

ever allowed to make such a book, or where the schoolmaster was educated who even dreamed of putting such a book into the hands of his pupils. No human mortal could get up this book; you would have to put a committee on it. This committee should consist of a member of the Statistical Society, the Editor of the Statesman's Year Book, a Blue-Book compiler, and one or two Globe-trotters. Lock up this committee in a quiet country-house for five years, give them regular exercise, intercept all letters and telegrams, let their meals be always punctual and their rooms well aired—and they might be able—jointly, but not severally—to stand an examination on this Senior Geography. It is possible that a person might have, in addition to the few friends that hold on to one through life, acquaintances besides to the number of twelve thousand. But what a nuisance it would be if these twelve thousand acquaintances were to take to calling on one, to ringing the bell, to leaving their cards, and to taking care that nothing more was known of them but their names. But this is almost exactly the geographical conduct of the writer I am speaking about. He serves up the tea leaves in immense quantities: for the educative or inspiring part of geography, he cares little or nothing.

But it may be said that there is a great deal of interesting information in this Geography. So there is. But there is also a great deal of gritty gossip, like the following:—

Epinal is noted for making lace.

Furness for an active trade in cattle.

Flenzburg for an active general trade.

Modon (in Greece) for a few remains of antiquity.

Lynn (in the U. S.) for sea-bathing and shoes.

Burg for woollens, glue and snuff.

Now I submit this is not mental food

at all; that it is the mere gatherings of the geographical chiffonier; that it bears no resemblance to science or to connected thought, but looks rather like a distant cousin of the "Groves of Blarney." You remember the well-known lines:—

'Tis there the kitchen hangs many a sitch in,
With the maids a-stitchin' upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and whisky,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing praties forment the door,
With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood-relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

This is just as connected and just as educative as the Geography we have been looking at; it has the advantage of being vastly more agreeable.

I will draw to a close this criticism on the teaching of mere names by reading you an Eastern story, which almost seems to anticipate our dry-as-dust procedure in the matter of Geography:—

"An Eastern monarch made a proclamation that, if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail—that is, if the story should come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off. For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared, and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could; you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end, and one after another the unlucky story-tellers came to an end also.

"At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last for ever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was