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VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1871. No. 2.

THE THREE AGES.

THE AGE OF IGNORANCE, 476, A. D.——1000. A. D.

BY JOHN J. CAMERON, M. A.

(*First Paper.*)

THE ages sustain to each other a necessary causative relation. To attempt to understand any age by selecting and singling it out from those which precede and succeed it, is at once unsatisfactory, and in the highest degree unphilosophical. In order to understand the dispositions and habits of a child, we must consider the nature and extent of the influences which have been acting upon him from the time of his birth, and not until we do so are we in a position to judge him intelligently. So it is in the case of events and ages. To form a just estimate of the character of an age, we must view it as a link in a great chain which runs parallel with the history of the race, or as a part in a grand whole which embraces humanity in all its successive stages of development. Each age is the natural outcome of that which precedes it, and must be regarded as an effect whose cause must be sought in the forces and influences which were in operation before its appearance. The same principle holds good in respect of persons as of ages and events. To associate any striking event with some person as its cause, is unjust and partial, and is a necessary result of a narrow-minded view of things. For instance, it is usual to regard Luther as the author of the great religious Reformation of the sixteenth century, and Francis Bacon as the great reformer in science and philosophy. The error of such a method of treating events is very evident. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the inevitable result of influences which were in operation long before Luther appeared. Before his appearance upon the scene, the world had been preparing for him by a long course of previous training and discipline, so that when he came the age was ready to receive him, and to profit by his labours and instructions. The appearance of Francis Bacon, again, is associated in every mind with a remarkable change in the method of cultivating science and philosophy. Such a change, though visibly consummated in the age in which Bacon appeared, was the slowly acquired result of preceding centuries, during which influences were being continually exerted, and causes constantly

operative, the very remotest of which anticipated the new era which that illustrious philosopher inaugurated. In casting a glance over the past history of the race, we think we can recognize three ages through which we have passed, each of which is the necessary result of the one preceding, and may find its counterpart in the life of every individual. National life must find its corresponding stages in that of individual. The nation,—any nation is just an aggregate of individuals, and the influences which operate upon and impart character to the individual are the influences which operate upon all, and thus form a general character. The child comes into a world of which it knows nothing. Its novelty, the variety of objects presented to its vision, attracts its attention, and excites inquiry, while it, at the same time, inspires him with the liveliest emotions of wonder and delight. His whole being is alive, and his whole nature absorbed in present and passing impressions. His little mind is active, although its activity is of a peculiarly sensive character, its body is vigorous, every sense is exercised and directed to its legitimate object, and materials for after thought hourly and daily acquired. But through both periods of infancy and childhood it maintains the character of a mere observer,—of a mere sensive being. When the child arrives at youth, and approaches manhood, the novelty with which every object in nature was invested, gradually wears off, and he comes to regard them with an indifference which, a few years previous, would be unaccountable. External objects lose, to a great extent, their power of luring his attention and absorbing his thoughts. His mind has more internal activity, which is now fed from internal sources, which his previous years of observation have created. He begins to think, to reflect, and to examine the results of his former observations and experience. Before, he was a mere observer; now, he is a thinker; formerly, he was a sensive, now, he is a reflective being. A few years previous his perceptive faculties alone were exercised; now, his reflective are at work, and are fed by the material which the former has furnished. But the highest stage of development has not yet been attained; if he remain here, his situation is perilous, for death may quickly ensue from mere mental dyspepsia. The material for thought has been accumulated, food, capable of affording nourishment, has been procured, but digestion and assimilation are necessary before any good effects can be experienced. As food is taken into the body, not for the mere sake or pleasure of so doing, but that it may nourish and invigorate for active exertion, so has material for thought been accumulated, not for the mere sake of accumulation, but as a means to originate and govern action. He first observes, in order that he may think and speculate; he again, thinks and speculates in order that he may act. The two former stages through which he has passed must be regarded as means to the attainment of the third,—the perceptive and the reflective as ministering to the active principles of his nature, which manifest themselves in practical results. Exactly analogous is it in the case of national life. Every nation passes through three stages of development corresponding to these of the individual, each

of which may be identified with a certain period or age in the life of either. These three ages we may call, the age of Observation, the age of Speculation, and the age of Action. The rise of the present European nations dates from the year 476, A. D., when the barbarous races of northern Europe, whose original home was Tartary, rolled down in successive tides, and swept Roman arms and civilization before them. Rome, the eternal city, which had for centuries held the proud position of mistress of the world, and the very focus of light and civilization, was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of barbarian arms. The luxurious habits and vicious indulgences of her citizens and soldiers, engendered only effeminacy and idleness, which could offer but a feeble resistance to a race of hardy barbarians, excelling in physical strength, although unskilled in the art of war. The downfall of Rome is an event in history pregnant with meaning. It means not only the destruction of one of the most powerful empires, and the most renowned people of antiquity, but the extinction of literature and the death of civilization. The Roman people, the extent of whose conquests, and whose prowess in arms were wont to inspire the hearts of the surrounding nations with terror, soon began to manifest all the symptoms of decay and approaching extinction, and all that was lofty in literature and noble in art seemed destined to be consigned to a similar fate. New races appear upon the scene, — upon the ashes of Rome, and upon the ruins of Roman art and civilization springs up, as it were, phœnix-like, a new and vigorous life, which, perpetuating its existence to the present day, is destined to extend its influence to all who will come after us,—life begins anew, and the periods of infancy, youth and manhood must be passed through. Knowledge is to be re-acquired, and Nature again subjected to observation and inspection. The accumulated mental wealth of centuries was of little estimation in the eyes of barbarous races, whose tastes were more sensual than intellectual, and whose habits more observant than reflective. The determined hostility which these barbarous tribes exhibited towards Roman literature and art, has been perpetuated by our language in the word Vandal, one of the most powerful of the tribes, and which now means any person who manifests an excessive hostility to the arts and sciences. This new life, whose current we intend to follow, and whose development we are about to indicate, dates its birth from the year in which the Roman Empire was overthrown by the barbarians of the North, chief among whom were the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns, who now become masters of Europe, and from whom the modern European nations have descended. This date is generally admitted to be the year 476, A. D., from which time Europe began a new life, passing successively through the stages of infancy, youth and manhood, and displaying in its history all the features which we usually associate with these periods. The most striking features which distinguish infancy from the other periods, are the predominant, though subordinate exercise of the faculty of observation, co-existent with a state of ignorance and credulity. Now, if we study carefully the most striking features of

the first five centuries following the downfall of Rome, we shall find these features truthfully exhibited. The end of this period, terminating the age of Observation, will bring us down nearly to the time of Roscelin, whose rise inaugurates a new period, and harbinges a more advanced stage of development. Some time had elapsed before the barbarians became settled; they had long been accustomed to roving, and custom had formed in them an aversion to settled life. Wave after wave kept rolling down from the north; tribe after tribe mingled and blended with each other. The Goths settled down in Italy, the Vandals found a home in Spain, the Franks in France, and the Saxons in Britain. The most important event following their settlement, was their ready adoption of Christianity, which up to this time had been but slowly progressing, assailed, as it was, on all sides by Roman intolerance and persecution. But now, a brighter day dawned, and the influence of the Church henceforth becomes powerful and far-reaching. The Goths were the first to embrace Christianity, the other barbarous tribes speedily followed. The event is not difficult to explain. A belief in a presiding divinity is natural to an untutored and barbarous mind, the powers of Nature are so many divinities who originate effects and order all events. A mysterious presence haunts every grove and sanctifies every meandering stream. Observation ministers to wonder, natural events to adoration. The thunder storm, rending the heavens, inspires with childish fear, for it is the terrible voice of an angry God pouring out his vials of wrath,—a clear day suggests his approving smile. Fear is natural to childhood; it is equally so to barbarism. The emotions are the first in the order of development, and exercise a most powerful influence, when reason is but feeble and undeveloped. Imagination, again, which is also developed at a comparatively early stage, feeds the emotions, while the observation of facts is subordinated to both. The infancy of a nation or nations largely partakes of a religious or emotional character. Under this character all facts are interpreted, and every event or occurrence but serves to strengthen and deepen it. The rational mind, at this stage, being extremely susceptible and pliant, can be more easily brought over to whatever beliefs we desire to impose upon it, and more readily submits to the influences of persuasion and authority. The races are yet in their childhood, and as children,—helpless and inexperienced,—they must receive counsel and be taught to obey. The Church was their teacher and counsellor. Over these young and vigorous races its influence was parental and their obedience and submission childlike and filial. The grave and awful responsibility of educating these young races at this time was committed to the Church; we shall see how true or false she proved to the sacred trust. Her beliefs were imposed upon them, her supreme authority asserted, and prompt and unhesitating obedience demanded. Obedience was justly enforced, for the first duty of the young is to obey; it serves as a substitute for their weakness, and knowledge for their inexperience. So long as it can serve these ends, it is requisite and indispensable; when it does not serve these ends, it is unnecessary, and may, without injury, be dispensed with. Here the Church failed

as an educator. It understood perfectly how to exact obedience, but it failed to comprehend how that very obedience should be gradually relaxed, as the capabilities of the young national mind expanded, matured, and finally superseded its necessity altogether. Thus the Church totally misapprehended the very ends and objects for which obedience ought to be enacted. It failed to see that as the child-age grew in knowledge and experience, it would gradually acquire, if its education was not defective, the power of self-government, which would supersede the necessity of obedience to external authority. In a word, the Church was arbitrary and unreasonable. Her policy was to treat the age always as a child, and thus to magnify her pretensions and preserve her authority. But the child-age was not yet in a position to question her authority, or to understand its own necessities and position. It did not yet feel itself cramped by the swaddlings in which it was wrapped; there was yet space to grow and expand for awhile. It was unable to see the prison-house by which it was being gradually enclosed. Exulting in conscious freedom, unsuspicious and trustful, it enjoyed the present, and entertained no fears for the future. The age was pliant, susceptible and teachable. The views of the teacher gradually impress themselves upon the taught, whether those views be right or wrong; if right, a great and permanent good is conferred; if wrong, a serious evil, which may require many severe struggles and many long years to remove. The teachings of the Church were narrow and sectarian; its views contracted and selfish. Its tenets were considered unassailable, its truths were proclaimed as infallible. She alone possessed the key by which all mystery could be unraveled, and every event interpreted. Every fact in nature was forced into her service, and compelled to do her homage. Everything was seen steeped in hues reflected from the Church. If any fact or truth appeared inconsistent with her tenets and teaching, it was instantly rejected, and its further investigation discountenanced under the severest penalties. The result of such a course was that the prosecution of all science, especially physical, was held in avowed contempt, and declared to be inconsistent with revealed truth. Thus, an insurmountable barrier,—insurmountable by a young age which really accepted the lessons of its only teacher,—obstructed the march of science, and effectively prevented the influx of light and knowledge from any other source. Whatever learning the age could boast of, was to be found within the pales of the Church, but that learning was remarkably exclusive, and partook altogether of a theological character. The monasteries of the time, which were many in number, were useful as repositories for the few books which had been fortunately preserved from the dreadful conflagration which reduced Rome and its magnificent libraries to ashes.

The scarcity of books rendered the influence of the Church more powerful, and her teaching more effective. Books are silent teachers, and their number and the extent of their circulation invariably indicates the intellectual character of an age. Their scarcity in this age must be regarded as one of the certain causes of the general ignorance

which everywhere prevailed. From the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens, at the beginning of the seventh century, at which date the Egyptian papyrus ceased to be imported into Europe, to the close of the tenth, there were no materials for writing except parchment, which was so expensive as to prevent its use for purposes of literature. As a result of this, the practice originated of erasing manuscripts in order to place others on the same skin. The effect of this was, that the writings or recorded observations of many ancient authors were completely lost, and no sooner was the material for thought accumulated, than it was in danger, from this very cause, of being consigned to eternal oblivion. The Church, then, was the sole light of the age, a light whose rays were exceedingly refracted in their passage through the atmosphere of ignorance, which, like a thick cloud, overhung the land. Objects of thought, facts and truth, were thus made to occupy positions, and to assume forms which, in reality, they did not possess. Truth was distorted and fact misrepresented. The Church did not educate, in the true sense of the word. The tendency of her teaching was to cramp the mental and moral energies, by forcing them into grooves of her own creation; to destroy that wholesome liberty of thought and moral self-reliance which is the inevitable result of all true education, and to promote a mental timidity and slavery, destructive to all mental or moral progress. As her teaching was sectarian, so her method was unnormal. She enforced her own tenets upon the child-age, and compelled assent thereto, irrespective of any object save the establishment of her own authority and the extension of her boundaries. Light, which did not emanate from her, was darkness. Knowledge from any other source was ignorance. Truth, when not seen through her glasses, was falsehood. The age, as yet, however, was too young to realize its position; too ignorant to resist her authority or question her prerogative. The ignorance of the age rendered it submissive; its childhood promoted obedience. Ignorance rarely thrives alone; it is a weed which reproduces itself in a thousand hateful forms, which defy almost every attempt at eradication. Superstition is one of its offspring, which along with its cause, thrives best on the soil of childhood. We have already mentioned that science was proscribed by the Church as inconsistent with revelation, and its pursuit strictly discountenanced. All facts were received through ecclesiastical spectacles, and forced to fit into preconceived tenets and beliefs. There was a prevailing opinion towards the latter end of the age which we are just now considering, that the millenium was near at hand, and the end of the world rapidly approaching. The dark shadows of universal ignorance which everywhere prevailed, no doubt, gave origin to such a gloomy prediction. Certain signs in the heavens also appeared, which, being explicable in no other way, were regarded as omens of the approach of the final day mentioned in Revelation, and there associated with similar appearances. An army, marching under Otho I, is said to have been so terrified by an eclipse of the sun that it dispersed on all sides in the wildest confusion. All charters began with the following words, "As the world is now draw-

ing to a close." The impression was deep in character and baneful in effect. It was powerfully felt throughout the length and breadth of Europe. The child-age lay paralyzed with fear and perplexed with dark forebodings. Its springs of action were broken; the vital functions of body and mind were disordered, and the consciousness of strength was taken away. The grim spectre of death haunted every imagination, and nipped every young hope in its bud. Intellectual darkness filled the land, and the souls of men were fettered in spiritual bondage. The discipline to which the young age had been subjected was of too harsh and tyrannical a character to be productive of anything better than cowardice and timidity. The age, cowering and abject, slunk away from its approaching doom, which was imagined to be so near and certain. Such was the condition of things at the close of our period.

"OUR GIRLS."*—A REVIEW.

BY A. L. C.

THE little work[1] whose title we have placed at the head of this article, is the production of a physician practising at Boston, U. S., but better known to the public as a teacher of gymnastics, and a writer and lecturer upon domestic hygiene. We believe that it has met with a large sale. It demands some notice at our hands, because we, too, "have always been deeply interested in the girls,"[2] and our interest, like the doctor's, has become so well known that we have an unusual number of girls among our readers, for whose benefit we now propose to review the book. The matters of which it treats are interesting, and the writer's profession and occupation give to his ideas concerning some of them a certain amount of authoritative weight.

We say *some* of them advisedly, for the most ambitious instructor could hardly claim to be infallible upon all. In matters appertaining to the female sex the doctor has taken all human knowledge to be his province. Never did an author undertake to compress the treatment of a greater variety of subjects into a smaller amount of print and paper than he. In this little book of less than 250 pages, Our Girls will find information about all their rights, requirements, and obligations. What they should eat and what they should drink, and what they should *not* wear; how they should employ their business time, and how they should amuse their leisure; how they should cultivate

(1). OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D., President of (*titles enough*). Reprinted from the American edition. Toronto: Adam Stevenson & Co. Montreal: John Lovell. 1871. pp. 244. (2). Introduction.

the mind, and how they should exercise the body; how they can attract husbands, and how they ought to take care of children: all these and many other points our author has settled for them, not at the tedious rate of a volume, or even a chapter upon each separate topic, but all within limits not greatly exceeding those of a good sized pamphlet. Brevity with him is not merely the soul of wit, but the very essence of wisdom. When we remember how many lengthy platitudes upon matters of feminine education have reached us through the Press during the last two or three years alone, we heartily wish that every writer upon these topics was gifted with the same powers of abbreviation

Lord Thurlow could hardly have been more amazed at the speech of the Duke of Grafton than we are at the doctor's style of composition. He is addressing himself to ladies, and particularly to the younger ones. He is an M. A. and M. D., and has advice to give about literary education and the value of the English classics therein. Nay, more, he "has been at the head of a large private school for years," has "prepared about fifty young men for college," and believes that "the rare and precious graces in a teacher are fine manners and conversational powers."[3] Moreover he "has lived in many countries, and been much in society."[4] Under all these favourable circumstances he ought to write, if not elegantly, at least simply and correctly. But his manner of expressing himself is beneath criticism. His attempts at eloquence and sentiment are as empty and bombastic as those of a schoolboy, and result in such phrases as, "The language of a people keeps pace with its mental and soul-growth." "The Yankee brain has realized the brightest hopes of the political seer." "America's future pivots upon this great women revolution." When he tries to be brief and sententious he degenerates into a coarseness and vulgarity of which a gentleman ought to be ashamed, and of which no clown should be guilty in addressing a lady—"Bestow this precious slaver on some small, gentle poodle" "Give their brains a chance and don't stuff their stomachs," &c[5] When he wishes to be easy and conversational, he treats us to such expressions as, "O! the unconscionable scalawag!' "The music box in the throat" (larynx). "Among the Japs' (Japanese). "She don't handsome much." "That's where all my jolly comes from." "How de do folkses?"—and the like. We hope and believe that his lady readers, while deriving from his calisthenics all the benefit that they can, will, while they live forget to imitate either his conversation or his composition. We are no advocate for over fastidiousness, which we believe to be as nearly allied to indelicacy as great wit to madness. Still less do we hold that mere words and phrases constitute the essential difference between what is proper in expression and what is not. But we deny that coarseness and vulgarity of language give any extra force to the precepts of a teacher, whatever the age, sex, or social status of his pupils may be.

(3). Pp. 140, 143, 231. (4). Pp. 216. (5). Pp. 40, 194.

The doctor has committed another gross offence against good taste by interspersing his book with theological allusions, of which the triteness of some, and the irreverent familiarity of others, are in no wise atoned for by any special bearing, which they appear to have upon the subjects about which he happens to be talking when he makes them. This indecently careless handling of sacred names and sentiments is a serious and growing offence among modern American writers, and there are three classes of them who are especially apt to commit it. In the wit it shows irreverence, in the devotee gross ignorance, and in the empty twaddler a certain measure of both, but all three would be alike benefitted by a careful study of the third commandment. From the book now before us, we might cite several instances of it, but will only mention the short chapter headed. "*On the Sympathy betwe en the Stomach and the Soul*," (!) from which, indeed, we might take an example of every literary fault of which the author is guilty—unintelligible bombast, coarseness, slang, and puerile affectation combined together into an extraordinary farrago of nasty and irreverent nonsense, the absence of which from future editions will be a most marked and welcome improvement. Considered as a literary performance, the book is worse than a failure; it is a *ne plus ultra* in the wrong direction. We gladly turn from its manner to consider its matter.

The tone of every page is matter-of-fact and utilitarian, and it would be as useless to look for considerations of sentiment and æsthetics as for life and sensation in a plaster image. The author's theory of woman's nature and duties appears to be substantially the same as that of Mr. John Stuart Mill and his less celebrated followers, who made so much stir in Great Britain about two years ago over the question whether woman should not be admitted to the franchise and to the exercise of certain trades and professions. It assumes that woman's true position in social economy has never yet been recognized in any age or country The barbarous tribes of Africa and Polynesia the semi-civilized nations of the East, and the more enlightened communities of Europe and America have differed in the extent to which they have carried their injustice, but they have all been unjust to her alike. She is not to be regarded as a wonderful being, *sui generis*, distinct from man, and yet dependent on him, superior to him in some respects and subordinate in others, man-like in many ways, but not manly; not as a being whose physical peculiarities are hardly more determined by her sex than are her mental, moral and intellectual ones; but merely as a small-sized, weak absurdly patient, and very ill-used species of man in petticoats. The majority of mankind have persisted for centuries in ignoring the truth, and regarding woman as at best a dependent and inferior, and at worst a superior kind of slave. The cause of the evil suggests the means for its cure. Abolish the degrading garments; harden the weak muscles with toil, the soft face with exposure, and the tender feelings with participation in all the selfish actions of an independent struggle for livelihood, wealth and fame. Strengthen the mind by the pursuit of

sterner studies and coarser occupations. Carry out this plan of education until by it you have eradicated all those little peculiarities of thought and action which common error calls feminine graces and attractions, but which an enlightened modern philosophy despises as petty and childish follies, the product of wrong education, combined with improper social treatment. Then for the first time you will see woman as nature and her Creator intend that she shall appear, not man's helpmate merely, but his comrade and rival in all his pursuits. This happy vision once fairly realized, a sort of social millenium cannot be far off.

Such, then, is the theory of woman's capacities and destiny that underlies every suggestion in this book. We shall not stop to discuss it here. We shall merely say that we do not accept it, and that we would derive very little comfort from the belief if we did. Supposing that it could be reduced to practice, we see no reason for agreeing with our author that unmixed good would follow; that "marriage would become universal," and "that we would all become better, happier, nobler."[6] We doubt whether he sees any himself. When he comes to speak of the benefits that are to result from the proposed changes in woman's education and occupations, his matter-of-factness leaves him for the time, and he becomes as vague and unsatisfactory in his prophecies as any classic oracle. He talks about "high, pure womanhood," woman "sustaining a healthy and dignified attitude towards man," and "cleansing and elevating the profession of the law." This may be fine writing, but it is not plain English. How is the cleansing and elevation of the legal practice to be effected? We ought to be told first what the abuses are that need and admit of rectification, and then why we should expect woman to be more successful in rectifying them than man has been. We might ask, moreover, to be assured that the practice of law among the rogues and rascals with whom our courts have so much to do, would not be very likely to soil and degrade woman. How are women to be rendered "healthier and purer" by prescribing for people's digestive organs, or performing sanguinary operations upon their bodies? by keeping restaurants? dealing in junk, or manufacturing guns, skates, or shovels? How does our author make it "quite clear that large sums of money would be saved to the banks by the employment of women as clerks?"[7] To us it is not quite so clear, as we have no reason, except the doctor's assurance, for believing that women resist temptation more strongly than men. Did time and space permit us to go over the whole list of occupations for women recommended in the book, we would have the same complaint to make at every step—wherever we want an argument the doctor presents us with an opinion. Of all the writers upon woman's employment with whom we have met, he is the most hasty and flippant. He must be aware that this subject, if properly treated, would fill a book by itself, that it has become very important of late, and that very different views upon it have been expressed by able writers and

(6). Pp. 126. (7). Pp. 84 to 108.

thinkers. Yet his mode of dealing with it is to state one extreme set of opinions as jauntily as if nothing worth calling an argument could be urged against them, and to accuse those who think differently of "living in darkness," and being "jackanapes and simpletons."[8] Such is not the way in which difficult questions should be handled, and we think that the doctor would have done far better to leave this particular one alone.

Our lady readers will of course be curious to know what the book says about *Dress*. The author's views upon the subject are strictly practical and utilitarian. We do not know what his exact medical creed is, but we are pretty sure that it cannot be homœopathy, since the first proceeding which a fault seems to suggest to him for its cure, is to plunge headlong into its opposite extreme. Some foolish women overload themselves with jewellery. He would therefore restrict all women to a watch-chain, and a collar-pin apiece.[9] Others wear a dozen different kinds of lace and ribbon at once, and put an hundred and twenty yards of trimming upon a single dress. To prevent the occurrence of such scandals in future, he would, if it lay in his power, put an end to the sale of ribbons and trimmings altogether. He appears to think it an argument for this reform that he "never met an artist, authoress, or woman of high mental culture who was fashionably trimmed."[10] What though he never did? there are evidently women of mental culture in the world whom he has not been fortunate enough to meet with. And supposing it otherwise, are all our girls destined to be artists, authoresses, and women of what may be high mental culture according to the notions of a writer who has cultivated his own mind so highly that he cannot speak of women to women without using vulgar language? The tone of the book by no means satisfies us that its author is a good judge of "mental culture," and our confidence is not increased by his telling us that he can recognize it in a woman from the fashion of her dress. He might as well pretend to estimate it from the colour of her eyes and hair. The degree of a woman's mental culture depends no more upon that of her tastefulness in dress than the doctor's gymnastic abilities upon his ignorance of musical criticism, which we will shortly have occasion to notice. We have known of ill-informed women who dressed well, and of *bas bleus* who did not.[11] And we are confident that if we brought the doctor twenty, or fifty, or any number of Our Girls, and requested him to pick out the well-educated from the ill-educated, by the fashions of their dresses, he could not do it. If we attached any value to his observation, it would tend to confirm a scandalous report that we have heard, (but of course do not put any faith in) that *bas bleus* and "literary women," so-called, are generally distinguished by an unsightliness of toilet which no amount of personal beauty could carry off, and a homeliness of form and fea ture which no millinery couldrender attractive to the eye. In short (as the doctor says), that "they don't handsome much." Far be such an odious idea from our minds. We only mention it for the sake of repudiating it, a duty towards our persecuted

(8). Pp. 89, 115. (9). p. 42. (10). p. 41. (11.) We considerately refrain from citing examples.

literary sisters which the doctor, who professes himself their friend and champion, has more than neglected. But to return to millinery. Believing that the articles denounced by the doctor at page 41 are capable, when judiciously used of greatly improving the personal appearances of Our Girls without injuring their "mental culture" in the least; that the majority employ them with taste and discrimination; and that the occasional exception who misuses them is sufficiently punished for her folly by the stares and criticisms which it is sure to provoke, we unhesitatingly reverse his judgment in this matter of trimmings and ornaments. We no more admit that a reasonable amount of elegance in dress is a proof of inferior mental culture than that coarseness of taste and roughness of speech imply the presence of genius and a good education. And if we ever meet with such a *lusus naturæ* as a woman who, of two equally useful articles of dress, would not prefer the handsomer, we shall attribute to her, not an excess of mental culture, but a deficiency of common sense.

It is to be regretted that the doctor, after condemning all past and present styles of feminine dress, has nowhere stated his own idea of what such dress ought to be. We have searched for it carefully, but failed to find anything beyond the following oracular announcement:—

"In the future free and Christian America, the very dress of woman will proclaim a high pure womanhood. And that dress will be an American costume. We shall then discard the costumes devised by the dissolute capitals of Europe." (p. 37.)

For the sake of those (we count ourselves among the number) who may not live long enough to witness the advent of the new era with its American-Christian dress, we could wish that the prophecy had been a little more explicit. But leaving us to await its fulfillment with what patience we may, the doctor gives Our Girls some suggestions for the improvement of the heathen like and slavish garments which they must wear till the good time comes. We think him right in selecting boots and shoes as one of the most important items of dress, and in condemning the modern fashionable boot with its narrow pointed sole and extravagantly high heel, inclined forward so as to lessen the apparent length of the foot. Its tendency is to cause a hobbling, ungainly gait, and inflict permanent mischief upon the toes. In recommending low-quartered shoes, with very broad soles, and little or no heel at all, he falls into the opposite extreme. No foot can require such absurdly high heels as two inches and upwards, but when the sole of the foot happens to be flat, a certain height of boot-heel is necessary to compensate for the want of the natural arch. The notion that a boot which fits neatly upon the ankle will "cause absorption" of some thing or other, and weaken the foot, is altogether fanciful. But the shoes recommended by the doctor will expose the instep to mud when the ground is wet, and to dust and dirt when it happens to be dry. If fitted in the way advised, a few day's wear will render them large and loose, and liable to "tread down at the side." They will have the additional disadvantage of rendering a pretty foot ugly, and an ugly one hideous. And while we would be the last to

advise our fair readers to injure their feet for the sake of improving their appearance, we think that they show sound sense if they object to wear an ugly boot when they can get a handsome one to answer the same purpose equally well. The advice that we would give them in this matter of soles and heels (not such a trifling one as it may at first appear) is: To avoid tall heels and narrow pointed soles, which impair the walking powers and injure the feet. To eschew low-quartered flat-heeled shoes, which are slovenly, unprotective, and ugly. To forswear the use of the ugly and unhealthy monstrosities known as rubber boots, unless the mud or snow is ankle-deep and they cannot avoid walking in it. Upon nine wet days out of ten, overshoes are a sufficient protection, and these, like every other water-proof article of dress, should be removed as soon as possible after re-entering the house. Lastly, to get an intelligent shoemaker[12] to make them a pair of thick-soled boots, with a moderate height of heel—say from an inch to an inch and a half for the average—and a reasonable but not *un*reasonable, breadth of sole, coming up well above the ankle, and fitting neatly, but not too tightly, so as neither to press injuriously upon the foot, nor to work loose and wear unevenly. These points secured, as they may be with a little care and attention Our Girls will find themselves in possession of a boot that will neither injure the foot, offend the eye, nor prevent their walking as far and as well as they please. The suggestion to coat the soles with liquid india-rubber is a very good one.

The doctor objects strongly, upon physiological grounds, to the use of garters, chignons, and corsets, and proposes to supersede the former by a contrivance which appears to be a very clumsy and inefficient one, and to abolish the last two altogether. We think him mistaken in supposing that much ill-health is to be traced to the wearing of the first two articles named. At all events, when nine out of every ten of their rather numerous wearers escape the ill effects ascribed to them, we may well suspect that the theory of their injuriousness has been formed first, and the facts to support it collected afterwards. Of the mischievous effects produced by the abuse of the corset, there can unfortunately be no doubt whatever, and the doctor's utterances against small waists, though rather violent, are too well founded, and deserve hearing and consideration, except in one or two instances where he forgets to whom he is speaking. After the failure of all that has hitherto been urged upon the subject, we can hardly expect that Our Girls will ever lay aside the corset altogether, but we hope that the majority of them will show moderation and common sense in its use.

When writing about Calisthenics and Exercise our author is more at home. His remarks upon the art of walking, though very affectedly worded, are sound and sensible, and may be studied with advantage

(12). Our friend Dr. Mangleman, who is looking over our shoulder, insists that this direction is absurd, and that the animal mentioned, if it ever existed, has long been as extinct as the Dodo. But Mangleman is a notorious cynic and exaggerator, whose feet are always acres. We can confute him, but we must not lay ourselves open to the imputation of writing puffs for tradesmen.

by Our Girls. They will find his direction, to keep the chin close to the neck, a golden rule under all circumstances, though he has a queer conceit that it cannot be practised with a corset of any kind upon the body, nor without a pair of his ugly uncleanly flat-heeled shoes upon the feet. After reading the short chapter upon the subject (one of the best and most useful in the book), none of Our Girls need despair of becoming a graceful walker, an acquirement which will amply repay any trouble that it may cost to attain it. The importance of maintaining an erect position in standing, speaking, and singing, is equally well insisted on. For indoor exercise he recommends the Pangymnastikon, consisting of a pair of suspended hand-rings with stirrups attached, which may be put up in almost any room, and is available for exercising almost every muscle in the body. For open air sports he commends shuttle-cock, grace-hoop, and base ball, but condemns croquet with faint praise, for the reason, as he naïvely tells us, that it may be played in a tight waisted jacket and long skirts, and therefore "cannot serve the muscles much." If the sensations of fatigue which follow a long game are reliable evidence, we are pretty certain that it can. We think very highly of this game in many respects, and consider it in every way better adapted for a lady's amusement than any of the others mentioned. It affords, along with plenty of exercise, an unlimited field for skill, and, moreover, has the advantage of being almost the only open-air game at which ladies and gentlemen can play together. It ought to be "the lady's game," *par excellence*. The doctor is right in maintaining that *gymnastics ought to form part of the course of instruction at every school, and particularly at every school for girls*. For boys will teach themselves much in the gymnastic way without special instruction, while girls, generally speaking, will not.

We shall not pause to comment at length upon the doctor's suggestions concerning Food, Drink, and the Management of Disease, though some of them are curious enough. That there is no such thing as local disease, and ought to be no such thing as local treatment, or treatment by drugs of any kind; that the relations of a child's life, health, and growth to the sun are precisely the same as those of a plant; that a child may be cured of croup and marasmus by exposing its naked skin for some time to the rays of the sun; and that the same treatment will cure "neuralgia, diseases of the stomach and liver, and many others now regarded as incurable,"[13] are a few of the more startling of the novelties that he propounds, but we must leave their examination to the medical faculty. The products of the digestion of grapes, pears, and peaches are *poisonous*, it appears, and escape by the pores of the skin, so that we cannot eat them and live unless we keep our pores open by frequent ablutions.[14] A heavy blow this, and a great discouragement for the vegetarians! Like Cleopatra, they

> feed themselves
> With most delicious poison.—(15.)

(13). Pp. 159 to 174. (14). p. 175. (15). Antony and Cleopatra, act 1, sc. 4.

And we fear that some of them, after indulging freely in the bane, are apt to neglect applying the antidote—for instance, the frugivorous peasants of France, Spain, and the Mediterranean countries, among whom shower baths, sponges, and flesh brushes are things pretty nearly unknown. We have often heard medical men say that the word "poison" was one of the most difficult to define in the whole language, but we never realized the full force of the difficulty till now. The advice to leave remaining upon the skin a certain portion of the soap used in washing, sounds both nasty and unphysiological, and the reason given for the practice is very unconvincing. Why should the natural oleaginous matter be thus "neutralized?" *Can* it be neutralized to any extent in this way? The doctor tells us that the objects of washing are to keep the pores open and maintain a proper tone of the circulation in the vessels of the skin. These purposes may perhaps be perfectly consistent with leaving a coating of lather upon the surface of the body, but plain people who have eaten fruit all their lives, never dreaming that it was poison, who never heard of cutaneous capillaries, and who wash with no more scientific object in view than the removal of dirt, will probably object to leave other dirt to replace it in the shape of superfluous soap suds. We fear that the doctor is trying to hoax us with his science. When he talks about "pimples and other evidences of impurities in the blood," he speaks like a patent medicine vendor. *Are* pimples evidences of impurities in the blood? and if so, of *what* impurities? How is the connection to be traced?

The bathing mat recommended in this book is an excellent contrivance, and the author's remarks upon the use of hot and cold baths, and the necessity of thorough friction afterwards, which in importance is fully one-half of the bathing process, are calculated to be practically useful. In this connection he might have said something about the vertical douche, which, in our opinion, is the very best form of cold affusion that has yet been contrived, just as its modification, the shower bath, is one of the worst, while in convenience and portability it may be made equal to the Pangymnastikon itself. As the precepts concerning meals and special articles of diet are generally good, we shall not stop to criticize one or two of them which appear to be at least a little fantastic.

The doctor's views upon Feminine Education and Manners have the same defect that we had to notice in those which he gave us upon Dress—they are utilitarian to a fault, and wherever public opinion is inclined to lean towards one extreme, we are sure to find the doctor's at the farthest end of the other. Take for instance the department of musical instruction. It is probably true that at some seminaries piano practice is pushed too far, and time wasted in trying to make better musicians out of a great many of Our Girls than nature ever intended that they should become. It is beyond dispute that piano-playing, like every other good thing, often becomes a bore by being introduced at a wrong time and place. Upon one unhappy occasion, which he bewails in a whole page, the doctor had to forego a conversation about Bis-

march, and listen to a performance on the piano, his hostess being anxious that her daughter's powers of execution should be displayed to the company. This made him "as mad as he could be," and caused one of his gentlemanly friends to "emphasize his disgust by an awful big word."[16] Probably the performance would have been an annoyance to the doctor at any time, yet even the small amount of politeness and self-denial which "having lived in many countries" and "having been much in society" appear to have taught him, might have enabled him to bear it with a little more equanimity, since it gave pleasure to the wife and daughter of his host. In society a man cannot always do immediately what would please him, especially if some lady's wish should happen to take precedence of it, and the anecdote, to our mind, tells no more against music in education than it would have told against religion had the doctor been called off from something that he liked better, to hear the young lady read a sermon. Had there been no piano in the house his hostess might, without intending it, have happened to bore him with something else. We have no doubt that he himself has often bored people whom he thought that he was entertaining and instructing, for the truth is that we all bore our friends at times, and are bored by them in our turn. When the latter painful event happens, all that is left us is to summon as much politeness as we can to aid us in enduring it, for the evil is inseparable from the conditions of social existence, and cannot be cured by anything short of the total suppression of speech and hearing. The doctor is very much mistaken if he thinks that it can be put a stop to it by suppressing a single accomplishment. But hear his indictment against the piano. "Piano playing," says he, "is an insufferable annoyance, and ought to be abolished altogether. It wastes the useful time of Our Girls, distorts their spines, and renders them nuisances in society. Not more than five or six per cent. of them have any musical capacity."[17] This last statement is a simple absurdity, unless by capacity is meant capability of attaining a high degree of excellence, and in this case it is a truism, and would apply equally well to any art that can be taught or learned. Mechanical execution can be acquired by almost any girl, and the majority are capable of a good deal more. Ignorance and deformity are not necessary accompaniments of skill at the piano, nor is there any reason why they should be. We have known ladies who were good performers, and at the same time possessed graceful figures, and enough general knowledge to enable them to take a fair part in the conversation of any company not composed of prigs, pedants, or philosophers. All of which things prove to our satisfaction that if a girl in attending to her music lessons distorts her spine, or neglects more useful studies, the blame ought to be laid, not upon the art or the pupil, but upon the teacher, to whom it properly belongs. The fault is not so much that Our Girls devote too much attention to music while they are at school, as that that they neglect it too much after their school days are over.

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(16). p. 131. (17). pp. 134-5.

Vocal music is shamefully neglected as a branch of modern education. It ought to be taught in every school, and we cordially second the doctor in dwelling upon its importance, albeit he might have done so without gasconading about "the great heart-service of music" and "hearts not keeping asunder when voices blend." But every other remark that he makes about music shows how extremely ill-qualified he is to attempt the guidance of anybody's taste upon the subject. He prefers the sentiment of Christy Minstrelsy to that of Mozart and Rossini, as he has a perfect right to do, the former being suited to his "five or six per cent. musical capacity," and the latter infinitely beyond it. But he proceeds with all the assurance of self-satisfied ignorance to do what he has no right to do, nor the smallest qualification for doing—to tell us what sort of an institution the Italian Opera is, and what the influences are that it exerts upon society. Like most superficial critics, he takes an extreme and absolute view of the matter, and, like most ignorant ones, he overdoes his denunciations ridiculously. In the Italian Opera, under which heading he jumbles together the works of Gounod and Offenbach, ballet dancing, and probably every other kind of musical stage performance, he can see nothing but an incentive to the grossest immorality. "Is it not a simple fact," asks he, "that operatic songs are popular just in proportion as they are indelicate?" He requests us, with disgusting minuteness of detail, to observe an imaginary gentleman who has escorted an imaginary lady to the opera, and under the influences of the performance is offering offensive familiarities to her, which the same influences apparently render her incapable of resisting and resenting. He wishes us to understand that such scenes are of common occurrence, and that the opera is responsible for them. He calls *Faust* "one of the most unclean of the whole unclean batch," and speaks of "lascivious gestures" and "lecherous gazes," and heaven knows what all else that is repulsive, in terms—

"Enough to shock a saint,"—

which he could not strengthen much if he was writing about a lot of costermongers at a penny-gaff.[18] The only comment that we need make upon this absurd rant is that the doctor is either simply crazy on this particular subject, or that he must have gone by mistake to some music hall of the lowest class, and returned with the erroneous idea that he had seen an opera. If any of Our Girls should get a chance of seeing *Faust*, or any other first class opera, we can assure them that they may avail themselves of it without the least fear of "ruining their pure souls with insidious poison." We have seen a number of these performances, *Faust* included, and can assert that the spectator will derive from them a great deal of pleasure of the highest kind, and no more impurity than that with which his own imagination may supply him. If he can see nothing in them but incentives to immorality and indecency, he will do well to refrain from attending upon them, and still better to refrain from writing about them, or

(18.) p. 143.

attempting to instruct other people about subjects which are so very far above the level of his own capacity.

The doctor opposes the study of Latin, Greek, and the modern languages, with arguments which lead us to conclude that his own acquaintance with these branches of education must be very superficial. "The study of the ancient classics," he says, "carries us from the real living present away back into the dark past. In the pursuit of them we shut out things, facts, society, nature, &c."[19] — until we begin to cherish the delusion that such scholars as Addison, Macaulay, and Professor Wilson were really abler men, and knew more of what is worth knowing than some modern champions of reform and progress, who cannot, as our old friend Lennie says, "speak and write the English language with propriety,"[20] and who show their contempt for ancient mythology by playing fantastic and irreverent tricks with the language of the Christian pulpit. We need not stop here to put in an apology for classical study, or to show that its scope and tendency are egregiously misrepresented in the paragraph from which we have just quoted. Whether advantageous or not, it does not enter very extensively into the curriculum of modern feminine education, and few of Our Girls give much of their school-time to Latin or Greek. But there is one peculiarity about these ancient and modern foreign languages to which we invite the doctor's attention in passing, and that is, that a knowledge of them gives us a better mastery of our own. There are very few exceptions to the rule that the leading authors, orators, and thinkers of modern times have always been men of classical attainments, and able to avail themselves of the intellectual stores of other countries in addition to those of their own. The power of translating is in the intellectual world what ships, steamers, and railways are in the commercial—the means of multiplying resources and capital immeasurably. Of course a great deal of the usefulness of a language depends upon the way in which it is taught and learned. Many pupils learn nothing further than a few rules of syntax and a hundred or two of the more commonly used words. In such a case it is hardly fair to say that the language has been learned at all, but even this smattering may be better than no knowledge. Take French, for instance, as the doctor gives it. It is true that the majority of English speaking people in Paris do not mingle much with the natives, but that does not imply that they could not do so if they wished, or that their limited knowledge of French would be useless to them if they tried. The doctor either does not know the real cause of the segregation, or (what we think more probable) is not candid enough to spoil his specious argument against the study of French by stating it. Most of the English and American tourists who visit Paris do so with the view, not of mingling in French society or exercising themselves in French conversation, but of "seeing the sights" and enjoying themselves, and they find it quite easy to do these things day after day without mingling in French society or making use of any other lan-

(19.) Principles of English Grammar, Edinburgh, 1854.

guage than their own. Many of them have never learned French at all. Others are too lazy to practise any more of it in speech than may be necessary to give their orders to waiters and coachmen. But if they happen to get beyond the reach of English-speaking friends and servants, they find their imperfect knowledge of French to be of great service to them, and without it they would be as helpless in this position as the Doctor would be among the people whom he calls *Japs*. The few who go to France with a good preliminary knowledge of French and a determination to cultivate it still farther by mixing with the people who speak it, obtain much instruction as well as amusement from which the Doctor's plan of education would debar them. We think then that a knowledge of modern languages has a certain amount of value in conversation. We need hardly say that it has a value in literature which is not impaired by the fact that many people neglect to avail themselves in after life of the knowledge that they acquire at school.

The Doctor praises the English classic authors in language which, though less mistaken in sentiment, is fully as bombastic in expression as that in which he decries the Greek and Latin ones. But he fails to see that as regards school teaching they all come under the same head; schoolmasters can teach nothing of them but the language in which they are written. A boy at school may construe Plato and Cicero, and commit to memory extracts from Shakspeare and Milton, but it is only in later years when his judgment has become more matured and his experience more ample that he can, to any extent, appreciate the thoughts of these writers or cultivate his mind by their philosophy. School knowledge may make this subsequent labour easier, but it does not and can not supersede it. Our ingenious American Cousins have invented machines which will make a child's muscles do the work of a horse's, but they have contrived none which will enable his immature understanding to do the work of a man's.

It is a very common error to regard schools as places for learning, whereas they are but places for *learning how to learn*. The object of school-teaching is not so much to impart knowledge to the pupils as to put them in possession of the means of acquiring it by their own exertions. The information which a boy carries away with him from school is to be compared not to a fund upon which he is to live for the rest of his intellectual life, but to a capital which, as he grows older, is to be increased fifty or an hundred fold and upwards according to his industry and skill in manipulating it. Each new language or science that is taught may be compared to a new business in which that capital may be invested. And to ride our simile to death we may say that if some foolish traders take up too many businesses for their capital and fail in all of them, that is no reason for decreeing that in future every trader shall be restricted to a single business. Just as merchants who combine industry and skill with the possession of the necessary capital can trade in many businesses and gain by all, so scholars who combine opportunities for subsequent study with a good preliminary education, can make every branch of that education add

to their intellectual gains. Why then should the number of available branches be restricted and the time thus economized be devoted to attempting to do what you cannot do, *i. e.*, to teach the pupil things which he must teach himself if he ever learns them at all? Some masters try to teach an impossible number of subjects within a limited time, others to make education consist wholly of *belles lettres*, and these are the evils which the Doctor thinks can be cured by cutting the branches of a liberal education out of the curricula of schools altogether. The present state of educational affairs, however objectionable, is better than the proposed one would be. If people will have flimsy educations for their children it is their own fault, but leave them at least the opportunity of having liberal ones. By all means improve the teaching of the primary branches and by no means attempt to rear the fabric of an education without proper and solid foundations. But remember, when the foundations have been laid, that a basement story by itself is not the best kind of house to live in, and that people who can afford it ought to have, if not drawing-rooms and libraries, at least something above the level of the street.

Dr. Lewis believes that in the social manners of women at the present day refinement has been pushed so far that it has degenerated into an absurd and empty affectation, and that if we cannot in any other way cause this affectation to disappear, it will be better to abolish refinement altogether Certain over-bred people believe that those who eat with the knife and drink from the saucer can have no compensating qualities about them sufficient to render their acquaintance worth having. The Doctor seriously thinks that to rebuke this folly all people of sense and education ought to take the forbidden practices under their protection. He himself is even now learning to eat with his knife, and he advises all those who "wish to make issue with a false and arbitrary test of gentility" to follow his example.[20] This seems like carrying hatred of affectation to a childish extreme. Any one who is equal to his neighbours in other respects can easily make himself even with them in the matters of fork and teacup, and we would hardly have anticipated that a philosopher, whose mind was bent upon so important a task as the revolutionizing of the whole social and political status of womankind, could get excited over the comparatively trivial matters of table etiquette. If he thought them worthy of his notice at all we would expect him to look at them a little less hastily. He tells us that this fashion of eating with the fork was invented in America for the purpose of establishing an artificial distinction in society,[21] but if he will read the excellent little chapter upon the subject in Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, he will find that his notion of his significance of the habit is as erroneous as his history of its origin. Because some foolish people attach an undue importance to the observance of etiquette he makes war upon etiquette as if he fancied that none but foolish people practised it. He says that unless a girl is rough and boisterous in manner, and physically

(20.) pp. 113-4. (21.) p. 112.

"capable of acquiring distinction in any roistering game," she will never attract or deserve notice as a woman, and that the future hopes of womankind rest upon the "tom-boys" who alone "possess the elements of a strong womanhood."[22] A woman, in order that she may become strong minded, must first be strong bodied. Women who achieve distinction never begin by being "proper young ladies, and proper young ladies never end by attaining to excellence or eminence." Surely these are rather wild and sweeping assertions! Though we do not believe that literary distinction, historical renown, or the capability of excelling in violent physical exertions are the chief objects of woman's existence or are even attainable by the majority of womankind, we would like very much to know upon what series of facts our author's theory is based. When he has elaborated it a little further he may be able to tell us of celebrated women who forshadowed their future greatness by thrashing the playmates of their early days, or owed the foundation of it to the fact of having been brought up as ballet dancers or circus riders. It may be that future queens of society will vanquish captains of cavalry not as ladies do at the present day, but by sheer ferocity and strength of arm. The Doctor "don't believe that proper young ladies amount to much." We hold the same opinion of his theory of the co-relation of the mental and bodily powers though we are far from wishing either to under value the latter or cant about the greater desirability of the former. We wish that instead of vague assertions about "elements of strong womanhood," he had given us some actual instances of women famous in history who were remarkable in their youth for rudeness and physical activity. A few such instances would outweigh twice as many pages of opinions founded, for aught we know, upon the merest prejudice alone. We have the same remark to make about another of his odd theories—that large men and women are intellectually superior to small ones.[23] He gives not a single fact to support this assertion as regards women, while with reference to men, he merely mentions that of fifteen Generals of the American Revolution (of whom we will be bound that not five are famous in any other country than their own) fourteen weighed over 200 lbs. apiece. In comparing the sizes of men and women, height is a better standard to refer to than weight, as it is less modified by obesity and other extrinsic circumstances. but let that pass. Take height or weight as the standard, and for every famous individual who notably exceeded the average of mankind, another will be found who fell below it, and three more who did not greatly deviate from it. If the Doctor had gone through the steps of his process in their proper order, that is, studied the facts first and framed his hypothesis upon them afterwards, he would have seen that the majority of prominent actors in the world's history have been neither giants nor dwarfs. If he had satisfied himself with pointing out the advantages of a fine physique and stating that he admired them most when manifested upon a large scale, there would have been no

(22.) pp. 215-86. (23.) p. 58.

need of criticism. But when he asks us to believe that neither fine proportions, a dignified bearing, a high degree of intellectual power nor an average amount of health can co-exist with a smaller bodily frame than that upon which he fixes as the standard; that men admire small women with just the same emotions as those with which they admire small lap-dogs,[24] that small men and women are more subject to petty faults and failings than large ones and all this without an attempt at demonstration, and with an air of irritation which, if his own theory were correct, would make him one of the feather weights of mankind instead af the 200-pounder which it seems that he is,[25]—our first impulse is to grow indignant and our next and better one to laugh at him. We warned our readers at starting that they would find his pet theory of woman's mission underlying every suggestion in the book. That theory is that she is according to nature and Divine intent masculine or equal to man in all essential respects and ought to compete with him in all his duties and occupations. It applies with less difficulty to a woman of large stature, strong muscle, vigorous health, and blunt sensibilities than to one of opposite attributes, and this is a very good reason why those who adopt it should prefer large women to small ones. Those who have no arbitrary theories to reconcile with opposing facts may recognize the highest womanly attractions alike in both.

We close the book with very moderate approbation. It treats of many other things than those of which we have spoken, but we have said enough to give our readers a general idea of its scope and tendency. The sections of it which refer to matters of exercise, diet, and hygeine though badly arranged and worse worded, contain plenty of useful information and may be read with profit, but as a guide to other departments of feminine instruction we cannot recommend it. There are more things (and higher things too) in woman's nature than are dreampt of in the author's philosophy. Physical training is an important branch of education but it is not so important as to be capable of supplying the lack of all the others. Affectation is a bad thing but we will put up with a little of it rather than consent to do without refinement. Flimsy educations are bad, but it is better that some should be flimsy than that none should be liberal. The author has drawn for us his fancy portrait of the typical young lady of the present day, a puny, sickly, under-sized and useless creature, her person deformed by unseemly fashions, her manners by false graces and childish affectations, and her mind by worthless accomplishments and ignorance of all that is useful. Without perhaps intending it he has also sketched for us his ideal young woman of the future, a large muscular Amazon, skilled in gymnastic exercises and roystering games, purified from her follies and weaknesses by the ordeal of the workshop, the exchange, the criminal court and the dissecting room, clothed in some unimaginable American costume, and trampling propriety and bashfulness down into the mud with the weight of 170 lbs. transmitted through a pair of

(24.) p. 57. (25.) p. 59.

broad soled shoes. Disagreeable extremes both! And yet we may imagine between them a woman healthy without boisterous muscularity, attractively dressed without tawdriness, well-informed and accomplished without pedantry, graceful and modest without affectation, simple and sensible in conversation without vulgarity, and usefully and congenially employed without mixing in the coarser occupations of man. May we live to see the day when such a class will include every one of OUR GIRLS!

THE SIMPLER FORMS OF LIFE.

BY A. W. MCKAY.

INFUSORIA.

Is size absolute or relative? We might be inclined to conclude the latter, when we observe the perfection of structure and adaptation characteristic of the very smallest and lowest members of the animal world, their active habits and their manifest enjoyment of life. Many of them are so minute as to be invisible except under the most powerful microscope; and yet, perhaps these sustain their existence by feeding upon creatures smaller than themselves. Is there any limit to this diminution in size? Or is the limit marked to us, simply by the limit of our powers of vision?

The name INFUSORIA has been applied to a class of animalcules that, as every one is aware, are found universally present in water. The name was first given on the erroneous idea that an infusion of decomposing vegetable matter was necessary to their existence. It is now, however, well known that the purer the water the healthier their condition; though they generally adhere, when stationary, to such vegetable substances, either dead or living, as exist in the localities where they abound.

Between the *Rhizopoda* and the *Porifera* or *Sponges*, as was remarked in a former paper, no sensible progress has been observed. It cannot, on any justifiable grounds, be asserted that the one class occupies a higher or lower place in the scale of existence than does the other. But in the case of the *Infusoria* we can observe a well-marked advance. The advance, it is true, is not great; but yet it is of such a character as to show a step in the progress towards the higher forms of animal life.

Like the forms already described, the *Infusoria* consist of minute masses of the soft, jelly-like substance known to naturalists as *sarcode*. But, whereas, in the case of the *Rhizopoda* and the *Porifera*, these masses are simple, and undifferentiated by any division into parts and organs adapted to any special end or purpose, in the case of the *Infusoria*, each animal is included in a membrane, or external layer of firmer texture than the rest of the body, which surrounds it—something like the skin of the

higher species of animals. This membrane is sometimes so soft and elastic as to stretch out in any direction when the animal gorges itself with food, or when any other circumstances require it, and return again when relaxed to its former condition. In other cases again, it is more highly developed, and takes the form of a siliceous or chitinous lorica or shell, which is highly transparent and flexible. These are often found in a fossil condition, indicating the existence of members of this family in past geological time.

Unlike the *Rhizopoda*, which extemporize their organs of locomotion by the extension of portions of the substance of their bodies, the *Infusoria* are provided with special permanent organs for that purpose. These are various in their form and construction, according to the species or family to which they belong. Ehrenberg regarded them, in some cases, as constituting a kind of proboscis; but further observation has shown that they can have no proper connection with nutrition.

The *Rhizopoda* and Sponges are, for the most part, gregarious in their habits; that is to say, numbers of them inhabit the same shell, or cover the same skeleton. With the *Infusoria*, however, it is altogether different, except in the case of a few stray members of the class. They are, for the most part, solitary, and consist of a simple glutinous mass, covered with a thin membrane or shell, and provided with a central nucleus, and a certain clear pulsating space, afterwards to be described.

Their progress is effected by means of *cilia*, which, in some cases, are scattered over the whole surface of the body, and in others form a circle round the mouth only. These are minute, delicate, hair-like appendages —so called from their resemblance to the hairs of the eye-lash, (Lat. *cilium*.) They are from one-thousandth to one-ten-thousandth of an inch in length, and in them a regular wave-like motion is exerted by the animal, which at once propels it forward, and draws towards it the prey upon which it feeds. In some cases, they are developed or converted into bristles or hooks, by means of which the animal propels or draws itself forward, the members of certain species being able, by means of them, to leap a considerable distance from one point to another.

The mouth, in a large proportion of the families of this class, is well defined. Several of them are mouthless, and seem to be supported by the absorption of fluids through the substance of their bodies; but the most numerous and most important members are provided with a mouth and short œsophagus. It forms a more or less rounded opening, situated at the anterior extremity of the body, and generally surrounded by a fringe of cilia. It is best seen when the creature is in the act of eating, when it may be observed to be provided with slightly protruding lips, internally covered with cilia, which are continued downwards into the œsophagus. Sometimes the mouth is situated further down, upon what may be called the ventral surface, and in this case it is generally more difficult of observation.

Its food consists of minute particles of organized matter, probably the remains of some larger creature, or probably some brother animalcule, which, by the motion of its cilia, it decoys within reach of its mouth. Several of these particles, drawn into the stomach, are, by the vibratory

motion of the cilia, collected into a round ball, which is eventually seen to pass thence into the substance of the body, and there to be converted, by the general circulation of its fluids, into a substance homogeneous with that into which it is drawn. The indigestible portions are extruded through the mouth, or through an oval opening situated, in the case of most of the species, close beside it.

Of all the students who have given their attention to this interesting class of creatures, we owe the largest additions to our knowledge to the observations of the great German naturalist already referred to. But, with the vast assemblage of facts collected by him, in this connection, there was mixed up much which subsequent observers have been obliged to discard as valueless One of his most notable errors occurs, in connection with certain observations made by him, on their circulation and digestion, on some supposed phenomena in relation to which his whole classification was founded. These, on further observation, were found not to exist, and consequently his classification fell to the ground.

In the substance of many of the *Infusoria* there are found certain small, clear spaces, apparently filled with air. These, Ehrenberg, in common with many of his followers, considered to be so many stomachs, and hence one large division constituted by him, to which he applied the name of *Polygastrica*. These have turned out, however, to be mere temporary vacuities, formed, it may be, by the presence of particles of air, introduced with the creature's food. They are seen in every variety of shape and form, sometimes united, and sometimes separated, and have been observed eventually to disappear into the general substance of the body, when the fluids filling them are absorbed. They exist in those members of the class which are destitute of a mouth, as well as in those provided with that organ, and cannot, therefore, form any part of a true digestive apparatus.

There are, however, certain other appearances bearing some similarity to these, but which, however, unlike them, have been proved to be permanent in most families of this class. They are what are called *pulsating spaces*, and are clear, well-defined spots, usually round, but sometimes star-like, which expand and contract alternately, and which sometimes exist in considerable numbers in the same individual. They always occupy a determinate place in the body of the animal, but appear to be destitute of any living membrane, or enclosing wall. Their pulsations proceed regularly, the spaces alternately contracting and expanding, and one watching them through the glass cannot help regarding them as the first rudimentary form of that wonderful system of circulation, which, in the higher species of the animal kingdom, exists in such perfection.

They are mostly inhabitants of the water. A few are found parasitic in other animals. They prefer clear, fresh water to foul, and they are generally found in greatest profusion among aquatic plants, to the stems and leaves of which they attach themselves. Their germs appear to exist almost universally in the air, and it is probable that in the dust observed, for instance in the light of a sunbeam, when admitted through some chink into a dark room, there exist multitudes of them. On this account, it has been found extremely difficult to exclude them from any liquid infusions; and their being often observed where they would be least expected

and great difficulty having been found in accounting for their presence, it was supposed that their existence could be explained only on the hypothesis of *spontaneous generation*. The battle, however, which has been so long fought over this ground, and with such varying success, seems at last to be finally decided against the theory, by recent researches of Dr. Tyndall, who finds that atmospheric air, filtered through cotton, can be so effectually freed from these germs as to show no signs of the existence of animal life, though left for any indefinite time.

Numerous as is this class of creatures in individuals, distributed everywhere over land and sea, they are no less numerous and diversified as species. "Their forms," says Hogg, "are endless; some changing their shape at pleasure, others resembling eels, globes, trumpets, serpents, boats, stars, pitchers, wheels, flasks, cups, funnels, fans and fruits,"— a statement the truth of which will be evident to any one who has looked at a drop of water through the microscope, or has even seen the ordinary cut of popular hand-books

The term of their life generally extends over only a few hours. Some live a week or more; and Leeuwenhock traced the course of the existence of one of them over a period of twenty-three days.

The most natural division of the *Infusoria* which has yet been effected, is that which is indicated by their possessing or not possessing a mouth. The *Astomata*, or *mouthless Infusoria*, are nourished by the absorption of fluid matter through their surface; while those in possession of a mouth use it, like other rational creatures, to satisfy the demands of hunger.

The first family under this division which deserves attention, is that which has been termed the *Astasidae*, the most prominent genus of which is the common *Englena*. The species of this genus are remarkable equally for their vast numbers, their varying colours, their frequent changes of form, in which they somewhat resemble our old friend *Amoeba*, and the incessant rapidity of their motions. They are the forms most frequently seen under the microscope, and exist sometimes in the waters of the ocean and of inland lakes in such countless myriads as to colour them red or green, as the case may be, for miles.

The members of the second family, the *Dinobryidæ*, are closely allied to the preceding—active in their habits, and of various forms; differing, however, in that they are enclosed in a horny case or capsule.

The *Peridinidæ* are also furnished with a capsule, sometimes siliceous and sometimes horny, and frequently produced into remarkable horn-like processes. Besides their cilia, they are furnished with a remarkable filiform appendage, protruded from a particular spot in the carapace. These coverings, in a fossil state, contribute largely to the formation of the flints found in the chalk hills of England.

The *Apalinidæ* are found only in the intestines of frogs and worms. They are without any covering, perfectly clear and transparent, and thus admit of easy observation.

The above four families include the whole of the *Astomatous Infusoria*. All the members of the group not included in these are possessed of mouths. The first family of this order, and one, too, of the most interesting, is that of the *Monads*, the smallest animals within the whole range

of the prologoa, and consequently the smallest living beings known. They are discernible only by the aid of the highest magnifying powers of the best glasses, some of them measuring only one-twenty thousandth of an inch in length, while it has been calculated that a cupful of water would accommodate a number of them equal to, or even larger than the present entire population of the globe. Small, however, as they are, we cannot say that there are not species of a smaller size still; for the larger *Monads* feed upon the smaller of those that are visible to us under the glass; and may there not be others, smaller still, invisible even to the best glasses, upon which these in turn prey?—and so on indefinitely far beyond the range of our limited vision.

The colours of these creatures are various—red, green and yellow; while some are perfectly colourless and transparent. In shape they are round or oval. They are exceedingly active in their habits, flitting across the field of vision, either in pursuit of their prey, or in the simple enjoyment of life. Some of them are possessed of one or more hair-like appendages, which are used by them for locomotion. They are also possessed of a mouth and œsophagus, through which they introduce into the substance of their bodies the particles of matter on which they feed. And yet it would take twenty thousand of some species of them, laid side by side, to extend the length of an inch. The statement is, I suppose, credible only to those who have seen them, and to any who can rely in turn on their veracity.

The most wonderful and beautiful of all these creatures, however, are those which belong to the family *Vorticellidæ*, or *bell-animalcules*. The changes they exhibit, and the forms they assume, are perfectly startling in their character, and have excited the wonder and admiration of naturalists since first they became known. We admire the changes which we often observe take place among insects, in their passage from one state of existence to another; but there is hardly anything among them that can be compared to the extraordinary transfigurations the *Vorticella* assumes throughout the different stages of its life.

In appearance, it is something like a very shallow wine glass, supported upon a long, slender stem, by which it adheres to the substance to which it is attached. The anterior extremity of the creature, corresponding to the mouth of the wine glass, is surrounded by a fringe of rather long cilia, which the animal can protrude or withdraw at pleasure. By means of these it forms currents and eddies in the water, and attracts towards it the particles of matter upon which it feeds. A few of them are covered with a carapace or shell; but, for the most part, they are without covering, and may be seen under the glass in clusters of clear, glassy forms, sometimes with a tinge of purple or green.

The slender stalk by which the creature is supported, is a hollow tube, through which there runs a minute muscular thread. By this its bodily motions are exerted and regulated. When actively seeking after its food, and unapprehensive of danger, it stretches itself out to its full length, and swings about as if in the full enjoyment of life in its native element, its circlet of cilia meanwhile steadily and continuously moving to create a vortex in the water, and draw towards it the atoms upon which it feeds;

but touch the vessel in which it is held, or even let the shadow of your hand pass over it, and instantly the moving cilia are withdrawn, the stalk coils itself up in a spiral form, something like a miniature cork-screw, and the elegant, graceful creature is seen as a little knob or jelly at the bottom. But wait quietly and watch, and you will soon see a sight worth beholding. Each individual of the cluster in which they usually exist, relieved from its sudden fear after the lapse of a few moments, gradually lengthens itself out—the spiral coil unwinds, the stalk again becomes straight, the head once more gracefully bends about in the water, the cilia assume their former ceaseless activity, and once more in the happy family all is ease and activity, grace, elegance and enjoyment. The sight is one of the most beautiful of the many the naturalist is from time to time privileged to behold.

The *Vorticellidæ*, however, are not always rooted to the same spot. The reader, unacquainted with the history of animal life, may think it strange to hear one speak of animals rooted to the ground; but the phenomenon is one of constant occurrence among the lower orders of creation, and is exhibited, as we have just seen, by the members of the family now under consideration, during the first stage of their development. It should, however, be stated, that these creatures are not fixed to the ground by roots similar to those of plants. They are merely attached by their lower extremity to the solid substance to which they adhere.

When the time arrives for the change to take place, which is now about to be described, the animal begins to develop at the lower extremity of the body where it is joined to the stalk, a new circle of cilia which completely surrounds it. When these have reached maturity, the head or body separates itself from the stalk, and assumes an independent existence, swimming freely in the water, and asserting another of the attributes of animal life by moving about from place to place in search of its food.

This change or development is closely connected with the propagation of the species. This, in the different genera of this family, presents a series of the most curious and complicated phenomena. The simplest mode in which it occurs is by the division of the substance of the creatures into two or more parts. This division begins in the nucleus of the animal, which, in the case of the members of the family under consideration, is of a band-like form. When the change is about to take place, the creature begins to increase in size, a slight constriction begins to show itself round the middle, which increases in depth until the animal is completely severed into two parts. The upper one of these next developes a circle or fringe of cilia round its lower edge, detaches itself from the lower part, and finally swims away to enjoy its new and independent existence, leaving its companion, or other half, behind, in possession of the original stalk. After swimming about for some time, it fixes on some select spot for its new home, and attaching itself to it by the posterior end of its body, developes a new foot-stalk, its circle of cilia are absorbed, and it soon comes forth a perfect animal, the counterpart of that from which it originally sprang.

Another mode of propagation characteristic of the *Vorticellidæ*, and in which they resemble certain members of the animal kingdom some-

what higher in the scale, is that which is known as *gemmation* or *budding*. A slight swelling is first observed on the side of the bell of the *Vorticella*. This gradually increases in size, assuming the form of the parent, and producing cilia and a footstalk, with which, eventually, the individual quits the parent stem, attaching itself anew, and establishing an independent existence. This process characterises the *Vorticellidæ* and a few allied species, alone, among the *Infusoria*. It will be found, afterwards, a very characteristic mode of reproduction among the *Hydrozoa*.

A third mode of reproduction, and the most curious and complicated of all, is that which takes place by what has been called *encystation*. When this change is about to occur, the disc with its circle of cilia which forms the anterior termination of the body, gradually disappears, and the creature assumes a more or less rounded shape. In some cases, while this change is going on, the animal remains attached to the stalk; but, in most instances, it separates itself in the manner above described, forming a circle of cilia round the lower portion of the body, and then detaching itself from the stalk, and becoming *encysted* while swimming freely in the water.

In this state, and up to this point, the nucleus of the animal still preserves its original form, and the clear space above spoken of remains unchanged, with this exception, that it does not now pulsate as before. The further progress of the change differs in different individuals. In some cases the nucleus breaks up into a number of minute oval discs, and the gelatinous mass of the creature's body dissolves, so that the discs swim freely about in it. Here they rapidly increase in size, soon filling the whole interior of the parent, and assuming the form of little sacs or bags, which soon break their way through its skin, and escape, each one setting up for itself, and entering upon a similar succession of changes.

In other cases the *Vorticella* assumes what has been called the *actinia-form*. Having separated itself from the parent stem, it extends, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, meanwhile protruding from its surface a number of slender filaments closely resembling the *pseudodia* or *false feet* of the *Rhizopoda*. One of these is generally much larger than the others, and with it the creature forms a foot-stalk by which it becomes attached

A stranger change than any hitherto described now takes place. The nucleus, instead of becoming divided as before, is now completely converted into an active young *Vorticella*, which moves about in the interior of its parent as the latter moves in the water, its nucleus and pulsating space being distinctly visible. Soon it forces its way through the external membrane enclosing it, and swims away to enter upon its own independent life. The rupture through which it made its escape soon heals up, and the parent developes a new nucleus, which, in its turn, becomes a perfect *Vorticella*, and escapes as did its predecessor.

To this process of *encystation* the animal sometimes resorts to preserve its life, when the pool or stream in which it resides is dried up. And it is one of the most remarkable features in their history, the

length of time they retain life in these circumstances, and the amount of heat they can endure before it becomes extinct. I remember hearing Sir John Lubbock on one occasion state, that, taking some mud filled with these creatures from the bottom of a pond, he placed it on a shovel, which he then held over the fire until it was nearly red-hot, the mud of course being dried and highly heated in the process. Re-immersing it in water, and leaving it for a few hours, he found the creatures as numerous and active as if they had never left their native element. Leeuwenhoek kept some in a hard and dry condition for more than twenty-one months, after which he restored them to life by immersing them in water. Professor Owen states that he had his attention drawn, on one occasion, to an animalcule that had been entombed in a grave of sand four years, and afterwards revived by contact with its native element. Spallanzani experimented upon some individuals, which he restored to life not less than fifteen times, before their powers of revival became exhausted. We can thus easily imagine how the germs of these creatures become extensively diffused, when, for instance, the dry dust, which consists, to a great extent, of their minute bodies, is blown about in all directions by the wind. Carried into every nook and crevice into which the wind can penetrate, when water in any shape reaches them, they are instantly revived into life.

Several other genera of the *Vorticellidæ* exhibit similar phenomena in the succeeding phases of their life. In still others, again, there are variations. In the genus *Carchesium*, for instance, we have an advance upon the *Vorticella*, in respect that the latter is simple, while the former is branched or compound. The bell of the *Vorticella*, as we have seen, is supported upon one stalk, which it extends or coils up at pleasure. It forms gems or buds, too; and these, when mature, detach themselves from the parent, and become separate and independent individuals. In *Carchesium*, the stalk is also flexible, and coils itself up at pleasure in a similar manner. But there is this difference in the case of the latter, that each main stalk, instead of supporting a single bell, is surmounted by several of them, each of which constitutes a separate animal, capable of feeling and acting, so to speak, in an independent manner, perceiving any shock or change of light, and coiling itself up for protection and safety. In some species, the stalk is stiff and incapable of contraction.

In *Aphrydium versatile*, the several individuals, instead of being supported upon a separate flexible stalk, are imbedded in a mass of gelatinous substance, from the surface of which they protrude, waving their cilia in the water with a view to attract their food. In *Vaginicola Crystallina*, the creature is enclosed in a horny sheath, into which it can completely withdraw on the approach of danger.

Hentor Mulleri, or the *Trumpet Animalcule*, exhibits a still more interesting variety of the family. This creature, instead of being shaped like a bell or glass, is formed something like a trumpet, starting from a slender point by which it is attached, and increasing gradually towards the anterior portion of the body, where it is terminated by a circular

reflected lip, surrounded by a dense circle of cilia, which are more sparsely scattered over the rest of the body. It has the power, which is not possessed by any of those already referred to, of detaching itself from the substance to which it adheres, and swimming about in search of a new place of abode.

There are two other families of the Infusoria described by microscopists, but neither of them compare in interest with the *Vorticellidæ*. The *Trichodidæ* include all the animals of this class, possessing mouths, that have not been described above, and whose motions are performed by means of cilia. The classification of these, however, probably requires revision. The family includes a vast assemblage of individuals. In some, the body is destitute of cilia, with the exception of the circle surrounding the mouth. These are furnished with an oval opening at the posterior portion of the body, in this respect differing materially from the *Vorticellidæ*. In others, the body is entirely covered with cilia, arranged in longitudinal rows down the sides.

The well-known *Paramœcium* is an example of these. This species is interesting, but as being a fair specimen of the whole group, and having been the object of special study by such men as Muller, Balbiani, Stein, and others, who have devoted their labours chiefly to this department. They have shown, chiefly by their observations on *Paramœcium*, that the so-called nucleus and nucleolus are true organs of reproduction. Balbiani especially carried out very complete and extensive observations on this animal. He states that "he was not satisfied until he had succeeded in extracting uninjured some of the eggs from the parent body, and had subjected them to the surrounding water, when he saw each egg resolve itself into two portions, the smaller being enclosed within the larger."

The *Setifera* are distinguished by being furnished with *setæ*, or bristles, besides the usual supply of cilia. These stiff hairs do not rotate like the cilia; but they are otherwise moveable, and are used as aids for climbing over any obstacles they may meet with on their way. They sometimes assume the form of hooks, by means of which the animal can attach itself to the objects with which it comes into contact.

The phosphorence of the sea, especially in tropical latitudes, has been a phenomenon of interest and admiration to all travellers, and its cause for a long time remained a mystery. It is now, however, well understood, and is attributed by all naturalists to the presence of animal life. Captain Scoresby describes the waters of the sea on the shores of Greenland as actually discoloured by the number of animalcules they contained. The most common of the species to which this effect is due is the *Noctiluca Miliaris*. It is the largest in size of any of the individuals of the class, and belongs also to the highest division of it, as regards its construction and development. Mr. Gosse thus speaks of it in his "Rambles of a Naturalist:"—"Some weeks afterwards, I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the minute animals to which a great portion of the luminousness of the sea is attributed. One of my large glass vases of sea-water I had observed

to become suddenly at night, when tapped with the finger, studded with minute but brilliant sparks at various points on the surface of the water. I set the jar in the window, and was not long in discovering, without the aid of a lens, a goodly number of the tiny, jelly-like globules of *Noctiluca Miliaris* swimming about in various directions. They swam with an even, gliding motion, much resembling that of the *volvox globator* of our fresh water pools. They congregated in little groups, and a shake of the vessel sent them darting down from the surface. It was not easy to keep them in view when seen, owing rather to their extreme delicacy and colourless transparency than to their minuteness. They were, in fact, distinctly appreciable by the naked eye, measuring from 1-50th to 1-30th of an inch in diameter.

I shall conclude this paper by noticing shortly a group of minute parasitic animals that have, by different writers, been referred to different places among the Protozoa, and which, from their simple structure, and peculiar modes of propagation, are evidently referrable to this class. They are known under the name of *Gregarinidæ*, and are found in the intestines and muscles of earth-worms, various species of insects, and many of the higher orders of animals. They consist of a cylindrical sac, composed of a more or less structureless membrane, filled with a soft, semi-fluid substance, in the centre of which there exists a vesicle with a more solid nucleus. They are possessed of a few true cilia; but their movements are chiefly effected by the contraction and dilatation of the body.

In the course of the investigations conducted upon the flesh of animals, during the prevalence of the cattle plague, by Bale, Cobbold and others, multitudes of these creatures were found distributed through the ultimate fibres of the muscles. But it should be understood that they were, at the same time, proved to have no connexion with the disease, having been found equally numerous in the muscles of animals in perfect health, such as dogs, sheep, deer, and so on.

These creatures consist of a single cell, or of two distinct cells, each containing a well-defined nucleus. The mode in which their reproduction is effected is thus described by Dallas:—"Two *Gregarinæ* become united by some part of their bodies, and cling together so firmly that their separation seems to be impossible. By degrees they lose their original form, until at length they constitute an oval mass, slightly constricted in the middle, but still divided into two distinct cells by a transverse partition. Now a transparent capsule is formed round the compound body, whilst the two nuclei, which have hitherto retained their original appearance, gradually disappear, and the bodies of the animals become converted into a number of granules. The process of development continues within the capsule, the granules or germs become smaller and more numerous, the partition between the two cells finally disappears, and the mature sac either passes entire from the body of the animal in which it is contained, or, bursting within its intestine, allows the numerous germs to be evacuated at once."

The three classes which we have now considered—the *Rhizopoda*,

the *Porifera*, and the *Infusoria*—complete the first and lowest division of the animal kingdom. They are interesting alike for their extremely minute size, the exceeding beauty and variety of their forms, the perfection of their structure, and the wonderful changes they undergo during the short course of their existence. They are universally distributed, being found wherever salt or fresh water in any form exists. And the admirer of nature who would enlarge the sphere of his enjoyment, and increase the number of delightful objects furnished for his meditation and pleasure, could not resort to a field better suited to his object. It would serve above all things to widen and enlarge his view, as to the inexhaustible power and riches of the mind, whence the multitudinous forms of nature originated, and to elevate his thoughts above the small and contracted estimate so often formed of the world and of life.

SCOTT.

BY ANDREW ARCHER.

"When"—said the sardonic Carlyle, some thirty years ago—"our swallow tail has become as fantastic as trunk hose, they (the "Waverley Novels") will cease to amuse." That time has not come yet. Though the swallow tail, as an ordinary walking coat, has gone out of fashion, since the seer of Chelsea uttered the prediction, men still, on solemn and festive occasions, array themselves in a habit bordering on the swallow tail cut, and notwithstanding that, since Scott was laid to rest in Dryburgh Abbey, and Carlyle penned his critique in the *Westminster*, great novelists, some of whom have passed away, have opened new pathways in the field of fiction wide as the earth and diversified as life, men still find amusement in the novels by the "author of Waverley." Scott never attempted a minute picture of modern life; he did not, as several modern writers have done with success, "catch the living manners as they rise;" he dealt not in crime and horrors, like the sensationalists of the day, but his grand pourtrayals of life "in ye olden time" cease not to amuse the reader of to-day, and their natural air and healthy tone are as invigorating as the mountain breeze compared with the mephitic atmosphere of some fictions of the present time. From the immense multiplication of his works, from the number of cheap editions that have lately been issued from the Briareus handed-press, Scott has become extensively popularized since the time when his first poems appeared in imposing folio, and his novels in expensive editions, and were hailed with delight by the rather select but still wide circle of readers whose applause gave him assurance of fame and wealth. In his extended popularity the

charms of his poetry and of his romance—the sorcery of his art, have been more widely felt and appreciated.

In his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "our bard" describes how in "fair Melrose Abbey" the old friar and doughty Deloraine, "good at need," opened the tomb of Sir Michael Scott, (him of whom Dante sung, "practiced in every slight of magic wile,") when

> the light broke forth so gloriously,
> Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
> And through the galleries far aloof;
> No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright.
> It seemed like heaven's own blessed light.
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> . . . . . .
>
> Before their eyes the wizard lay,
> As if he had not been dead a day.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> His left hand held his Book of Might.

Next month there will be a great gathering (in spirit) in another ancient abbey, and a great crowding round the open tomb of another Scott, another "Wizard of the North;" and the light that will stream forth will dazzle the world, and to those who look upon his face, and open his magic volumes, it will seem that the magician has not been "dead a day," but that his spirit is still living on the earth. The mighty book of Sir Michael is lost to the world, as if it had never been (and if anyone says it never was, tradition supplies no legal proof that it was ever a power in the world), but the magic volumes of Sir Walter are open to all; their spell is not broken, for upon all who give themselves up to a study of their pages, they work an innocent but potent charm. As all the Scotts claim kindred with each other, the ancient and modern wizards must have been of kin, and the poet may have in some way, unblazoned by heraldry, derived from some collateral mixture of the blood of Sir Michael in the line of his direct progenitors, that love of *diablerie*, that fondness for the supernatural, conspicuous in his poems and romances, as he derived from Sir Walter Scott of Brankholme, from whom he claimed descent, that pride of blood that, under his legal gown in the Court of Session, and his shooting jacket on the rivers and moors about Ettrick, made him a most kindly, unassuming, shrewd and humorous man in his dealings with the world, and in daily intercourse "with all sorts and condition of men" a border baron in spirit, causing him to look back with admiration to the feudal day and institutions, and to delight in the exploits of these moss-trooping times, when there was perpetual war upon the border; when, as seemed to the stern Italian poet, Dante Alighieri—

> A thirsty pride made fools alike,
> The English and Scot impatient of their bound.

The legends surrounding the name of Michael Scott, who was a veritable baronet of the 13th century, "Balwearie of that Ilk," and a diplomatist, and a scholar (when learning was in the popular imagination allied with the black art) to boot, and the baronnial power and state of his distant forebears," had a powerful influence in moulding his

genius and inspiring his ambition. It has been said that it was a great misfortune for Scott that he had a pedigree, for it confirmed in time the ambition to revive the dimmed glory of his line, to found in his person a family and offspring that would take rank with the proudest gentry of his country, and caused him to look upon his genius—to the injury of his art, and the loss of his permanent fame—as merely subsidiary to his success in life and advancement in social rank and scale.

That ambition (that earnest men and enthusiasts in art consider unworthy) seemed to have been inspiration to his muse, and an incentive to his tremendous labours, and was the primary cause of the calamity that overtook him in his failing age, and overclouded with gloom and delirium the last days of his wonderful career. Scott had a due proportion of that severe practicability that distinguishes many of his countrymen, and valued to the full extent the power that the command of hard cash gives. Literary fame was with him only a secondary consideration, (however, he did, when in glowing health and spirits, delight in the exercise of his muse) and he valued it chiefly as it brought him the popularity that showed itself in the ever more eager rush to secure his successive books, and proved its sterling character by bringing in thousands upon thousands, enabling him to add acre to acre, and from the germ of the small estate of McCartley's hole (*vulgice* "Clarty hole") to add domain to domain, and call it the estate of Abbotsford, and to build thereon a castle of the old Scottish baronnial order, and fill it with a medley of costly modern upholstery, and ancient oaken cabinets, and quaint high back chairs, busts, books, and mementoes of the past,—

> "a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets."

The moralist might exclaim, with the son of David, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" His ambition proved itself to be in vain, for Abbotsford is held,—"no son of his succeeding",—by relatives out of his direct line.

> "Rarely into the branches of the tree
> Doth human worth mount up, and so ordains
> He, who bestows it, that as His free gift
> It may be called."

To-day the world does not think of Sir Walter Scott, the baronet, the favourite of kings, the delight of nobles, the master of the castle and domain of Abbotsford, (it will not pay homage to his rank on the 15th of August coming,) but of Scott the poet and novelist, who, o'er the days fading away into dim tradition shed the light of romantic reality, and showed us that the men of old were of like passions and humours with ourselves. Except, that the passions of the same common nature worked in the hearts of the men of the olden time, and that true delineations of that nature, in whatever phase of circumstances it struggles, are perennially interesting, there is hardly anything in common between the spirit of the past, in which Scott de-

lighted in imagination to dwell, and the spirit of the present day, as it shows itself in the political and social life of this continent. That past, as delineated by Scott, is but a glorious dream; it has no reality for modern men. They may, when jaded by the engrossing business of life, or wearied by its monotony, seek to escape into the realm of the past, and delude themselves for an hour that the olden days were more manly, stirring, and picturesque than those in which they are condemned to live: they will find grateful dissipation to their thoughts in the works of Scott, and amusement, the healthiest that can be found in fiction; but, when they are imperatively called back to their "work-a-day" existence, they will carry nothing with them from their reading that will give them light and direction in the maze of the present.

The genius of a line sometimes comes out in the late and often last scion of the stock. The father of Sir Walter, in respect of the poetic element, was the antipode of his son—"an honest lawyer," a W. S., or writer to the signet, (as a specialty in the legal profession is designated in Edinburgh,) an eminently respectable and well to do citizen, and a Presbyterian and ruling elder—a reverend looking gentleman, whose sober mien was calculated to restrain irregularity at a merry-making, and add solemnity to a funeral; who must have looked upon poetry and romance as the idlest "havers," and would, had not parental pride and affection softened harsh judgment, and had not young Scott given, to him, satisfactory attention to the study of the law, and shown promising ability when called upon to argue his first case, have denounced the pursuit of the muses as frivolous and incompatible with the attainment of great success in the most exacting of all professions. Sir Walter derived the poetry of his nature from his mother, the daughter of Professor Rutherford, of the Edinburgh University. The poetic spark warmed up the coldened blood once hot in a line of bold border lairds and mars-troopers, and produced in Scott a renascence of the spirit of the best of his race; but circumstance, combined with his lameness, preventing him from following a soldier's life, the flame took another direction, and since he was debarred from deeds of arms, he awoke strains of warlike adventure, from the long unstrung harp, and, first in genius, and in time,—

> "The last of all the bards was he,
> Who sung of border chivalry."

Edinburgh, the place of his birth, may well be proud of the genius of her great son; and it well befits, for the debt of pride and gratitude she owes him, that, in the centre of the proud capital, in a vale between her ancient and modern hounds, with the lofty old town in the background, the memories of the past breathing from the blackened windowed walls, and the crown of St. Giles rising in the centre,—the Castle on its mouldering rock defending the left wing,—and in form of "lion *couchant*" the regal height of St. Arthur's Seat far to the right, amidst gardens, that echo with the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and look upon the sweep of a princely street, the monument

should rise, within whose alcove sits the effigy of him—the genius of Scotland, "the pride of all Scotchmen." Well and deeply did Scott love his own romantic town—Edinburgh, Edina, Dunedin, Auld Reekie. How often he makes Edinburgh the centre of his story! How he loves to describe the beauties of the capital of the ancient kingdom! to revive the splendor of Holyrood, where James IV—"the champion of the Dames, who lost his life at the challenge of a ladye fair"—held court before

> "Flodden's fatal field,
> When shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield;"

to recall the feuds of unruly border clans,—

> "When the streets of High Dunedin
> Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
> And heard the slogan's deadly yell;"

to picture it in the stirring times of Regent Murray, with the bustle and bustle on the High Gate between the Leslies and Seytons for the "crown of the causeway;" to describe it as seen by old Adam Woodcock the falconer, and young Roland Graeme, as they journeyed up from the south to Holyrood.

"Yonder," said the falconer, "stands Auld Reekie. You may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles distance, as the gosshawk hangs over a plump of young wild ducks—ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncan's Bayhead;"—to pourtray the alarm of its pursy berghers, when the Pretender, with a rush of wild Highlanders, marched triumphantly down the Cannongate—fair Jacobite ladies waving welcome to Bonnie Prince Charlie—to Holyrood, to hold court for a day in the ancient palace of his fathers, and to imagine that the Stuarts had "got their ain again;" to describe the riot on the High Street, where a fierce mob stormed the old Tolbuth, and strung up Jock Porteous, Captain of the City Guards, "at the tail of a tow from a dyseter's beam;" a flagrant case of Jeddart justice, or Lynch law, that angered Queen Caroline to the heart, and prompted her to say, to the McCallum More of the day, the celebrated John, Duke of Argyll, "that sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting field." "In that case, Madam," answered that high spirited nobleman, "I will take leave of your Majesty and go down to my own country and get my hounds ready."

There was to his eyes no landscape on earth most beautiful, varied, sublime and enchanting than the view from the summit of Arthur's seat; or from the wild walk winding around Salisbury crags—the prospect, he says, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian,"—commands "a close built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent a dragon, now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale and rock, and studded by the

picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with and divided from each other, in every possible variety that can gratify the eye and the imagination." It was up Arthur's Seat and round Salisbury crags, when a stirring but not particularly bright boy at the High School, he used to wander with some chosen companion, telling stories of knights and ladyes fair and cruel giants and battles interminable.

With Scott "the boy was father to the man." Though his independent genius took wing rather late, (its first flight dating from the appearance of the "Lay of the last Minstrel," in 1805, when he was thirty-four years of age,) the germ of what he was to be, as a poet and romancist, was laid in his earliest years. His peculiar poetic tastes were first awakened when a lame and delicate child. He lived with his grandfather at Sandy-knowe, in a romantic country, amid scenes associated with ancient tradition. The pensive child loved to hear the auld wives croon over the old ballads of the border side and the farm ingle neuk, and it may be that during the years, from three to eight, that he lived at Sandy-knowe and became familiar with the "old and antique songs of the country," that the idea of collecting and preserving them in permanent form first arose in his mind; an idea he afterwards carried out when a young man just entering upon life, in his famous raids into Liddlesdale (so full of life and roaring fun and endless song and story) when he invaded the hospitable hearths of many an Elliot and Armstrong (prototypes of his Dandie Dinmont and Hobbie Elliots) simple, warm-hearted and hard-headed, who were at first inclined to look upon the young advocate "frae embro" as a superior being from some lofty region, but who were quickly re-assured by their visitor's familiarity and good humour, and the way he took off his toddy, that he was "just like ain o' themselves." The old ballads (that had been handed down orally from generation to generation, have passed into oblivion) that he took down as they came from the lips of the old folk about the country side, were edited and corrected by himself and published under the title of "The Minstrelsy of the Border," in 1802, and met with praise from the critics and favour from the public.

If Scott had not been a weak, lame child, his father would never have sent him from Edinburgh to Sandy-knowe; and if he had not spent there five of the most impressionable years of his life, he would not have formed tastes and associations that gave form to his mind and direction to his life. On such small accidents seemingly turn the destiny of a life. The lameness (for which, such strange remedies, as wrapping the child in the reeking hide of a newly slaughtered sheep, were tried) early showed itself to be incurable. But after he recovered from an attack of serious illness, that seized him when he was fifteen years of age, he grew strong in health, and his lameness did not impair his energy and ability to take vigorous out-door exercise, and those glorious gallops across the moors that he spoke to Lockhart

(his son-in-law in after years) about when describing to him the circumstances under which Marmion was written; nor did his lameness gall his strong and healthy spirit as a similar affliction did the proud and sensitive Byron. He, to quote, or rather misquote Falstaff, "turned his diseases into commodities," for he turned the illness that attacked him in childhood and boyhood to account, by revelling during his long convalescencies, in poetry, fiction, travels, biographies, filling his mind with fancy and fact. Among the books that made an indelible impression on his boyish mind was Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," a work that came like a fresh revelation in literature upon the reading public, filled with the artificialities and quaint grotesque conceits of poets who, instead of singing the lives of men and women, honest flesh and blood, sung of the loves of plants and triangles, awakened a taste and admiration for what was true, tender and simple, and sent back the poets to the inexhaustible and ever fresh treasury of nature for the materials of their art. These fine old poems, which amidst much that is grotesque and halting in metre, contain fine passages of stirring movement and exquisite touches of nature, gave the first impulse to the mind of Scott.

The old ballad of "Chevy Chase" had the same effect on him, as Sir Philip Sidney said it had upon himself—it stirred his blood like a trumpet. It may readily be conceived that in the rambles of the budding poet by the hill sides, the river's bank, over moors, where stood, mementoes of conflict, the ruined "peels;" o'er ground teeming with tradition, that his brain, that in youth was always afire with warlike thought, (through which, he once said, a regiment of dragoons was always exercising,) was busy in fighting over and over again the fray of "Chevy Chase;" and that he often imagined himself by the side of Douglas when Earl Percy saw his fall, and that he revenged with his own strong right hand and good brand the death of the Scottish hero, and by his own prowess turned the tide of the fight against the English, and made good King James modify his plaint o'er the death of Douglas, by vowing that he had one man left, and he a Scott, as good as he. The impulse received from Percy's Reliques was renewed and strengthened afterwards by reading the ballad of "Christabel" by Coleridge, conceived in the ancient spirit, but executed with exquisite modern finish; by the study of the wild ballads of the German poet Burger, through which runs a strain of supernaturalism,—a strain which pervades his own first and great metrical romance, the Lay, in lesser degree—"Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake," and which, though faithful to the spirit of the ancient ballads, and to the superstition of the times in which the romances are laid, rather—to modern tastes—spoils the effect than adds to the power of the poems.

Scott, between 1796 and 1804, published translations of Burger's "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman," of Goethe's Gotz von Berlichingen, which was the first great reproduction in modern literature of the chivalric period—the customs and costumes of the feudal age—and his Minstrelsy of the Border, in the volumes of which appeared some original poems.

After 1804 Scott's genius fairly burst from its chrysalis state.

The appearance of the Lay of the Last Minstrel marked the opening of his wonderful career, for which the labours of preceding years had been the preparation.

In 1805 Scott was in prosperous and happy circumstances. He was in the enjoyment of some private means; he had married a lady of French extraction, Miss Carpenter, who brought him a small fortune, and he held the easy office of the Sheriffship of Kelso, worth three hundred a year. And this was but the beginning of a prosperity unexampled in the history of literature.

In 1812 he received another appointment, more lucrative, and as easy, the Clerk of the Court of Sessions, worth £1200 a year; and it is computed, at the height of his prosperity, that his income from all sources was between £15,000 and £20,000. But he was happier, there is reason to believe, in his moderate prosperity at Ashesteil, than when the incubus of the Abbotsford domain was on his shoulders. "The Lay," "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake', published between 1805 and 1810, are the metrical romances that attained immense popularity in their day, and retain a high place still in popular estimation. His "Lord of the Isles," "Roikeby," "Bridal of Triermain," "Harold, the Dauntless," are comparatively little known. They were not much noticed by the public after they appeared, for a bright meteor was then blazing across the poetic sky, and the wondrous "Childe Harold" and the "Corsair" made Scott's well-worn characters appear tame.

The characteristic of Scott, as a writer, whether his vehicle be verse or prose, is his objectiveness, his faculty of viewing objects, animate and inanimate, not through the medium of his individual feeling, but as external to himself; the power of delineating all the features of a landscape, the aspects of nature and the objects of art, in so vivid a manner, that they are presented clearly to the mind's eye; of presenting in concrete form the different phases of human nature in so individual a manner, that his characters have a *vrai semblance* to living men and women; of describing the movements of men in great political and warlike action, in the council chamber, on the battle field, in revolution, riot, pastime, and social intercourse; of revivifying the form and spirit of past ages, clothing their life (the heart of which worked with the same passions that beat in the heart of the world of to-day,) with their own peculiar modes and habits of political thought and belief, their own particular customs and costumes, that we seem to live in them while reading his pages. Description, in short, in the widest sense, was his distinctive talent—gift. His power is broad, but not deep. He draws with a bold, correct pencil, paints with an easy and glowing brush, his effects are grand and striking, but, though exquisitely felicitous at times, his execution is not distinguished by the finest finish. With regard to power, the flow of his verse is animated, irregular; it has that lilt and ring about it, like military music, that stirs the blood and fires the imagination, that takes the popular ear; but amidst the clang and flourish of trumpets, and the clattering movement, there are pauses of relief, bars of a soft melody, showing fine

feeling and producing a fine effect. He shows no evidence of labour; his compositions in verse and prose seem extempore, thrown off at a dash, not afterwards pruned down, revised, and corrected; and they consequently show many inaccuracies and inelegancies, faulty lines, and heavy and lame passages, but the general spirit, glow, and life of the whole redeem all errors. He is no meditative poet, and in spirit prefers rather to call for boot and saddle, and scour over moor and dale, than to sit solitary and chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, or make exquisite plaints over vanished joys. He is not a Byron at war with the world and with himself, nor is he to himself the centre of the universe. He looks, in a healthy, joyous spirit, upon the moving scene of life, content to take the world as it was and is, and content with his own position in it. He wrestles not with the problem of life till gloom and doubt overshadow his spirit. He feels no call to enlighten or instruct the world, only to amuse it, which he does most thoroughly.

As a man, he had not the strong passions, or as a poet, the force and tenderness of Burns, who viewed all nature through the medium of his own feelings, and who, by giving passionate and true expressions to all natural emotions as they arose in his own breast, awakes a reflex of feeling in the heart of all. Burns's poems and songs are steeped in personal feeling. Scott throws only a gleam. Scott, in describing a scene, stands outside, viewing it as it is. Burns sees it endued with all the varied hues of passion, golden with joy, or black with gloom. For example: Burns, in describing the last hours he spent with his Highland Mary, sings as if all nature was in love like himself,—

> "Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
> O'er hung with wild woods, thickening, green,
> The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
> Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
> The flowers sprang wanton, to be prest,
> The birds sang love on every spray," &c.

Scott (in the Lady of the Lake), in describing dark Roderick Dhu, with a storm of passion raging in his breast, pacing in the summer dawn the islet strand, with fair Loch Katrine in view, does not throw the reflex of the gloom in the heart of the Chief upon the landscape, but shows it in all its calm and beauty, and the peacefulness of the scene and the inquietude of the actor present a fine contrast.

Scott, for his power of delineating character, has been compared to Shakspeare, and it was suggested to him that he should enter the arena of the drama, and "try his hand" at a regular five act play. But it is exceedingly doubtful if he would have succeeded.

The natural bent of his genius was to diffusiveness of description and fullness of detail, that left little to be filled up by the imagination of the reader, the very reverse of dramatic concentration and suggestiveness; and though he had a command of dramatic language, for quiet sentiment and calm description, and might have "bombasted out a blank verse," and simulated the language of exaggerated passion with the best of them, it is doubtful if he could have called up the deepest, darkest, stillest passions of the heart to do his bidding. For

in his delineation of character he does not enter into the heart of hearts as Shakspeare does; he has not the comprehensive glance that grasps the distinct personality of a varied group of characters, that seeks at once the controlling motives of conduct, penetrates far below the surface, and reaches the very source of the passions, the springs of human action; nor has he the power of revealing a storm of internal emotions by a few simple words that suggest clearly to the understanding the secret unexpressed thoughts and feelings that cross the mind and rise in the heart of the actor, or that faculty of concentrated expression that in a simple phrase, or in a few trenchant lines, gives living power to universal thought and feeling, and which, seizing on the mind by their apt power, make an indelible impression, and are quoted forever, and become part of the common language. Scott, though one of the most voluminous writers who ever lived, struck few of these golden phrases out of the mental mint, which pass current everywhere as verbal coin.

But Scott, though not a dramatic writer, unfolds his stories with dramatic power, supplying the action, scenery, and costumes himself, and as many, perhaps, have taken as much "solid comfort" on their solitary sofa or easy chair with Waverley, Old Mortality, and Ivanhoe, as have been delighted in a crowded theatre with Hamlet, Lear, or "As You Like It."

For nearly a quarter of a century (from 1822 to 1826) Scott enjoyed a cumulative prosperity. "He had, like Timon in his golden time, the world as his confectionary;" or, to use a Scotch saying,—more german to the subject,—he had health, wealth, "and wit to guide them;" and, added to these blessings, fame, which, though exhilarating even to the composed and equable temper of Scott, was inconvenient in the obtrusiveness with which it sometimes showed itself, and made Abbotsford the Mecca of a new prophet to curiosity hunters and hero worshippers and literary devotees from England, America, and all parts of the continent. Abbotsford was the great open house in Scotland, where Scott dispensed hospitality to some of the most distinguished people of the time—honoured and honoring. If his good nature was abused by some "tourists" who forced themselves in his notice, and ruffled, by their impertinent forwardness, even his temper, that was only the penalty attached to his fame and his reputation for unbounded hospitality and kindness of heart. With fame came honour. The Prince Regent (George IV.), who admired his subject greatly, on more than one occasion made snug parties in Carlton House, when he happened to be in London. On these occasions the Royal host capped Scott's raciest Scotch stories with stories of his own. Scott was made a baronet in 1820, having repelled a previous suggestion of knighthood with a quotation from Falstaff—"I like not such "*grinning honour*" as Sir Walter hath," and though the sound of the distinction he received strikes the ear in the same way as does that of the "grinning honour" he despised, its permanence, as it furthered his ambition, gratified his family pride.

In 1814, under a thin veil of incognito, he passed from metrical to

prose romances, by publishing "Waverley," which marked the third phase of his literary life, when his genius, like ripened fruit, attained its richest colour and raciest flavour.

The mystery of the "Great Unknown" mystified the outside public, but did not "pull the wool over the eyes" of sagacious critics. It was solemnly kept up and gave rise on festive occasions to amusing scenes, when Scott used to listen, demure fun playing over his sagacious features, to the praises heaped on the "Great Unknown," and cooly join in the stentorian applause with which the toast to "the immortal author of Waverley" was always greeted. In Carlton House the Prince Regent sprung this toast on his guest one midnight, but Scott, equal to the occasion, disclaimed any pretensions to the honours of the toast, assuring his Royal Highness that he would "take care the real Simon Pure" heard of the high compliment that had been paid him. The Prince, not to be put off, immediately called for another bumper, "to the author of Marmion," with a significant smile and remark, "Now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*" (alluding to an anecdote told by Scott of Chief Justice Braxfield). The acknowledgment of authorship was not made until 1827, but Jeffrey, in 1814, hinted at it, when, in speaking of Waverley, he said, "If it indeed be the work of an unknown author, Mr. Scott would do well to look to his laurels, and arouse himself to a sturdier competition that any he has yet encountered." Thus impliedly setting Scott himself against himself.

The fame of Scott in his lifetime extended not only over all English speaking lands, but over France, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, (where he sojourned, in his last sad year, for a time) it was not only national and linguistic, but continental, and his books were translated into all the principal foreign languages, and people of every tongue enjoyed and appreciated his glowing and picturesque stories of the past. His example produced a host of writers, who followed in his wake with unequal footsteps, and endeavoured to clothe the dry bones of history with living flesh and blood; to dress it in the apparel of the times, and to shed over all the light of the spirit of warm humanity. Scott's sympathies were universal, but his spirit was truly national, and few Englishmen, and no foreigner, can fully appreciate this most characteristic merit—his dialectal pourtrayal of Scottish character in all its phases. He was himself in his fullest strength and power, within the confines of his native land, when moving among scenes with which he was most familiar, and dealing with characters, whose prototypes he had met in his varied social intercourse. "His foot upon his native heath," he was Scott—and a Scot indeed. His Scotch novels are more life-like than those in which he places the scene in England or in France. There is an racy spirit, familiarity, and individuality about them that impresses on us the conviction that he is describing realities. "Ivanhoe" and "Kennilworth" are two of his greatest "works," and probably helped to extend his fame, as a romance writer, beyond his native land, more widely than Waverley, Antiquary, or Old Mortality. They are readily understood by the most

thorough Englishman, and no barbarisms of dialect offend his ear, or puzzle his understanding; and their grand, general effect is preserved in a good French or German translation. But no Scotchman will say that Scott is at his best in these works. Ivanhoe is the most "delightful of all romances;" but the author does not tread on sure ground or come in contact with once actually living characters. The scene is laid in a dark age, over which archæological research has shed no clear light. It gives the effect of a glorious day dream, not of the stir and movement of actual life. The reader comes in contact with the strangest medley of characters—Knights "wandering" and unknown, "the Black," and "the Disinherited" Saxon Thanes and Serfs, Abbots, Templars, Outlaws, Jews, and Jolly Friars. He gives himself up to the enchantment of the wizard, and revels in the gorgeous description of the tournament at Ashly de la Zouche, and in the chivalrous deeds and gladiatorial displays of the gallant knights, smiled on by "ladyes fair;" he wanders with delight in the pleasant English woods with the knight-errant king—"Richard of the lion heart"—who, in the dim evening woodland retreat, stumbles on the cell of the jolly friar Tuck, partakes of his venison pasty and wine flagon, and with him trolls a catch, or under the green wood tree "meets in fellowship with bold Robin Hood and his merry men all;" he falls in love with Rebecca—the finest of all his heroines—the fair Jewess, and thinks Ivanhoe has the most miserable taste to prefer the fair but *fade* immalculate Rowena to the glorious daughter of the House of Judah.

But he never actually believes that such things were. "Kennilworth" is a tale of the romantic period of English history, the glorious reign of "good Queen Bess" and Elizabeth herself, and Essex, Leicester, Raleigh and Hatton, give it life and historical interest. Shakspeare just crosses the scene. In the action of the story love and ambition meet in conflict, and the triumphs of the evil passion gives it the most tragic cast. The fate of fair Amy Robsart, "the ladye of Cumnor Place," the concealed wife of the dark "Gipsey Earl," who finds her a stumbling block in his path to the throne, awakens pity and indignation. The high state, the pagentry and revelry on the occasion of the visit of the Queen, "the Imperial vot'ress" not quite "fancy free" to her subject and suitor, Leicestor, at Kennilworth Castle gives the grandest scope to his varied powers of description. The dressing, accessories, subsidiary characters of the story show an intimate knowledge of the costume and phraseology of the period, but there is a certain artificiality in the characters that seems to show that the author is drawing from book and not from nature. There is a character and flavour about the Scotch novels which none but Scotchmen can fully appreciate. Englishmen and foreigners (in translations,) can fully appreciate the features of Scottish scenery, but not so well the features of Scotch character when set in pure "Doric." They can realize the grandeur of its magnificent masses of mountain scenery, that in their barren and deep shadowed solitariness impress the mind with a sense of awe; they can admire the beauty of the still highland lochdown, on whose clear depths are thrown the shadows of

the bouldered and wildering wooded hills, and which takes colour from the blue sky, and reflects the hurrying fleecy clouds; they can feel the awe which creeps over the mind in the gloom and shadow of the mountain pass, that, from the vale below winds up by tortuous and dizzy path to the high land and vigorous air above, down which, at its opening, over rocky bed, hurries with brawling cry the eager stream that higher up from seething fall to fall has dashed down,—its waters churned to yellow foam,—cavernous depths, and the far echo of whose eternal thunder strikes upon the distant ear with a sense of fear that deepens the stillness; they can realize the delighted surprise of the wanderers—straying from a tame and level country by the side of an old water-course till it grows into a romantic glen and opens on a level sward and still lake encircled by woods—at beholding the grey lichened ruins, the shattered walls, the broken pillars, the traceried windows of some ancient church and abbey (wrecked by the coarse hand of intolerant zeal) once the fane of worship, the abode of learning in dark times, and ever, amid the solitude, vocal with praise; they can admire the ancient baronial castle, on its beetling rock dashed upon by the waves, or, on its woody height, commanding a sweep of level fields and rolling moor, standing erect like a sentinel over the grave of the past — a memento of stern days of incessant warfare—in whose towers armed men kept watch day and night, and from which, at the breathless news of coming danger, the bale-fires blazed and the alarm bell rung out, awakening with speed, flame and sound, from surrounding heights, till the whole country side was roused and in arms; they can picture to the mind's eye, the description of wide, dreary expanses of rolling, barren and solitary moorland,—not beautiful to the eye, but impressive to the mind,—as associated with the lofty enthusiasm and the bravely-borne sufferings of the intense days of persecution in Scotland, where "among these muirs, mosses, mossfloes and peat-hags," the stern and unbending Zealots, who swore by the solemn league and covenant, and lifted up their testimony against the defections of the times, used to meet to hear the pure word of the gospel preached by ministers, who scorning "the black indulgence" of a prelatic government, had left their kirks and their manses; where the men with arms in their hands (often but the implements of their rustic labour) and the women, steeled in high-wrought faith in the holiness of their cause, against fear, answered the clang of trumpets and the harsh roll of the kettledrums of the approaching squadrons of Charles or James, with voices tuned high to a psalm of the warlike King of Israel, ending with a jubilant shout that testified their dauntless confidence, and whence assailed from vantage ground, caught in treacherous bogs, the mounted troopers, leaving scores of their comerades dead in the boggy soil, were too glad to spur back, as best they might, whence they came, in disordered flight. The glories of nature in her grandeur, beauty, terror and barren desolateness, the memorials of men's faith, reverence, intelligence and artistic skill; the mementos of their power and possessions associated as they are with human life and with actions that sprang from motives common to men

of all ages and nations, are looked upon with interest and universally appreciated, but the local peculiarities of national character and of vulgar idiom, can only be appreciated thoroughly by natives of the soil from where they grow. Every one can take in the general features of the barren, desolate mountain scene at Loudon Hill or Drumclog, as described in "Old Mortality," where the covenanters encountered the Royal Life Guards under the "bloody Claverse," and perhaps all can sympathize with the enthusiasm of the persecuted people; but it is questionable if any foreigner, able to read the original, could enter into the spirit and humour conveyed in their country dialect of some of the actors in the scene, or translate it into their own tongue so as to convey the characteristic sense. What could he make of some of the phrases of Cuddie Headiggs; as when describing the vigour of lungs of one of the preachers, he says "routed like a cow on a fremd loaning," or of the speech of his mother—old Mause—a true sister in spirit, of the historical Jenny Geddes, who threw her stool at the head of the Dean in St. Giles' church with the fierce objurgation: "The deil colick in the wame of ye, thou false thief, dost thou say the mass at my lug?" Mause, seeing Claverhouse spurring his ghastly wounded black charger in swift retreat, cried out, "Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blithe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wud ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle. Wilt thou not tarry now thou has found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching? Wae betide ye! and cut the houghs of the creature whose fleetness ye trust in! Sheugh, sheugh, awa' wi ye, that hae spilled sae muckle bluid, and now would save your ain; awa' wi ye for a ranting Rabshekah, a cursing Shemei, a bloodthirsty Doeg! The sword's drawn now that winna be lang overtaking ye, ride as fast as ye will."

It is in his delineation of lowly Scottish character that Scott shows his thorough nationality. He was a Tory in politics, from judgment and social instinct. He was bitterly assailed on the appearance of "Old Mortality" for his perverse admiration of Graham of Claverhouse, the type of the most repellent cavalierism, and for pourtraying the fanaticism of the extreme party of the Covenanters in such colours as to arouse detestation and ridicule. He is, perhaps, open to criticism on both points. Scotland, in the reigns of Charles and James, must have been a soul-trying country to live in, and dangerous and difficult ground for a novelist to go back upon, even after a lapse of a century and a half. Whatever it may now be, there was in his time some spark of the spirit of the old non-conformists left, to blaze up when the cinders of the smouldered fire were lightly raked up; to resent any appearance of unfairness or of levity in writing of the martyrs in the sacred cause, and to put all but thorough sectarian sympathy down to a leaven of malignancy in the author. But Scott may be said to have looked upon these troublous times rather with an artistic eye than a partisan heart; if he glazed over the cold blooded cruelty of Claverhouse, out of admiration for his stern sense of duty to King, Church, and State, his soldiery mien, and his stately courtesy to

people of his own condition and party, and his cool, unruffled composure in the most trying hours of excitement and danger; and if he did show that the furious zeal of the extremest Covenanters had burnt out all temporal tenderness, conscience and judgment, and that a self-righteous conviction of their "election" entitled them to look with scorn and hatred upon all not as thorough going as themselves, and that a sense of "freedom" gave them liberty to break any moral law that stood in the way of their ambition, he did not palliate the detestable tyranny and savage cruelty of the Lords of the Privy Council, or fail to do justice to the matchless constancy of some of the martyrs in the holy cause, under the most fearful torture of body, and in face of immediate execution.

But whatever may have been his (real or affected) admiration for the "bloody Claverse," and his leaning to the High Church and State party, it is certain that it is in his delineation of lowly Scottish life and character that he shows his thorough nationality. During his last years—at the time of the agitation of the first Reform Bill in Great Britain—Scott opposed the measure, and at a stormy meeting at Kelso, some cried out, "burk the Shirra" (the Sheriff). This manifestation of bitter feeling coming from an assemblage of people with whom he had always maintained the most kindly relations, cut Sir Walter to the heart, and he was heard to mutter to himself, as if pained and astonished, "burk the Shirra!" Unless he had had the most kindly sympathy with all the conditions of his countrymen, he never could or would have, "in the Antiquary," depicted with such truth and unaffected feeling the scene in the Cottage of Mucklebackit the fisherman, on the day of the funeral of his son Steenie; or (in the Heart of Mid Lothian) the heavy sorrows in the humble cottage of "douce" Davie Deans, the cowfeeder of St. Leonards, or dwelt with such loving pride on the humble heroism of his daughter Jeanie, who walked (wi' whiles a cast o' a cart) all the way from Edinburgh to London to beg from the Queen the life of her sister, "puir Effie," condemned on a charge of child murder. After showing the very gracious and kindly attention that the great John, Duke of Argyll, paid to Jeanie Deans, Scott says:

"Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connection with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred are more widely extended; and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable, even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions."

Scott undoubtedly felt this mutual, national connection. Whether the feeling is as strong in the present, as it was in his day, in Scotland, is another, but an irrelevant question.

The picturesqueness of character for artistic purposes is often in inverse proportion to social rank, and th. ..nes which Scott depicted were more prolific in pronounced individual character than the present. Scott draws all his best characters from the lowly ranks, where men are less under restraint of social criticism, and more free to act out themselves. His heroes, his Waverleys, Bertrams, Lovels, Osbaldistones, Mortons, and others belonging to the cultured class, and having a personal dignity to sustain, present no striking or very interesting features of character. It shows that Scott drew rather from the surface than, like Shakspeare, entered deep into the heart, that the attractiveness of some of his characters depends greatly on dialect and oddities of manner. His pourtrayal of King Jamie, VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, owes much to those adventitious aids; and the same be said of Baron Cosmo, Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine, the old courtly and pedantic Scottish cavalier; of the royalist Lady Bellenden of Tillietudlem castle; of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—laird and antiquary—and others. When he draws characters of the upper ranks, who have no salient peculiarity of manner or expression, they are sometimes frigid, stately, and uninteresting. The humour of his lowly and rustic characters flows from the genuine expression of the generous and selfish feelings of their heart, couched in the most graphic vernacular. There is Evan Maccombich—type of feudal fidelity—who, when his chief, Fergus McIvor, was condemned for participation "in the 45," pleaded with his judge for his life: "If your excellent honour would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, no to trouble King George's government again, ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysel, to head or to hang, and ye may begin with me the very first man." This proposal raising a laugh in Court, Evan sternly continued, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, are worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back and redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman or the honour of a gentleman." And there is Dandie Dinmont, the bold, hospitable border yeoman, his true and kindly heart shining in his face—but hard headed and litigious, and with two generations of "Mustards" and "Peppers" yelping at his heels. Then there is Cuddie Headrigg, with a stolid look, lighted up now and then by a sly twinkle of the eye, betokening shrewdness and humour, who, fallen on the "brickle" times of the persecution, would fain have made it his study to walk so as he might comply with all times and all the revolutions thereof, who feels no vocation to lift up his testimony against the defections of Erastianism or the Black Indulgence, or to "be justified in the Grass Market," who, placed between the mandates of his Episcopalian mistress, and the instructions of his Covenanting "mither," and ordered to observe feast days by the one, and exhorted against the prelatic practice of eating certain meats by the other, is

sorely pulled about in spirit, and vents his dissatisfaction at both by observing, "As if it was ony matter to God or man whether a ploughman suppit aff mince pies or sower sowens;" but who—though discretion is the far better part of his valour—when forced to take sides and fight, acquits himself like a man; there is the "auld gaberlunzie," Edie Ochiltree, the King's Bedesman, the privileged beggar, who, in his blue gown, has the air of some reverend Palmer, and whose natural shrewdness has, through long experience of life, ripened into homely wisdom, whose spirit has not been soured by his hard lot, but rises into a feeling of pride in his vocation; "wha brings news and country cracks frae ae farm stedding to anither, and gingerbread to the lasses, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the gude wives to clout their pans, and plaits rush, sword and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the lairds flees, and has skill o' cow ills and horse ills, and kens mair auld songs and stories than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh whenever he comes." Then there is Caleb Balderstone, the auld servitor, so anxious to hide the decayed fortunes of the ancient house of Ravenswood, and who, from the morning, when his young master, riding across the quicksands to meet his mortal foe (brother of his love, Lucy Ashton, the self-slaughtered bride of another), sinks buried, leaving only a plume from his cap to play on the ripple of the incoming tide, dwines, like a faithful dog, and dies. Then there is Richie Moniplies, a servitor of quite a different stamp, yet faithful and honest too, but self-conceited and opinionative to a degree past endurance, prosing, pedantic, but with a stout heart and arm ready to protect the weak and help the needful.

But even if space would permit, there is no need of prolonging the catalogue, or dwelling further on the merits and beauties of an author so well known, and whose works are so easily accessible to all.

Scott's life might be compared to a long summer's day, opening in peace and beauty, and attaining great noonday brilliance, but across whose sky, in the descending afternoon, light storm clouds began to sweep, gathering towards the close of the evening in blackness and storm, beating down trees, flowers and ripened fruit. Viewing his life as a whole, the misfortunes of the close seem to cast a backward shadow on the brightness of the commencement. These misfortunes came not like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The causes had been laid and gained strength in the days of his greatest seeming prosperity. He had secretly entered into partnership with his old school-fellows and life long friends, the Ballantynes, in a publishing firm, as far back as 1808, and when it fell—involved in the crash of Constable's publishing house in 1826—Scott was not only ruined, but liable for debts amounting to £120,000 sterling. Scott's friends blamed the Ballantynes, and the Ballantynes blamed Scott. It is certain that Sir Walter was out of his sphere in the firm, and that it would have been better for his happiness and his fame had he never meddled with trade. He might have succumbed to the storm, have made some composition with his creditors, and, after the modern fashion, have come out of the cloud seemingly as strong and bright as ever. Rejecting the assist-

ance of friends, he resolutely braced his heart and bent his mind to face the storm, with the proud determination to wipe out the enormous liability with his well tried and well worn pen.

"When misfortunes come, they come not single file, but in battalions." In May of 1826 his wife fell ill at Abbotsford, and, while he was living in solitary lodgings at Edinburgh, died. His diary, kept in those dark days, shows how keenly he felt his bereavement, and his alternate resolution and sinking of heart: "I feel sometimes as firm as the Bass rock; sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it." All was now gloom in Abbotsford, where Sir Walter had done the honours for all Scotland. It is not good to linger o'er the last years of gloom, failing strength, and incessant labour—the shadow of its weariness is cast over the books he wrote at that period. The first premonitory stroke of death was struck in 1830, when he was smitten by paralysis. He was struck down when he had almost accomplished his purpose. He was taken to the continent the next year, but his over-wrought mind found no rest or place under the blue sky and amid the classic scenes of Italy. The demon of labour pursued him there. He thought of Abbotsford, when near the Coliseum, and longed, by the yellow Tiber, for the silver Tweed. At his anxious solicitation, he was hurried home, and arrived in his own Abbotsford almost insensible. He lingered a short time, and on the 21st of September, 1832, breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. "It," says his son-in-law and biographer, "was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ears, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly heard as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. D. Clark, Princeton, Ont.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOUL.

We are to some extent the creatures of circumstance, and are influenced more or less by the objects of perception, because they continually obtrude themselves upon our senses, and because it requires very little effort of mind to partially understand all that is necessary for our comforts and wants. Yet, if one man more than another happens to extend his sphere of knowledge beyond that of his fellow mortals, he has additional happiness in himself, and it is his duty and privilege, to communicate his discoveries to others. All mankind has a community of interests. Bonds and scourgings and imprisonments might force from the lips of Galileo a retraction of his belief in the copernican

system of astronomy, yet, in spite of all opposition, the old man had a mental reservation of the truth which no ignominy could eradicate. Columbus would not have deserved our gratitude if he and his crew had concealed from mortal ken their great discovery. Harvey, in the midst of much opposition, declared to the world the circulation of the blood. Newton had "atheist" hurled spitefully at him, because he enunciated the laws of gravitation. His enemies declared he put *laws* in the place of God. He conquered and they were confounded. Franklin caught hold of the forked lightning which flashed athwart the darkened cloud and said to Heaven's Artillery "go," and it obeyed his mandate, "come" and it carries his messages from pole to pole. Yet, he told the truth to a wondering world. Simpson revealed the glad tidings in regard to chloroform and suffering humanity rejoiced. Although there is so much true nobility in scientific men, and so much pleasure in exploring new fields of investigation, yet "there is only here and there a traveller." The would-be-fashionable tourist will go in raptures yawningly—as a matter of course—over the grandeur of the Falls of Niagara or the Yosemite. He will descant in a stereotyped way on the romantic and stern sublimity of Loch Lomond, the Alps, the Rhine, or the Andes, but there is no vibration of soul in the contemplation. The dandy who struts his evavescent day in fashionable frivolity—in striking costume—in baubles, which "elude the grasp and vanish into air," or the young lady whose stretch of thought only compasses the latest fashions—the newest novelettes—the stricking attitude, the latest schottische or waltz, are gorgeous butterflies that dazzle in the sunshine, but cower and disappear in the fierce storms of life, or in the dark days which try men's souls. The farmer, or mechanic, or merchant, whose aspirations rise no higher than the plough, the work-bench, or the counter is living in vain, and is only in a small degree exalted above the vegetable, or the beasts of the field, instead of being only "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour." In our multifarious studies and amid the harassing duties of life, comparatively few of us turn our thoughts upon ourselves "fearfully and wonderfully made." The body, the great work-shop of the soul, and the soul, the immortal essence, which gives it vitality, are to many as if they were not. How we long, instinctively, to catch a glimpse of the far beyond? Won't some indulgent spirit "blab it out?" We are fettered by a gross materialism and are wedded to a clog, which nothing but death will sever from us. We almost envy the position of a gasping victim in the throes of dissolution, whose face is flattened against the window panes on the outskirts of a future eternity, as he gazes into its labyrinths in wonder, whose hands are toying with the curtains which hide the mystery of mysteries, and whose spirit is pluming its wings for a flight into the dark unknown. What an enigma in spite of all reason and all Revelation! We often ask ourselves puzzling questions on the great problem of life. Has the soul no knowledge of the external world except through the senses? We can hear without the ear. We can see without the eyes. We can taste independently of the mouth. When

these organs of special sense are not used, the capabilities of the senses are enlarged. The soul takes loftier flights in these so-called abnormal conditions. There is a sense which I have never seen mentioned, but I have often felt its influence. Others assert that they have felt the same, when their attention has been directed to it. I shall call it the sense of *presence*. You are in a room as far as you know alone. No sound breaks the silence. No sense receives the slightest impression, and yet you *feel* the presence of some one. You are not even greatly surprised when a friend, in sport, springs suddenly into your presence, from some hidden nook. What is the medium by which you become cognizant of the fact? Does the soul ever act independently of the body and become cognizant of external things without the aid of sensation? Is animal life a distinct *thing* from the soul and may be called spirit, and only a medium—a *textium quid* between soul and body, which keep sentinel watch in the body when the soul is indulging in flights of exploration beyond its temporary habitation? Does the soul enlarge at times its faculties and capacities in spite of materialism? I have not space to quote remarkable instances in proof of the truth of one of these views, yet, few but must have seen, the wonders of somnambulism. In sleep consciousness is inert. Attention is lost. We have sensation, but not reflection. A sleeping man will wink at a candle placed near his eyelids and still sleep on. He will throw up his hand to defend his ear from the irritation of a tickling straw, and knows it not. He can be gently jostled in bed, until he rolls in uneasiness, but he may slumber on. He dreams in a half awakened state and sees and hears in phantasy the most outrageous things, and to him they are a reality, for judgment is in chains and imagination is running riot. These wild ideal vagaries of the brain

> "Ne'er can fold their wandering wings
> The wild unfathomable things."

In somnambulism, however, we have attention in vigorous exercise. So intensely is it exercised on one particular object, that it will rouse the will to accomplish marvels. Here are the will, attention, memory, and sensation in full play, and yet consciousness dormant. The eyes may be wide open, and light may fall upon the living and sensitive retina. The image or external objects may be formed on it, but the subject sees not. The ear may still be a "sounding gallery," and the auditory nerve in tone and vigour, but he hears not. He may be a gourmand and an epicure, but even bitter aloes may be placed on his tongue, and he will not make a wry face. He may even chew the drug as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He will walk on housetops, on the edge of precipices, and fearlessly in places which would make a waking man tremble. He will go without a mistake through intricate passages and crooked and unknown streets, and all safely. He will sing loudly songs, and play on instruments difficult pieces of music far beyond his powers when waking, and neither his own voice nor the sound of the instrument will rouse him. Why is the person thus affected not cognizant of surrounding objects?

Has the soul withdrawn from the windows of the soul? Is not the soul using the body independently of the senses?

Many persons hold that somnambulists, when in somnambulistic state, are controlled by a second intelligence; that is, that they lead double lives. The Archbishop of Bordeaux relates the following concerning a young priest, which bears out the idea: He was in the habit of writing sermons when asleep; although a card was placed between his eyes and the note book, he continued to write vigorously. Did the history stop here we should have a well authenticated case of vision without the aid of eyes. But the collateral circumstances show that his writing was accomplished not by sight, but by a most accurate representation of the object to be obtained, as will be further illustrated in our next case; for after he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the correction in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this is that which relates to his writing music in his sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but only such as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him in the place of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke, but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately—and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

In Catalepsy, or Trance-waking, we have a peculiar state of mind in which the relations of mind and body are changed. The person externally may appear the same, except that the faculties and capacities are in a more exalted state—the former more active, and the latter more receptive. The subject of it speaks more fluently, sings more sweetly, steps with more elasticity, and has a keener sense of the ludicrous, or pathetic. He may feel naught but slight spasms of the body, but he loses a consciousness of past existence in a normal condition. He remembers nothing but what happens in this peculiar state. When he awakens he remembers nothing of what occurred when he was in this relation, and when he returns to that cataleptic state again, memory only returns to the facts relating to the last condition of trance. In fact there would seem to be two intermittent phases of consciousness, entirely distinct from one another. Some call this "two lives," which is a term scarcely correct. This state is most remarkable, and has been closely investigated for ages by intelligent and scientific men. The ears may not hear, but the tips of the fingers may. The eyes cannot see, but the back of the head can. The mouth has no taste, but if bitter or sweet ingredients are put on the pit of the stomach, the different tastes are at once known by the patient, although ignorant of their nature before. The perceptive powers are marvellous. Such discern objects through mountains, walls, houses; and distance, however far, is no impediment to their vision. Their own bodies are to them transparent as crystal, and so are the bodies of others. They can read the thoughts of others without blunder. It matters not whether these are near or far away. Matter,

however dense, is no obstacle. Space, however boundless, has no distance. Time, far in the future, is to them an eternal *now*. They have a sort of prescience, and can foretell to a certainty future events. It would seem as if the body was a telegraph office, and the clerk in charge of it merely animal life, and the soul was taking ærial flights, laying its telegraphic lines as it went, and, quick as human thought, sending back to its headquarters accounts of its explorations. This is mere hypothesis, which inductive philosophy may yet substantiate. I am aware that Mesmer, Hon. Robert Boyle, and others who flourished at the beginning of this century, held to the opinion that there was a subtle fluid analogous to electricity, or magnetism, or perhaps a modification of these, or one of them, which, in its manifestations, they called *Od* force. This they divided into two kinds, negative and positive: we presume to correspond with electrical conditions. This force, they held, produced all the manifestations of mesmerism. Those under its influence in a superabundant degree were subject to the will of the operator. His will was theirs. His emotions influenced them. His sensations and theirs were merged in one. In short, the duality became a unity, by a blending of this subtle power. At the same time, if the patient was more than ordinarily affected, a trance state ensued, and feeling was lost. Cloquet, the justly celebrated French surgeon, has left on record a case of a woman who had cancer in the breast, and who, by mesmeric influence brought to bear on her for several days successively, fell into a death-like trance, and had the diseased breast removed, without the least consciousness of pain, although the operation lasted twelve minutes. The prejudice in Paris was so strong against Cloquet that he had to discontinue such practice. The stupidity of ignorance prevailed. Since that time (1829) the operations of this subtle force have been manifested in tens of thousands, and have been taken advantage of by the devotees of humbug to accomplish sinister purposes, and have consequently been wilfully despised by men of research and of science, although it may yet be the vestibule to an arcana of untold blessings to mankind. This *Od* force seems to be governed by some of the laws which operate in magnetism. Mons. Petetin caused seven persons to form a circle. Two of these held the hands of a cataleptic person, who could hear nothing but by the tips of the fingers. When Dr. Petetin whispered to the fingers of the most remote person, the patient heard the words and sentences distinctly. When a stick was made part of the circle, it was the same in results. *If a glass rod or a silk glove intervened, the communication was destroyed.* This mysterious agency is not discommoded by distance, for as far as the patient is concerned, it is annihilated, and mind is read in all its wonderful phenomena as if it were a book printed in the largest characters. Dr. Mayo, in his work on "Popular Superstitions," tells of being at Boppard, in Prussia, as an invalid. He wrote to a friend in Paris. This friend put the letter in the hands of Alexis, a trance patient in the city, who knew nothing of Dr. Mayo, and asked him to tell what he knew about him. He told at once Dr. Mayo's age, stature, disposition, and illness. He said he was crippled, and at that time of the day, half-past eleven, A. M., in bed. He said that Dr. Mayo was living on the sea-

shore. This was not correct, but the doctor delighted to go down to the banks of the Rhine and listen to the surge of waves made by the wheels of passing steamers, as the noise reminded him forcibly of the sea waves beating on the shore. The friend told Alexis this was not true, and the patient, after a few minutes' reflection, corrected himself, and said, "I was wrong, he does not live on the sea-coast, but on the Rhine, twenty leagues from Frankfort." This influence, through some medium, call it what you will, can be exercised at great distances. In other words, two persons can have an influence potently exercised upon one another, although many miles distant. There is a current of *something* passing between them, so that the thoughts, feelings, or sensations of the *weaker* party become temporarily subservient to the stronger. Dr. Foissac, in his able work on Animal Magnetism, among other cases, gives the following: He was in the habit of mesmerising one Paul Villagrand, in Paris. This subject desired to return to Magnac-javal, Haute Vienne, his native place. This place was about 300 miles distant. After he left the Dr. wrote to the young man's father a letter, saying, "I am magnetising you on the 2d of July, at 5½ o'clock, P. M. I will awake you when you have had a quarter of an hour's sleep." The father was directed to give the letter to his son. He, however, neither gave, nor did he inform him of its contents, being somewhat opposed to this—to him—sort of legerdemain. Nevertheless, at ten minutes before six, Paul being in the midst of his family, experienced a sensation of heat, and considerable uneasiness. His shirt was wet through with perspiration. He wished to retire to his room; but they detained him. In a few minutes he was entranced. In this state he astonished the persons present by reading with his eyes shut several lines of a book taken at hazard from the library, and by telling the hour and minute indicated by a watch, the face of which he did not see.

Dr. Mayo, while residing temporarily at Boppard in the winter of 1846, sent a lock of hair of one of his patients to an American gentleman residing in Paris. The patient was unknown to anyone in the city. He took this lock to a man who was under the influence of *Od* force. The somnambulist said that the hair belonged to a person who had partial palsy of the hips and legs, and that for another complaint he was in the habit of using a catheter. This statement was strictly true. The QUARTERLY could be filled with illustrations of this kind. The prescience of such is remarkable. The extended powers of discerning occurences at great distances is strangely true. Mr. Williamson, who investigated these things with acumen, asked one of his patients to tell him about the moon, but the answer was, that as he approached it, the light was too bright to be tolerated. Alexis, mentioned before, was asked about the condition of the planets. He said they were inhabited, with the exception of those which are either too near to or too remote from the sun. He said that the inhabitants of the different planets are very diverse; that the earth is best off, for that man has double the intelligence of the ruling animals in the other planets. This may be a shrewd guess, but it may be the truth. Of all the inhabitants of this solar system, man may be the highest intelligence. Analogy and inductive philosophy do not

lay any stumbling blocks in the way. The former does not veto a possibility, and the latter throws no doubts in the way of inferential probabilities. Sir Wm. Hamilton says, in his lectures on Metaphysics and Logic of Waking Trance, especially of somnambulism, "that it is a phenomenon still more astonishing (than dreaming). In this singular state a person performs a regular series of rational actions, and those frequently of the most difficult and delicate nature, and, what is still more marvellous, with a talent to which he could make no pretensions when awake. (Ancillon, Essais Philos. II. 161.) His memory and reminiscences supply him with recollections of words and things which, perhaps, never were at his disposal in the ordinary state—he speaks more fluently a more refined language. And if we are to credit what the evidence on which it rests hardly allows us to disbelieve, he has not only perception of things through other channels than the common organs of sense, but the sphere of his cognition is amplified to an extent far beyond the limits to which sensible perception is confined. This subject is one of the most perplexing in the whole compass of philosophy; for, on the one hand, the phenomena are so remarkable that they cannot be believed, and yet, on the other, they are of so unambiguous and palpable a character, and the witnesses to their reality are so numerous, so intelligent, and so high above every suspicion of deceit, that it is equally impossible to deny credit to what is attested by such ample and unexceptionable evidence." Muller, the distinguished physiologist, strongly disbelieved because he could not understand, and yet, in the "Physiology of the Senses," he says "that the mental principle, or cause of the mental phenomena, *cannot* be confined to the brain, but that it exists in a latent state in *every part* of the organism." That accepts all that is necessary to establish the *abnormal* (if it can be called such) state of mind and body in the states referred to.

The most remarkable of all these wondrous states is that of complete insensibility to all external impressions, however potent. The windows of the body are darkened. The curtains are drawn down and the shutters are closed, and inertia of the material tabernacle is the result. The *ego*, however, is in full activity, and all the more so by being partially free from the incubus of mortality. No stimulant can rouse the patient. No electric shock can stir the physical frame. The charge of the fluid may, by its influence on the nerves, produce violent muscular action, enough in the waking moments to produce acute pain, and even imperil life, but, in this state, the soul defies the subtle *aura*. A limb may be amputated, an eye extracted, but there is no response of consciousness. The state is a photograph of death. There is no pulse perceptible. There is no inhalation nor exhalation of air in connection with the lungs. The body, if not disturbed, is motionless as a corpse. The heat of the body falls many degrees. Commonly the muscles are relaxed as in the recently dead, and occasionally there is rigidity as of a dead body. In epidemics such are often buried alive, as all physical signs indicate death. Physicians, qualified to judge, say "that this state is more frequently produced by spasmodic and nervous illness than by mental causes. It has followed fever, and has frequently attended parturition."

The patient remembers all his ideal life, and knows that it differs from that of dreaming in being consistent and in never indulging in the wildest *extravaganzas*. The judgment and attention are in active exercise, and the imagination by these balance wheels is kept in reasonable subjection. So real are the impressions, subjectively considered, that fanatics, *under all circumstances*, believe them to be direct, positive, and admonitory revelations from God. There is intense light within, but the world without is shut off in darkness. The soul is so intent upon itself that it has no opportunity for explorations beyond itself.

There is a modification of this state. The affected person seems in a profound sleep. The breathing and the heart's action are regular. The temperature of the body is normal, but the pupil of the eyes are insensible to light, and are distended to their utmost size and fixed in that position in spite of the most intense stimulation by means of light. I have seen numbers of such cases, especially hysterical patients. It often follows fever, and would seem as a rest for nature, and as an alternative to death. Intense excitement will cause it. The actings of a tragedy, whether real or histrionic, the mental tension of religious excitement, and the sudden alarms of impending danger, will produce trance coma, all of which are purely physical impressions acting upon the brain, and being excited secondarily by reflex action of the mind, thus operating mutually on the three-fold nature of man—body, mind, and spirit. Rev. George Sanby, in his work on Mesmerism, tells that "George Fox, the celebrated father of Quakerism, at one period lay in a trance for fourteen days, and people came to stare and wonder at him. He had the appearance of a dead man; but his sleep was full of divine visions of beauty and glory." There is a story told of Socrates, the philosopher, to the same effect. Being in military service in the expedition to Potidea, he is reported to have stood for twenty-four hours before the camps, rooted to the same spot, and absorbed in deep thought, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon one object, as if his soul were absent from the body. The newspapers of to-day give us information of such cases every few months, and evidenced by unimpeachable testimony of medical men. Need I say that in the dark ages these manifestations were supposed to be demoniacal, and witches and wizards were roasted forthwith. The poor unfortunates themselves, not being able to explain the physical and psychycological phenomena, thought themselves possessed of devils, and even acknowledged to their latest hour that such was the case. In the present day the other extreme is reached by many otherwise intelligent persons, and all such unusual manifestations during religious excitement have been traced directly to divine and spiritual influences. The affected believe that it is such, and often become changed in life and practice for the better; but a student of nature sees in it all a species of waking trance, brought about by intense attention to fervid eloquence, or in nervous persons to fear for themselves, or sympathy for others. Rev. Le Roi Sunderland, in *Zion's Watchman*, N. Y., Oct. 2d, 1842, says:—

"I have seen persons often 'lose their strength,' as it is called, at camp meetings and other places of great religious excitement; and

not pious people alone, but those also who were *not* professors of religion. I saw more than twenty affected in this way in Dennis, Mass. Two young men by the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely, but they showed no sign of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shoe shops, to finish some work before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves, they were both struck perfectly stiff. I was immediately sent for, and found them sitting paralysed (that is, they were in a cataleptic, or trance state) on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty-eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing around them. At the same time, they say they are in a happy state of mind." Others jerk around like a live fish out of water, or as if they were kept in lively exercise by impinging pins, or goaded to activity by the application of hot irons. These seizures happened in Kentucky and Tennessee years ago, in New York at the revivals of 1852, and in Ireland about ten years ago. So spasmodic were the actions of the affected that in common language they were called the "jerks." The eccentric Lorenzo Dow in his journal tells that when he was preaching at one time in Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor and a large audience, these seizures commenced. "I have seen," says he, "all denominations of religion (including Quakers) exercised by 'jerks'—gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meeting house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for camp meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies." The Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1841, saw two *religieuses* in Italy, who lay in a cataleptic state, and were believed by the people to be lying in a sort of divine beatitude. Their devotional posture, the clasped hand, the upturned eyes, the wonderful intuitions, and the quietude, were to the ignorant signs of heavenly illumination. Science tells another story. Others thus afflicted have paroxysms of excitement, and honestly believe themselves to be possessed of evil spirits. An epidemic of this kind swept over large districts of Europe in the 16th century. It was called the "wolf-sickness," for those influenced thought themselves wolves, and were owned by an invisible master. Some thought themselves dogs, others fiends incarnate. Some believed their shoulders were adorned with wings, and that on broomsticks or wooden horses they navigated the air quickly as thought, and thus the furore raged for centuries, from Druidesses to witches, and from fanatics to enthusiasts. Even good and conscientious men have been led away by these appearances of "something uncanny," for only in 1743 an associate Presbytery in Scotland was for renewing the fires of persecution, and moved for "the repeal of the penal statutes against witchcraft, contrary to the express laws of God, and for which a holy God may be provoked, in

a way of righteous judgment, to leave those who are already ensnared to be hardened more and more, and to permit Satan to tempt and seduce others to the same wicked and dangerous snare." ("Edinburgh Review," Jan. 1847.) Mesmeric influences were brought about by these so called witches by friction, by induced excitement on hysterical women (wizards were few), and by narcotics, and thus illusions and hallucinations were produced, and at last became realities to the consciousness of the victims. Sir Walter Scott, Draper, Carpenter, De Boismont, Langlois, and others, give numerous examples of individuals who, by a mere *act* of the will, could conjure in the imagination spectra as real to them as any tangible object in the external world, did not judgment and experience tell them of the nature of the *phantasmata*.

These are some of the phases of the human soul, spirit, and body. I may revert to the subject in a future number. We conjecture much, but we are sure of more. Mystery is enshrouding this field of exploration, but glints of light is being cast athwart the gloom. The soul is giving us evidences of its capabilities for nobler flights, even when fettered by mortality. What will it do when emancipated from thraldom! Now, we see as "through a glass darkly," but the effulgency of eternal day will give to the truly emancipated the universe for a heritage, and the smiles of our Creator as the benisons for true nobility of soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but "there shall be no night there."

PLATO'S PRAYER.

BY T. H. DAVIES.

"That I may become beautiful in the *inner man*."—PLATO.

O make me lovely,—beautiful within,
Was Plato's prayer, two thousand years ago;
Did the wise sage perceive a cure for sin
In source Divine, whence purest virtues flow?

Or was his mind with varied *Science* fraught,
Anxious to see the *beauty* of the *Soul*,
When it should be by further knowledge taught,
And reach through *Learning's* paths its glorious goal?

The prayer was great,—and not to be improved;
For what more beauteous than the human mind?
A creature made to love, and to be loved,—
And ever to its God in glory joined!

Can sordid riches ending in the dust,
Adorn for good the *Spirit* heavenly pure;
And be to reas'ning man a suited trust
That will not in his grasp for aye endure?

Can earthly honour fading on the brow,—
The pride of office, and the pride of power,
Tempt the great *soul* 'midst fashion's train to bow,—
To win in worldly goods a *little dower?*

O sordid souls, bowed down to sordid earth!
Awake and see the beauty of the soul;
When it receives from God its wond'rous birth,
And is by *purity* and *love* made whole.

Not mounts of gold on solid mountains piled
Could form for man a *furniture within,*—
Chase from his heart tormenting passions wild,
And cure the dire disease of *lep'rous* sin.

But God's rich grace by Jesus' suff'ring bought,
When he descended from his *awful throne,*
Can bring a good to man with glory fraught,
And fit the soul in beauty for his own.

What heights of holy joy the soul shall reach?
What depths of holy love shall she explore;
When God shall give her largest thought and speech
To scan her beauties, and His own adore?

How will the angel-m' 'd in love with good
Behold a beauty formed by God anew;
What stores be added to his mental food
As he his *Brother Man* with joy shall view!

When he shall find in human breasts above,
All that in friendship he could well require,—
All that can prompt, and keep alive his love,
And make him, with new strength, to God aspire.

Be then old Plato's prayer the christian's too,
Since none more beautiful and good is known!
Fulfilled in us it will a virtue do,
Whose beauty soon a universe shall own!

THACKERAY.

By JUDGE PROWSE, St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Our Victorian age is fast losing its great men, the brilliant lights of genius which have shed so much lustre upon our era one by one are disappearing. Within a few short years we have lost the greatest historian of our age, Lord Macaulay, our greatest satirist and most finished writer Thackeray, and in June last year all England, aye, all English-speaking countries mourned the loss of one son of genius in Charles Dickens, as one mourns for the loss of a dear friend. These three great men, so different in their lives, so differing in their genius, and their works, all died alike in the zenith of their fame, in the

fullness of their powers, and at comparatively young age: Thackeray at only fifty-two, Dickens and Macaulay in their fifty-ninth year.

To the lover of literature it must always add to the regret, at their sudden and untimely end, that they died each leaving a great literary work unfinished. Speaking of the unfinished manuscript of Dennis Duval, Dickens tells us how sad to him, as a writer, was the perusal of Thackeray's manuscript, "in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought, that the writer was never to traverse, and of shining goals that he was never to reach." In this painful feeling, all lovers of literature must to a certain degree sympathize, mingled perhaps with a feeling of personal loss to ourselves, that we cannot enjoy the extreme pleasure of perusing those later volumes of Macaulay's History of England, that the mystery of Edwin Drood must ever remain a mystery to us and that the feeling of interest aroused in us by the early history of Dennis Duval must ever remain unsatisfied. On Lord Macaulay, the popular historian, and Dickens, the popular novelist, the verdict of the age has long been pronounced, wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken, their works are more generally known and more generally read, than those perhaps of any other writer of the Victorian age—the position of Thackeray, high as it undoubtedly is, is a very different one from theirs, as a *popular* writer he is not to be compared for a moment either with Macaulay or Dickens, and yet I think that as an author he will take a high place with Macaulay and a higher place than Dickens in the estimate of posterity. I say with all reserve a high place with Macaulay not certainly above him, but yet not far beneath him in literature. I believe no literary man in England could finish Macaulay's history as Macaulay would have done it, but I can confidently say, and it is the highest praise that can be conferred upon Thackeray, that he was the worthiest successor to the great popular historian and that if his life had been spared to complete the Memoirs of the reign of Queen Anne, it would have served as a worthy continuation to the History of England. Thackeray's masterly novel of Henry Esmond, considered by the ablest critics the most finished historical novel in the English language, shows how well he knew the period, and we know now how hard he studied, how elaborately and carefully he examined every thing bearing on the age he wrote of, and lastly in style Thackeray will bear comparison even with Macaulay; the description of Marlborough in Henry Esmond, and the madness of George III. in the Four Georges, are as fine as any detached passage either from Macaulay's Essays or his History—in wealth of diction and in versatility of style Thackeray is no doubt superior to Macaulay, but in the other high qualifications of an historian Macaulay is greater than Thackeray, greater than any other English writer living or dead. He had profound scholarship, various miscellaneous literary acquisitions; in a word, immense attainments, and yet, as it has been well said of him, "he wore all his load of learning lightly as a flower," but besides all his other qualifications Macaulay had the one preeminent qualification for writing history, "he had spoken history, acted history, lived history."

No one thought more highly of Macaulay than did Thackeray himself; how nobly and generously he speaks of him in the Roundabout papers. "Our republic of letters," he says, "has already decreed his statue and he must have known that he had earned his posthumous honour, he is not a poet and a man of letters only, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy, almost from the first moment when he appears amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishmen. The place among such a natural chief was among the first of the land." And so with regard to his style, he says "there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But let us take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History;* and glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see, one, two, three, a half score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted—why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has his reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

The readers of Thackeray know now that precisely the same merit that he thus gives to Macaulay, especially distinguished his own writings in his last work, the unfinished manuscript of Dennis Duval. The editor of the Cornhill Magazine has published a portion of his notes upon the novel, everything shews how industriously he worked upon it, the condition of the little pages of manuscript proves that he must have carried it about in his pocket, and often taken it out here and there for revision and interlineation—how carefully and elaborately he worked to make the story true, the greater portion of these notes, the careful reference to authorities, the diligent enquiries, that Thackeray made, the pedigrees of his principal characters, the dates of the chief events in their lives, which are recorded in his memorandum book, as the editor well says, "added not twenty lines to the story and no interest whatever."

These facts will, I trust, bear out what I have said before of Thackeray that of all our modern English writers, he was best fitted from his command of style, conscientiousness, and painstaking accuracy in details, to continue the work of the greatest historian of our age. I have been particular in this short paper to speak first of this special qualification of carefulness to show the extreme labour and polish which he bestowed upon his writings, because I am aware that he is not generally credited with those special qualities; yet to those who profess to read critically, and who are well acquainted with our English prose writers, it must have been apparent that Thackeray's great distinguishing characteristic, his purity of style, and the exquisite polish of his writing, could only have been attained by the most arduous labour,

b the most patient painstaking self-criticism, none of this labour appears in the writing, the true artist conceals his art. There is no evidence of labour in Gray's poems, no marks of care in that exquisite gem. The Elegy in a Country Churchyard, how smooth and flowing the verse, how simple are the words, how beautifully they express the natural thoughts of the writer soliloquizing over the rustic graves—we know now, how carefully they were written, with what painstaking almost painful labour, the fastidious poet wrote and re-wrote, interlined and erased, how many years he kept the manuscript of his poems by him, until his critical taste was sufficiently satisfied, to let the public see them. It was only when the hand of death drew aside the veil, which our English notions of delicacy and respect always throws around the private lives of our great men, that we learned how fastidiously Gray wrote, and now as Thackeray's friends have given us, since his death, some insight into his labours, I trust that for the benefit of those who write, and to satisfy the interest which all readers take in the inner lives of great workers and their method in working, we shall have facsimiles of some of the manuscripts of our great master of English prose, as we have the interlined and corrected manuscripts of some of Gray's poems.

In writing on Thackeray one cannot avoid referring also to Dickens, comparisons are so often made between them in conversation amongst one's friends, they are so commonly associated together, I think the comparisons made between them are often unfair and unjust, they have hardly anything in common, except that they were contemporaries, both humorists, and both described English city life in the nineteenth century. I think Dickens's writings take a much wider range than Thackeray's, that there is more variety in the lives he describes, more imagination, more poetry, more unrealism, if I may use the word, in his works than in Thackeray's. Dickens, too, has more creative power than the author of the Newcomes, and his faults are such as we should expect, from a writer of such exuberant imagination, exaggeration, caricature, there is too often also faults of mannerism and sometimes great inequalities in his style. The distinguished characteristic of Thackeray on the other hand is his realism, he works within a narrower sphere, he does not rise to the same heights as Dickens, nor does he descend to the same depths, the critical faculty is largely developed in him, his style is more uniform, finished and of its kind, well nigh perfect. One is a literary Murillo, full of imagination, always displaying great genius, yet sometimes crude, exaggerated and wanting in finish. The other, Thackeray, is the literary Velasquez of our age, his pictures are nearly altogether of real life, each is distinguished by its artistic style and by the perfection with which the minutest details of the painting are finished. Hundreds admire Murillo for the tens who appreciate Velasquez, and yet in our day amongst the ablest art critics, Velasquez has long been pronounced the prince of Spanish painters.

I know that the admirers of Dickens will say, shew me anything of Thackeray's to compare in pathos with the death of Little Nell, any-

thing so powerfully written as the death of Bill Sykes. I may think the death of Colonel Newcome is as pathetic as the death of Little Nell, but I will admit that there is sweet poetry and tenderness about Dickens's description which Thackeray has never attempted as I will admit also that for the thousands to whose hearts Tiny Tim speaks, who know each letter of Micawber by heart, who could even tell you the amount of the impecunious Wilkins's liabilities, there are few, very few, who are sufficiently well read in the history of the reign of Queen Anne, whose critical taste is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the peculiar charm of Henry Esmond.

Dickens wrote for the great public who loved and admired him, his endorsement gave currency alike to the strongest and the weakest of literary paper, what cared he for critics? when thousands of readers both in England and America, were ready, eager to admire and praise anything that Charles Dickens wrote, said, or did. He played for the public, sometimes for the gods in the gallery. Thackeray always wrote for the critics in the pit—Dickens laughed at criticism, Thackeray winced and writhed under every hostile attack upon his writings.

Dickens tells us that he and Thackeray differed about their art; that he blamed his brother author for feigning a want of earnestness, and that he thought that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art which he held in trust. We can easily understand their differences of opinion. Dickens was a moral and social reformer; he made his novels the medium for inculcating his ideas, and for carrying out those reforms; and there can be no doubt, that however little we may agree sometimes with Dickens's opinions on many great social questions, that his writings have been, indirectly, the means of correcting many abuses. He has the knack—the genius, perhaps, we should call it—for happy phrases: for instance, the *circumlocution office*. No one can tell how much a happy hit like this had to do in bringing English public opinion to bear on abuses in the government departments. All praise is due to Dickens for what he has done; but the question still remains: are his novels, written for a purpose, good novels from an artistic point of view? I for one certainly think not. I believe that in writing for a purpose, he has marred the novel as a work of art. Take Bleak House, for instance. What do we see in it? Genius bound with the fetters of purpose; no characters naturally developed—all made to fit and to illustrate the author's pet. The Jaryndices are unreal; Harold Skimpole is a caricature; and though the work is a great work, full of happiest hits, and displaying talent enough to make a dozen reputations, it is poor, weak and washy, when compared with David Copperfield, Pickwick, or Nickleby. Thackeray thought history was greater than novel writing worthier of his highest efforts. As an artist, he thought the unities of his art should be preserved in his novels. We will not, therefore, find new views on social and political questions discussed in them, or the author's pet theories advanced in them. Let us, their readers, be thankful that each has followed out the bent of his own genius; and that, whilst we owe much, perhaps the most, to the self-confidence, the

opinionativeness and aggressiveness which has prompted Dickens to write so much against social and political abuses, let us enjoy and improve by the moral lessons and the literary beauties which Thackeray's critical taste has spread for us in Esmond, Newcomes, and Vanity Fair. There is no doubt that each writer's works have been coloured to a great extent by the lot in which their lives were cast.

Dickens belonged to the middle class, and he is *par excellence* the great middle class writer. Thackeray, on the other hand, like his own Warrington, the descendant of a good old English family, belonged to that great section of English society which fills English rectories, the English bench and bar, the army and navy, and the higher civil service with its cadets—the upper middle class in Great Britain, preeminent for its high character, intellect and cultivation. It is, no doubt, due to this fact, that many of Thackeray's characters are drawn from the same line of life; that most of his works are coloured by his connection and association with this class, as they are also by his early experiences, as a painter, and by his later association with writers and publishers as an author.

Both Dickens and Thackeray are alike distinguished for one great excellence: their writings are free from all taint of impurity. In an age of sensation literature—an age distinguished by its great luxury, extravagance, and consequent licentiousness—it is the highest praise that we can confer on the greatest novel writers of the age, that there is not one of their works a boy or girl of sixteen might not read. When we find that the taint of impurity pervades so many of the novels of the day, ought we not to be thankful that no filthiness of any kind, or the suggestion of licentious thought, is to be found throughout the writings of Dickens and Thackeray—that each great writer has felt "that awful responsibility of literature" of which Thackeray speaks, in referring to the moral effects of some of Byron's works.

Thackeray's life, like those of most men of letters, does not contain much of a personal nature to interest the general reader. There are no stirring events in it—no most disastrous chances or moving accidents by flood or field. The man of letters, however, necessarily communicates to us something of his own personal history in his works. He lets us see glimpses here and there of the man apart from the author; and even when the personal narrative of his life is comparatively uninteresting, all such incidents as throw light upon his works, or give colour to his productions, will ever be welcome to the lover of literature; and though Thackeray, with the spirit of a true Englishman, always shrank from exposing his life to public gaze, still we can gather from the lives of his fictitious heroes, Clive Newcome, Pendennis and Warrington, a great deal of the personal feeling and personal history of William Makepeace Thackeray. Thus we have a number of his heroes connected with India, where he himself was born in the year 1811, at Calcutta, and where his father was in the civil service of the East India Company.

He describes Clive Newcome as being brought as a child from India, and that the ship touched in at St. Helena. It is the author de-

scribing his own voyage. He also, when a child of seven, touched in there on his way from India, and was brought by his black attendant to see the great Napoleon. They saw a man walking with his hands behind him. "That," says the Indian, "is the great Boney; he eat three sheep every day for his dinner, and as many little children as he can lay hold upon." The young Anglo-Indian was sent to the Charter House; and we are indebted to his education there for that inimitable description of this famous old school, in the Newcomes, to which the old Colonel, when broken down in health and fortune, returns to end his days. Thackeray was for a long time undecided in his choice of a profession. He left Cambridge without taking a degree. He was called to the bar but never practised. For a long time Thackeray thought his genius lay in art, and he studied amongst the painters in Rome and Paris. He travelled, too, about the Continent, pretty much as he describes Clive Newcome's travels. Pendennis is the product of his literary experience; the Newcomes describes his experiences as a painter—neither, of course, literally. Thackeray was quite thirty years of age before he regularly adopted literature as a profession. It was misfortune that settled his career in life. He lost the bulk of his fortune in some speculation, just as he describes the affair of the Bundlecund Bank. "I speak," says he, "only in the plain, sober, demonstrable language of truth, when I say that I owe everything, humanly speaking, that makes life dear to me, to a reverse of fortune in my boyhood. Hard work has been my heritage. I shudder to think what I might have been, if action had not encountered passion in the great battle of life—in a word, if I had more leisure to be wicked." With the unerring instinct of genius, he soon discovered, when he came to work for his bread, that his true vocation was letters. He served a long apprenticeship to his calling. As a barrister takes his briefs from any respectable attorney, so Thackeray, for many years, worked for the publishers, any that came to him; wrote scores of essays, reviews, tales, sketches and poems, which brought him but little renown, and not much pay. Some of his earliest literary efforts appeared in Fraser's Magazine. John Sterling, editor of the *Times*, was amongst the first literary men to appreciate Thackeray's genius at its true value. After reading one of his earliest books—the Great Hoggarty Diamond—he predicted the author's future success. Amongst the best of Thackeray's early productions are his Lyra Hibernica. He seems always to have taken great pleasure in taking off the Irish adventurer; the Patlander, who disowned his country; the O'Dowd, who tries to cover his Milesian speech with a genuine English drawl, and who says, "Come over to O'Dowd's town, my bhoy," with a brogue as broad as from here to the Cove of Cork.

We all know how jealous the first Isle of the Ocean is to guard her institutions from the grasping hand of the white-livered Saxon—how she resisted with all her patriotism any attack on her own Grand Steam Navigation Company (limited); how the great national heart was stirred when Rowland Hill and his post office menials, from their little back parlour in London, attempted to bind her noble Galway

steamers down to times and tides, when carrying their low, dirty mail for a mean subsidy; and Thackeray makes Mr. Mallowney, of Bally Malloney, thus express the wrongs of the nation, when some members of the Manchester school attempted to do away with the splendours of the vice-regal court:—

Oh! Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers report:
They're goan to recall the Liftinant,
And shut up the castle and Coort.
Our desolate counthry of Oireland
They're bint, the blaggards, to desthroy;
And now, having murthered our counthry,
They are goin' to recall the viceroy—
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy.

Thackeray was amongst the earliest contributors to *Punch*, when it had Gilbert Abbott á Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard and some others on its staff as writers, and Kenny Meadows as artist, to whose skilful hand we owe that portrait of Punch which has ever since adorned the frontispiece of the paper. Douglas Jerrold, from the first, was the prince of contributors; he and Thackeray did more than all the other contributors together to put Punch in its present position. Men complain now that Punch is dull—that it is manifestly falling away. Can we wonder that it is so? The loss of Thackeray and Jerrold has not been yet supplied, and perhaps never will be. Though the paper has certainly fallen off, it is still superior to any satirical paper elsewhere. We must bear in mind how hard a task it is to fill so many pages once a week with gems of wit. Comparative dullness must sometimes cloud these brilliant pages; the literary jewels can't always be of the first water—they can't always be new and fresh; the diamonds must be sometimes paste, and their sparkle somewhat dim.

Who amongst us has not read Jerrold's story of a feather? Dickens considers it one of the most pathetic stories in our language; and the heroine, in her purity and tenderness, is only equalled by his own Little Nell. Poor Jerrold never forgave the public for appreciating the "Curtain Lectures" above all his graver productions. What a run they had—how well the wit was sustained through the whole course of those inimitable discourses! By and bye, however, *Mr. Punch*, who kept his weather-eye lifting, discovered that the clever artist, young Mr. Thackeray, who drew the caricatures for Mrs. Caudle and Job her husband, was also soon to become a desirable contributor. How strange it seems to us now that the Snobographer's first contributions to the Charivari were with his pencil and not his pen. The sensation produced by these lectures was a curious one. No respectable mother of a household ever felt any twinges of conscience about herself, as she gave her respected partner the benefit of her advice with reference to his flannel waistcoat, to the thinness of his boots, his moral character, his discontent with the cold mutton, his flirtations with Mrs. Jones, his inattention to the sermon: not one of these amiable matrons who bullyragged their husbands, ever recognized herself as

Mrs. Caudle; but, strange to say, each one had the misfortune to know a lady who was—who must have sat for Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Soon, however, the caricaturist tried his own hand on a subject, and produced the book of Snobs. Poor Jerrold's Mrs. Caudle is fast fading away from our remembrance: the wit was keen enough, but the situation was somewhat too domestic for modern refined taste; but when will the snobs be forgotten?—not for long years to come. The satire of this terrible book has no reference to us in these happy trans-Atlantic Colonies. We live in such a beautiful state of Arcadian simplicity, that we can afford to laugh heartily over the poor Snobs of England—over Brown running after Sir Robinson; over the vanity of Jones, who put his man Mick in a seedy livery with Jones' arms on buttons that have descended to Mick through a long line of menial predecessors. Who does not laugh at Jones' arms with the tom-tit rampant? Psha! the thing does not impose on us! We know that Higgins is only one of the titular nobility of Tapioca, or some beggarly Island in the West Indies; and Beelzebub Higgins, M. P. P., does not go down with us. No, we have no Snobs, no beggars on horseback, no great clam-bait aristocracy to look down on the small men,—no little men to fawn upon the great, no feminine tuft-hunters,—and only such a very, *very* small number of gossips. Let us be thankful for our primitive simplicity. A great deal of the criticism on Thackeray, as a cynic, as a cold-blooded literary anatomist who takes pleasure in cutting us up and laying bare our weaknesses to the world, has arisen from this book. Few readers could discover the genial, loving spirit that was underlying the biting satire on the pomps and vanities of the poor Snob of all degree,—few could believe that this trenchant writer, whose weapons cut so keenly, was one of the kindest men on earth,—one of the warmest friends, a tender husband, and a loving father. The picture he has drawn of Snobs is painful, because it is so true. It is not the author's fault that fashionable life is so mean, so contemptible, so degrading to all the higher attributes of our fallen nature;—and how noble and how touching is the conclusion to the satire:—

"I am sick of Court Circulars; I loathe *haut ton* intelligence; I believe fashionable exclusive aristocratic and the like, to be wicked unchristian epithets that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. You who despise your neighbour are a Snob: you who forget your own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree or are proud of your wealth. To laugh at such is Mr. Punch's business; may he laugh honestly and hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin. Never forgetting that if fun is good, truth is still better, and love is best of all."

Let us remember, too, that is not written by one who has suffered from aristocratic insolence; it is not the party cry of a demagogue who wishes to set class against class: it is not the sneer of the plebeian at those above him, but the calm deliberate writing of a gentleman who had the entrée at all times to the best society, and who was himself of an ancient family and connected with the *haut ton* which he so despised.

Have any of my hearers noticed a strange omission in this book? There are no legal Snobs, no chapter specially devoted to lawyers—and why is this? Is it because Thackeray thought there were no Snobs amongst the lawyers?—we trow not. Is it because he was a lawyer himself, and wished to shield his brethren in the law from criticism?—certainly not. The great Snobographer was too manly and too just to be guilty of such gross partiality. We think, however, that he had a reason for so doing, and that it was an uncommonly good one; simply this, that as a profession we have had abuse enough already; every man's hand has been against us,—every sorry joker could vent his little wit on the noble philanthropists who heal the wounded hearts of disconsolate damsels suffering from the broken promises of faithless man for a paltry retainer and a miserable brief fee,—who restore damaged characters, who assist you in law, guide you through the mazes of equity, and fight your legal battles for the fee which you begrudge. No! Thackeray thought of all the bar had done for liberty and for civilization—he thought of Berryer, of Erskine, of John Philpot Curran; and he who spared not royalty itself in his satire, disdained to couch a lance at a persecuted profession, or to rake up any threadbare jokes about honest lawyers or legal consciences.

I have passed over many of Thackeray's other works to speak of this book, because, in the words of a living writer, I consider that "here first he set himself earnestly to draw real men and women. Here, too, he indicated his range. The 'Snob Papers' were as the list of contents, the *dramatis personæ* of Thackeray's works. Within the range covered by those marvellous sketches was the whole world out of which he afterwards drew so much of humour and of sadness. Let it be frankly acknowledged that his range was always narrow. He steadfastly strove to describe only just the classes of persons whom he met in life. In the same sense Le Sage's range was likewise narrow; but Thackeray went deeper into human nature than Le Sage ever cared to do, and explored the whole hearts of the beings he pictured. The 'Snob Papers' amazed the world. They set before it a whole gallery of living pictures; faithful as photographs, droll as caricatures; they were full of deep meaning and moral, stinging sometimes with a satire all the more bitter because of its stern truth, shining here and there with some tender ray of pathos which seemed to fade almost before one could note where it had fallen. The 'Book of Snobs' was a sort of literary era for England; nay, it seemed even to develope a new creed for all manly, earnest minds. 'He who meanly admires mean things,' said the author, 'is a snob;' and this manly, heroic moral he perseveringly taught through every chapter of genial humour or flashing satire. He spared nobody—not even Royal people—not even the far greater kings of literature themselves. There were people who fully believed that the book would deal a deathblow to snobbery. Did it do so? We believe wealth and rank are admired still, and Pawkins no doubt talks as ever at his club, and scandal flourishes, and detraction flavours conversation, and mean men who are poor try to hang

on the skirts of the rich, and mean men who are rich are ashamed and afraid of the poor—and all this would be though an angel had spoken. We must not judge the 'Book of Snobs' by its direct practical palpable effect. Art has its own sphere, and must be judged only as art. There were ambitious men after Macbeth, and unreasonably jealous husbands despite of Othello's warning. If a book be a real and valuable work of art it carries its own value and its own moral along with it. Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs' is a permanent addition to English literature.

Amongst his contributions to *Punch* it is hard to select an adequate example of his mingled satire and fun. Perhaps the prize novels are the best of his broad caricatures. These are clever parodies on Bulwer's Eugene Aram, on G. P. R. James, D'Israeli's Coningsby, and Charles Lever's inimitable Irish stories. It is hard to say which of the four novelists has been hit off best. Perhaps his Phil Fogarty by Harry Rollicker, Esq.,—a take-off on Tom Burke and O'Mally, is the most humorous. Phil is of course an Irishman and a gallant officer in Her Majesty's Own Blazers, and the story is made up of the wonderful exploits of Phil and the racy sayings of Lanty Clancy, his man, whilst Phil is gaily leading the assault at Lille, he is knocked down by a shot from a 120 pounder, fired at him by the Emperor Napoleon's own hands; he is left for dead on the field, and awakes to find himself a prisoner of war in Paris, and in the house of an Irish Marshal, McMahon. Lanty, who has been in a frenzy of excitement, tells Phil that "he has been for six weeks raving, roaring mad, as mad as Mick Malone's pig that mistuck Mick's wig for a cabbage, and died of ating it."

Nothing can more strikingly illustrate Thackeray's industry and versatility of talent than the number of fugitive pieces, as it were mere literary waifs and estrays, that are scattered through *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*. Amongst these miscellaneous productions is an exquisite fairy story, the "Rose and the Ring," written by him for the amusement of his own and some other English children that were spending the winter together at Weimer, in Saxony. Though suited to the comprehension of a child of six, it yet sparkles with literary gems. A young nine year old critic, well versed in this class of literature, told me the other day it was by far away the best story book he had ever read. One passage I am sure has thrilled many young tender hearts. King Padilla has ordered the heroine Rosalba to be thrown to the lions, but when the great fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring lions rush out to devour the pretty maiden, instead of gobbling her up they begin to lick her feet; she has been brought up with them, and they recognize her. Gammon, says Count Hoginnarmo, these be not lions, these be little boys dressed up in door mats. Like Goldsmith, Thackeray has tried all kinds of writing, and wrote nothing that he did not adorn. Hitherto his productions were anonymous. Men felt that under the *nomme de plume* of Michael Angelo Titmarsh a genius of no common order lay concealed,—that *Punch* had received the aid of its most talented contributor; but when in 1846 appeared the first number of a new novel called Vanity Fair,

with illustrations by the author, W. M. Thackeray, literary critics at once placed him on the same pinnacle as Dickens, and the little coterie of men of genius, who loved their friend so much and admired his works, felt that the public now acquiesced in the verdict they had long before pronounced on his merits. Now the long tiresome march up to the temple of fame was over,—his literary position was won. Of this immortal work, on which his reputation as a novelist was founded, opinions differ widely,—all readers pronounce it monstrously clever,—most think it frightfully cynical. An eminent author pronounced it a prolonged sneer. Few could discover the depths of pity, the tenderness and the pathos which lay underneath its cynical and even chilling exterior. Not many took that higher and truer view of the book which was so frankly and eloquently expressed by poor Charlotte Brontè when she dedicated to the author of Vanity Fair, then personally unknown to her, her own wonderful Jane Eyre.

"There is a man in our own days," said Charlotte Brontè, "whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears, who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society, much as the sons of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel, and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital, a mien as dauntless and daring." She likens his sarcasm to Greek fire, declares that he has "an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized;" and adds that, "while his wit is bright and his humour attractive, both bear the same relation to his serious genius that mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer cloud, does to the electric death spark hid in its womb."

Vanity Fair is certainly Thackeray's cleverest work,—it contains descriptions of marvellous power and pathos, especially that memorable account of the events at Brussels, before Waterloo and Quatre Bras. How vividly Thackeray's prose recalls these scenes subsequent to the Duchess of Richmond's ball; he has written nothing finer than Amelia's parting with George, Becky's sale of the horses, Jos. Sedley's fright, and noble old Peggy O'Dowd waiting for Mick's orders before she would march. There is one passage, however, in this book, in which I think Mr. Thackeray betrays a lamentable ignorance of Colonial affairs. If you recollect when Rawdon Crawley is appointed Governor of the ancient and loyal colony of Coventry Island, he makes his Excellency give a grand inaugural entertainment, which the editor of the "Weekly Alligator," a ministerial organ, who was a guest, described as a princely feast, and Rawdon as a combination of valour and wisdom never before united in so brilliant a Governor; whilst the "Swampdown Daily Reptile," who was not asked to the ball, in a very able and moderate article characterized his Excellency as a bloated aristocrat, a swindling Nero, and a legalized robber, and his banquet as a beggarly account of empty bottles. Evidently, Thackeray had never revelled amongst the brilliant and decorous pages of the Colonial journals, or he would not have penned such a gross libel on these able and indepependent papers as to accuse them of ever vitiating their pages with personal feeling or private malice.

But clever as the book is and wonderful, as is the last scene of Becky sitting on the brandy bottle, still I believe Thackeray loved other of his productions better than Vanity Fair: I think he had a fonder affection for his Clive and Pendennis, for Laura and Ethel, for Warrington and the Colonel, than for Becky Sharp or milk-and-water Amelia, like the affection of poor Cervantes for the crazy Knight and Sancho. So must the genial loving nature of Thackeray have had more adequate expression when by and bye he came to sketch grand old Colonel Newcome, a character whose only rival is Cervantes's battered Knight. Here I think his master-hand must have laboured more lovingly in portraying the noble nature of the old Indian officer, that blending of gentleness and courage for which Havelock or Outram might have sat as his model. Here, too, the higher qualities of the author's head and heart, the love which is greater than satire and better than wit, is not hidden and under-lying as in Vanity Fair, but shines forth resplendently in every characteristic of the hero, and in every glowing page and expression of the book. The memoirs of a most respectable family is to my mind by far the greatest addition Thackeray has contributed to English literature. Like Cervantes with Don Quixote and Sancho, so Thackeray never seems to get tired of Fred Baytram, of J. J. Ridley, Pendennis, Laura, or Warrington. It seems as if he could fill volumes with stories about them, and yet he is always accurate, cronologically accurate about every thing concerning them, whilst poor old Don Miguel, so a profound critic has recently discovered, mounts Sancho seven consecutive times on his donkey, after the author telling us Gines de Pasamonte had just before stolen him.

Thackeray's most severe critics have been the ladies. We don't like his women, say they; they are none of them *nice*. Partly I will admit the charge,—none of us would care to know Mrs. Rawdon Crawley,—*that brandy bottle* will always keep her out of decent society. Amelia too is milk and water, and Helen Pendennis is insipid. I will even acknowledge that his Ethel Newcome is not so sweetly drawn as many nice murdresses and profligate heroines of sensation novels. She is not so nice as Lady Audley or Lady Mason, or the heroine of "No Name." There are plenty of other heroines in novels who partake more of the character of petticoated angels than she does, but is she not a real down-right breathing living woman,—and with all her faults do we not love her for her noble character? We feel very angry with her flirtations, but is she the first good woman that we have been annoyed with on that account? How much she and Laura love children,—how tenderly they hug them and fondle them in true womanly fashion,—and how nobly Thackeray describes her doing her duty after Barnes's wife had run off with Highgate:—

"Her charities increased daily with her means of knowing the people round about her. She gave much time to them, and thought; visited from house to house without ostentation; was awe-stricken by that spectacle of the poverty which we have with us always, of which the sight rebukes our selfish griefs into silence. The thought compels us to charity, humility and devotion. The priests of our various creeds who elsewhere are doing battle together continually

lay down their arms in its presence, and kneel before it, subjugated by that over-powering master. Death never dying out; hunger always crying; and children born to it every day. Our young London lady, flying from the splendours and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life; sitting by naked beds, whither by God's blessing she was sometimes enabled to carry a little comfort and consolation; or whence she came heart-stricken by the overpowering misery, or touched by the patient resignation of the new friends to whom fate had directed her. And here she met the priest upon his shrift, the homely missionary bearing his words of consolation, the quiet curate pacing his round, and was known to all these, and enabled now and again to help their people in trouble. Oh! what good there is in this woman, my wife would say to me, as she laid one of Miss Ethel's letters aside. Who would have thought this was the girl of your glaring London ball-room? If she had had grief to bear how it has chastened and improved her."

The ground-work of the Newcomes is similar to Bulwer's Caxtons, the love of a father for an only son, and in both novels the subject is handled in the author's very best manner. The more poetic Bulwer represents his hero as rising to a position by practical hard work, as a sheep farmer in Australia, whilst the downright practical author of the Newcomes makes Clive a dilettante painter; both have told their stories through the medium of a former creation, and both have with wonderful artistic skill made Pisistratus and Pendennis reflect their own great powers, whilst preserving at the same time the individual characteristics of Austin Caxtons' son, and Mr. Arthur Pendennis of Fairoaks. Bulwer's characters are cast in a more heroic mould than Thackeray's; his scenes are laid where his imagination has more play than in the saloons of Baden Baden, Paris, or London; his genius has thrown around his characters more of the ideal and imaginative.

The general public certainly prefer Bulwer and Dickens to Thackeray—they have taken a wider range, sounded every key-note of human woes and joys,—they have drawn more lofty impersonations of virtue and more terrific apparitions of guilt; but with the greatest admiration for both writers, I think that Thackeray, within the narrow sphere in which he worked, will be always without a rival,—that he exhausted the new views of thought which he opened, and that from that fountain whence he drew so much pathos, humour and wisdom no other fellow-labourer will ever draw so wisely or so well.

What beauty and tenderness is there in the meeting of Ethel and the Colonel. "He took a slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the grizzled moustache from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hands with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movement which caused his heart to thrill and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes that brightened his youth and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards, as though they looked at him out of heaven, seemed to shine upon him. After five and thirty years he remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, a light foot and airy figure; such a slim hand lying in his own, and now parted from him with a

gap of 10,000 days between. It is an old saying, we forget nothing, we are stricken by memory sometimes and old affections rush back upon us vividly as the time when they were our daily talk,—when their presence gladdened our eyes,—when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses,—parting is death so far as life is concerned; a passion comes to an end, it is carried off in a coffin or weeping in a post chaise,—it drops out of life one way or the other,—the earth clod closes over it, and we see it no more; but it has been part of our soul, and it is eternal." The Newcomes is full of such passages, where the author takes the reader aside and talks to him like a friend, or reads him a charming essay. The book is full of the comedy and tragedy which make up the sum of our human life; the drollery of Bayham and de Florac alternates with the sin and misery of Barnes and Clara. We might almost find fault with the artist in giving so much talent to Clive as he evinces in his letters to Pendennis; but no reader cares about the thin disguise,—it is not Clive the dilettante painter, but Thackeray the genius that thus describes St. Peter's at Rome. Of course our first pilgrimage was there. What a walk, under what noble shadows does one pass,—how great and liberal the houses are, over their solemn portals are ancient mystic escutcheons, vast shields of princes and cardinals, that Ariosto's knights might take down, and every figure about them is a picture by itself. At every turn there is a temple, in every court a brawling fountain; and besides these defunct ones, of whom the old figures may be said to be the corpses, there is the reigning family of countless carved hierarchies of angels, saints, and confessors of the latter dynasty which conquered the court of Jove.

"St. Peter's is big enough,—how it makes one's heart beat when you first see it. Ours did when we came in at night from Civitia Vecchia and saw a great ghostly darkling dome rising solemnly up into the gray night, and keeping us company ever so long, as we drove, as if it had been an orb out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pincio and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world."

Thackeray's humour is not drawn from so copious a source as Dickens', but as humorous creations Paul de Florac with his charming French-English, F. B., James Binnie, Major Pendennis, Captain Costigan and immortal Becky Sharp, are truly original and unrivalled. Besides infinite humour, drollery, satire and caricature which was sobered and mellowed down in his later writings but which in his early works sometimes partook of the reckless vivacity of youth and for which he caused his pen to prefer its own petition for forgiveness:

> I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain
> The aimless jest that striking hath caused pain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.

Thackeray had a marvellous talent for imitating every style of writing. The *Spectator* paper in Esmond is one example, but throughout his works hundreds could be selected and which will occur to readers of the great Satirist. What a tribute to Thackeray's genius is the *Pall Mall Gazette* for instance, one of the ablest newspapers of the day in

England. Well let any of my readers turn to Pendennis and they will find the prospectus for the paper written by Captain Shandon, it is inimitable. Years after Thackeray penned it the identical paper, embodying the very ideas set forth in the imaginary prospectus now takes the very highest position amongst English journals,—he displays the same talents too in hitting off the talk of his characters from the Prince de Moncontour down to Lady Kews' coachman and policeman. What a marvellous and mental power, what prodigious industry there must have been in this man, who, up to well nigh thirty, had been an idle gentleman; who did not get even an ordinary degree at Cambridge, and yet, who at thirty-six, astonished the whole literary world with Vanity Fair. I believe Thackeray, was a genius that ripened slowly and that amongst his various writings, Esmond, his most finished artistic production, best indicates the gradual development of his powers. Here he has painted for us scenes that occurred in the days of Marlborough and Queen Anne,—scenes which the author has so ably drawn that Addison and Steele seem as it were to live again in these glowing pages. We can see the Jacobites secretly toasting the Pretender, the mob shouting over the victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet, Ramilies and Ondenaide Marlbrook *se vatten guerre*, and we can picture to ourselves the great General himself "calm at the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room, achieving the highest deed of daring, or the deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable, told a lie or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half-penny, with a like awful serenity and an equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature; and yet those of the army who knew him best, and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all, and as he rode along the line to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face and felt that his will made them irresistible." Here, too, we have a vivid life sketch of these memorable times, we can realize how much John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, did towards preserving the English throne for that Hanoverian dynasty whose daughter his descendant, Lord Lorne, married in the year of grace 1871.

In this splendid historical novel the author betrays his intimate acquaintance with the reigns of Queen Anne and the Georges, and his love of Johnson and Steele, Fielding and Goldsmith, and all the other wits and humourists which he has sketched for us in his famous lectures. Thackeray wrote these lectures to found a provision for his family, and he realized for both a splendid sum. Easy and off-hand as the writing seems to us, they cost Thackeray two years of laborious study to get up their details and perfect those flowing periods which appear so unstudied and so natural. We may perhaps think with some readers that he has not done justice to the character of Swift, and that he has overlooked in the Georges the effect which even the common-place character of these monarchs, combined with their moderation and courage, had in sustaining the British monarchy and in

keeping the Constitution intact. It is a history which few men of great ability in England would have dared to have written;—even Macaulay felt how difficult it was to write of events so recent without giving great offence. Thackeray, however, dared to write of what others shrank from telling. The satire on the follies and vices of the four kings is frightful, and we would shrink from the lecturer as a pitiless cynic were it not from the truthfulness of the history, the manliness and the impartiality with which he has tried and judged these Royal sinners; and how tender and pathetic is his description of the affliction of George the III.

"All the world knows the story of his malady,—all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly court. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg—among books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless; he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world, of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had: in one of which the Queen desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled."

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers,' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.'
Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave!
Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark
Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

Having said thus much of the author, let me describe to you as briefly as I can the casket which held this bright intellectual jewel, the outward form and semblance of the man. William M. Thackeray, in person, was tall and stout, with that broad intellectual face and manly figure so characteristic of his Yorkshire descent; he had also

that shrewd wisdom, that downright honesty, and that love of a good dinner which are generally considered characteristics of the natives of the Ridings, and which perhaps helped to accelerate the fatal disease that caused his death. No man gave more hearty praise to the works of his literary brethren than Thackeray. "I think, said he, "of the past writers, and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of David Copperfield gives to my children." Literary men will be criticised, and literary Paul Pry's, especially on this side of the Atlantic, will write scandalous stories about their private lives. To the latter of these Thackeray was especially sensitive, and though when he came to write in his own defence, as he did in the "Times," and later as editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," his tone was moderate and even courteous, his friends tell us that he felt the sting of these vile attacks acutely. The tribute that every portion of the English press has paid to his memory is striking and peculiar wherever a literary friend writes of his decease. It is not of the brilliant author that we know, but the lament is for the affectionate, generous friend, so simple and kindly a soul that has gone from amongst us.

"He was," says James Hannay, "even greater as a moralist than as a mere describer of manners; and his very hatred of quackery and meanness was proved to be real by his simplicity, humanity, and kindliness of character. In private, this great satirist, whose aspect in a crowd was often one of austere politeness and reserve, unbent into a familiar *naïveté* which somehow one seldom finds in the demonstratively genial. And this was the more charming and precious that it rested on the basis of severe and profound reflection, before the glance of which all that was dark and serious in man's life and prospects lay open. The gravity of that white head, with its noble brow, and thoughtful face full of feeling and meaning, enhanced the piquancy of his playfulness, and of the little personal revelations which came with such a grace from the depths of his kindly nature. When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in "Vanity Fair," in which Becky 'admires' her husband when he is giving Lord Steyne the chastisement which ruins her for life. 'Well,' he said, 'when I wrote the sentence. I slapped my fist on the table, and said, 'that is a touch of genius.'" The incident is a trifle, but it will reveal, we suspect, an element of fervour, as well as a heartiness of frankness in recording the fervour, both equally at variance with the vulgar conception of him. This frankness and *bonhommie* made him delightful in a *tête-à-tête*, and gave a pleasant human flavour to talk full of sense, and wisdom, and experience, and lighted up by the gaiety of the true London man of the world. Though he said witty things, now and then, he was not a wit in the sense in which Jerrold was, and he complained sometimes that his best things occurred to him after the occasion had gone by! He shone most—as in his books—in little subtle remarks on life, and little descriptive sketches suggested by the talk. We remember, in particular, one evening. after a dinner party at his house, a fancy picture he drew of Shakspeare during his last years at Strat-

ford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people, which all who heard it, brief as it was, thought equal to the best things in his lectures. But it was not for this sort of talent—rarely exerted by him—that people admired his conversation. They admired, above all, the broad sagacity, sharp insight, large and tolerant liberality, which marked him as one who was a sage as well as a story-teller, and whose stories were valuable because he was a sage. Another point of likeness to him in Scott was that he never over-valued story-telling, or forgot that there were nobler things in literature than the purest creations of which the object was amusement. "I would give half my fame," wrote Scott, "if by so doing I could place the other half on a solid basis of science and learning."

Thackeray never valued his own works very highly. He once said that the height of his ambition was to write one or two finished poems like Horace. Evidently he valued these productions for the high place in literature they have retained through so many centuries. They were light works, so are nearly all Thackeray's, yet mark the strange history of these light products of genius, whilst the bulky tomes which commenced with them the voyage down the stream of time have sunk for ages, to be fished up occasionally by some indefatigable antiquary. The light roll of poems that amused the leisure hours of a luxurious Roman gentleman like Horace, the plays of a vagabond Athenian, are quoted in senates and taught in schools after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, whilst scholars vie with each other in criticising, and Bishops have earned their mitres by correcting particles and false quantities in the plays of these idle Athenians whose morality was by no means doubtful. It is not for me to say whether Thackeray's work will have such an undying fame as this. Possibly I may have been betrayed into giving him too high praise; possibly many of my readers may not agree with me, and may have formed quite a different estimate of his powers, yet whilst truth and honesty, whilst a noble charity and manly courage are British household virtues, William Makepeace Thackeray will ever hold a high position amongst English worthies. But once in his life he looked for a distinction which his pen had not attained for him; he contested Oxford with Mr. Cardwell and was beaten—beaten, as he himself considered, fairly by a superior politician; and I cannot agree with Sala that there was any disgrace in the defeat either to the age or to the satirist. Though no official rewards fell to his lost, his guerdon from the public for whom he toiled was princely; though he had not that last melancholy distinction conferred upon him—a place amongst the noble dead in Westminster Abbey, yet to that humble grave at Kensall Green came unbidden a vast crowd of England's highest intellect and noblest sons, not to pay tribute to his greatness or his fame, but to mourn the loss of a dear brother departed. The author of the Newcomes needs no place in the grand old abbey to be remembered; his grave is with his own lost children, not far from his "who sang the song of a shirt;" and there let him rest, beside those he loved so well in life, and with whom in death it was the wish of his heart he should never be parted.

The grief of those he has left behind is too sacred even for the homage of a nation to interfere with his bones; and though o'er that modest tomb there is "no storied urn or animated bust, no boast of heraldry or pomp of power," yet literary pilgrims from where'er the Saxon tongue is spoken will, through all the coming years, visit those humble shrines and do honour to the great authors and the kindly human souls of Tom Hood and William Makepeace Thackeray!

MODERN TENDENCIES.

BY PUBLICUS.

The merest tyro in historical knowledge is not ignorant of the fact that History, whether national or otherwise, is not one monotonous record. It is not one unbroken plain, presenting to the eye a wearisome stretch of land. It has its Chimborazos and blazing Ætnas—its yawning chasms and roaring torrents. One period is noted for the development of one characteristic feature; another, of some counter current of thought and action. And if we change the figure, the *strata* of these various developments are as easily traced, and as distinctly marked, as the geological formations of the earth's crust.

The histories of the ancients were thus distinguished. The Greek had his *heroic*, and the Roman his *golden* and *silver* age. We scarcely know by what name to designate the present age, unless it be the *utilitarian*. We frequently hear from the platform and read in the columns of the press, that utilitarianism is the chief characteristic of the day. To prevent confusion, it is well to know what we generally understand by such phraseology. Frequent meetings may render a countenance familiar when the individual may be an entire stranger. So the frequent use of terms and words or forms of expression may give an apparent familiarity, when the correct meaning may be grossly misapprehended. To call the present an utilitarian age is, we apprehend, equivalent to saying, It is an age in which the thoughts and aspirations and energies thereof are directed to the accomplishment of tangible and practical results, and to the rational pursuit of the greatest amount of happiness.

That we are in advance of all preceding generations in arts and sciences—especially science—is a trite saying, and unquestioned by the most conservative. If we are not, we ought to be. It could scarcely be otherwise from the very nature of scientific development. Science knows no retrograde movement. It has no counter-marches. One scientific discovery is but the stepping stone to loftier and nobler fields of research and observation. Mr. Prescott, in his usual chaste and felicitous style, has well remarked: "Arts may fade, the muse

become dumb, a moral lethargy may lock up the faculties of the nation, the nation itself may pass away and leave only the memory of its existence, but the stores of science it has garnered up will endure forever." Scientific progress, like that of a stately majestic river, is ever onward, ever deepening, ever widening. It is therefore no cause for excessive gratulation if our scientific knowledge be a fraction more comprehensive and intelligible than that of our ancestors.

There are, however, at the present day, motive powers and springs of action, animating and controlling all Christian nations at least, possessing germineal principles greater than ever previously existed for affecting the greatest common good—the *somenum bonum*. Men's actions and modes of thought have experienced a radical revolution since the olden time. We ascribe this change to our different views and aims concerning intellectual culture. Many, possibly, will regard that, the cause, which we consider the effect; and *vice versa*. It may be contended our present social and political state has originated our existing theories and practices concerning educational acquisitions. And we readily admit our social customs and commercial enterprises and political aspirations have a reflex influence upon our intellectual condition. But these all are the offspring of mind—they lived in thought before they did in action. They were developed in the mind before they were manifested in actual result. We might tarry on this point, and elaborate more at large the precise distinctions we are endeavouring to convey to the minds of our readers, but we think we have indicated sufficiently clearly the view we wish to maintain.

The educational system of a country is the primary agency in moulding its customs and traditions, and carving out its channels of industrial enterprise. Upon this theory we can readily account for the divergence between ancient and modern civilization. The ancients cultivated the metaphysical; we, to a large extent, the physical sciences. The former lead to the contemplation of the theoretical; the latter impel mankind to the practical. The ancients, it is true, possessed a refined civilization. They were skilled in philosophy, poetry, and eloquence; but their knowledge was subjective rather than objective. And we all know that a metaphysical abstraction, in itself, is but a poor commissary for a naked back or an hungry mouth. But do not by any means understand us to depreciate mere abstract science. From it we derive, directly or indirectly, all our knowledge of applied mathematics, and of those mechanical forces which, less or more, enter into all the great enterprises of this busy age. The gigantic manifestations of human ingenuity and skill, as seen in the railroads, steamships, and telegraphs on every hand, were developed from abstract theories of steam and electricity. We are speaking more particularly of the difference between ancient and modern culture. Our education is intensely practical. We look upon the mind as the mere warehouse for knowledge, and knowledge a means to an end. We quite agree with Mr. Buckle that facts in themselves are utterly useless. And it is only as we are enabled to feel and understand the relation one fact or idea bears to another, that they become useful;

and therefore "real knowledge consists not in an acquaintance with facts, which only makes a pedant, but in the use of facts, which makes a philosopher."

We are taught to acquire for immediate use. Inactivity is considered a crime against society. The dust of sloth and aimlessness of purpose should never be permitted to soil the stores of knowledge garnered up in the chambers of the mind. Theory should ever be productive of action, for thus only can the requirements of the times be fully satisfied.

The age or the country which jealously guards its intellectual treasures in cloisters, which constitutes a select few the custodians of its rich mental products, is untrue to itself, and blind to the best interests of mankind. In liberally scattering knowledge among the masses, and teaching the true object thereof, the present surpasses all preceding times. Common schools, where the poor man's son meets upon equal terms the heir of the princely millionaire, are considered a necessity of the times. The State, recognizing the duty she owes to *all* her subjects, is fast awaking to the consciousness that every citizen should be instructed in those branches of learning necessary for his proper discharge of the ordinary duties of citizenship. So practical have some become in their ideas, that they would exclude, in the higher education, the ancient classics, and substitute the study of the physical sciences. Professor Huxley and his disciples ably and forcibly advocate this view, while, of course, the retention of the dear old classics is as ably and eloquently defended.

The discussion of this question would take us into channels of thought somewhat foreign to the main scope of this article. We are glad to find thoughtful minds among ourselves turned to its consideration. We cannot omit expressing our hearty approbation of the very able and highly suggestive manner in which the whole subject was discussed by Wm. Elder, Esq., M. A., in his recent oration at Fredericton. The philosophical tone, careful research, and accurate generalizations of his address will commend his views to the attentive consideration of reflecting minds. Treating of the recent wonderful development of the Physical and Social Sciences and their claims, as compared with the study of the Classics, he said:

"The great educational question now is as to what the Universities propose to do with these new studies and whether or not they can and will make room for them. The studies of the central faculty of Arts are being scrutinized anew. It is established, I think, beyond a doubt, that a knowledge of the great mother tongues of the race, the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, the Sanerit; those tongues which reveal buried civilizations and forgotten literatures of vast antiquity, and great intrinsic value, and bring the souls of the moderns into contact with the spirit of antiquity, studies which illustrate the free personality of the human spirit and the range of its achievements, must ever form part of the highest nurture of the race. But then the knowledge of the Physical Sciences is equally necessary, and of the Social Sciences equally indispensable. I say with Richter, 'the present ranks of humanity would sink irrecoverably if the youth did not take its way through the silent temple of the past into the market-place of life.' But I say, also, even with such a Humanist as Matthew Arnold, that 'it is a vital and formative knowledge to know the world, the laws which govern nature and man as part of nature.' It is plain, therefore, that those who have not leisure and aptitudes for all these studies, those who never

intend to follow up the study of the ancient languages to that point at which they may be read with pleasure and their beauties begin to appear, will naturally give their chief attention to those other all-important studies to which I have just referred. And as to the educational value of these latter studies, it may well be held that there exists a strong presumption that studies so necessary to self-preservation, to the conquest of the material world around us, and the development of its varied resources, and even to the right discharge of the duties of life, will prove useful for mental discipline as well as for furnishing the mind with that 'knowledge which is power.'"

It is a subject well worthy the most painstaking consideration of every educated man. But we are more particularly looking at the results which have followed the change in our views and aims in intellectual culture. Those results have been exceedingly satisfactory. Commerce has usurped the place of chivalry. War is looked upon as an abnormal condition of society, flourishing only at the expense of the arts of peace. The international exchange of national products has been discovered to be of greater and more lasting good than even the trophies of a victorious campaign. The gore-wet laurels won on the hotly contested battle field, the world now considers more than counterbalanced by the expense and misery entailed. Throw open the doors of the Temple of Janus, and you close the great commercial and manufacturing emporiums of the world. This fact is cogently felt and acted upon by the nations of the earth at the present day so far as is compatible with national prestige and honour. In consequence of such views obtaining the spirit of aggressive war is almost (if not quite) dead. The large sums of money expended upon military and naval equipments, are more for the purpose of self-defence than that of conquest. History tells us there were times when mercantile pursuits were deemed discreditable. Among the Spartans, undiscovered theft was honourable, but the occupation of the merchant despicable. The Spartan boy, who suffered the fox to devour his vitals, sooner than discover his theft, was held up as an example for the youth of his country to imitate; but had he saved his life by exposing his theft he would have suffered shame and disgrace. So strict were the Romans, that they passed a law prohibiting a Patrician possessing more than one small vessel, which was deemed amply sufficient to transport the products of his plantation. We all remember how in still later times the Great Napoleon contemptuously spoke of England as a "nation of shop-keepers," and we also remember with exultant pride, that the same Napoleon at Waterloo found to his cost, that a "nation of shop-keepers" could wield the sword as skilfully as handle the yardstick.

Such notions have, however, well nigh exploded in this matter-of-fact age. We occasionally meet with some fossil relics of the age of chivalry, who affect to despise honest toil, but they are rare, and more deserving pity than contempt. In many instances the sons of noblemen in the Motherland are not backward in exchanging the leisure afforded by hereditary wealth for the responsibilities and activities of the merchant. We may naturally expect from the advance of such views and practices to see the scope for the display of intellect greatly enlarged. One great

endency of modern times is to give mind the supremacy over mere brute force—to place the sceptre of authority in the hands of intellect. In the age of chivalry the man who, Astolpho like, by the sweep of his magic sword, could put entire armies to flight, and contend successfully against odds in the tournament, was blazoned the hero. At the present day it is different, we are happy to say. The man who can originate and perfect schemes for the alleviation of human suffering, and the elevation and progress of the race, is the one we, of the present, delight to honour and accord a high place in public regard. George Peabody—the kingly philanthropist—needed no titled distinction, empty bauble, to commend him to world-wide renown. By his acts of Christian benevolence, and by his princely, charitable bequests, he has indelibly engraven his name upon the hearts and affections of Englishmen and Americans; and fresh and fragrant it will go down to posterity, while the memory of many of those who have inscribed their names in characters of blood upon the battle-field will die and be forgotten.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The differences of nations are adjusted rather by the agency of diplomacy, than by the doubtful arbitrament of the sword. We have had repeated instances of this tendency in the policy of nations within the last few years. It is a marked feature of the times, and decidedly for the advancement of human happiness. In the arena of diplomacy henceforth, and not amid the blood and carnage of deadly strife, must we look for a nation's successes and a nation's triumphs; and though bloodless, yet equally potent and effectual. The recent terrible Franco-German war may seem to refute the position we assume. That struggle was an exceptional one entirely, and we think in no way materially controverts our views. The London and Washington Conferences—the one to satisfy the Czar of Russia, the other to adjust irritating differences between England and America—are directly in support of our theory. And if we went back a few years in the political history of Europe, we could point to other such gratifying manifestations of this tendency of the age.

As commerce has rapidly increased and grown, the means of conducting the same have proportionably increased. Facilities of transit and communication are in a measure the result of necessity, and their very perfection still further augments the commercial enterprize of the world, gives different nations and communities more accurate knowledge of each other, and thereby fosters the feelings of international amity and dependence. So perfect has this system of universal commerce become, a slight jar vibrates throughout the whole. Like a piece of exquisitely fitted and highly polished machinery, the displacement of the smallest cog interrupts the harmonious working of all its parts. What is the result? Formerly nations stood sullenly aloof from each other. As Cowper has written:—

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd

Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

No generous international rivalry in the arts of peace throbbed in the bosom of cabinets; and beneath their cold hauteur and state formalities vibrated no friendly responsive chord. How different in modern times is the aspect of affairs in consequence of our commerce and our easy transit from place to place. After the heat and smoke of the recent European struggle have passed away, we believe friendly international regard and relations will be firmer and more enduring than ever before in the world's history. As, after nature's convulsions in the crashing thunder, the lurid lightning and the drenching rain, we look for a pure atmosphere, a clear sky, and a feeling of joyous lightness, so we expect a period of profound peace and uninterrupted commercial prosperity to succeed this fearful contest between the Gaul and the Saxon.

We expend fabulous sums of money in erecting "Crystal Palaces," not for the mere gratification of the eye, but for the purpose of calling together the artizans of the world, of arousing international competitive skill and genius, and of weaving still closer and firmer the net-work of interdependence among the nations. We had gratifying evidence of this in the great International Paris Exhibition. As we from time to time read descriptions of that magnificent structure, colossal columns, gorgeous oriels, and sculptured entablatures successively presented themselves to the fancy; but their magnificence was lost in reflectively surveying the interior and its occupants. We there beheld the diverse races of the world—black and white, brown and yellow—crowding its spacious aisles and sweeping corridors—the vivacious Frenchmen, the reserved Englishman, the swarthy Spaniard, the fiery Italian, the phlegmatic German, the scientific Prussian, the imperious Austrian, the haughty Russian, the speculating American, and the enterprising Canadian—ALL, were there. What a sight, to see such a gigantic international bee-hive! This friendly competition and interchange of commodities must prove of incalculable benefit to mankind. It is one of the characteristic tendencies of modern times, and no temporary suspension of friendly relations between two nations will long check its progress. This tendency would forbid any lengthened suspension of friendly relations, from the very necessity of the case.

One of the greatest of modern superiorities is the knowledge and art of combining the simple substances of nature around us for the uses and comforts of man. Viewed from this standpoint we are economical. This statement, upon the first blush, will startle some, but still, it is true. That thousands of dollars are annually uselessly expended in our own midst, none will dare to deny.

And if this capital, foolishly squandered, were applied to the development of our industrial and natural resources, our people would enjoy a greater abundance of life's necessaries, and the country be advanced in material wealth. In this age, it is true, we frequently strive to make a "big show," but it is often done on a very small capital. Glittering tinsel is substituted for the virgin metal, and this occasionally in the world of mind as well as in that of matter. But how, you ask, are we

so economical in this age? Paper instead of more costly linen supplies many articles of wearing apparel, and its uses in this department are being enlarged. The filthy rags, torn from the beggar's back, are so transformed as to become the repository of a maiden's love, or the messenger of a nation's policy. The endeavour is, to make the most out of everything—to lose nothing. We have a noted instance of this tendency to discover profitable uses for materials usually wasted in a recent commercial enterprize of our own province. We refer to the "shook" trade. To-day the Province of New Brunswick is realizing thousands and thousands of dollars out of a species of timber which, a few years ago, was all but wasted, because its present profitable mode of manufacture and disposal was unknown to our merchants. And we are frequently hearing of enterprises for utilizing certain sizes of wood and other materials hitherto unproductive. Notwithstanding all this, there are at present many more objects of industry that would yield rich returns if energy and enterprize were applied to their development.

Another feature of modern civilization is its spirit of discovery. That, as of old, is still unquenched; but the motives inciting thereto are of a noble character. Not conquest and pillage, but the civilization and Christianizing of the heathen are the great aims we have in view. This accomplished, the idleness and unproductiveness of the uncivilized are rendered productive and valuable. The British Government did not send that veteran explorer of uncivilized wilds—Dr. Livingston—to East Africa merely to collect specimens for museum shelves, but mainly to ascertain whether the climate of that country would admit of colonization by Anglo-Saxons, and what prospects there were of growing cotton to supply the spindles of England. These are some of the marked and gratifying tendencies of modern civilization, in which we behold the development of an enlightened and progressive public sentiment.

But, in this, as in everything, there are two points of view quite opposed. We must not flatter ourselves that we are free from defects. Amid the whirl of business on every side, and the eager, persistent strife after gain, it is natural to suppose wrong principles and practices would creep in, unless diligent exertions were made for their suppression. That the age has defects amid its excellences, is obvious to all. Many of these pernicious tendencies are as yet but a speck on the horizon. Their present insignificance should not, however, screen them from the sweep of the critic's glass. As the microscopic worm prostrates the giant oak, or sinks the staunch ship, so may political or social defects, trifling though they seem, eventually sap the foundations of empire, and unloose the tempestuous waves of ungovernable passions. The ancient kingdoms thus met their doom, after they had stood the shock of centuries. Powerful to withstand and conquer armed foes, they could could not withstand themselves, and the social evils which, though unseen and unfelt at first, swept them from existence. All modes of human government are but an approximation to perfection; and though differences of opinion may exist as to the form of the executive or administrative machinery, yet we are generally agreed as to the essentials. It is absolutely essential that all modes of government, and all social tendencies should seek the development of the entire man.

It seems to us, one of the extremes into which our ultra-utilitarianism is hastening us, is to disregard the æsthetical principles or faculties of our nature. Upon this ground we account for the architectural superiority of design and the greater vividness and freshness of literary conception among the classic nations of antiquity. Although not a blind disciple of the somewhat visionary Ruskin, yet, if possible, let us, in subserving the demands of this extremely practical age, at the same time please the fancy and instruct the intellect. We are aware, the mere contemplation of architecture in its higher conceptions among the ancients was a fruitful source of great national improvement. Is it impossible for the *ornate* and the *useful* to be companions? The faultless works of the Supreme Architect of the universe forbid such a conclusion. The earth yields none the less abundantly because it is decorated with variegated beauty. The air is none the less refreshing after bearing upon its wings the tints of the rainbow.

There is another tendency of the times attributable to our exaggerated notions of the practical things of life. It is an impatient, feverish desire for change. This social restlessness is falsely considered the legitimate sequence of progressive enterprize. The expression of dissent from such tendencies requires some moral courage. We believe it is well to pay due deference to those principles which have hitherto held together the framework of society, and which have met the complicated requirements and unforseen exigencies of a refined civilization. We have no sympathy with those social iconoclasts who would turn their backs upon the experience and traditions of the past. Although a professed Liberal, yet we are conscious that we are only kept from rushing into the whirlwind of radicalism by the restraining, unyielding power of conservatism. With us it is a doubtful question, which has done the most good in the world—liberalism or conservatism. One thing is almost certain, they must exist together, else the social and political result would be disastrous. So far is this radical spirit carried at the present day, that the man refusing countenance and support to the most trifling or sweeping change, runs the risk of being called an "obstructionist" or an "old fogy." If the men of this world were more consistent; if they pursued their investigations after truth in the same manner throughout, the result would be far different. Physical science made no headway until its investigators discarded the hypothetical, the deductive method of reasoning, and adopted the inductive. If clamoring innovators would only learn wit from the experience of scientific explorers, it would be better for civilized christendom. Changes should take place, but only to suit the varying states and consequent necessities of society.

We can only hurriedly in the space of an article of this length glance at the prominent tendencies we have noted. Probably one of the greatest practical questions of the day, and one demanding serious and thoughtful consideration, is the relation which should exist between capital and labour. It is a question of the greatest delicacy, and amid the hurrying concerns of the times has been sadly neglected. The plain drift of capitalists appears to be, to extort as much sweat and toil from the labouring man as possible, at the least possible expense. In a newly settled,

sparsely populated country, this question is not of such vital importance as in old thickly peopled countries. In new countries agriculture is the chief employment, and every man wrings from the virgin soil his own subsistence. But in densely populated countries the lower classes are almost entirely dependent upon the capitalists among them for their daily bread. We do not pretend to say the labourer should have a definite percentage upon the result of his labour, but we do claim he should have sufficient to drive poverty from his door, to say nothing of enabling him to educate his children. As Mr. Goldwin Smith would say, "an unscrupulous lust of money is a barbarism of commercial settlements." Many men pile up their gold, and worship it. They can have no generous impulses, who refuse to assist, in some degree, the great charities and public movements of the age. May we, as a people, as members of the great family of mankind, shun the tendency of non-sympathy with the great enterprises of the day. We would rejoice to see our princely merchants founding chairs and instituting prizes in our seats of learning, erecting college halls, or in some kindred way investing some portion of their ample means for the benefit of their country. Returning to the point from which we started, even those men who look upon life as a mere matter of dollars and cents, would find it to their advantage to keep the labouring classes well fed and clothed. According to the plain teaching of political economy, supply and demand are co-extensive, with some exceptions of fluctuations. The better the condition of the working man, the more work he will accomplish, and of course the greater is the consumption of manufactures. What matters it how great the supply, if we keep the consumer in such a position he is unable to purchase? The capitalists of the Mother Country have not dealt with this difficult question as vigorously and effectively as they might, else why those "strikes"? Why those uprisings of entire districts in the desperation of their poverty, supplicating for sufficient food for themselves and families? The neighbouring Republic has occasionally been called upon to solve this very problem. The Labour and other Associations in our own midst, organized ostensibly for the purpose of legitimately advancing the interests of the individual members, may yet become very tyrants towards our manufacturing and other industries. The tendency is for the employer to take as much out of the employee as possible, and for the employee in return to tax manufactures to their utmost for his services. Some compromise must be had. In the language of the sententious Carlyle, "it is a thing of teeth and claws," and unless remedied will, in any locality, under any flag, assume an attitude hostile to the progress and permanency of civilization.

We have endeavoured to show that the foundation of all our superiorities over the past is the result of our educational supremacy, and the ideas and aspirations which it has produced. Out of these have originated our commerce, our easy transit, our peaceful desires, and our friendly international intercourse. Modern defects, although not few nor insignificant, may with diligent care be remedied, or at least neutralized. The opportunities of the age are great, surpassing those which have preceded. Tempting prizes, sufficient to satisfy the youthful

dreams of the most aspiring talent and genius, are offered for acceptance; but they can only be plucked by the hand of industry and perseverance. We possess the rich experience of former ages as the foundation on which to rear the superstructure of our future success. History, science, literature and art are proffering to us their priceless gems of knowledge and culture. These powerful auxiliaries, combined with an enlightened public opinion, free discussion, and the energetic enterprize attendant upon a free people, should be productive of invaluable results. Standing firmly, then, upon such a basis, with one hand grasping the results of the past, we may confidently stretch forth the other towards the future of our country, and let us hope it may be happy and prosperous.

MENTAL BARRICADES.

BY LYNDON.

Men laugh at the ostrich for hiding its head in the sand at the approach of danger, and fancying itself safe because it sees no enemy; but every day we are doing something equally silly by covering ourselves with a thin veil and fancying that we are screened from observation. We get behind barricades of glass, and fancy ourselves safe from attack. We allow the mere semblance of protection to lull us into security, and under its cover do what we shrink from under other circumstances. One of the most common and innocent examples of this is seen on the street, where modest maidens stare boldly in the faces of those they meet, from under the shelter of an umbrella—maidens who, without this shelter, would walk with eyes upon distant objects. But the shelter that emboldens them is no shelter at all; the object of their stare can and does return the gaze with interest: but they meet it unabashed because they are under an umbrella. That this is a fact no man of observation will deny. Now, the question arises, how does the umbrella lend boldness to eyes that are wont to fall abashed before a stranger's stare? And the only answer to be given is no more rational than a justification of the ostrich's habits. The maiden holds a shield over her head, and feels secure from the observation of those by her side: the ostrich buries its head in the sand and imagines its body to be concealed.

But there are others besides ostriches and girls who act on this principle—who deceive themselves into the idea that others are blind when they themselves sit with shut eyes—who carefully conceal or disguise one member and forget that others are exposed—who take courage from circumstances that are trifles of themselves to do what they would shrink from under other conditions.

There is the editor who writes "we" instead of "I" and, behind

this barricade, deals out fame or infamy to authors, actors, statesmen and philosophers. He has been writing a modest letter in the singular number, but when he changes to the plural he changes his style. The maiden's eyes are no longer cast down—she has her umbrella hoisted. Under the shelter of the first person plural he pens grave condemnations of books he has not read, damns plays he has not seen, criticizes musical performances—praising one, condemning another, patronizing a third—when he knows nothing of music except a few technical terms that belong to the critic's vocabulary, tells the thoughts of others and reveals the motives of men whose conduct has ever been an unsolved enigma even to themselves, pronounces upon the guilt or innocence of a criminal who is before a jury of his peers without troubling himself with the evidence in the case, passes judgment upon the style of hair dressing practised by the ladies, points out a better route for the railway that may be building and favours the engineers in charge of the Mount Cenis tunnel with advice in regard to drills, air-pipes and explosives,and, wise railer at the ostrich! reposes complacently behind his barricade just as though every reader of his journal would not know that "we" meant simply the man who, when reduced to "I," had no opinions to give on any subject that others thought worth listening to—who, in the presence of a lady would not dare to raise his eyes high enough to see the chignon he had denounced—who knows, in fact, little except the art of wielding "the mighty instrument of little men." Is he wiser in his generation than the ostrich in its sand-bank?

Who is not acquainted with the saintly individual whose long face has been the terror of shouting boys and romping girls since he had an existence as a saint? He furnishes a chorus of groans from the "amen corner" of the church at every service. He is never absent. No rain, no snow, no combination of the elements can cause his absence from worship. Twice a week he rises in his place and admonishes the youth to come into the bosom of the church, and lay up treasures where "thieves cannot break through nor steal." And because he is so careful of Sabbath observances, he vainly believes that his neighbours—yes, and his God—will look upon him as a holy man although his poor lame brother drags his stiffened joints around the town in a desperate attempt to earn a scanty living by sawing wood—although his aged mother died with shame and broken-heartedness in the almshouse—although his sister's child has been sent to prison for stealing bread to keep its widowed mother from starving within sight of the abode of the saint—although he never gave anything to the unfortunate except his blessing. He thinks nobody knows that he is a mean, currish, grasping miser who hordes what his own kith and kin have died for want of—that he lives only to accumulate money—that no ray of goodness and unadulterated love for his fellow ever enters his bosom—that he denounces drunkenness not on account of the misery that is brought upon the drunkard's family, the sinfulness of indulging in strong drink, or the social degradation produced, but solely and simply because it raises the poor-rate. He wraps himself

up in the mantle of the Church, and fancies that because he is thus disguised it will not be seen that he never visits the sick—that no one will observe the empty hands of the supplicant who has been to ask for his aid. He wears a mask over his face and forgets that his footsteps betray him. How does his wisdom compare with that of the ostrich?

There are men in every community, who, having risen "from the prison of their mean estate," have surrounded themselves with servants, built elegant residences in the midst of pleasant gardens, and persuaded themselves that they are gentlemen. Who can doubt it? they complacently say to themselves, as they issue invitations to their neighbours to sit around their mahogany, or eat strawberries and cream under the shadow of their cedars. They go around among the guests with smiling countenance and bland air, patronizing everybody with less money than themselves, and cringing to everybody who has the reputation of being richer. So far, they flatter themselves that they are playing their part well. But a spoon is missing, and a hurried search fails to reveal it. Then the mask falls from the lord of the manor, and he frets and fumes and glances suspiciously from one to the other. All feel annoyed and uncomfortable, and take the earliest opportunity to escape, looking back occasionally to see whether they are pursued or not.

In every walk of life men's efforts

"To seem everything but what they are,"

and the evident complacency with which they persuade themselves that they succeed, are subjects for the contemplation of the philosopher. The miser hangs "ragged misery" upon his back, and persuades himself that he is considered poor because he begs, when the alacrity of people to respond to his requests should prove to him that they know his true position. The impecunious adventurer adorns himself with jewelry, and scatters his borrowed money with a reckless hand, fancying that he is supposed to be rich, when everybody of sense knows from his efforts to appear rich that he must be the reverse. Everywhere men and women are found with their heads in ideal sand banks, fancying that they are concealed from view, and everywhere others, from behind their own flimsy barricades, are laughing at the transparent cheat and deeming themselves secure.

NOTES FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

No. 3.

A new writer who has evidently been rusticating it, at some of our rural nooks lately, thus describes his visit. No one would fancy that the game of croquet possessed any charms for him. His preference

seems to lie in walking on "tall grass" and sitting by babbling brooks. We will let him speak for himself, however:—

"Perhaps, after all, a croquet party with its thousand and one attendant attractions, is the most enjoyable of the few outdoor pastimes specially designed for the 'little men' and the 'little women' of our day to engage in. It must not be presumed, however, that of the many who attend croquet parties, all find pleasure in knocking the little wooden ball through the iron hoops that liberally deck the bright Emerald Lawn, or in the somewhat cynical character of the rover who adventurer-like roams over the play-ground, and sends flying in every direction the balls of his opponent to the no small discomfort of every player on the lawn. The true croquet player who thoroughly enjoys the game—who makes his hits and moves from scientific observation, is too much wrapped up in the game and too anxious for the success of the others on his side, than to allow a desire to skip over the grass playing havoc with the unoffending quiet ones of the game to warp his judgment or interfere with the even tenor of his playing. How much of character one learns of the players! Biology, Phrenology, Psychology, all retire and give their place to this healthful exercise. There is as much pleasure to the on-looker as to the actual participant of this sport. How pleasant it is this spending a day in the country, free from the stifling dust and aching cares of the bustling, busy city. The hasty step pattering over the sun-lit pavement gives place to the leisurely tread of the weary foot as it sinks into the soft yielding grass. And then what a boon does the umbrageous "king of the forest" afford to the listless idler who lolls at its roots, shielded from the penetrating rays of the golden sun. What an elysium, what a heaven! The mackereled sky above, the silver expanse of water beneath, sparkling in the sunlight, the joyous songs of liberated warblers trilling the perfumed air with sweet sounds of unrestrained melody, the modest violet and blushing strawberry, hid from obtrusive eyes, peeps through tall blades of grass and the haughty vine towers to the fleecy folds of the rolling clouds. What a spot, basking in its shadow, is this in which gems of poetry may be read and loved. The bright buttercup and fragrant wild "Lily of the Valley" nod in recognition, and the peals of merry laughter from boisterous groups of city explorers of country sweets alone, at shortened intervals, interrupt the quiet grandeur of the solemn scene. Here "love's young dream" dreams the "happy hours away," and phantom-like visions of an early love sit on tall boughs and hold communion with the earth-worms of humanity. Airy castles with colossal pillars are erected, soon to be rudely riven asunder by the breath of the coming morning. One never grows tired and weary here; peace abounds on every side."

Well, this is all very pretty no doubt, and if we had the leisure, perhaps a few happy hours could be profitably spent in lolling it away in the cool country shrubbery or in bathing in lambient waters. We half fancy, though, that but one side of the picture is sketched. There is nothing in the foregoing communication about rain, not the

drizzling half dry, half wet disagreeable rain we oftentimes have in the city, but the fierce bucketful-at-a-time, pouring country deluge; there is nothing even mentioned as if it ever occurred for the merest tittle of time, of the hot, scorching, broiling sun, which agriculturists tell us *does* occasionally frequent the rural districts. A fine day in the country is no doubt a very pleasant reality, and one can find pleasure in strolling over rich green fields laden with ripened products. The charms of the dairy, too, are doubtless irresistible, and delicious strawberries and cream delight the taste of the Exquisite as well as of the Epicure who lives to enjoy the good things of the earth alone, if for no other purpose. But, permit us to ask if our correspondent has ever paid his respects to the country on a wet stormy day, when one's clothes seemed glued together and umbrellas failed to be of service in so small a matter as keeping off several cauldrons of chilling rain, every second of time! When we must per force, remain indoors and contemplate pleasures yet to come. It is then that we long for the city: for the cares of business have their charms as well as their hardships. The stuff and rubbish which this contributor talks about, such as phantoms on "leafy boughs," and tales of love, "liberated warblers," and the like are very commonplace and very thread-bare. Has our aspirant ever delved into Hervey's meditations in a flower garden? If he has he will find there depicted, in far more eloquent prose too, than in his own weak lines, the joys and pleasures of a life amid "the fragrant floral beauties of the grove." Why the subject is worn out. Poetasters innumerable have sung the songs of sweet young birds, and even the dandelion of the hedge has had her admirer who sang a parting requiem over her demise, at the close of the spring-time.

The remarks about the popular game of croquet are well timed, and perhaps, on the whole, quite pertinent. But there is nothing to be found about "taper fingers," "jaunty hats," "coquettish jackets," "dainty feet," "pretty boots," or "gentle and reproving smiles," &c., &c., about which the poets of ancient and modern days have gone into such raptures. In describing the game of croquet this is an unpardonable omission and well calculated to call down the dire vengeance of our fair readers. We hope our letter writer will be more successful when next he essays the descriptive.

"Jay"—a writer of more than average ability thus hits off a class of persons found in every society: the vampires if they may be so called. We have often met such in our rambles through this world of ours. They exist everywhere; the rich and poor, alike, feel their "horrible presence" and many a mild sensitive nature has been weighted down by the cruel heartstabs which these vultures have caused. This trifle on "Disagreeable People" will strike home to every heart. No comment need be made on this sketch. It is powerful in its very truth:

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

Society is afflicted with many people who have a faculty for making

others uncomfortable. They are the "damned good-natured friends," referred to in "The Critic," that tell disagreeable truths merely for the purpose of wounding the feelings of those who are unfortunate enough to be on terms of familiarity with them. Most of this class boast of their frankness, and pride themselves on their penetration. They make it a part of their daily duties to

"Keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection,"

merely for the sake of exposing the weaknesses they may discover. They are generally devoid of all those fine feelings which prompt the great majority of us to shrink from laying bare wounds from which we suffer to the public gaze—which make us pretend not to see the wounds that others are endeavouring to conceal; but they pride themselves on discovering our tender points and exposing them. In doing so they fancy that they are displaying greater penetration than their companions possess. They don't comprehend the possibility of others having seen and remained silent; but probe our wounds with a self-complacent smile that is intended to teach us the folly of endeavouring to conceal anything from them. Some of these people are simply ignorant and insensible and others are as malicious as they are intelligent, operating on their victims with the *sang froid* of the surgeon at the dissecting table. They are selfishness incarnate and would not suppress the least particle of curiosity to save the most delicate sensibilities of any one. They talk to the deformed of their deformities, to the repentant of their shame, without regard to time or place. They seem to think it an excellent joke to ask a cripple why he doesn't dance, and invariably look around the ball-room for a chance to ask the question. They never fail to ask a man with an empty coat sleeve why he does not do so and so with the other hand. They perpetrate vile puns on his misfortune, and look around for approving smiles. For sensitive people they make society a place of torment. They are feared, hated and shunned as though they were the propagaters of contagious diseases. They cause our cheeks to burn by alluding to *faux pas* that we had forgotten, they reduce us to nothingness by laying bare deformities that we fondly believed were hidden from view, they turn feelings of peace and good will to all the world into hatred, bitterness and discontent by reminding us of wrongs whose graves have long been grass-grown. Like the gout which seized Sir Robert Yellowboy in his wooing and dampened the triumph of winning a young wife by "feelingly persuading" him that he was sixty-one, they come to us in our moments of blissful forgetfulness and hold up to us the skeletons of the buried past. They burst the balloon in which we have ascended above the clouds instead of allowing us to descend gradually. They wake us rudely from our sweetest dreams. They are monsters, demons, wretches. Which of us has not a weakness we would conceal, a sorrow we deem sacred, a past that we would have forgotten? And which of us does not complacently think that we have hidden these things from the world—that our lameness is so slight as not to be noticed—that our shame is so old as to be forgotten—that our sor-

row is so secretly cherished as not to be known? The world of course does see and know our faults and weaknesses, but what care we so long as we are not reminded of their knowledge? In the golden age, when famed Utopia becomes a reality, there will be a House of Correction provided for the people who boast of their frankness, and imprisonment for life be made the punishment of the second offence.

"An Observer"—who explains in a private note that he has had good opportunities for making his observations, discourses thus pleasantly of ministers with a casual allusion to the cut of their garments:

Mr. Editor, my Dear Sir,—I do not wish you to imagine for a single instant that I purpose casting any ridicule upon those good men whose lot it is to administer the Gospel to the heathen who rage in our very midst. I write from purer, higher motives. I wish to inculcate in the minds of our clerical brethren a love for a nearer approach to gentlemanly address and appearance than they have hitherto attempted. Why should our preachers roam our streets in the slip-shod fashion they do? Is it in accordance with their creed for them to wear ridiculously short pants, wrinkled and thread-bare, and dust-begrimmed shoes that resemble red chalk more than they do blackened leather, and hats of an antique date which surely came into fashion when short swords "went out," some two hundred years ago; and then, oh horrors, what greasy coats to be sure the dispensers of Holy Writ appear in. It is shocking, very. The plea of "can't afford anything better" is insufficient, three extra inches longer of cloth don't cost much more and soap and water cost less. It is the slovenly habit which these estimable men have fallen into that brings their appearance into disrepute and serves to arm scoffers with shafts of ridicule against their high calling. I am not one of those who prefer the other extreme and sing aloud the praises of Dr. Norman McLeod, merely because he wears in his pulpit lavender kids of the most approved hue and shape; but a slovenly man with unkept hair and vile trousers that persist in creeping upwards, with grease-stained garments that throw out to the olfactories the odor of the kitchen, is very abominable. Believe me, ministers would command far more respect, their utterances would have far greater weight and their personal attractiveness would be more enhanced, aye, to a superlative degree if they would only bestow a little attention upon the clothes they wear. Imagine, dear readers a man unshaved and with hair uncut, clothed in a pair of short pants and buttonless coat, and hat of the fashion of 1860, exhorting poor sinners to repentance!

We are surprised and grieved that "Observer" should countenance, much less advocate fashionable ministers. We have had intercourse with very many of late and if more attention were bestowed upon the religion they professed than upon dress and the frivolities of this wicked age, the purposes of the ministry would be better served and more sinners brought to a realization of their unhappy condition. It

is not an uncommon occurrence to find, nowadays, men with a sanctified cast of countenance and clothed in the black gown and white neckcloth, prescribed by the rules of the church, bending low and lending themselves to open and covert acts of intrigue and mendacious tricks and subterfuges unbecoming the position of men whose office it is to lead the unrighteous to a knowledge of their heinous sins. Let the preacher be possessed of a good heart, real religious fervency, broad and liberal views of christianity, a proper conception of the golden rule, and no matter how great or how many his duties are, he will find time to remove stains from his coat and let out the tucks in his pants. The short-trousered gentry in nine cases out of ten should not be entrusted with a church or a curateship. Their sole ambition should centre in the oratorship of a religious panorama of a journey through the Holy Land. They would draw well.

P. A. F., a lover of the drama in its strictest legitimate sense, who deplores the loss of the good old days when "gentle Will" wrote, and is painfully conscious of the evil effects which the heightened sensational dramas of the present age have upon the major portion of theatre-goers, furnishes a brief sketch of a very popular comedian, familiar to many readers of the QUARTERLY. A page taken from the note book of such a man as Mr. Lennox is always full of interest. Who is there among us who has not read with much avidity the "Life of Garrick," the "Life of Sol Smith," who died ere his book was published, the "Life of Edmund Kean"; Young, the Tragedian, etc."? These sketches afford many a pleasant hour to the reader. So full of change are their lives. The light and dark sides of the picture are so evenly blended that our sympathies are at once awakened and we laugh at their jokes and feel for them in their miseries. Our readers will observe from the style of this little sketch that the writer attempts to hit off in a pleasant way a popular style of writing biography. It is amusing, to say the least, and we can vouch for the accuracy of several of the statements contained therein. The scene over the butcher-shop, during the "time of Hamlet" is very good, and fully equal to any of the Shakspearian quilps we have yet seen.

WALTER SCOTT LENNOX,—COMEDIAN.

"Oh! worthy fool! motley's your only wear."—*Shakspeare.*

If, in the career of the subject of this sketch, there should be found no material from which to frame an Epic; if, during the centuries through which he has lived, revolutions, pregnant with mighty results, have arisen, progressed and culminated, without his interference; dynasties been overturned and states subjugated; if in the political arena his voice has been unheard, and in political conventions his name unmentioned, still does he deserve that genius should grasp its pen to record his acts, and hand his name down to future generations!

Being the possessor of that genius—hem!—be mine the task. So gentle reader let us to our banquet with what appetite we may.

It was midnight!—over the seething waters of Manhattan Bay,

low-hung in ominous gloom the portentous clouds in whose bosoms reposed in awful slumber, the thunders, that lightning armed, were wont when angered to rend the circumambient air, and,—in short it was on a dark and stormy night, in the city of New York, one year subsequent to the discovery of America, that Walter Scott Lennox first notified his expectant parents of his entrance upon the stage of life. Upon his appearance before the footlights, clad only in Nature's garb, blushing with instinctive modesty, and ambitious of a *warm* reception, it was noticed that he immediately began to "gag." This precocious exhibition of a proclivity not uncommon with comedians of a riper age, was instantly checked by the remark of an ill-natured "chamber-maid," to the effect that "he had better get up in his part before making his debût." Thus early did the spirit of professional jealousy obtrude itself upon his notice. Being equal to the occasion his only reply was a *squall*. This caused both a *breeze* and the ejectment of the jealous female, after which gentle Somnio took the embryo comedian in charge, and soon all was calm!

Behold him now—"in his little bed"—"the observed of all observers,"—his features radiant with the light of intelligence, "making faces" at the curtains of his crib, and driving insane with hysterical cachinnations the blue bottles that buzzed in admiration around the tip of his Grecian nose. At this period of his existence his picture was painted and the taking of this portrait was a just tribute to the wonderful intellectual qualities of our juvenile "Admirable Chrichton," who long before he had ceased to labour at the lacteal fount had become a nursing Encyclopedia of the Arts and Sciences, and a bibliopolist and linguist of the first water.

Genius such as his could not fail to overleap all obstacles, and so at the early age of seventy-five,—or thereabouts,—we find him—true to the promise of his birth—engaged in the pleasant occupation of drawing $1,000 a night salary from the treasury of Messrs. Chanfrau & Burke in the ancient town of Brooklyn. With this *paltry* salary, payable in gold, and delivered by local express each morning at the grand entrance of his magnificent mansion on Union Square, he managed to provide comfortably, for the wants of his mother and six young gentlemen towards whom he sustained fraternal relations.

Following the example of many other aspirants for histrionic honours—honours not easy,—his first effort was made as one of the heroes of the melo-drama. As Henry in "The Gambler's Fate," he to the realms of bathos soared, and like Petruchio to Kate, he swaggered, stamped and roared.

Upon reflection he declined another deal in that game, declaring that, for the future his energies should be directed to a rivalry with Burton, Burke, Jefferson, &c. In fact those gentlemen promised to share with him a portion of their personal qualifications for the exercise of their profession. From Burton he was to receive a modicum of *rotundity*, from Burke his *stentorian* tones, and from Jefferson a few lessons in *waggery* slightly *cur*-tailed but *dog*-matically illustrated by his "dog Schneider."

We come now to an important epoch—a century—or less—having elapsed, since his first appearance, the fame of his transcendent abilities summoned him to Buffalo. He first thought to *deadhead* himself and those under his care, thither in one of the palace cars of the Erie railroad, but he failed in his design, and so concluded to secure a passage on the "Packet Put-em-through," a fast sailing craft plying upon the illimitable waters of the Erie Canal.

After a stormy passage of ten months, he landed at Buffalo, but alas! how changed! The air of the "salt, salt" canawl, the junk and pilot-bread, the storms he had braved, the perils he had encountered, had metamorphosed him from an "adowable cweature" into "ye ancient mariner," and from his brawny chest, instead of the mellifluous tones of other days, now issued the hoarse bass, characteristic of the weather-beaten tar.

"Aye! aye! my hearties—shiver my bowsprit—capsize my caboose—blast my sanguineous optics,"—all expressions denoting the bronzed sea dog, together with many other terms betraying a spirit of *cuss*-edness and total depravity, rolled from off his lips in a continuous stream. Alas, for human nature! His experience as a *mar*-iner had *mar*-red him—he had become *naughty*-cal, and thus he swore.

Arriving at Buffalo he was met by the patriarchal manager, Jarry Hough, who, knowing his worth—in dollars and sense—with *fel*-ine cunning, proceeded to secure him as one of the curiosities to be exhibited at a *cat*-aleptic establishment called a *mew*-seum. This engagement resulted in a *cat*-astrophe of which more anon.

While considering Hough's proposition, he was waited upon by a committee of Buffaloes who tendered him the freedom of the city—*in a horn!* He accepted it; at the same time informing them that he was ready to accept anything else—real estate—U. S. Bonds,—in fact anything valuable that might be lying around loose. He was then escorted to his hotel where he dined on *devil*-ed lobsters, washed down with a half a gallon of St. Catherine's *sul*-phur water,—having ordered the banquet to suit his own palate,—after which he retired to rest with herring for his pillow, and half a dozen cheese boxes for his mattress. Happy Lennox—how bright was his future—possessed of *fabul*-ous wealth, boundless ambition, a person moulded like a young god—that's classical—what more could he desire? The world was all before him; at his feet had beauty in the form of damsels fair itself cast prostrate sighing for his smiles, one loving look, one lock of his fair (auburn) hair.

He was determined to *do* or *die*. Alas! he did neither. Death came not to him, but duns being *done*, duns did. He was *bored* with board bills, pelted with *bill*-ets *doux*, until endurance ceased to be a virtue.

At length, as necessity knows no law, he, with several others of the company, all wealthy *sigh*-ons of noble families, decided to lay violent hands upon the pride of the Museum, a stuffed eagle. This eagle they snatched *bald*-headed, dividing its plumage among themselves in lieu of the *golden* eagles due from the management. This

mode of *feathering* his *nest* disgusted Sir Walter. So he sought with a single *eye*, the *eye*-rie when perched another eagle, under the direction of Messrs. Carr, Warren & Smith.

His wealth having by this time excited the *cupid*-ity of certain young ladies, an attempt was made to capture him for immolation upon the altar of Hymen, careless of their charms (alas! for the arrogance of wealth) he at once notified them of his unwillingness to succumb. Failing in their *conjugal* efforts to *conjugate* the verb "to marry" according to their liking, they collectively resolved upon revenge. Revenge! revenge! Blondette with fury cried; Revenge, revenge Brunette in turn replied; and soon along the crowded city's pave they rushed to seek the man they sought t'enslave; with dire intent and bent on murderous sport—a dwelling, *vis-a-vis*, they made their fort;—with fiery zeal to punish his vile trespass they flashed their glances on the Name of Thespis, and in a few moments nothing of the old eagle remained but its skeleton.

This is believed to be the only authentic account of the origin of the fire that caused Sir Walter's transfer to the Metropolitan in the same city. There he remained for some time. Finally, thirsting for valleys green, and pastures new, he concluded that the *suc*-culent vales of central New York would afford his genius a fair *field* of operation. Thither then, in company with other professionals, he wended his way. Wherever he appeared button factories became an immediate necessity, and mouths distended to the shape of horse collars. "Laugh and grow fat" was the lesson he inculcated, with such good effect, that in a few weeks each male member of the community applied for membership in a newly organized club of heavy weights. In fact, owing to the increase in their *avoir*-dupois, the *equi*-poise of the globe in that locality became seriously disturbed: a notable instance of the *moving* power of genius.

One incident connected with this excursion let me venture to relate. The play was "Hamlet," the town Auburn, the Theatre, a hall over the market house where Saturday night markets were held. The improvised trap for Ophelia's grave being separated from the market by nothing but a ceiling of lathed joists, permitted each word spoken by the dealers below to be heard by the audience; this was the result:

Grave Digger, (Lennox)—"Here's a skull now hath lain you in the earth two and twenty years."

Voice below,—"Warranted fresh madam, and just as sweet as a nut."

Hamlet, (Chas. E. Mason)—"Whose was it?"

Voice below,—"Squire Cales'—some of his own raising—give it to you for twenty cents."

Grave Digger,—"This, Sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester."

Hamlet,—"This?"

Voice below,—"Take out the brains, ma'am, soak and season 'em well, then bake two hours in a quick oven."

Grave Digger,—"E'en so!"

Hamlet,—"To what base uses may we not return. I knew him well, Horatio."

Voice below,—"Would'nt endorse him for a dollar! used to drink like a fish."

Grave Digger, (*gently to those below*)—"Hallo, *you*! what are *you* selling there?"

A very Gruff voice with emphasis,—"Hogs! *Who* are *you* selling *there?*"

Our Thespian Hercules soon after this,—passing over a period during which he was engaged in swinging his club along with an "Uncle Tom Troupe" as "Gumption Cute,"—departed for the sunny South, bringing up in Charleston, where he became such a favourite that a movement was made looking to his nomination for the *mayor*-alty of that ancient burgh. But to this high honour he turned a deaf ear, and delivered himself of the following address:

"I *owe much* to your beautiful city, much to many of you personally, not to mention my hotel bill, but I can't do it, rather shall this *colt*—drawing his revolver—terminate my existence." They yielded and he still lives. "No," he continued, after a slight pause for effect, "only a gag! A voice from Fanuel Hall summons me. Boston waits to *hail* my coming and acknowledge my *rain—s'now*, farewell!"

Could anything be more touching? In grateful acknowledgment of his numerous services in relieving them of their dyspeptic *humours* they presented him, as he was about to embark, with a cane, carved from the trunk of a *palmetto* tree, and as *palms*-met-to greet him for the last time, affection's dewy drops—some of them had taken a *drop* too much, moistened each glistening eye. But what of that? T'was no *sham-pain* they felt. This cane—12 feet long, eighteen inches thick, and mounted with a gold head set with his monogram in diamonds, each as large as an egg—he still retains as a memento of his visit.

There we leave him; surrounded by his innumerable descendants, the owner of a palatial mansion overlooking the banks of the romantic Schuylkill, the possessor of vast wealth, and powerful influence; honoured, beloved, gentle, kind and amiable should not his successful career prove to the adolescent population of the neighbouring republic that virtue is indeed its own reward!

In turning over the leaves of our scrap-book, the following old poem met our eye. It is some years since it first appeared and from the bright days when it received the honour of types, it has undergone some verbal revises. These have no doubt tended to improve it, though, perhaps, this last statement is not altogether correct. It is curious now to see this quaint batch of verses, the work of a comparative youth, lying side by side with the fresher version, new from the hands of its writer and revised by him with the touches of a more mature experience. We do not print this production because it possesses any especial merit in itself; but more on account of the circumstances which called it forth very many years ago. It is a pleasant recollection of former days and a happy glance back at the past. The picture attempted is a fine thought, a much better *idea* by all odds

than is the mode by which that idea is expressed. We have often wondered why it is that good, passable prose is so very many times sacrificed at the expense of notoriously bad poetry! Some of these lines, however, read fairly, and more on account of the picture sketched than for any other reason we give "The Bitter Cup" a place among our Scrap-Book notices:

THE BITTER CUP.

Upon the hillside the pale light of morning danced,
And everything around was bathed in silver dew,
The sun, scarce up, dimly peeped through steel-grey clouds,
The joyous songs of warblers free, swept thin air,
And peace and harmony reigned supremely there.

A cabin old, with mossy covering, stood
Far up the winding village road; the once new
Logs by Time made sear and old, were weather-tinged,
Since they at first the empty space filled up,
And crosswise formed a house from raging storms secure.

In this rude hut, endeared by mem'ries fond,
There liv'd two youthful hearts linked in chains of love,—
The husband was a harvester, rough but kind,
And she who was his wife with gentle patience,
Lightened the cares of life as they the steep hill climbed.

God bless'd their union with a cherub sweet—
A merry, prattling babe, with rosy cheeks,
And hair of auburn, tiny locks that hung
In laughing ringlets o'er his eyebrows pale,
And the little face smiled as it essayed to peep.

And when this noisy torment fell to doze,
And sleep locked up the tiny eyes of blue,
The father fond, gazed on the upturned face,
And bent and kissed it, while the mother wept
Warm tears of love; and the cradle rocked and the babe slept.

* * * * *

One night the mother, sleeping near, was wakened
By a cry—a weak moan from one in pain—
She hastened to the downy curtain'd bed,
And in her arms she bore a lifeless thing;
The moon slumber'd, the stars slept, and the infant darling was no more!

And when the morning came the sun was up,
And golden-hued clouds hurried in the air,
The gods in chariots drove to and fro,
And wild commotion filled the azure skies;
But the room below was dark, and a mother wept!

And all the while the unconscious babe lay
As if in state, the little hair comb'd back,
And the eye-lids were as wax, pure and soft,
The chubby arms nestled close at either side.
And a father's broken-heart moaned, for his child was dead.

Dead! Ring out softly the bell,
Mournfully toll it; bury the babe.

One man has at length been found callous enough to defend the late action of the Paris rabble, who destroyed that monument of great and everlasting deeds in bloody war, the brilliant celebration of so many triumphs of the great Napoleon, the Vendome Column. James Parton undertakes to defend the infuriated scoundrels who so wantonly sacrificed everything to meet their own selfish ends. The action was justifiable, forsooth, because the first Napoleon deceived his followers at sundry times. He lessened the anguish which a defeat caused his people and painted in more glowing colours the grand old charges of his famous Guard, on many a victorious field. For these powerful reasons it was perfectly proper that the monument to the prowess of French arms should perish with the memory of the Corsican warrior. "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

HE AND SHE.

HE said, Though seas between us roll,
My heart will faithful be:
SHE said, Where'er thou art, my soul
Will always cling to thee.

HE went, to battle with the world,
But tedious was the strife;
And—so his silken flag he furled,
And wooed and won a wife.

SHE went about her daily task—
Be truthful, oh, my muse,—
When came the Judge's son to ask
Her hand, could not refuse!

So both were false and both were true,
As is this rune of mine:
Ah, list'ner! by thy heightened hue,
I know the tale is thine.

E. A.

THE VOLUPTUARIES.

BY IZORERT.

Among the wild roses that grew near the cedar
The humming bird sang to the bee,
"I come from afar to your home O sweet feeder
Your drinking and feasting to see,
Come take me along to your sunniest bowers;
I would taste of the nectar that's best.
Is the tulip or lily the queen of the flowers,
That gives to your honey its zest?"

"The tulip is sweet and the lily has grace
And the violet shrinks in the shade
The poppy is drowsy but come for a race
From the gardens away to the glade,
The farmer a glorious banquet hath set us
Where the merry young lambs nibble over
Since I left the old heather hills of Hymettus
The best of my cups is the clover."

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS.*

When we come to consider the fact that a quarter of a century ago the great religions of the Orient were as a "sealed book" with our Theologians, when the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius and Mohammed were almost unknown to civilized man, and when Brahmanism and Buddhism hid their heads in their mysterious faith, we can bring our minds to a realization of the stupendous labour in research and study which has fallen to the lot of the distinguished author of this scholarly book. Information on these several points was scarcely obtainable under any circumstances and it is only after twenty-five long years of patient investigation among musty manuscripts, ancient documents and myriads of papers, that anything like a proper outline of the ten great religions of the earth has been arrived at. The work could have fallen into no abler hands, no fitter mind, no more zealous, painstaking searcher after truth than that of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. He is one of the great leaders in comparative Theology, of the New World. This book is not the emanation of a man who sits

*TEN GREAT RELIGIONS, an Essay in Comparative Theology, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE: Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

at his desk and says "I will write a book" and does it; but it is a careful exponent of the leading beliefs of millions of human beings in every portion of the habitable globe. The development of the human race, the various relations to each other of the ethnic religions are all sketched by a master mind in an easy, graceful manner.

The chapter devoted to the religion of Buddha is perhaps the most interesting in the book. A very clear analysis is made, and a most terse and able exposition of the beliefs of these ancient people of the East is given. This form of worship, of all others of India, resembles more that of the Roman Catholics of our day. They have their monks, priests and nuns, consecrated water and rosaries; but they worship *no* God. Reverence for parents by children, respect for the aged by the young, patience, endurance, submission, modesty, love, are all early inculcated into the hearts of the people. The young grow up thoroughly grounded in the belief that their religion consists in loving their enemies, protecting the lives of the meanest animal even at the risk of their own, to abstain from warfare of any description, to obey the orders of superiors, to reverence age, show no intolerance, despise no religion, and to persecute no one. And still this great people, rejoicing in so many excellent rules of faith, do not believe in the Supreme Deity! It almost seems incredible. These men and women have hearts; how many professing christians, who *know* there is a God, who attend sabbath after sabbath a place of Divine worship, who live in a christian, civilized community, can show such principles, can act out as these poor benighted ones who have their confessions and their prayer meetings in the open streets, who kneel when they offer up prayer, how many christians we ask are there who live out their days in the same strict way as these Buddhists do; how many have hearts which can feel for other's woes and how many really love their fellow-mortals? Few indeed are there among us willing to make sacrifices that the lot of the poor weak waifs of humanity migl t be bettered. What a lesson in charity and in nobleness of purpose might we all of us borrow from these Asiatic hordes of unbelievers! Though the Buddhists do not believe that God reigns supreme, that He is the Infinite and Eternal, they are not what we would call Atheists in the letter of the law. They accept the idea of the reality of the finite, of the world, of time, of nature and of history. It is in this particular where the Brahmans differ from the monks of Buddha. The Brahmans recognize God; they believe in the element of Eternity. The Buddhist shows greater fondness and more respect and honour for the women of his land than any other Eastern country. We never hear of female persecutions in

Buddha; such acts would be in direct contradistinction to the attributes of their religion, which may be summed up in the one word, Charity. Still this is a selfish love, an egotistic love if we might say so. The sole desire, the actuating cause, if the phrase might be used, is self, the hope of saving one's self, the concentration of every sense, of every principle is reduced down to the one great object, the personal aim in the whole life of the Buddhist is the only one of saving himself. He believes in the doctrine that after the breath leaves the body the soul or spirit migrates. This may be the reason why his love is so strong for the lower animals. He saves the life of a creature of the earth even though his own be held in jeopardy. The subject is a fine, thoughtful one, full of deep significance. A rare chapter in a rare book, is this treatise on Buddhism.

Zoroaster and his religion take up a considerable portion of Mr. Clarke's admirable volume. He treats very pictorially and agreeably of Persia, the lovely valley of Schiraz, the beautiful fields laden with golden grain, the expansive plains making heavy with delightful odours from rare exotics, the empty space of perfumed air, the melodious hum and trilling notes of joyous warblers, and the songs of the passing winds and rushing waters. This mighty land of apricots, grapes and luscious peaches; here the nightingale warbles its softened notes more sweetly and the rose-bush, more of a tree than a bush, falls to the earth under the weight of luxuriant blossoms. This land of milk and honey in its religion worship the sun and fire. Zoroaster, the great teacher, the powerful prophet, who flourished, according to that pious heaten, Plato, four hundred years before Christ, was the founder of this religion, the religion of Persia. This magician, as some called him, was a man of towering genius; time, vast regions, and many races, all bore and do now bear typical marks of his character, and his giant mind has left its imprint indelibly fixed upon oriental humanity and oriental customs. That Zoroaster did really exist is settled beyond peradventure; but the precise date of his citizenship in the world is much disputed by learned *Savans* of this and of past ages. Plutarch, Diodorus, the elder Pliny, Hermippus, Dr. Bunsen, Dr. Dollinger, who has just been excommunicated in Europe, and others differ widely in the several dates which they fix. Which is right may never be clearly demonstrated. Suffice it for the present that he existed. This is beyond question. The foundation of his law is justice. He believed in but two things, these the basis of his religion, right and wrong. Terrible convulsions of the air and ground, strengthened Zoroaster in the belief of the duality of all things, of good and evil. The

life of a perfect and good man was a fierce battle with the besetting ills of the world. There was a Holy God, supreme over all things earthly and of the Heavens also. There was, too, an evil one; a bad forboding spirit of wondrous power. Him the good should attack. The armour must be buckled on and the battle fought. The dim distance of the future heralded the triumph of the virtuous; but this consummation could only come about after the good fight has taken place. "Pure thoughts," "true words" and "right actions" were the weapons. The arms of the warriors were not carnal.

In the various occupations of a tradesman, a shepherd and property protector, the first fifty years of the life of the future brilliant conqueror and founder of a new religion of the East, Mohammed, were spent. The prophet from his youth had been a careful, thoughtful student, free from the common vices of the era in which he lived and quite moral in every way. His first great conception of religion occurred to him in wonderful dreams. He, himself thought he was inspired. He fancied he saw a light and heard a voice. The Angel Gabriel broke the stillness and spoke words, new, strange and startling, into his listening ear. He would, at once, arise and seek to promulgate the new doctrine, freshly ingrafted into his mind from the visions of angels. For a long time he had no control over his actions. These visitations sadly interfered with his bodily health. Oftentimes these communications with those of the other world were accompanied with strong fits of epilepsy, and Mohammed foamed at the mouth and fell to the ground weary, faint and deathlike. The spirit held him in its power. He could not shake off the fearful hold it had upon him. Mohammed's famous dream in which he fancied himself borne through the air on a winged steed to Jerusalem under the guardianship of Gabriel, himself, to meet in solemn conclave for deliberation the great prophets of God and then to be ushered into the seventh Heaven and there see the Most High soon occurred. This vision seemed so real to him that he afterwards maintained stoutly that he had been to Heaven and to Jerusalem. He claimed this as an especial miracle as he did also that miraculous work, the Koran. Goethe—the thinker and poet at first deemed the profound author of the Koran sincere, but afterwards "what in his character is earthly increases and develops itself; the divine retires and is observed; his doctrine becomes a means rather than an end. All kinds of practices are employed, nor are horrors wanting."

In January, A. D., 624, the first battle against the Koreish, (Badr) came off. Mohammed drew up his battalions, prayed earnestly to the

God of battles for victory, and then gave battle to the foe with such vigour and success that soon the Koreists fled, disastrously beaten after a desperate struggle. At the termination of this engagement, the victor claimed by special revelation one fifth part of the captured booty. His treatment of the prisoners of war was unbecoming as a leader of religion, nearly all those who were captured were, by his orders, put to death. Aged Jews and youthful Jewesses for trifling crimes, or rather for offences conjured up in the fevered brain of Mohammed alone, were without so little as a cursory examination, led to execution and with their heads atoned for the deeds they had done. Mohammed, notwithstanding his cruelty, was much beloved by his followers, and when he, in his sixty-third year, went from the mosque on that early morning of June, A. D., 632, to the room of his favourite wife, Ayesha, and in her loving arms, calmly yielded up the ghost, the grief and lamentations of these trusty ones under him knew no bounds. In wild excitement they sent up prayers and offerings.

Mohammed in every sense was a great, we had almost said one of the greatest men who has ever lived on the earth. It must be remembered that he lived in a different age from ours. There was not that enlightenment of the races then. He had, amid much opposition and at an advanced age too, to found a new order of things, in a religious aspect, to colonize a new faith and to engraft its principles among the savage tribes of the East. By force of arms those teachings were inculcated. By the Scymitar a man was made to believe the faith of Mohammed. We might, perhaps, have good cause for umbrage at the mode in which this leviathan brought his doctrine to bear upon the races of which he was the avowed leader. He sought not to sell his religion. He did not reckon its value in mere sheckels of silver or dollars and cents. His convictions were deep and his purposes honourable to the very letter of the law. He believed in the visions which appeared to him, and the revelations which were made in his sleeping ear alone; and the angels's utterances he heard, seemed to issue from Heaven. He also contended that there was a Hell, a place of torment in which lost souls were cast, the abode of the vile and of the unbeliever, and in this reeking pit all that was wicked reigned. His picture of Hell is more vivid, more strikingly drawn and more fearful, if possible, than Dante's Descent.

The Jews had returned from Babylon and Xerxes and his chosen band had invaded Greece, during the age of Confucius, the great teacher af the Chinese, whose doctrines have illumined the pages of Chinese religious instruction for twenty-three hundred years. This

powerful preacher was the ancestor of the oldest family on record. Through a long line of generations has his fame been perpetuated, and his views been adopted as the true religion, by his fellow-countrymen. His whole life was spent in the glorious work of elevating his fellowmen, and in implanting the purest and noblest principles of religion and morals into the hearts of his wayward people. In these desires he was successful. His influence to this day is felt and his name still remains a tower of strength. The year 551, B C., heralded his birth, and in that year also Cyrus mounted the throne of Persia and grasped the sceptre of authority with a hand of iron. Confucius had barely reached the age of three years when his father, a brave soldier and a high officer of the Crown, died. A remarkable youth, the boy became a notable man. At fifteen he had mastered the five sacred books called Kings, and in his nineteenth year he had taken unto himself a wife. By this marriage a son was born to him, who died before Confucius, leaving, however, a grand-child. This child afterwards became almost as famous as his grand-father, and was the teacher of Mencius.

The philosophy of Confucius may be appropriately summed up in these words, firstly, example is omnipotent; secondly, the happiness of the people must be secured before the empire is safe; thirdly, a knowledge of the essence of things can only be attained by persistent thought, and lastly, the object of every government is to make the people virtuous, happy and contented.

Confucius taught, as part and parcel of the doctrine which he gave to the swarming hosts of China, that there was a God, a mighty Jehovah, in whose name he erected an altar and to whom he humbly prayed for having had life and health to complete his great undertaking. He believed a greater one than himself would come to reign after he had passed to the other vale. He was the Star in the East and his light it was which led the millions of his race to acknowledge the Redeemer. Among other sayings which are attributed to him was this one, so full of deep significance: "In the West the true Saint must be looked for and found."

Confucius's system and that of christianity differs in many important and essential particulars. The Christian religion, as we are taught to believe it, is more complete, more perfect. It recognizes other beliefs besides its own especial one. Its belief and faith in God are more full, more lasting. Confucius counsels the preservation of peace, order, virtue and morality; all this is to be found in the faith of the true Christian or follower of Jesus of Nazareth, with this differ-

ence, there is more enthusiasm, more real faith in a future world, more hope of an immortality and a proper sense of the awful presence of the Omnipotent. It is the far reaching religion of the earth. The Chinese, with all their faults, as a nation, stand preeminent for goodness among themselves. True filial piety is an attribute that has come down through long centuries, and amiability, hospitality and kindness are distinguishing characteristics of this great people. Dr. Halde pronounces them humane, practicable, innocent, laborious, temperate and modest. Their greed and desire of emassing wealth are their chief vices. Those writers who have described the Chinese as a mendacious people, have never trod the interior of the walled Empire, their prosecutions of the manners and customs of the race have only been made in the slums of Canton and Macao, the abode of the refuse population, the New Jersey of the country. There is no cruelty or sensualities practised in the religion of China as in the Pagan belief of Asia. No human victims have been immolated on its altars and no licentious rites have disgraced its purity. Immoral ceremonies in idol worship are strictly forbidden. One custom, however, which is to be deplored and one, too, strangely at variance with Chinese institutions, and with the Chinese character, is the existence of slavery and concubinage. Woman is here the slave of man; a demoralizing influence. He husband has full and entire control over her every action. No movement, however slight, which she makes is unknown to her lord and master. Lord and master is he to the full extent. There is an exception to be found in the case where a wife becomes a mother. Then she is no longer a slave but an authority; if her children be sons and grown up to manhood's prime, her lot is that of a queen or an empress. Her mandates enforce obedience. She is absolute in the manipulation of her household, and commands universal reverence and appreciation. Her will is law. The study of China and the Chinese is a fine one. There is so much to be learned, so much that is new and strange that the mind never grows weary, for an instant, of the subject, the interest is kept up unflaggingly to the end.

In this brief notice of this great book we have endeavoured to place before the reader the merest "tithe of its intrinsic excellence," and even now we feel that it demands and requires more attention at our hands. This is no narrow, sectarian, theological "hotch potch"; but a broad, fearless, liberal philosophical work; the emanation of a man who does not believe because he preaches the Gospel of a Sabbath morning, that his mind should be stunted and his better judgment warped with contemptible intolerance and prejudice. Mr. Clarke is

no bigot or mad-cap zealot. His book is an epitome of every thing that is great, noble and right. His comparisons betoken a well trained logical mind, schooled in the brilliant school of originality, and his careful deductions are always correctly and evenly made. The salient points of these old religions are touched upon not cursorily in the skim-milk fashion of many divines of our day, but lastingly and thoroughly. To enjoy heartily "Ten great Religions" one must read it oneself. It is full of interest, full of thought and full of power. A work in a thousand. The immense labour, the deep research, the painstaking comparisons, the philosophical culture and reading of so many kindred works, manuscripts and papers, all shew the untiring energy and perseverance of this scholar. This volume is unquestionably a fine contribution to our religious literature. It is written in an easy, smooth-flowing style and its ch.. ers are so well divided and so succinct and treat so admirably of the different subjects under discussion that the book may be opened at any place at any time and the enjoyment of its perusal will not be the least impaired. Our author takes up in succession Brahmanism, Buddhism, the religions of Zoroaster, Egypt, China, Greece, Scandinavia, Islam, Judaism and Christianity and disposes of them all in a worthy and well qualified manner. The work is happy in its author and Mr. Clarke's treatment of problematical questions in comparative Theology places him in the very first rank of Theologians and Philosophers. His metaphysical deductions are evenly and finely drawn. We recommend every one to read this book; its value to the student in search of "pastures new" is incalculable.

The book makes up about five hundred and more pages of elegantly printed letter-press, and the paper, binding and general excellencies in the "get up" prove conclusively the ability of the eminent publishers as architects in book making. A well printed book adds much to the pleasure of the reader.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, Mr. Bret Harte has a very pleasing and attractive sketch entitled "The Poet of Sierra Flat." It ends as all of this popular author's papers and stories do, and leaves off at the most interesting point. Mr. Fields continues his gossip about great men, this time taking up the career of the late Charles

Dickens. These papers are always read with a certain degree of pleasure; personal recollections generally are, particularly when the subject is a great one. John G. Saxe, the humorous poet, has a pretty sonnet, not very forcible or deep, but pretty withal,—"The Vision of the Faithful,"—in this number. W. C. Wilkinson's "Transfigured" is decidedly unprofitable reading. It sadly lacks elegance, and "white sheen," "bright translucent shrine," are very commonplace. George Eliot's drama, if it may be so called, of "Armgart" is as fascinating as the productions of this lady always are. We think it much smoother and more finely drawn than many of the better passages of "The Spanish Gipsy." "Castilian Days" by the clever author of "Banty Tim," is full of "meat." These sketches, when completed, will make an interesting and valuable volume. The personal reminiscences of Col. Hay, attached for a long period to the Spanish Legation, and his acquaintance with the men, manners and things of this once proud country, are vividly depicted and afford agreeable reading. "John Brown's soul" again "marches on" in Mr. Dana's pleasant letter, in which he tells us "How we met John Brown." Altogether this No. of our favourite New England Magazine is a happy and brilliant one. The *Atlantic* seems to gain in its attractiveness year after year. Jas. R. Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston.

Every Saturday.—This is unquestionably the handsomest illustrated paper in America. Indeed we might go even further, were it not for the fact that London gives us "The Graphic," and say it is the best in the world. It is second to none, however, and with the "Graphic" takes the same rank. It seems a pity this beautiful weekly should be the vehicle by which Mr. Chas. Read's notoriously bad and uncouth story—"A Terrible Temptation"—should be brought into our Dominion of Canada. The moral the author of "Very Hard Cash," appears to paint, is far, very far removed from good. The engravings of *Every Saturday* are elegantly done and show well the taste and ability of the artists whose handi-work they are. Same publishers.

Old and New.—Mr. Hale, in beginning the fourth volume of his brilliant monthly, presents an array of talent seldom found in an individual number of our serial ventures. The editor himself plunges into a new story and gives us three chapters of a tale which promises to be very entertaining. Mr. Hale calls it "Ups and Downs," and the scenes are laid in and around colleges, schools and universities. "Edward Everett's College Life" is a well written piece of autobiographic writing. It developes some curious circumstances and the description of Harvard College, during the years of 1807 and 1808, is very happily done. It was apparently prepared by the great orator in 1855. Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny" is continued. Longfellow's "Ship of State" is translated into very agreeable Latin. The "Recollections of Mexico and Buena Vista" are not altogether devoid of interest, and the reviews which make up the "Examiner" are carefully and painstakingly written. The present issue is in every

way a capital one and replete with attractions in prose and poetry. Roberts Bros., publishers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, by all odds the best printed monthly of the United States, is very varied and charmingly original this issue. Stephen Powers follows up his "Student Rambles in Prussia" and a fine series of papers they are. "Ab Initio" is a sweet little love idyl, very felicitous and very touching. George H. Boker is its author. Edward Howland tells the public a story of the Public Libraries and how they should be managed. The comparisons between foreign and Home libraries are justly and evenly made. James Grant Wilson tells us much that is new and interesting about that eminent publisher and literary man Robert Chambers, who died a few months ago. Mr. Wilson writes in a very easy style and his contribution to the current number of *Lippincott* will be read by many. "Independence Hall" is a fine poem in ancient ballad measure written by Hester A. Benedict. Mr. Hayne furnishes a pleasing, simple sonnet, "Vernal Pictures"; it contains a good deal of fine language, though the thoughts are not new, but above the average of magazine poems. "A Provence Rose" by "Ouida"—a very popular novelist and magazinist—is continued. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is an admirable issue. "Mount Cenis Railway and Tunnel" is the subject of an exhaustive paper, illustrated. "Queen Louise of Prussia," gives an insight into European Court Life. "The American Baron" proceeds on its way, "Editor's Easy Chair" discusses Thalberg, the celebrated Pianist, and other subjects equally as pertinent. The "Scientific Record" is full of strange facts in science. The other contents are up to the mark.

We have an advance copy of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for August before us. It is a beautiful issue. "Blind" is a well conceived batch of verses, very modest and very touching. The Portrait Gallery of American Artists disposes this time of Henry Peters Gray, President of the National Academy. George MacDonald, the brilliant Scottish novelist, has the continuation of his admirable story "Wilfrid Cumbermede," in the present number. It fully sustains that gentleman's excellent reputation. Tuckermann's comic sketch of travel, "Peter Crisp," is a fair "take off." The "Old Cabinet" is not so full of interest this time. The illustrations of this magazine are as good and clever as usual and very clearly cut. Scribner & Son, New York.

HOME AND HEALTH, a new monthly magazine devoted to Health and the Home Circle, is rapidly rising into public favour. Julia Coleman has an article in a late number on "The Health of Women," which developes some striking facts which should be read by every one who cares the least about his or her health. Considerable stress is laid on fresh air and sunshine. They seem to be the panacea for all

ills. This serial enjoys quite an extensive patronage, and its advertisers must reap something of a harvest from the use of its pages. W. R. DePuy & Bro., publishers, New York. Terms $1.50 per annum.

ROWELL'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTER is unquestionably a very valuable *epitome* of what is going on in the literary and newspaporial world. The columns of this well conducted weekly are always filled to repletion with varied and interesting reading matter specially compiled from a hundred sources. The advertisements are often a study of themselves, being fresh, piquant and happy.

Will. Carleton has struck a new vein in his exquisite "Farm Ballads," Betsey and I are out," "Gone with a handsomer man," and "Over the hill to the poor house," are all gems in their way and would be all the more enjoyable if so many wretched poetasters did not so sadly imitate these really clever things in the new school of poesy. Mr. Carleton, however, would have added to his reputation had he adopted a new measure, instead of copying in metre and in some respects the *idea*, which is really the fruit after all, of Mr. Tennyson's "Grand Mother." A very strange similarity in diction and in thought certainly exists between these productions. Somebody with more ignorance than brains has attempted a vile reply to "Betsey and I are out," in a long batch of very imperfect and unhappy verses which this new star in the poetical firmament has the boldness and stupidity to dub "Betsey destroys the paper." This ridiculous rhymester is positively beneath notice. Those men who are unable to originate anything themselves are the very ones who try to reap a harvest from the success attained by men who have some ability and culture. Their imitations are worse than many of the trashy translations from Horace, Danté, Virgil and others, which editors meet at every turn in their labours. It is a poor policy to build on the reputation of another. This latest "reply" is "horrible, most horrible."

Mr. John Dougall, of the Montreal *Daily Witness*, has recently started a one cent daily paper in New York. It is styled the *Daily Witness*.

Edward Dicey, a London literary man, is coming to America to lecture next season. The comic journals are getting ready for a new book about America.

Pure Gold is the name of a new Toronto literary paper. It promises well.

Bret Harte's "Phi-Beta-Kappa" Society poem at Harvard was a failure.

Harper's Weekly is excluded from the Dominion because it publishes Charles Reade's terrible story of a "Terrible Temptation."