

pale schoolmistress dressed in black with whom the Autocrat took such pleasant walks occasionally, after breakfast. There is also the landlady's daughter of whom I cannot forbear quoting the full description by the Autocrat :

"(Act 19 +) Tender-eye blonde, long ringlets, cameo pin, gold pencil case on a chain, locket, bracelet, album, autograph-book, accordeon, reads Byron, Tupper and Sylvanus Cobb, junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes' ? when you tell her anything."

An angular female in black bombazine, who, when the Autocrat soars too high for her, likes to stick a fact into him and bring him down a flight or two ; and the meek landlady who is like to be ruined with the price of beef, complete the feminine portion of the interesting company. There are besides, a rich old gentleman who sits opposite the Autocrat, and a divinity student of an earnest inquiring mind whom the Autocrat treats very kindly on the whole, even going so far as to tell the reader that he is a very nice young man (but that was one day when the divinity-student had paid him a very pleasant compliment.

I am terribly afraid that I sh^dll beforever convicted of a fondness for low company, if I confess to a decided liking for the saucy, punning, winking ! young fellow answering to the name of John. It is surely a case of one's feelings getting the better of one's judgment, but so it is. There is at least something honest in his impudent manner of interrupting the Autocrat's monologues, though I admit that the practical inferences he draws from the latter's profoundly philosophical remarks, are, to say the least, astonishing.

No one, I think, can accuse Holmes of not having availed himself of the unlimited range of subjects for conversation, which in his character of Autocrat he was at liberty to enlarge upon *à discretion*. He has touched on a variety of interesting questions as, science, literature, character, manners, and —love, (for of course he married the school-mistress) but he seems to have expended his greatest force and persuasion on all matters, bearing directly or indirectly upon our relations to one another and upon the duties and obligations, which are the outgrowth, I had almost said the penalties, of these relations. Very few men of the same mental *calibre*

as Oliver Wendell Holmes have been so deeply imbued as he with a real sense of brotherhood, for the race, of which after all, he forms but a single though important unit. This is the indestructible charm that underlies all his utterances. With far greater intellectual endowments than have sufficed to ruin many a brother author with vanity and egotism Holmes never once loses sight of the principle of true democracy.

I could multiply quotations from his books to illustrate this noble trait, but a few will suffice to reveal its extent and sincerity. We all know, that Holmes was by birth, education and natural sensibilities, a gentleman. Yet far from despising his fellow creatures, who do not share the privilege, hear what he says :

"It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow, so much worse than to inherit a humpback or a couple of club feet, that I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled souls, if I may use this expression, with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures. One who is born with such congenital incapacity that nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled, not to our wrath, but to our profoundest sympathy."

No one will question Dr. Holmes' reputation as an accomplished scholar and yet it was he who wrote these lines :"

"How sweetly and honestly, one said to me the other day, 'I hate books.' A gentleman, singularly free from affectations, not learned of course, but of perfect breeding, which is often so much better than learning, by no means dull, in the sense of knowledge of the world and of society, but certainly not clever either in the arts or sciences, his company is pleasing to all who know him. I did not recognize in him inferiority of literary taste, half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character and fearless acknowledgement of his inaptitude for scholarship. In fact, I think there are a great many gentlemen and others, who read with a mark to keep their place that really "hate books" but never had the wit to find it out nor the manliness to own it."

And then the Autocrat must have his laugh, so he writes in parenthesis : "*entre nous*, I always read with a mark."

Again it is he, the clever amusing talker, who speaks thus of his less favored brethren : "What a comfort a dull, but kindly per-