

"I had, like the other foreigners, been warned to leave Rome before the bombardment commenced, but I said: 'No! it is a thing that I am only likely to see once in my life and I mean to stay to see it.' And the bombardment was not the mere matter of form that many expected it to be. For several hours the shells were flying over the city. Confusion prevailed everywhere. Everyone was asking at what gate the troops would enter, and no one could answer. Some said the Porta Pia, some the Porta del Popolo.

"On that eventful day St. Peter's presented a strange sight.

"It was full, literally full (and that, for St. Peter's, means a great deal) of the faithful, who had gathered there to pray for aid, and from all that vast kneeling multitude, when the Pope was carried in to the high altar to say his last mass in St. Peter's for the delivery of Rome, there broke out a storm of sobs and cries. As he passed, I was as near to him as I am to you, and never have I seen a human face of a pallor so like wax or marble as his was then, while the tears streamed down it silently. It was hardly whiter when I looked on it as he lay in state.

"With him came a great train of ecclesiastics, hardly one of whom could control his grief. I am no Romanist, but the emotion of the scene was so contagious, that when I put up my hand to my own face I found the tears on my cheeks.

"As I came out of St. Peter's I saw the white tents of the Italians on Monte Mario, and the next day they entered Rome. And that was my last sight of Pius IX., the old lady concluded with an emphatic nod.

I asked her next if a description of Cardinal Antonelli, given by Howells in his "Italian Journeys," was correct. He speaks of him as with bent head eyeing the people with sidelong glances of vindictive malice and piercing scrutiny.

"Yes," she answered, "he never could look any one straight in the face, though all the time you knew that nothing escaped his observation. He is said to have been the son of a Sicilian brigand, and I believe it is true—though there is nothing that the people would not say of him, they hated him so. It is a marvel that he ever died in his bed.

"A wicked face his was; and yet, such was the charm and the polish of his manner that one forgot it all when one talked with him, and it is no wonder that he could turn and twist people at his will.

"His knowledge of the outer world, too, was very exceptional for a Roman. Why, I remember a Roman Cardinal asking me what was the half-way stopping-place to America."

We went on to talk of the present Pope's life, and for him she expressed the highest respect and admiration.

"He is a Liberal, you know," she said, "and, if he could have his own way, would not keep up the pose of imprisonment for an hour longer; but the influences around him are too strong for him. In his more vigorous days he struggled hard to be allowed to carry out a policy of reconciliation, but could never succeed. In his disappointment he threatened to abdicate, a threat which he once put into execution, and it was fully two days before those around him could persuade him of the fatality of the precedent for the Papacy."

Speaking of *table d'hôte* conversation. I will give you this *bonne bouche*. A lady, the sister of a learned Oxford don, was talking to her neighbour, who had been describing to her the Jewish synagogue at Florence. "Did they have a very grand service on Easter Sunday?" she asked, innocently. Politeness and amazement struggled in his face for a moment before politeness conquered, and he answered, in a neutral fashion, "Well, you know, I don't think that the Jews keep Easter Sunday."

ALICE JONES.

In South Carolina the percentage of the negro population is 60.6, in Mississippi 57.5, in Louisiana 58.4, in Alabama 47.5, in Florida 47.1, in Georgia 47.0, in Virginia 41.7, and in North Carolina 37.9. In these eight States the first census showed a white population of 1,066,711, and a coloured population of but 654,308; while the census of 1880 revealed a white population of 4,695,253, and a coloured population of 4,353,097.

An amusing episode of the Peninsular War seems to prove that even the charms of our beautiful national bagpipes fail to sooth the savage wolfe. It happened that while one of the Highland regiments was marching across a desolate part of Spain, one of the pipers, for some inexplicable reason, found himself separated from his comrades. Halting in a lonely plain, he sat down to eat his breakfast, when, to his horror, he saw wolves approaching. When they came very near he flung them all the food he had with him, fully conscious, however, that his meagre meal would not stay their advances for many seconds. With the calmness of despair he then said: "As ye've the meat ye'll hae the music, too," and thereupon he proceeded to "blow up his chanter." No sooner did his unwelcome guests hear the first "skirl" of the pipes than they turned in wild terror and fled as fast as their long legs could carry them. "De'll hae it!" said the piper; "had I thoct ye were so fond o' the music ye would hae got it afore meat instead o' after!" Then hungrily he went his way, not forgetting from time to time to blow a blast so wild and shrill as might effectually scare any prowling foes.—*Temple Bar*.

## BALLADE.

WITH A BOX OF DAFFODILS.

Of all the flowers that creep or cling,  
Or rear a spike, or spread a cyme,  
Scattered afield, or blossoming  
Lake-lily-like from mud and slime:  
That suck their life from builded lime,  
Or wreath upon the verdured hills  
Young April's artless anadyme,  
None are more sweet than daffodils.

Small gifts are precious from a king,  
And Love's a king; he'll have it I'm  
His envoy with these flowers I bring.  
As asphodels of halcyon clime  
Fresh gathered from the meads sublime  
Take them, and if your fancy wills  
Their sweetness passes Eden's prime—  
You are more sweet than daffodils.

I would that I my heart might fling  
In love's poetic pantomime  
Before you as a paltry thing,  
Yet, like these flowers, unsmirched with grime,  
But gallant with a golden rime—  
The dust of love—each thought that thrills  
To passion—ah! forgive the crime  
You sweeter than all daffodils.

ENVOI.

Marion, when flattery's loud-voiced chime  
Too soon life's early music kills,  
Think who, long ere the summertime,  
Knew you more sweet than daffodils.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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## THE PRICE OF EMERSONISM.

MR. WOODBURY, in his "Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson," represents the sage of Concord as saying of Wordsworth: "Other poets start out with a theory, which dwarfs or distorts them; he was careful to have none. Other writers have to affect what to him, thus, is natural." This remark is curious, but should not surprise one.

Emersonism, or the aphoristic habit of mind, may be a good thing, as it is certainly a captivating thing; but it has a price.

Your writer of aphorisms, to begin with, is seldom a sound thinker, because never a comprehensive one. He pierces a subject, drawing forth some of its pith, but does not lay it open, displaying its structure from centre to periphery. The action of his intellect suggests the bill of the humming-bird, rather than the blade of the dissector. His thoughts, as a rule, are instantaneous photographs of mental views, skilfully finished, it may be, and true for the special point of sight, but false or incomplete, in varying degrees, for every other point. They do not fit in to the frame of things or in to each other. Emerson, for example, speaking of mathematics, said to Mr. Woodbury: "It was long before I learned that there is something wrong with a man's brain who loves them"; and, in another breath, declared of Plato (who proclaimed, "Let no man unacquainted with geometry try to learn of me"): "He lifts man toward the divine, and I like it when I hear that a man reads Plato. I want to meet that man." Generally, aphoristic truths are not whole truths, but fractional ones; detached, not co-ordinated, more or less incongruous with each other and with the body of truth. One who thinks in aphorisms may almost be said to dip water with a sieve—so much truth runs out between his concepts. The aphorist, therefore, is condemned to scraps and fragments of truth. He can never enter into the enjoyment of truth in its integrity.

This is one item in his bill. That Emerson produced no system of philosophy, and no ready materials for one, may be accepted as his receipt for the payment of this item.

Another item in the price of Emersonism is the impairment of memory. The fundamental law of association is that objects previously united as parts of the same mental state tend to suggest one another. In a mind regulated by the aphoristic habit, however, the chief objects of attention are not commonly parts of a state, but in themselves whole states—-independent reflections, that is to say, not related to each other by co-existence or succession, much less by the formal laws of thought; they, in short, are not integral, but integral, and, as such, move across the field of consciousness, or lie heaped in memory, with no more relation to one another than the successive guests of a caravansary, or the pebbles strewn along a shore. Caligula said of Seneca's style that it was "sand without lime"; and the phrase applies as aptly to Seneca's thoughts, and those of aphorists in general, for it would be nearly as hopeless to recall any one of them through any other as to train a grain of sand by pulling its fellow. Huddled together, regardless of order or relation, pell-mell, the great law of association finds in them little or nothing to act on, and the reproductive faculty, by disuse, lapses toward the rudimentary state, if not into it. Emerson, who illustrates the faults as well as the merits of the

sententious race, lost his memory years before his death, while his physical health was still good, and the faculties that achieved his fame were still keen and bright; becoming so forgetful, it is said, that a member of his family usually accompanied him abroad to prevent him from forgetting the purpose of his going. This extraordinary effect calls obviously for some extraordinary cause, and one is not far to seek. The explanation is simple. His mental habits stood, as far as possible, aloof from the sovereign law of memory, and memory, disused, deserted him, while yet the heaven of his genius lay about him. He paid the full price of his quality.

And this is why one should not be surprised by his curious remark that Wordsworth, instead of starting out with a theory, like other poets, was careful to have none; when in fact Wordsworth, above all other poets, notoriously, did start out with a theory, avowedly wrote to exemplify his theory, and had a hard time in consequence of the theory, made harder, moreover, by his elaborate and obstinate defence of it against a literary world in arms; with all of which Emerson at one time must have been familiar, as set forth in Wordsworth's preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," and in the critical discussions current during his early manhood. But, under pressure of the aphoristic habit, the bottom of his memory dropped out, prematurely, and this, with other things, fell through. *Hinc illud erratum.*

Other items, far from slight, figure in the price of Emersonism, notably the extinction of the logical faculty; but, as the degeneracy of this faculty is a prime condition of Emersonism, the responsibility for making a finish of it is not perhaps worth mentioning in this relation. Nor is there need to mention any further item. Emersonism, at cheapest, fascinating though it be, is dear enough. It comes high; but, with minds of a certain cast, it must be had.

## THE RAMBLER.

DEAN and SON, 160 A, Fleet Street, London, have issued a book with the following introduction:—

Out with thee, Darkness! get thee behind;  
Where shall we Brightness and merriment find?  
Where? In the Nursery or in the School?  
Yes, in them both, but I think, as a rule,  
Chiefly at Home where, from every clime,  
Children are playing at holiday time.  
Buy "UNCLE DUMPIE," the book of the year,  
Read of his 12 "MERRIE MONTHS" of good cheer,  
There you see England, as bright as a pin;  
Here are the Publishers, and the way in!

"Brightest England and The Way In" is the additional motto, and it is the motto for us all this beautiful joyous weather, abjuring everything and everybody pessimistic. Notwithstanding "Darkest England and The Way Out," and in spite of cablegrams which announce little more than bacarat scandals and the vagaries of splenetic Radicals, we will believe a little good of the old land yet, a little high purpose, a little consistency, a little constancy. She rings true still notwithstanding the dissentient voices which would proclaim her infirm. All the same it is worthy of remark that in one or two directions modifications not to be desired are manifesting themselves in social and political circles. A correspondent who has unlimited privileges of observation and opportunity for making them writes out that the deterioration in the House of Commons of courtesy and etiquette is more and more noticeable. The style of diction has also undergone a subtle but emphatic change. Choice of words, fitness of allusion, power of illustration—all has declined, and it is even not unusual to listen to members who, being obliged to quote French, do so with a want of alertness and an absence of anything like a correct pronunciation which shows the insufficiency of their education. Unquestionably the standard of oratory has changed and it is an open question whether the standard of morality and dignity has improved. Polish has often been associated with a villain, as every reader of the old-fashioned novel knows, but all other things being equal a good man or a great scholar is not the worse for a little polish.

Indeed, it is remarkable what a great deal can be achieved sometimes through the force of *mere manner*, sometimes with manner added to ability. You never yet heard of a leading actress or *prima donna* apart from her manner. Manner is cultivated equally with the voice or the gesture, and perhaps when the voice, or the gesture is out of order, or not at hand to call upon, the manner becomes an excellent substitute. Hazlitt defined manner as the following: "What any person says or does is one thing, the mode in which he says or does it is another." Again, "the mode of conferring a favour is often thought of more value than the favour itself."

Great many gifted people, good-hearted people, wise and devout people, sensible and well-regulated people, are utterly devoid of manner. They may possibly possess the usual amount of good manners—but that is another pair of gloves entirely. Poor Charlotte Brontë, who surely knew everything that town etiquette demanded of her, yet contrived to be a very death's head at the famous London dinner at which Lord Houghton was presented to her by her literary godfather, Thackeray. She failed in manner. She was not at ease herself, and therefore communicated this lack of composure to the rest of the distinguished party asked to meet her. Many, many have been the like occasions when genius, alas! could not effect what medi-