

ing ears. I could fancy it delighting to fly through great organ pipes, bursting out in peals of melody, or in soft, warbling whispers floating beyond the ear of mortals on and upward to join the "music of the spheres." I could understand it entertaining itself by lashing the ocean into fury with hollow roar, beating the emerald mass into foam, defying the angry billows, and laughing at their impotent rage for, ever and anon as they leaped to clutch their tormentor with their mighty arms, it would turn, and, rising higher, evade their wrathful quest; or, perhaps, tiring of such dangerous sport, it might find amusement playing in the autumn woods with the gold and russet leaves, chasing them round and round in mad glee, while the massive monarchs of the forest shake their bare and brawny arms, or toss their crests against the sky in huge merriment, as the leaves dance and leap to rustling music.

No, I would not be at all surprised at the wind liking such amusements. I would not object to them myself, neither would I object to the work it often has to do. What pleasant toil to fill the sails of mighty vessels, laden with precious cargoes, bound for distant shores; or to push along the fishing smacks or pleasure skiffs; or drive the lazy clouds across the sky. Such important work would be interesting and make one feel of some use in the world; and to be regarded with so much care and consideration, by all the many people whom I help along in life, would be some reward for my labor. But then there are less pleasant duties the wind has to perform. It has to sweep through and cleanse the air of the vast cities, and to penetrate even to the most disagreeable places among the poor and miserable. One cannot but pity and help the sick and poor, although to do them any good one has to sacrifice self a good deal: then there is the compensation that comes from doing right and benefitting others. No, I would not object very strongly to any of these occupations, but I certainly should not care to go howling and tooting through the brass bugle of a colored jubilee singer. Just picture the ignominy of producing such vulgar sounds for the edification of ragged little street urchins, or gaping domestics, wheeling infant carriages! No indeed! were I the wind, never would I consent to so debase myself;

never would I so lose my self-respect; never would I so entirely forget my place and position; never—

"Miss ———, what is Victor Cousin's argument disproving Locke's statement that all our ideas are obtained from sensation and reflection?"

It was the voice of the Professor.

They told me, afterwards, that for full fifteen minutes I had been fiercely glaring at a grease spot on the floor.

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### Literary Items.

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THEODORE MARTIN, author of the "Life of Prince Consort," has been knighted and made K. C. B.

A NEW poem by Longfellow, entitled "Old St. David's at Radnor," will appear in the June number of *Lippincott*.

THIRTY or forty years ago there was a rush of Italian novels, says the *Hour*, caused by the great success of Manzoni's work, "I Promessi Sposi." Very few of them were of any importance; but a novel has just appeared in Naples, which, as a picture of contemporaneous Italian habits and morals, is a remarkable production. It is by Raffaele Colucci, and is called "Amanda." The dramatic action of the story is based on love, jealousy and revenge; but the life of the people, dancers, journalists, soldiers, singers, and officials, is described so naturally and skilfully, as to make "Amanda" a very attractive story.

THE next volume of Dickens' letters will be read with deep interest. It contains the much-talked-of correspondence between Mr. Dickens and the late Lord Lytton on the subject of "Spiritualism." These two famous writers hold opinions on that subject precisely opposite to each other, and their letters are understood to convey the reasons for their antagonistic beliefs. The mystical tendency early foreshadowed in "Zanoni," and which found confirmatory expression in "A Strange Story," was characteristic of a mind readily attracted by theories and their alleged illustration in facts which were repugnant to the author of *Pickwick* and the creator of *Gradgrind*; and, to many, it will be a subject of curiosity to see how the respective notions of these two celebrated men were set forth and upheld.