

steady application, does the other disturb it with suggestions of a different kind, as by a strain of music or by a line of poetry. We may indulge simultaneously in two trains of thought, but never in three, for the simple reason that we have a double, but not a triple brain. So, in the pleasing operation of castle building, one hemisphere listens to the romance suggestions of the other, accepting them with gravity as if they were true, though very well knowing that its comrade is only telling its life.

"Whatever interferes with the absolute equality of the right and left portions of the brain, effects the working of the mind. A skilful performer on the piano must use both hands with equal ease, and in like manner there is an ambidexterity of the brain. The metaphorical expression, a well-balanced mind, has really a profound scientific meaning. But, for securing in such a delicate organ as this absolute symmetry, how favourable all the external circumstances must be! An intolerable heat, a rigorous cold, misery, want, a depressed social state, render it almost impossible.

"Such are some of the singular results of the separate operation of the two portions of the brain.

"An artisan can never display his skill if his tools be imperfect; the mind can never demonstrate its innate excellence through a faulty apparatus. And hence we see that all that has been said about the influence of climate in controlling the development of man bears powerfully on this point. Our pursuits, our feelings, our modes of thought, depend on the theatre in which we live.

"When a nation emigrates to a new country, the climate of which differs from that of the country it has left, it slowly passes through modifications, attempting, as it were, to adapt itself to the changed circumstances under which it has now to live. Many generations may be consumed before a complete correspondence between its physiological condition and the climate to which it is exposed is attained.

"To bring these general principles to bear on the special case of the inhabitants of the United States, it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of men."

Our author here gives a very graphic description of the topographical construction of the United States. In the Northern States between the coast of New England and the West, there are four "well-marked strands of climate." On the sea-board the temperature is moderated by the ocean; a little distance inland there is an excessive contrast between the seasons. Still farther on, the temperature is again moderated by the great lakes; and still beyond that, we meet with another excessive one. Turning to the Southern States, the temperature is found more equable. The oceans and the Mexican gulf control the heat, and the seasons glide into one another without much change. In Iowa the difference in the mean temperature is 56°, while in Florida it is only 12°. Our author considers that excessive climates conduce to the welfare of man—if so, we Canadians must be very prosperous, for surely we have an excessive climate. "For the proper development of the character of man," says Dr. Draper "a succession of seasons is necessary. The absence of summer is the absence of taste and genius, and when there is no winter loyalty is unknown." This is a very convenient way of accounting for the late rebellion, and it is evidently Dr. Draper's way, for a little farther on (page 89), he says:

"And here I can not help making the remark, that whoever accepts these principles as true, and bears in mind how physical circumstances control the deeds of men, as it may be said, in spite of themselves, will have a disposition to look with generosity on the acts of political enemies. Even when in madness they have rushed to the dread arbitrament of civil war—a crime in the face of which all other crimes are as nothing—and brought upon their country immeasurable woes, he will distinguish the instrument from the cause, and, when he has overpowered, will forgive.

"Philosophy alone can raise man to that grand elevation which enables him to perform acts that centuries will admire. Philosophy alone can place him

"Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
Above the reach of flattery's baleful breath
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

Whatever influence this work may have upon the future policy of the United States, there can be no doubt, although the author does not appear to notice

it, that the policy lately pursued by the Republic is in direct contradiction to its teachings. He declares that the teaching of history from the earliest ages proves that an equableness of climate produces a sameness of ideas and interests; that the climate in the Southern States is more equable than in the North, that in the South "the pursuits of men have a greater sameness, their interests are more identical, they think and act alike," and significantly adds—

"In a restricted locality there may therefore be a sameness in the population; but in a vast continent, where there are all kinds of climate, there will inevitably be all kinds of modified men; their thoughts and their actions must necessarily be diverse. To unite them under one government becomes, then, proportionally more and more difficult.

Our author evidently considers the subjugation of the South a mistake, he looks upon nations as "groups of men" (page 13), whose pursuits have a sameness whose interests are somewhat identical, who think and act alike, and this he says can only be the case in a restricted country, as the South, and not "in a vast continent where there are all kinds of climate." Dr. Draper is too bold a thinker and too close an observer not to see the mistake his countrymen have made, but he very naively escapes the unpleasant task of telling them so by saying;

"But now, if there be a point on which America as a nation has come to an irrevocable resolve, it is that one government alone shall hold sway on this continent. Then let us look the physical difficulty plainly in the face. Though formidable, it is not insuperable."

The mistake made has placed the nation in difficulties which, though formidable, are not insuperable. The remedy pointed out by our author, when placed side by side with the evil, or, rather, with the cause of the evil, seems ridiculous. Formidable difficulties have been created by compelling two peoples, with essentially different pursuits and interests, and who cannot, under the natural controlling law, even think alike, to live under the same government, to form the same nation, and the remedy for these difficulties, the only remedy which makes them not insuperable, is to induce the people of both sections to live a sort of nomadic life, to keep constantly travelling from one place to another, so as to create a kind of artificial equalization in the climate; or, in other words, as the common government cannot produce the necessary atmospheric influences in all parts of the "vast continent," as it cannot produce a "succession of seasons" necessary to begot and foster loyalty, it is gravely recommended to cart the inhabitants from one district to another, for the purpose of submitting them to a "loyal" temperature. This is to be accomplished by increasing the facilities for locomotion, and will, no doubt, be instrumental in converting the inhabitants of "the vast continent" into a homogeneous family of happy Republicans.

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*

JILTING is one of those offences against society which, however common or fashionable, is not the less reprobated by all who are animated by the finer feelings of our nature, the more so that amongst the most sensitive classes those who offend in this way are not generally visited with any open or legal punishment. What wonder, then, that we should be asked, Can we forgive one who has discarded, without any offence on their part, two lovers whom she had accepted, and one of them on two different occasions? Still, on reading Mr. Trollope's book, we almost feel a sort of inclination to throw the question back upon him in an altered form, and ask, Can you not forgive her? One great beauty in the writings of our author is the clearness with which he sets before us the emotions and feelings of his characters, which is peculiarly necessary in treating of this particular offence.

In his "Small house at Allington" he describes how Lilly Dale could endure to be deserted by her faithless lover Crosbie; how poor Johnny Eames endured his silent love for Lilly before his promotion to her own rank, and what were his feelings under the disappointment of being refused by her when he rose to a good position, and her own friends and great relations so earnestly wished her to marry him; and now we have the private feelings of Alice Vavasor, worthy John Gray, wild George Vavasor, and the other characters who figure in this volume. He gives us a pic-

* "Can You Forgive Her?" By Anthony Trollope. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

ture of real life, without much sensation or romance, and admirable delineations and contrasts of character in the persons of George Vavasor, Fitzgerald, &c.

All Alice Vavasor's troubles arise from her want of domestic affection, having no idea that the greatest of all earthly happiness is to be found within the family circle: that charity begins at home, and that they advance most the interests of society who attend first and most earnestly to their own household. She would marry all who proposed to her and still be troubled with solemn impressions that she was not making the best use of her life, but as she could not marry over one, she no sooner became engaged to one, than she thought she had done wrong, and wished the engagement broken off, as the best means of promoting the real happiness of herself and lover. In this way she nearly loses all chance of putting her life to any good use, or making any one happy.

The manner in which Mr. Trollope makes Alice free herself from one engagement and enter upon another, and the dialogues and letters with which he has embellished his story, are admirable and life-like, if we may be allowed the expression. Yet when we have finished reading his works, we always feel disappointed at something.

In the "Small house at Allington," Lilly Dale and John Eames are both left alone with their own peculiar sorrows, whilst we had all along felt sure she would at last forget the faithless Crosbie marry Johnny, and find in him one in every way worthy of her love. In a similar way George Vavasor, Burgo Fitzgerald and others in this story are disposed of in the most summary manner, without our having the least chance of ever knowing what became of them. In fact, we feel, when reading his books, as if we were spending the time pleasantly in company with friends; and when finished, that we are obliged to leave them at the very moment when our sympathy for, and interest in, them are deepest.

HAZ-BEN-ADN TO HIS PIPE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Mocreschum—the substance out of which pipes bearing the name are formed—is supposed to be produced from the foam of the Euxine, hence the German name Mocreschum, sea-foam; in French *écume de mer*.

Come to my lips, thou foam-born flower
Of the dark-waved, deep Euxine;
Thou fountain of incense, sweeter far
Than the banquet of bees, I ween;
Thou well of delight, let me always drink
From thy fond and fragrant flow,—
Thou wizard that raisest before my sight
The ghosts of the Long Ago,
That come up on the wreaths you waft around,
With smiles on their brows of snow,
And bright as the dew-bathed lilies
That turn pale at the beauty they show,
When the melting moon of a mid-summer night
Walks the skies to see them blow.

Time hath woven, through locks once black as
night,

Full many a silvery thread;
And clearer before me day after day
Is the Land of the Twilight spread.
Come hither, my pipe, and thou and I
In the Past will a while sojourn;
Where the fairest rose-tree grow we will find
The cypress enshrouding an urn.
Alas! that pleasure's torch should go out,
And the lamp of memory burn!
Alas! that the idols youth set on high
We should come to despise and spurn!
Oh to banish those fends of remembrance
That they never might return!

Let metasto thee, thou bloom of the ocean's breath
Ah, how sweetly thy perfume smells!
As sweet as the flowers whose red lips met
Over Eden's rivers and dells.
From thy bowl, brown as Arab maiden's cheek,
What clouds of delight arise!
How they float and fall like a houri's robes,
In the airs of Paradise.
And the while thy fire burns lower still,
Like a warm heart wasting in sighs.
For some darling passion that fed its flame
Then fled as the Simoom flies—
I muse, till stars twinkle me greeting
From the threshold of the skies.

S. J. W.