

Good bye! I must l'arn to creep into your barn ;  
Suck your eggs ; hide away ;  
Sneak around like a hound—light a match in your hay—  
Limp away through the gray !

Yes, I limp—curse these stones! And then my old bone.—  
They were riddled with ball  
Down at Shiloh. What you? You war wounded thar, too?  
Wall, you beat us—that's all.

Yet even my heart with a stout pride will start  
As I tramp. For you see,  
No matter which won, it was gallantly done,  
And a glorious American victory.

What, kind words and bread? God smiles on your head!  
On your wife, on your babies!—and please, sir, I pray  
You'll pardon me, sir; but that fight trenched me here,  
Deep—deeper than sword-cut that day.

Nay, I'll go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre* \* \* \* You  
Have Augustus for friend,  
While I—Yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek;  
And talk slang without end.

Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry for men  
Rang out through the gathering night,  
As a mother that cries for her children and dies,  
We two hurried home for the fight

How noble, my brother, how brave—and—but there—  
This tramping about som-how weakens my eyes.  
At Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood—  
It's a graveyard to-day, I surmise.

Yes, we stood to the last! And when the strife passed  
I sank down in blood at his side,  
On his brow, on his breast—what need tell the rest?—  
I but knew that my brother had died.

What! wounds on your breast? Your brow tells the rest?  
You fought at my side and you fell?  
You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,  
On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne  
Knew a joy like this brought to me.  
God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern wife,  
And your beautiful babes, two and three.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is a large land-owner, with muscular arms, long, broad, flat, and heavy feet, and an iron jaw that holds fast whatever it seizes upon.

His estate, which he adds a little piece to day by day, consists of the British Isles, to which he has given the name of *United Kingdom*, to make folks believe that Ireland is attached to him; the Channel Islands; the fortress of Gibraltar, which enables him to pass comfortably through the narrowest of straits; and the islands of Malta and Cyprus that serve him as advanced sentinels in the Mediterranean. When he has Constantinople, which he claims as his due, he will be satisfied with his slice of Europe.

In Egypt, he is more at home than ever; in that country he can rest on his oars for the present. He took good care not to invent the Suez Canal; on the contrary, he moved heaven and earth to try and prevent its being made. Yet behold him now, as a shareholder, casting his round covetous eyes upon it!

At the extremity of the Red Sea, at Aden, he can quietly contemplate that finest jewel in his crown, the Indian Empire; an Empire of two hundred and forty millions of people, ruled by princes covered with gold and precious stones, who black his boots, and are happy.

On the West Coast of Africa, he possesses Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, Lagos, Ascension, St. Helena, where he kept in chains the most formidable monarch of modern times. In the South, he has the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Zululand; and he is *Protector* of the Transvaal. In the East, the Island of Mauritius belongs to him.

In America, he reckons among his possessions Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, Jamaica, part of Honduras, the Island of Trinidad, English Guiana, Falkland, etc.

Correctly speaking, Oceania belongs to him entirely. New Zealand is twice as large as England, and Australia alone covers an area equal to that of almost the whole of Europe.

With the exception of a few omissions, more or less important, such are John Bull's assets.

He has acquired all this territory at the cost of relatively little bloodshed; he keeps it with an army considerably inferior in numbers to that of any of the other Great Powers, and partly composed of the refuse of society, in spite of which I am not aware that at the present moment any of John's possessions are the least in danger.

"But what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" says Scripture. This is just what John Bull thought, and so in the other world he has knocked down to himself the kingdom of heaven—in his eyes as incontestably a British possession as India or Australia.

The French fight for glory; the Germans for a living; the Russians to divert the attention of the people from home affairs; but John Bull is a reasonable, moral and reflecting character: he fights to promote trade, to maintain peace and order on the face of the earth, and the good of man-

kind in general. If he conquers a nation, it is to improve its condition in this world and secure its welfare in the next: a highly moral aim, as you perceive. "Give me your territory, and I will give you the Bible." Exchange no robbery.

John is so convinced of his intentions being pure and his mission holy, that when he goes to war and his soldiers get killed, he does not like it. In newspaper reports of battles, you may see at the head of the telegrams: "Battle of . . . So many of the enemy killed, so many British massacred."

During the Zulu war, the savages one day surprised an English regiment, and made a clean sweep of them. Next day, all the papers had: "Disaster at Isandula; Massacre of British troops; Barbarous perfidy of the Zulus." Yet these excellent Zulus were not accused of having decoyed the English into a trap: no, they had simply neglected to send their cards to give notice of their arrival, as gentlemen should have done. That was all. It was cheating. As a retaliatory measure, there was a general demand in London for the extermination of the enemy to the last man. After all, these poor fellows were only defending their own invaded country. The good sense of England prevailed, however, and they were treated as worsted belligerents. England, at heart, is generous: when she has conquered a people, she freely says to them: "I forgive you." Above all things she is practical. When she has achieved the conquest of a nation, she sets to work to organize it; she gives it free institutions; allows it to govern itself;† trades with it; enriches it, and endeavours to make herself agreeable to her new subjects. There are always thousands of Englishmen ready to go and settle in such new pastures, and fraternize with the natives. When England gave her Colonies the right of self-government, there were not wanting people to prophesy that the ruin of the Empire must be the result. Contrary to their expectation, however, the effect of this excellent policy has been to bind but closer the ties which held the Colonies to the mother-country. If England relied merely upon her bayonets to guard her empire, that empire would collapse like a house of cards; it is a moral force, something far more powerful than bayonets, that keeps it together.

England's way of utilising her Colonies is not our way. To us they are mere military stations for the cultivation of the science of war. To her they are stores, branch shops of the firm "John Bull & Co." Go to Australia—that is, to the antipodes of London—you will, it is true, see people eating strawberries and wearing straw hats at Christmas: setting aside this difference, you will easily be able to fancy yourself in England.

The Spaniards once possessed nearly the whole of the New World; but, their only aim being to enrich themselves at the expense of their Colonies, they lost them all. You cannot with impunity suck a Colony's blood to the last drop.

It is not given to everyone to be a Colonist.

John Bull is a Colonist, if ever there was one. This he owes to his singular qualities,—nay, even to defects which are peculiarly his own.—*From Max O'Rell's John Bull and his Island.*

\* You will find in England people who will tell you that Nelson was assassinated at the Battle of Trafalgar.

† Not only have the Colonies their own parliaments, but they have their ambassadors in London, who, under the name of Agents-General, watch over their interests. These Agents-General are usually ex-ministers of the Colonies.

## PERIODICALS.

THE *Continent* for December 19th opens with a charming paper by Helen Campbell, with admirable and characteristic illustrations drawn by Howard Pyle. There is an unusually good poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, entitled "To Maud—At Sea in Autumn." Orpheus C. Kerr contributes chapters xvi. and xvii. of his Bornean novel, of which, just now, the hero seems to be "Oshonsee" the man-ape. Oshonsee and his master, the eccentric naturalist, Dr. Hedland, are engrossing more than their legitimate amount of attention, we cannot but think. Chapter xvii. is an extremely learned chapter. There is an interesting article on "Newspapers in India," by T. K. Hauser, and a bright short sketch by Patience Thornton, of which the hero is a celestial, by name Yik Kee. The editorial department, "Migma," is particularly vigorous and valuable. It contains a very amusing piece of "condensed correspondence."

THE January *Atlantic* opens with the first instalment of a new novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, entitled "In War Times." The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and the story gives promise already of some fine and vivid characterization. Of course the first thing one turns to is "The Roman Singer," which is, as it has been from its beginning, the most charming novel of the day. Mr. Lathrop's "Newport" in this instalment contains deep feeling and genuine pathos, when it tells of the death of the child. As for Octavia, she mystifies us completely; and we fail to see what Oliphant can do but despise her thoroughly. Mr. Lathrop's purpose does not yet disclose itself. There is an article by Mr. Henry James upon one whom we may almost call his master, though unlike in many respects—Tourguéneff. "The Bishop's Vagabond" is a very readable short story by Octave Thanet, describing a bit of the motley life at the health resort of Aiken, South Carolina. Mr. Richard Grant White contributes a sequel to his