

IN CÆLO QUIES.

"Thou shalt have rest in Heaven!" my weary soul
Upon the golden promise seizes;
And all its wasting toil and waxing dole,
The prospect eases.

Here, there is labour from the morn till night,
And cares crowd in when toils are finished;
My burdens press me far beyond the light,
And undiminished.

Labour and sorrow are the doom of earth,
And labour's surest fruit is sorrow;
I bear a heavy heart beneath my mirth,
And sigh—"To-morrow!"

"In Cælo Quies!" Oft upon my stress,
Like music steals this sweet evangel;
As if there stooped to make my burdens less—
Some loving angel.

I think, indeed, it is an angel sings,
Who, singing, makes my load the lighter;
And with the glister of his shining wings—
My way grows brighter.

When I am spent with toils, rest will be sweet;
The greater stress, the greater need of sweetness;
God's love ordains my ruth and rest to meet
In Heaven's completeness.

Nor will I vex my heart and Heaven with care,
How far away my rest, or nigh, is;
While this dear answer breaks upon my prayer—
"In Cælo Quies."

W. C. Richards in *Scribner's Monthly*.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

BOOKS WHICH WERE NOT THOUGHT WORTH THE PRINTING.

All the world knows the history of "Jane Eyre"; how it was written in the gray old parsonage under the Yorkshire hills; how the rough notes, sketched hastily in pencil, were transcribed in a neat hand as legible as print, and how the manuscript, in its brown-paper wrapper, was sent off from the small station-house at Keighley to publisher after publisher, only to find its way back again, "Returned with thanks," till the packet, scored all over with publishers' names, and, well-nigh worn out by its travels, found its way into the hands of Messrs. Smith & Elder with a stamped envelope inside for a reply. This story of "Jane Eyre" is, with authors who cannot find a publisher, one of the standing sources of consolation, and it is a very striking instance of the loose way in which publishers' readers now and then look through manuscripts that find their way into their hands, even if it does not prove that publishers, like women, though they cant about genius, cannot divine its existence till all the world point with the hand; for Messrs. Smith & Elder's reader was so struck with the tale, that Scot as he was, he sat up half the night to finish it. But some allowance ought to be made even for the readers, for it must be dull, tedious work to spell out the plot of a story, or to find the proofs of genius in a loose pile of manuscript which you can hardly perhaps decipher except with a glass, and perhaps not always with that. Francis Jeffrey knew so well the difficulty of forming an opinion upon an article from reading it in manuscript, that in sending his first article to the *Edinburgh Review*, after he had relinquished the editorship, he stipulated that Mr. Napier should not attempt to read it until he could read it in type; and the editor of the *Saturday Review*, a few years ago used to have every article that seemed at all worth publishing set up in type before he made up his mind whether to accept or reject it. Everything, as Charles Lamb used to say, is apt to read so raw in manuscript. It is the most difficult thing in the world to know how an article will read from looking at it in manuscript, so difficult that even authors themselves, men of long and varied experience, men like Moore and Macaulay, could seldom form an opinion upon their own writings until they saw how they looked in print. And when that is the case with the author, how must it be with the publisher or his reader, and with the editor of a publication, who has to make up his mind about the merits of half a dozen manuscripts in the course of a morning! Yet after all, I suspect that very few articles and very few books that are worth printing are lost to the world, for the competition among publishers for manuscript is only one degree less keen than the competition among authors for publishers, and an author who has anything worth printing is seldom long without a publisher. I happen to know the secret history of a book which has long since taken rank among the classics of Eng-

lish literature—I mean "Eothen." It was written years and years before it was published; written with care and thought; revised in the keenest spirit of criticism, and kept under lock and key for a long time. It is a book which, as far as workmanship goes, exemplifies in a very striking form Shenstone's rule for good writing. "Spontaneous thought, laboured expression," and there are few books of travel which equally abound in adventure, incident, sketches of character, and personal romance. It is, as Lockhart well said, an English classic. But when Alexander Kinglake offered it to the publishers, they refused it one and all, refused it upon any terms, and the author at last, out of conceit with his manuscript and perhaps with himself, walked into a book-seller's shop in Pall Mall, explained the adventures of the manuscript, and made it a present to the publisher if he thought it worth printing. The first edition lingered a little on his hands, till a notice in the *Quarterly Review*, from the pen of Lockhart, called attention to it, and the printer's difficulty after that, was to keep pace with the demand. I hope I am not violating any confidence by adding that the publisher, year by year, for many years, sent Mr. Kinglake a check for £100 every Christmas Day.—*Belgravia*.

DINNERS IN LITERATURE.

The dinners of all times have had competent historians. As Sir Walter Scott has furnished a sample of a feast in the days of King Henry II., so has Swift given a representation, sufficiently accurate, probably, of one in the days of Queen Anne. In that author's complete collection of polite and ingenious conversations, we have a sort of photograph of the breakfasts and dinners "partaken of," to use a term suited to the occasion, by the *bon ton* of society at the commencement of the Eighteenth Century. The former meal was simple enough, consisting only of tea, bread and butter and biscuit, though one of the party took a share of beefsteak, with two mugs of ale and a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed; but the latter is remarkable for its picturesque profusion. Oyster, sirloin of beef, shoulder of veal, tongue, pigeon, black pudding, cucumber, soup, chicken, fritters, venison pasty, hare, almond pudding, ham, jelly, goose, rabbit, preserved oranges, partridge, cheese and sturgeon, are all mentioned as ingredients of the feast, and appear to have been eaten in the order in which they are set down. The drink consisted of claret, cider, small beer, October ale, Burgundy and tea. The consequence of this feast upon the guests are not mentioned by the Dean of St. Patrick's. Authors are not invariably so reticent. Gray, for instance, after relating the particulars of a dinner at which Dr. Chapman, the Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, distinguished himself, closes his account in the following sympathetic fashion: "He has gone to his grave with five mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly."

"*Tous ces braves gens*," says Taine, speaking of Fielding's principal characters, "*se battent bien, marchent bien, mangent bien, boivent mieux encore*." Roast beef descends into their powerful stomachs as by a law of nature into its proper place. That they were not averse to liquor may be gathered from the example of one out of many, Squire Western, who, in nine cases out of ten of his appearance, makes his entrance or his exit drunk. The reader may, indeed, well expect to meet with some guzzling in a work which the writer likened to a public ordinary, speaking of its contents as a bill of fare.

A gigantic dinner, almost worthy of the mouth of Gargantua, is the dinner that Charles Lever has not disdained to introduce into "Charles O'Malley"—a dinner which the hero of that tale often remembered in his mountain bivouacs, with their hard fare of "pickled cork tree and pyroligneous aqua fortis." The repast consisted of a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield, a sirloin which seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros, a sauce boat that contained an oyster bed, a turkey which would have formed the main army of a French dinner, flanked by a picket of ham, a detached squadron of chickens ambushed in greens, and potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance yard. The standard bearers of this host were massive decanters of port and sherry, and a large square half gallon vessel of whisky.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

It was Thackeray who answered to an American friend, who asked "What do you think of Tupper as a poet?" "I don't think of him as a poet."

"The true way," said the Bishop of Manchester, in a recent sermon, "to bring back prosperity to England was for every man to realize that he was a part of England, and had his individual work to do in securing her prosperity."

The Japanese Premier, Prince Kung, addressed General Grant in English so-called. Trying to compliment him by assuring him that he (the General) was born to command, the prince said: "Sire! Brave generale! You vos made to order."

A CORRESPONDENT remarks on the number of officers killed in the Zulu and Afghanistan wars. In the Zulu war there were actually killed 41, died of disease 19. In Afghanistan 33 officers killed, died of disease 39—132 in all, an enormous consumption of officer-life. In the Crimean war, which lasted two years, there were only 90 officers killed—a remarkable contrast, seeing the hard fighting they had.—*English paper*.