing from oblivion the records of his city and country. The present work, besides its historical value is made most attractive to the general reader, who cannot fail to linger over the pages of anecdotes and lively descriptions with which it is filled. The first chapter is devoted to a mosaic of descriptions of the city itself, as it has appeared at different times to different authors, from the days of Jacques Cartier down to one of its latest and perhaps truest friends the Earl of Dufferin. In Mr. Lemoine's charmingly discursive manner, which is to many one of the great attractions of his writings, the chapters follow each other hap hazard, and we dip at one time into history, at another we roam about the city of to-day; we listen at one moment to the legends of the past; at another we gaze upon the industries of the present. Such objects as may naturally interest the antiquary in his wanderings through the city, are described with an evident love for the task which cannot fail in turn to captivate his readers. Some of the descriptions of the surroundings of Quebec are not altogether new to us, as Mr. Lemoine has reprinted in part some of his early sketches which under the title of *Maple Leaves* appeared in 1865. They naturally take their place here and serve to complete the work which was begun in "Quebec Past and Present" and is concluded in the present volume.

CARLYLE'S LIFE (2).

So much has been written and said of Carlyle since his death that anything like a lengthy criticism of this book is out of the question. The work itself can hardly be called a biography, being composed mainly of the sketches of Mr. Carlyle which were collected and prepared for publication by Carlyle himself some years before his death, and which cover the whole period of his life in London until his death, with which his active work ceased. These are prefaced by a description of his earlier life from Froude's own pen, accompanied by a promise from the historian of the completion of the work with an account of Carlyle's last years. Mr. Froude takes occasion to defend himself from the charge of publishing much that others have thought should have been left unseen. Much recrimination has aroused in this way over the outspoken character of many of the Reminiscences, and it was felt by many that the ruggedness of Carlyle's manner and the uncouth freedom of his speech should have been kept in the background. For answer, Mr. Froude takes ground upon Carlyle's own estimate of the duties of the biographer, and claims that what has been published of the Chelsea sage is such only as must needs have formed part of any true biography. Such ruggedness and outspokenness was Carlyle himself, and if we are to have a picture of him, it must be a true one and not, as Carlyle expressed it himself, the *ghost* of a biography. The work is illustrated by general engravings.

ERRORS IN ENGLISH (3).

Those who have already seen Dr. Hodgson's excellent little manual, will welcome the appearance of this edition. It has been carefully revised and edited by Francis A. Tealt, whose labour has, besides other things, supplied a more copious and thoroughly reconstructed index which adds much to the value of the work.

(1) Picturesque Quebec by J. M. Lemoine, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, etc., etc. 1882, Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Thomas Carlyle, a history of the first forty years of his life by James Anthony Froude, M. A. 1882, Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(3) Errors in the use of English, by the late William Hodgson, L. L. D. etc. etc. American revised edition, 1882, New York, D. Appleton & Company. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Its high appreciation in England will doubtless be followed by a similar success in this country. The surprising list of mistakes which Dr. Hodgson has succeeded in extracting from authors of deservedly high reputation, serves of itself to show how few there are to whom such a work may not be profitable and even necessary.

THE DISEASES OF MEMORY (4).

The very modest preface with which Mr Ribot introduces his little book, which is here published in the International Scientific Series, claims consideration for it merely as an essay in psychology—the "the" in the title is of course an error in translation—and as treating the memory from a purely pathological standpoint it has a value which will be recognized by all students of a very difficult subject. It is an accepted fact that the study of an object under exceptional conditions often leads to a deeper insight into its true nature than the consideration of its purely normal state. Thus through the study of the diseases of the body or mind alike we are led to certain conclusions as to the functions of each, which in health are difficult of apprehension. It is with the view of presenting certain data for the study of the conditions under which the memory is exercised that Mr. Ribot offers his interesting monograph, and without drawing any general conclusions he has presented us with a number of vastly interesting parts supplemented by straightforward and sensible theories as to the understanding of individual cases. More he has not pretended and more he has not attempted to do, yet the work is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to psychological literature.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the "evil eye." The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by a great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinions on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform was voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British Government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic and constant to her purpose; "I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!" Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniac tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believed this to be efficacious in preventing disease and expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which—

Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkab, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered.

(4) Diseases of Memory, an Essay in the Positive Psychology, by Th. Ribot. Translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. 1882, New York, D. Appleton & Co., Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The command was readily obeyed; the strenght of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a light smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At the sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophize as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, June 17.

WE are assured that Sarah Bernhardt is learning fencing, and that her master is M. Lantieri. Painter, sculptor, poet, authoress, aeronaut, and now mistress of arms!

"AMOROUS frog," "rosy snow," "dewy periwinkle," "expiring green," "comet," "budding love," "frothy Chicquet," and "Bengal fire," are the singular names of some of the most fashionable colors in Paris this season.

A GRAND concert was given at the Trocadero on Wednesday for the benefit of children just born. The idea is a little whimsical at the first blush, but it is well-placed charity to the poor parents, ill able to bear the expense of the new comer.

A YOUNG man of distinguished birth has just married a lovely and fascinating Jewess; but before the family of the lady would consent he had first to embrace (—) the Jewish faith. He was duly initiated into the mysteries of the Talmud, and abjured the Roman Catholic religion.

THERE was a show of princes and princesses at the ball of the Duchess de Pomar the other evening. Among them were the Princess de Bauffremont, the Princess de Montholon, the Princess Lise Troubetzkoi, the Prince and Princess Jean Troubetzkoi, the Princess Alexandra Troubetzkoi and Prince de Bauffremont. At the conclusion of the brilliant event a cotillon infernal was given, conducted by Prince Troubetzkoi and M. Carlos de Predraso.

M. MOLIER, a gentleman well known in Parisian society, and a fervent amateur gymnast, owns a private circus at his residence in the Rue Benouville, where every year he gives a grand representation for the benefit of his friends. The performance is much after the style of that met with in ordinary circuses; there is bare back riding, athletics, interludes by clowns, pantomimes, &c. The athletes, at the head of whom figures to advantage M. Moliere himself, are all persons belonging to the best society, a fact which gives greater zest to their tumblers and tricks. It is only a few days since M. Moliere's performance took place with its usual success in the presence of a large and fashionable attendance.

STRAWBERRIES at present are pretty dear in Paris. A gentleman from the country went to dine ten days ago at one of the restaurants on the Boulevard, and seeing little plates of strawberries on the buffet as he came in, he thought he would have some for dessert. But, with provincial caution, when the guest had nearly finished his dinner, he asked the waiter what was the charge for strawberries, and received the not ruinous reply that the cost was a franc. Therefore, he ordered a plate. While toying with the fruit he ordered his bill, and was astonished to find a charge of ten francs for strawberries. The waiter stated that what he meant to convey was that the fruits were a franc, not a dish, but each. The gentleman had already eaten nine strawberries. Through remorse of conscience he left the tenth remaining one on the little dish, and stood up to go away. "You have forgotten the waiter, sir," said the *garçon*, with a beseeching grin. "Forgotten you," exclaimed the guest; "certainly not! I have left you a strawberry, which is equivalent to a *pour-boire* for you of twenty sous."

At a recent fencing bout between a foreign gentleman and a fencing master, which was given in presence of a very distinguished circle, the foreigner denied all the hits of the master, which were palpable as possible, and said the result would have proved his truth had the foils been swords without the protecting top. "Would monsieur consent," said the master, "to a proof which would not be quite so

serious?" "Certainly, sir," was the quick reply. The professor retired into his private room and brought out the foils with buttons on. "In shirts, if you please, sir," said the professor. The foreigner and professor flung off their fencing jackets. One, two, a palpable hit at the foreigner's expense, and his denial. The company smiled; again and again the same denial. But now the proof was evident; every blow had left its mark in blood, and the professor explained that in the centre of the button of the foil there was just the finest needle point, which drew blood to mark the breast of the unbeliever, as the professor would himself have suffered had he been touched. This description of foil is, however, not quite a novelty.

FOOT NOTES.

A CELEBRATED character has just gone over to the majority. The name he went by was "Dicke Hahn" (Hahn the Fat), and he kept the Rœsli Inn at Cannstatt. During the siege of Paris, when Favre went to ask Bismarck for a truce, he hinted that the German army was as badly off for food as the people in Paris were. "You think so, do you?" said the future Chancellor; "I'll let you see differently." And then he sent for Fat Hahn. Fat Hahn came and exhibited his portly paunch and rosy cheeks to the French Commissioner, who was thereupon constrained to admit that there could not be much scarcity of victuals in the German camp, and he went away with the conviction that the besiegers were not very likely to raise the siege for the lack of meat and drink. Thus did Hahn, the fat innkeeper of Cannstatt, play a part.

THE London (Eng.) *Spectator* recently contained a very appreciative criticism of the recent performance of "Antigone" at University College. This notice was probably written by one of the participating Professors, and if so we are at a loss to account for the learned gentleman's strange oversight in omitting all mention of Mr. Torrington's efforts in connection with the performance. Thanks for the success are accorded to Prof. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Pine, and Prof. Hutton, and there is nothing in the article to intimate the well known fact that Mr. Torrington originated the idea of performing "Antigone," organized and taught the chorus, trained the orchestra and conducted the rehearsals and the public performance—and all this without any adequate reward for his professional services. The Professors may be entitled to more or less praise, but the deliberate suppression of Mr. Torrington's name in connection with the affair was a striking piece of ingratitude.

OVERDOING IT.—A Methodist minister, travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, on a sultry summer's day, entered a cottage by the roadside, and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the mistress of the house, and remarked on the dryness of the season, when the hostess replied, "Unless we have rain soon all my beets, cucumbers, and cabbages will be good for nothing; and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The guest informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed that a gates of heaven might be opened, and that the shower might descend and refresh the earth; after which he thanked his hostess, mounted his horse, and departed. He had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather, and the hail and rain descended with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clean out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those Methodists; they never undertake anything but they always overdo it."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S PLEASURE.—In publishing the following curious anecdote of a distinguished Russian General, the Russian *Czas* expressly guarantees the authenticity of every detail therein set forth. It would appear that, whenever a personage of high rank and importance visits Warsaw, the Imperial police authorities commission their secret agents to watch every action of that personage by day and night, so far as may be compatible with the respect due to his exalted station, and to report the results of their observations regularly every morning. One of these reports, handed in to the police-office of the district in which is situated the Hôtel de l'Europe, where the General lodged during his recent sojourn in the Polish capital, is textually reproduced in the columns of the *Czas*. It runs as follows: "Last night, at the hour of nine, his Excellency the General deigned to leave his hotel. He wore an elegant silk hat and a no less elegant overcoat. In his hand he carried a walking-stick. His Excellency condescended to hire the droshky No. 217, and, seated therein, to drive to Ziazd, where he alighted, and straightway disappeared. His Excellency did not return to his hotel until seven o'clock this morning, wearing, however, a jacket and cap, both of which were covered with mud. It was, moreover, his Excellency's pleasure to appear considerably intoxicated."

AMONG the forthcoming gay and magnificent events will be a grand ball given by the Countess Simeon in honor of the marriage of her relative, Mlle. de Morny, one of the most elegant and engaging of the youthful circle of Parisian belles, with the Marquis de Belbeuf.