

marks (about £150,000). He embarked at Southampton on the 11th of August, 1415, with an army of 15,000 men, and landed at Havre. Just before his departure he discovered a plot against him, and the Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, and Lord Seroop were executed. In the course of a few weeks he took Harfleur; but soon afterwards great sickness broke out in the English army, so that not more than a fourth part were able to bear arms, and they were nearly starved; yet, on the 24th of October, 1415, he encountered an immense army of the French at Agincourt, in Picardy. Henry himself fought very bravely, and was nearly killed; and though the French outnumbered the English by more than five to one, they were defeated, with a loss of many eminent warriors and about 10,000 common soldiers. In 1417, Henry again invaded Normandy, and took many important towns; but in October, 1419, a peace was made, and Henry married Katharine, the French king's daughter, in June, 1420. The war, however, broke out again, and in 1421 there was another invasion by the king. He was again very successful, and entirely subdued the country, but was taken with a sudden illness, and died, leaving the Duke of Bedford regent in France, and the Duke of Gloucester regent in England. — *Kings and Queens of England.*

"A Snow Piece."

BY MRS. E. SHERMAN SMITH.

Lightly and merrily,
Swiftly and steadily,
Down comes the snow-shower all the day long;
Bright eyes have looked for it,
Young hearts have sighed for it;
Now it is welcomed with laughter and song.

Earnestly watching it,
Eagerly catching it,
Fair little faces and hands reach'd forth,
Childhood and youth can see—
In the white mystery—
Radiant visions of frolic and mirth.

Traversing fields of space,
Running a joyous race,
Beautiful flake after flake flutters down,
Each one a perfect flower,
Nurtured in starry bow'r,
Each a gem from some angel's bright crown.

From their cloud palaces,
Faster and faster, these
Delicate children of Winter and Rain
Come upon airy wings,
Come, till all earthly things
Gleam in pure robes, without blemish or stain.

Whiter and whiter still
Grows every roof and sill;
Whiter the domes late so grim and so brown.
Strange is the spectacle!
Chang'd, as by miracle,
Into a fairy-land seems all the town.

Lo! upon the leafless trees,
Waved by the wintry breeze,
Phantoms of summer's dead garlands appear,
Twining and clinging there,
Pallidly smiling there,
Waking soft dreams of a season more dear

Now, at the twilight hour,
Ceases the snowy show'r;
Listen! already the tuneful bells chime!
Soon will the rich and gay
Speed on their merry way,
Thankful and glad for the carnival time.

But as the night comes down
Cold over all the town,
Many a heart sinks with terror and woe;
Many a heavy sigh,
Many a tearful eye
Greets the chill prospect of Darkness and Snow.

Ye who in happy homes
Stoile when the snow-show'r comes,
Think of the sad ones who weep at its fall;
Think, think how pitiful
Object so beautiful
Should, like a spectre, the needy appall!

Pray for these hapless ones;
Give to these suffering ones;
Dry the sad tear-drops that freeze as they flow;
Mercy and Charity
Smooth Life's disparity;
Warm the poor hearts chill'd by Winter and Snow.

— *The Catholic.*

Influence of the Great Reviews in Creating Literature.

It is a fact worthy of special notice that the great reviews—the quarterly reviews particularly—have been in modern times, and since they first appeared, the chief creators and promoters of literature. They have, both in Great Britain and America, raised up a galaxy of fine writers in works of imagination, poetry, history, politics, and philosophy. This truth may not be seen so readily, perhaps, by people generally as by the literary man or the student of literary history. The influence of the daily journals is more generally perceived and acknowledged. But, though the reviews have a limited circulation comparatively to that of the newspapers, or even to some of the magazines, they are read by scholars and carefully studied by writers. . . .

We refer particularly to the British and American reviews; for, while the French, German, and other European nations have imitated these in a measure, they still hold the peculiar and high character claimed for them. In originality, analytical power, critical acumen, and classical taste, they have stood and yet stand pre-eminent. The *Edinburgh Review* may properly be called the progenitor of them all. The first number appeared October 10, 1802. Francis Jeffrey, a Scotch judge and famous critic and essayist, was the founder. It was at the social gatherings of Jeffrey and several other prominent young whigs, among whom were Brougham, Sydney Smith and Horner, that this review was suggested and planned. The remarkable ability with which it was conducted was soon perceived, and its power felt. It stirred up a host of able writers and antagonists. It fearlessly dissected the literary pretensions of the authors of that day, and it seemed to revel almost maliciously in the agony of its victims. If it were not always just it did very much to promote literature and the finest writing by its searching, bold, and scathing criticism. The attack on the "Odes and Epistles" of Moore led to a duel between that poet and Jeffrey. From the assault on Byron sprang his bitter response, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." A like war was waged for some time against Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. It was the ability and criticism thus displayed that sharpened the intellects and improved the writings of even those authors who were assailed. Had it not been for the *Edinburgh Review* these famous poets probably would never have become so great. Indeed, it was the creator chiefly of the literature of that day and long afterward.

The same remarks will apply to the *North American Review* and the literature of this country. This appeared fifteen years later than the *Edinburgh Review*. Boston, where the *North American* was published, became the seat of American literature from that time. In fact, this review had such an influence upon the New England mind that nearly all our American literature comes from that section of the country. Mr. Tudor, its first editor, was, like Jeffrey, an original thinker, a keen critic, and an able writer. Our school of poets, historians, and other authors, sprang from and was cultivated by this American review, just as that of Great Britain, referred to, arose from the establishment of Jeffrey's quarterly. Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Prescott, Bancroft, Channing, and others, were the natural product of the classic ability, criticism, and superior style of writing of the *North American*.

More recently—that is, about ten years ago—another American quarterly review was started. It followed the course of empire and population, and found its proper sphere in New York. A young Irishman, a fine classical scholar and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, though long a citizen of the United States and fully imbued with American ideas, is the presiding genius over this *National Quarterly Review*. This gentleman is Mr. Edward I. Sears. He commenced his career with the daily public press, and has now found, undoubtedly, the vocation for which he is well suited. His review shows that he has talents of the first order for the work. His mind is stored with the Greek and Roman classics, from which nearly all modern literature