

contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being to

“Enter the sacred temple of his breast
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.”

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

DIRTY RAGS.

No words of ours can express our detestation of the foul and profligate sheets which, framed on the model of so-called Society journals, are being hawked about the streets; and we cannot regret that the subject of journalistic licentiousness should have been mooted in the House. But, while thus delivering our candid judgment on these literary prostitutes, we must also deprecate any interference with the liberty of the Press. It would be very easy, were the thin end of the wedge once introduced, to establish a Press censorship which would choke the expression of honest thought and help forward the cause of Imperialism. Such a weapon we dare not trust in the hand of any administration, nor, as a matter of fact, is it necessary to employ brickbats to crush black-beetles. Curiosity of the morbid sort induces yokels and maidens of the more adventurous variety to buy a species of literature which appeals to their prurient imaginations. Curiosity, too, and the love of the marvellous will prompt people who ought to know better to invest their pennies in downright dirt. Both classes, however, will soon weary of such miserable excitement as is afforded by photographs of cesspools. This style of garbage soon satiates, and then it becomes nauseating. We may take it for granted that if these sheets are left alone they will cease to find purchasers, in spite of flaring contents-bills and the yells of importunate boys in the chief thoroughfares. It is indeed difficult to stamp out vicious literature. There is a society in existence which has been essaying to effect this result for many long years, yet although it has expended capital and energy its success has been decidedly limited. There exists in this country, happily a strong current of moral sense, and we may reckon with certainty that men and women who will not condescend to sensual obliquity in the face of their fellows will not care to debauch their minds by depraved reading. The remedy, therefore, need not come from a paternal Government; and, above all, we cannot, because a few thousand disreputable sheets are artificially circulated in the metropolis, permit the fourth estate to be bitted and curbed. Dr. Magee well said that if he had to choose between a free people and a sober people he should select the former alternative; and on parallel lines, if we are to have the liberty of our publicists infringed upon because, forsooth, there is a little impropriety in certain little papers, we shall buy our Pecksniffianism in too dear a market.—*London Weekly Dispatch.*

“THE WATCH-DOG OF KNOWLEDGE.”

I have a sort of valet and factotum, an excellent respectable servant, whose spelling is so unvitiated by nonphonetic superfluities that he writes *night* as *nit*. One day, looking over his accounts, I said to him jocosely, “You are in the latest fashion with your spelling, Pummel: most people spell ‘night’ with a *gh* between the *i* and the *t*; but the greatest scholars now spell it as you do.” “So I suppose, Sir,” says Pummel; “I’ve see it with a *gh*, but I’ve no ways given into that myself.” You would never catch Pummel in an interjection of surprise. I have sometimes laid traps for his astonishment, but he has escaped them all, either by a respectful neutrality, as of one who would not appear to notice that his master had been taking too much wine, or else by that strong persuasion of his all-knowingness which makes it simply impossible for him to feel himself newly informed. If I tell him that the world is spinning round and along like a top, and that he is spinning with it, he says, “Yes, I’ve heard a deal of that in my time, Sir,” and lifts the horizontal lines of his brow a little higher, balancing his head from side to side as if it were too painfully full. Whether I tell him that they cook puppies in China, that there are ducks with fur coats in Australia, or that in some parts of the world it is the pink of politeness to put your tongue out on introduction to a respectable stranger, Pummel replies, “So I suppose, Sir,” with an air of resignation to hearing my poor version of well known things, such as elders show in listening to lively boys lately presented with an anecdote book. His utmost concession is, that what you state is what he would have supplied if you had given him *carte blanche* instead of your needless instruction; and in this sense his favourite answer is, “I should say.” “Pummel,” I observed, a little irritated at not getting my coffee, “if you were to carry your kettle and spirits of wine up a mountain of a morning your water would boil there sooner.” “I should say, Sir.” Or, “there are boiling springs in Iceland. Better go to Iceland.” “That’s what I’ve been thinking, Sir.” I have taken to asking him hard questions, and, as I expected,

he never admits his own inability to answer them without representing it as common to the human race. “What is the cause of the tides, Pummel?” “Well, Sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion; but if I was to give mine, it ‘ud be different.” But while he is never surprised himself he is constantly imagining situations of surprise by others. His own consciousness is that of one so thoroughly soaked in knowledge that further absorption is impossible; but his neighbours appear to him to be in the state of thirsty sponges which it is a charity to besprinkle. His great interest in thinking of foreigners is, that they must be surprised at what they see in England, and especially at the beef. He is often occupied with the surprise Adam must have felt at the sight of the assembled animals; “for he was not like us, Sir, used from a b’y to Wombwell’s shows.” He is fond of discoursing to the lad who acts as shoe-black and general subaltern, and I have overheard him saying to that small upstart, with some severity, “Now don’t you pretend to know, because the more you pretend the more I see your ignorance,”—a lucidity on his part which has confirmed my impression that the thoroughly self-satisfied person is the only one fully to appreciate the charm of humility in others.—“*Theophrastus Such*,” by *George Eliot*.

WHO ARE THE FREE?

Who are the free?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
And bowed in worship unto none but God;
They who have made the conqueror’s glory dim,
Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb;
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong—
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;
They who would change not with the changing hour,
The self-same men in peril and in power;
True to the law of right—as warmly prone
To grant another’s as maintain their own—
Foes of oppression wheresoe’er it be:—
These are the proudly free!

Who are the great?

They who have boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before;
Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun and weighed each distant star;
Pierced the dark depths of Ocean and of Earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth;
Repelled the pestilence—restrained the storm,
And given new beauty to the human form;
Wakened the voice of reason, and unfurled
The page of truthful knowledge to the world;
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,
Aroused each slumbering faculty of mind,
Taught us a thousand blessings to create:—
These are the nobly great!

Who are the wise?

They who have governed with a self-control,
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affection’s purer fires;
They who have pass’d the labyrinth of life,
With scarce one hour of weakness or of strife;
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart—
Learned in that lore which nature can impart;
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
Which sees the “silver lining” of the cloud;
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:—
These are the truly wise!

Who are the blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered good for more than custom’s sake;
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought—benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace:—
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love,—
Love for all moral power, all mental grace,
Love for the humblest of the human race,—
Love for the tranquil joy which virtue brings,—
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future and recall the past;
And with that hope which triumphs over pain,
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain,
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest:—
These are the only blest!

—*J. Critchley Prince.*