

feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment. Was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster, at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the fathers of the church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a satanic school. I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his 'sizings.'"

A poem of Calderon's having been introduced, in conversation, he goes on:—

"Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly became oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analysed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretation of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were as marvellous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality, I no longer doubted his identity."

He describes the housekeeping and habits of Shelley minutely, and contrasts them with Byron's, much to the discredit of the latter. He dwells with much prolixity upon the circumstances of the funeral pyre, and the troubles he had with the sanitary police concerning it.

After Shelley's decease, he seems to have been used by Byron in various ways, and at last went to Greece with him. There they were separated, having joined different factions. He managed, however, to see Byron's corpse, and was guilty of a very little trick to get Fletcher, the faithful valet, to leave the room, so that he might have the opportunity to uncover the poet's remains in order to scrutinize his bodily defects. He makes a strong point of the fact, that both feet were deformed, and the legs withered to the knees, and mentions, evidently without feeling the rebuke, that Fletcher, on coming in, instantly covered his master's remains with care and trepidation. This act, and his publishing it after the lapse of forty-four years, places him beneath the meanness even of Boswell. The

fact of Byron's being lame, and feeling his lameness so morbidly, was so well-known, that minutely to inspect his dead body to be able to circumstantiate it, and to verify the extent, is a degree and kind of toadying on greatness that is revolting. The book will be read, and that largely, and deserves to be so, but the author will be decidedly condemned. Byron's whole treatment of Trelawney is well put, and the strictures upon the poet's character and actions, set Byron before us in another point of view. It is one of these phenomena, a book admired, while its author is despised.

In our present isolated state, our supplies of periodical literature are unluckily cut off at this season of the year, when we have most time and inclination to attend to it. The *Atlantic*, for February, however, has straggled thus far northwards. As usual, it is a good one, though there is more than the ordinary proportion of lighter reading in it, which is, we think, to be regretted. The present instalment of Holmes' new story should be peculiarly attractive to teachers. By the by, how the *physician* crops out in all his writings. Here is an instance:—

"His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkable broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned,—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl,—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulders like an epaulet,—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm,—or the hard-knotted *biceps*,—any of the great sculptural landmarks, in fact,—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon."

And again:—

"The Apollinean Institute, or Institut, as it was more commonly called, was, in the language of its Prospectus, a 'first class Educational Establishment.' It employed a considerable corps of instructors to rough out and finish the hundred young lady scholars it sheltered beneath its roof. First, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, the Principal and the Matron of the school. Silas Peckham was a thorough Yankee, born on a windy part of the coast, and reared chiefly on salt fish. Everybody knows the type of Yankee produced by this climate and diet: thin, as if he had been split and dried; with an ashen kind of complexion, like the tint of the food