

Spanish sovereigns, allied in character, policy, and marriage, to reform abuses in the Church; and gives a vivid portraiture of the depopulation of England in the fifteenth century, from war and pestilence. The next article (on Canning) gives a succinct view of British politics under that brilliant but not very thorough statesman. Then follows one in which the writer sees wondrous beauties in some verses written in an uncouth dialect, but which beauties we cannot for the life of us discover. Next comes a fine article on novel writing, in which the writer bemoans himself that fiction is becoming a bore, and novels belie their name, by offering us nothing novel. There is truth in the complaint. The men who have piped so sweetly to this generation, are gone. The poor old opium-eater, who solaced us with his Klosterheim, and made us at home with Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, in their lake retreat, is gone. Learned Hallam is dead. Genial Leigh Hunt is also departed. Macaulay, whose history is as charming as the romance of any one else, and whose essays are better poetry than the verses of many respectable bards, has left us too—his great work unfinished—his title, earned so well, expiring with him. America, too, has had her bereavements. The mourning of England for De Quincey, she answers with her wail for Prescott; and the requiem of Irving echoes the dirge for Macaulay! Nor have they been alone this past year, so fraught with bereavement. Germany has lost Heine and Humboldt, and France De Tocqueville. Surely Death has been busy among the *literati*! Signs of decadence appear too among the living. Dickens has paled of late his wonted fire; and Thackeray, once so spicy, waxeth prosy. Lever has evidently long passed his meridian. Longfellow is writing twaddle, and has forgotten his own motto of *Excelsior*. 'Tis true, Bulwer maintains his ground, and even advances; Tennyson is waking up, and Eliot proves good metal; yet the want of sound literature of the day is sadly felt. The sententious Tupper attempts to mend matters, by writing a Middle Age novel, and succeeds apparently about as well as an elephant would a hornpipe.

From a work by a brother of Charles Kingsley, the reviewer culls some flowers, one of which is so good that we must copy from *his* copy. In it Kingsley thus describes his dog, with a true hunter's love:—

"With broad, intelligent forehead, with large loving hazel eyes, with a frill like Queen Elizabeth, with a brush like a fox; deep in the brisket, perfect in markings of black, white, and tan; in sagacity a Pitt, in courage an Anglesey, Rover stands first on my list, and claims to be king of Colley-dogs. In politics I should say Conservative of the high protectionist sort. Let us have no strange dogs about the place to grub up sacred bones, or we will shake out their frills and tumble them in the dust. Domestic cats may mioul in the garden at night to a certain extent, but a line must be drawn; after that they must be chased up trees and barked at, if necessary, all night. Opossums and native cats are unfit to cumber the earth, and must be hunted into holes, wherever possible. Cows and other horned animals must not come into the yard, or even look over the garden fence, under penalties. Black fellows must be barked at, and their dogs chased to the uttermost limits of the habitable globe. Such were the principal points of the creed subscribed to by Sam's dog Rover."

The articles on old Scotch University life, on Japan, and on Libraries, are good; that on Humane Inventions is excellent. In another article, the writer very properly laughs at the commentary-mania prevailing with regard to Shakspeare, among some would-be critics.

*Music*.—Among the songs we have heard of late, two have especially pleased us, and we would advise our lady-friends to try them. The first is a little melody, beginning, "River, river, gentle river!" The other is both written and composed by Charles Mackay, and the sentiment is so good, that we are tempted to insert it. If every lady in the land could sing such sentiments into the heart of brother,