

"Florio, a mettled spark of great volubility of speech," and "Sophronio, of riper years and fewer words," upon the "Inconveniences of hoop-petticoats." Concludes "Florio"—we can imagine with what flourish of his musk-scented handkerchief:

Go on, then, adorable creatures! to cherish and improve an ornament every way praiseworthy. Suffer not yourselves to be persuaded to your downfall by those who would undermine your main support. Suspect the articles of such as would narrow your foundation, and resolve to maintain the establishment of your charms upon a wide-spreading bottom to the last.

Turning from the insincerities of this flippant youth, back to March and April, we come upon the event of the year, "The Tryal of Simon, Lord Lovatt, before his Peers, at Westminster Hall." In grand and dignified phrase, the seven days' story of treachery is told:

After sentence was pronounced, the Lord Steward, standing up, broke his staff, and declared his commission void. Then Lord Lovatt desired the Lords to recommend him to His Majesty's mercy, and said to the managers of the Commons, "*I hope as ye are stout ye will be merciful,*" and going from the bar, said, "*God bless you all; I wish you an everlasting farewell, for we shall never meet again in this place.*"

He was to be beheaded on the seventh day of the next month, but the *Gentleman's Magazine* refers to that fact only by the vaguely polite statement that "we shall have further occasion to mention the noble Lord." What admirable restraint! No capitals, no details, no sensation! It is a pity that the "Tryal of Simon, Lord Lovatt," could not be extensively reprinted, and every newspaper in the land supplied with a copy.

Our taste being thoroughly vitiated by modern journalistic processes, we must really discover how Simon, Lord Lovatt, comported himself upon the occasion of his execution.

At eight, says Mr. Urban, he desired that his wig might be sent that the barber might have time to comb it out genteely, and provided himself with a purse to hold the money which he intended for the executioner.

Was ever known a more lamentable exhibition of coxcombry, or a more remarkable "tip"? A pretty wit had his traitorous lordship, too, for as he "was going up the steps to the scaffold, assisted by two wardens, he looked round, and seeing so great a concourse of people, '*God save us* (says he), *why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old gray head that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it.*'"

"*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori,*" quoted he, standing there with his past and his coffin, and the last man that was to do him a service upon the earth. And Mr. Urban tells us that some ready fellow, hearing afterward of the misappropriation of Horace, instantly replied:

With justice may Lovatt this adage apply,
For the good of their country all criminals die.

But surely we did not mean, when we set out upon this idle jaunt, that it should terminate in the gloomy vicinity of the Tower! Standing in its shadow, looking up, we are conscious of a sense of congratulation that for us it has lost, in part, its grim significance. Hastening out of it to the light and warmth that belongs to our own day, we are less than ever disposed to envy Lord Tennyson his disposition to dwell in it.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THE Days of Evangel appear,
In old, blessed order of seven;
The Week of the Lord in the year,
The Times of the Kingdom of Heaven,

is the gently-solemn quatrain that Adeline D. T. Whitney prefixes to her songs of "Holy Tides," which come to us in the delicate cream-tinted, artistically lettered paper form so much affected by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company for their shorter, lighter publications. Very sweet and pure and high is the inspiration of these verses of Mrs. Whitney's. Their melody is clear and rippling, and the thought beneath seems the spontaneous overflow of a rare and beautiful spirituality. Of how the angels keep Easter she ponders thus:

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone;
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in their way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only seem so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are

Another of these little volumes, issued by the same press and to be had of the same booksellers (Williamson and Company), is Celia Thaxter's "Cruise of the *Mystery*, and Other Poems." Quite different is the key and the gamut of this lyrist, so different as to be out of all comparison with the better known singer, whose book accompanies Miss Thaxter's. It is as if we had stepped out of cathedral precincts, and the sound of the voice of a modern St. Cecilia, into an orchestra choir and the trilling presence of an operatic star. The comparison will not, doubtless, depreciate the value of Miss Thaxter's verse in the minds of a great many people; and, indeed, it is very gracefully sentimental, sparkles here and there, and deserves well of even a Boston drawing-room table. Very much *à la mode* it all is, with birds and blossoms and golden hours, and Love and Truth and Beauty, all in capitals,—what shall we quote? This, perhaps, as well as any:

Thy own wish wish I thee. What dost thou crave?
All thy dear hopes be thine, whate'er they be.
A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave;
I wish thee Wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.

Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful year,
A breeze of morning breathes about her brows;
She holds thy storm and sunshine, bliss and fear,
Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs.

She brings thee gifts. What blessings wilt thou choose?
Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above,
The one immortal joy thou canst not lose
Is Love! Leave all the rest, and choose thou Love!

So successful and so voluminous a writer for girls is Mrs. Whitney that the mere announcement of her latest book, "Homespun Yarns," is quite enough to inspire the public with confidence to go and buy it. There is a salty flavour about the title of the volume which is not to be perceived in its contents. Having said this, and also that the stories are more than usually brimming with happy thought and expression, that, as usual, there is not a dull page, or a page that has not its own tactful moral lesson to teach, we may safely leave "Homespun Yarns" to the appreciation of Mrs. Whitney's large and enthusiastic youthful audience. (Toronto: Williamson and Company.)

THE "Addresses" which Mr. James Russell Lowell has bound up into his latest volume are upon "Democracy," which gives the book its title, "Garfield," "Stanley," "Fielding," "Coleridge," "Books and Libraries," "Wordsworth," "Don Quixote," and "Harvard Anniversary." Perhaps this brief indication of the contents of the bill of fare is all the reader will require to stimulate his palate and his imagination into lively anticipation of the banquet of which it gives him foreknowledge. The foreknowledge itself, however, while an admirable whet, is by no means to be depended upon. Given the subject of his discourse, less can be predicated of Mr. Lowell than of almost anybody, as to what he will say. The angle at which he will approach his subject, the lines upon which he will elaborate it, are simply not to be guessed. We know how he will talk—with what dignity that never stiffens, with what ease that never lounges, with what delicately flavoured irony that never leaves in the mouth the bitter taste of sarcasm. And "Democracy," as usual, justifies our faith in its author.

It is an unfortunate fact in Mr. Lowell's case that any criticism of him must necessarily compare him to himself. It would have been indeed a mournful circumstance had the poet and philosopher whose "Study Windows" revealed so much to him turned from them to look no more, with the intent of a scribe, upon his summer and his winter garden, and all the walks and ways of his fellow-men. But in continuing to look and write, Mr. Lowell has the disadvantage of his former point of view.

Which is simply to say, that these addresses, delightful as they are, fall somewhat behind Mr. Lowell's earlier work in carefulness of plan, and one or two other respects. As might be expected, preparation for delivery at banquets or a convocation is more evident than that which Mr. Lowell usually bestows upon his work when it is intended for a wider public. It is as though endeavour lagged somewhat at the heels of achievement. With such tardiness in Mr. Lowell's case, however, it would be the blackest ingratitude to be impatient. The book is published in Boston, by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto, Williamson and Company.

In her "Home Life of Great Authors," published in Chicago, by A. A. McClurg and Company, Miss Hattie Tyng Griswold avows her purpose to be, not the instruction of "the special student of literary biography, who is already familiar with the facts here given, but rather for those busy people who have little time for reading, yet wish to know something of the private life and personal history of their favourite authors." As the number of these "busy people" seems constantly on the increase, as leisure for excursions into literature seems more and more incompatible with the other and stronger demands of the age, the reason Miss Griswold embodies in her modest preface is probably quite sufficient for the existence of her equally