

taken up the matter, and it is to be hoped that results commensurate with the importance of the movement we have initiated will follow. A cotemporary says:—"Attention having been called to this matter, perhaps the authorities will inform themselves as to the provisions of the law respecting "cruelty to animals," their powers under it, and in future pay more attention to this part of their duties. To be sure, it is competent for any citizen to make a complaint for violation of this or any other law; but there are few—no matter how glaring the offence—who will throw themselves into the breach, and take the trouble and responsibility of prosecuting a neighbor, when there are officers appointed and paid for doing it."

NEXT month Mr. Carey will record in these pages some reminiscences of Clevedon Castle—Coleridge and Tennyson; and a sketch of the late Alex. Rae Garvie will be supplied by a gentleman well qualified for the task.

INNS.

Geoffrey Crayon's "Shakspearian Research" culminated at the "Boar Head," Eastcheap; his story of the "Spectre Bridegroom" was appropriately related in the kitchen of the "Pomme d'Or," in the Netherlands; and he makes Rip's congenial retreat from his virago spouse, the "coin of vantage" in front of the village inn. Irving's own appreciation of these vagabond shrines and accidental homes is emphatic; he commends the "honest bursts of laughter in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn," and quotes zestfully the maxim that "a tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows." His personal testimony is characteristic: "To a homeless man there is a momentary feeling of independence, as he stretches himself before an inn fire: the arm-chair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlor his undisputed empire." How little did the modest author imagine, when he thus wrote, that the poker with which he stirred the fire in the parlor-grate of the "Red Lion" would become a sacred literary relic wherewith his partial countrymen are beguiled of extra fees, while the bard of Avon and the gentleman of Sunnyside mingle in the reverie of fond reminiscence. "I went by an indirect route to Lichfield," writes Hawthorne, in his English sketches, "and put up at the 'Black Swan.' Had