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Stewart's

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GEORGE STEWART, JR.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 3.

THRENODY.

I.

Now the rose blushes that above his head
Opens its petals to the dews of heaven,
But from my buried rose the blush is fled,
And unto marble my sweet rose is wed,—
How dost thou slumber in thy clay-cold bed.
Rose, from my bosom rudely, rudely riven?

II.

Tell me, oh rose! Is it of happiness
Thy blushes are conceived? Is it of sorrow?
Tell me, oh rose! Methinks the answer is.
"I blush to feel the South-wind's ardent kiss,
But I shall die and be forgot I wis—
But I shall die and be forgot to-morrow!"

III.

'To-morrow? ah, to-morrow!
For this consuming sorrow,
What nepenthe can I borrow
From to-day or from the days to be?
None!
For laughing give me crying:
None!
For living give me dying:
From the light, oh, let me hide me in the cloud that mantles thee!

IV.

Like a mirror the breast of the sea is,
Yet in the dark caverns below
Are boiling and seething the caldrons
Of wo. of unspeakable wo!
As deep is the sky as thine eye was,
As sweet is the wind as thy breath,
But who will resolve to me why 'twas
'That one smiled and one laughed at thy death?

V.

*We are but atoms in this world of sense—
We are but leaves upon the winds of Time—
We crumble dust-like—we are hurried hence
By blasts untoward—and the pantomime—
The mocking pantomime of our existence ends.*
—Around the world a funeral train extends
Whose march began when Time its first fruit bore—
Whose march will end when Time shall be no more.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

MAN, THE WORKER.

By REV. M. HARVEY, St. John's, N. F.

THERE are various forms of human industry, and an infinite variety of employments in our busy world; and under the term "work" I would include them all. Whatever man accomplishes in grappling with facts and realities, and moulding them to some genuine purpose, whether it be done by hand or brain, by power of thought or strength of muscle, by tongue, or pen, or arm, all may rightly be named "work." He is a worker who handles spade, or axe or trowel—who plies the loom or the fishing line; but he, too, is no less truly a worker who, in his counting-house, guides the wheels of commerce, or, at his desk, shapes the thought that will enlighten or gladden the soul and mould the destinies of unborn generations.

The beneficent Creator has opened a thousand paths for human industry; but the noblest and most instructive lesson for our life's guidance is this—that every one of us has got work to do; that this is a hard-working world in which there are to be no idlers; and that labour is the ordinance of Heaven. Just as you see it sometimes written over the entrance of some huge factory, as a warning to idlers and loungers, "no admittance here except on business," so, over the world, a similar placard is posted, with heavy penalties attached, in case of transgression. Nature permits none of her children to be drones; she will not tolerate the indolent; and her stern, though kind voice, to each and all is, "go work,—under penalties be not idle; the night cometh when no man can work."

By the very constitution of his nature, man is clearly a born worker in this world. Why has he been endowed with the strong arm, the inventive brain, the courageous heart? Why has he been placed, by the great Creator, in the midst of seemingly unfriendly elements, in a world that grows thorns and thistles, and is full of dark, tangled forests, and dismal swamps and roaring cataracts, where the ocean billows rise and threaten to overwhelm him, and the storms of winter howl, and the very soil is cursed with barrenness? Is it not that he, "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye" may, by his strong arm and stout heart, subdue these elements before him—may smite down the stubborn forest and convert it into a harvest field waving with the golden grain—that he may drain the pestilential marsh and change it into the green flower-clad meadow, on which the sportive lamb may skip—that he may bid the stately city rise where the tiger's jungle meets the eye—and that he may launch the strong-knit barque, and riding upon the whirlwind and defying the storm, may bind together continents and islands, and bridging over the restless, roaring sea, may make it a highway for the nations of the earth? Such is man's allotted task; such his own constitution and that of the material universe; and, being thus fitted for work, in that, and not in idleness, can he ever find hap-

piness. And Nature's kind voice to her child is—"My brave one, go work—all the world is thine to conquer." There are precious pearls, but thou must dive for them in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean;" there are rich minerals, but they are hid deep in the bowels of the earth, and thou must sink the mine and with strenuous labour drag them up to the sunlight. The earth is barren and waste, but thy tool-bearing hand can render her fertile. Go work, my hero! The sun is up. Clear away the jungle, strike down the thicket. All is disorder and out of it thou art to make cosmos and beauty arise. Girdle the globe with roads of earth and iron, and jewel it with stately cities. Dost thou ask for assistants in thy toil? Lo! here they stand waiting. Make these winds thine apprentices, yoke the steam, and then thou mayest fearlessly lay thine hand on ocean's main, and make it thy carrier. The rivers will turn thy wheels and grind thy corn, and roll thy iron, and become the manufacturers. Call in the lightnings from their play-ground, and say to them "go," and they are gone. "do this," and they will do it. Nay more, my brave son of toil! there is moral disorder around thee in a thousand forms, sin in ten thousand shapes,—falsehood, wrong, injustice, folly, madness, brute selfishness—above all strike at these. Root out the wrong, annihilate the lie, maintain perpetual warfare against folly, sin, ignorance, stupidity, in all their forms. Think not that thy lot is hard. In conflict thy noble powers shall gather strength and thou shalt find true happiness. Out of a waste mud-ball thou shalt create a paradise; out of a moral desert thou shalt form a heaven full of white-robed saints and quiring cherubim; and, if faithful, the hero's noble death, the victory and the fire-chariot, to^s carry thee aloft to the immortals, shall all be thine.

Let us clearly understand, then, that all this wonderful power of man over nature is the reward of labour, and comes only as the result of honest toil of mind and body. The Paradise that lies behind us was not a land of idleness, for Adam had "to dress and keep it;" and if this earth is to become "Paradise Regained," it can only be through toil of head and hand, and sweat of brow and brain. But the beautiful law is, that such toil brings with it opportunity for the use and development and enjoyment of every power of the body, every faculty of the mind. Apart from honest work, there is no charm by which a noble end can be gained. Before science was born, when men looked upon the forces of nature with superstitious awe, they pictured witches careering through the air on a broom-stick, the moving power being of diabolic origin. But this was a poor, lame performance in comparison with what is done now every day, when a thought is whisked from San Francisco to Calcutta on the lightning's pinions, and New York is reading the news of a battle on the Rhine, almost before the smoke has cleared away from the field where it was fought. A man sits in a darkened recess at Heart's Content, watching the waving backwards and forwards of a little spot of light, which is reflected on a mirror with a graduated scale, and that little bright speck, in its movements, is writing messages from the Old world to the New. What are the su-

perstitutions of magic, and the dreams of romance and fairy-tale, compared with the achievements of that little speck of light, as it flits responsive to the electric pulsations! Already, however, this "mirror galvanometer" is superseded by a more wonderful invention—the "siphon apparatus" of Sir W. Thomson, by which messages are recorded in ordinary ink with greater speed and accuracy than by the older method. These triumphs over material nature are the results of patient toil; and far exceed all that witchcraft ever dreamed of. Before the fine rain of ink from the "siphon" could be made to trace the telegraphic hieroglyphies, what a world of patient thought and experiment, what a harmonious co-operation of many workers was needed! Doubtless, too, past victories will prove but preludes to triumphs nobler still, in the days to come.

These achievements of science all remind us what a boundless reservoir of power there is in nature, waiting for the magic touch of human toil to draw it out. The present is but a dim prophecy of the future. The grand discoveries of science have not exhausted nature or touched the limits of human capacity. Human toil and endeavour will achieve greater things yet than Atlantic Telegraphs or Victoria Bridges. This is what gives grandeur to our hopes of the future. According to an ancient proverb "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Not so; the reverse is nearer the truth. The bird in the bush is worth two of the bird in the hand, because it lures us onward and upward, and, flying before us, awakens longings, and pursuing it we find new treasures at every step. There is an unattained ideal of good before us; but the wise and beneficent Creator does not give it to us outright. He says to us "labour and you shall possess—all things are possible to him that believeth and worketh." Wonderful is the sleeping energy in nature, pliant to the touch of human labour. The savage could extract from it only his acorns and game, his wig-wam and bear-skins. But to the more skilful touch of civilized man, the same bountiful nature yields wheaten bread, gas-lighted cities, steamboats and railroads, exacting as purchase money only toil of hand and brain. There is no limit to the supply. The lightning is bridled and steam is harnessed, and we travel swiftly as the bird, and flash our thoughts as fast and far as we please. The law of gravitation becomes our assistant, causing the rivers to work our factories and the moon-swayed tides to grind our corn. The ancient treasures of earth are opened, and lo the marble and gypsum, the lime and iron-ore for the working. The soil is poor;—here are seaweed and guano for the carriage and with their aid the farm can be made as rich as we please. So it is; whatever is asked for us the result of work is sure to come. There are no limits to human development. The nineteenth century lay potentially in the age of the Pharaohs; and the germ of Bacon, Shakspeare and Newton in the painted Briton that fought against Caesar. Greater and better men than we will walk over our dust and carry forward the evolution of humanity.

Clearly, then, if labour be the appointment of Heaven—if it be the eternal law that man should work, there can be nothing degrading in

honest toil of whatever kind: nay, in all well-directed labour there is true nobility. Even in his primeval innocence man was ordained to labour. Eden required to be dressed and kept. The original article in the charter by which man was made a tenant of the earth was, "occupy, subdue." Ages before his creation, nature's store-houses were filled for him; the iron beds were laid down; the coal and marble strata spread; the forests waved; the rivers had cleft their channels; and man was appointed "lord of creation," and, set over the works of the Divine Architect, that he might, by his intellectual and physical prowess, conquer the wild elements and chain the mighty forces of nature to his triumphant chariot wheels. This was the original order of God; and when man sinned, in mercy more than in judgment, a new clause was added to the ordinance of labour, rendering it more toilsome and less productive. "In the sweat of thy face," it ran, "shalt thou eat bread." But in reality, this additional hardness and imperiousness of labour were the mercy of the curse, and were designed to meet and counteract the effects of sin. In a sinful world, were there no necessity for labour, wickedness would soon create a pandemonium. Human energy would run into wild, lawless passion; and destructiveness would make earth a desolation. Even now it has passed into a proverb that "idle men are the devil's play-fellows."

On the other hand, mark how, by God's merciful arrangement, the curse has been transformed into a blessing. See how, by this very labour, man's nature has been elevated and dignified. Glance at the triumphs of man's industry, and say is there not a character-forming power, a true nobility in all work? Take as an example, the Anglo-Saxons, the most indomitable of all workers, and think what they have achieved. The British Isles were once covered with swamp, forest and bog; they are now comparatively a fair garden overspread with cities and palaces. The country is covered with a network of railways; fire-breathing steeds of iron career over the land; telegraphs flash intelligence on the lightning's pinion; and steam-power is driving the printing press, the spinning-jenny, the loom, the forge, the Naysmith hammer. Think what creations of human industry are London, Manchester, Liverpool, New York! How much is suggested by the mere mention of the Thames Tunnel, the Suez Canal, the Menai Bridge, the iron tube that spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Mount Cenis Tunnel, or the steam-ship *Great Eastern*. Consider the toil of hand and brain that has brought the daily newspaper to its present state of perfection, as it throws off a fresh volume of world-history each morning. Think of the vast amount of patient thought, profound skill, mechanical ingenuity that has been lavished on that gigantic coil that like a huge nerve unites the Old World to the New. These great Saxon workers too have formed an Indian Empire in the East, and thrown off an American Republic in the West, and recently laid the foundation of another mighty State—the Dominion of Canada—destined to stretch from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island,—from Atlantic to Pacific. They have commenced a new empire in Austra-

lia; bridged the wild Atlantic with steam-boats; created a cotton trade, and made themselves the clothiers and their country the workshop of the world. Honour to the indomitable industry that has done all this! There is something sublime in human hands and human faculty grappling with the giant-powers of nature and transforming them into obedient servants. Mountains come in the way and are leveled or pierced; tempests rise and lash the ocean into fury, but are defied and mastered. The very forces that tear the arteries of the earth, and hurl destruction from the volcano's summit, are tamed into willing Calibans, to weave the gossamer fabrics of beauty's robes or drive the wheel of the sewing-machine. There is true grandeur in the spectacle furnished by one of our great manufacturing centres, where the wheels of industry are ever plying, and the anvil of toil ever ringing with swift, sharp strokes. In the very claug of the machinery, the fierce roar of the furnaces, the thunder of the ponderous, steam-driven wheels, there is a wondrous music; and from the crowded thoroughfares of the great city, where the pulse of life beats so fiercely, rises ever, as we listen, the solemn "Psalm of Life." Here is posted one of the divisions of the army of industry now engaged in the conquest of earth. Here are shaped the tools that will smite down the "forest primeval," in Australia or America—that will cleave the virgin soil of Manitobah, or pierce the silver crags of Nevada. Here are bent the iron ribs of the Cunarder, and here are moulded the huge guns whose iron mouths will launch the deadly battle-bolt. Noble triumphs are won here, but nobler far will yet be won; for what cannot that strong arm and indomitable heart achieve? By and bye, when physical cravings are satisfied, man's higher faculties will assert themselves, and raise him to loftier aims than the accumulation of money; and under their guidance, the same powers that have made iron pliant and launched the steam-ship, will achieve moral triumphs of which we can now form but a faint conception.

Meanwhile, let us learn to respect honest toil. Let us feel that in labour there is a divine nobleness that ought to render the hard-handed son of toil venerable in our eyes. The painted butterflies of fashion, the idle loungers and time-killers, may turn the look of scorn on the dust-covered labourer, with his grim brow and soiled garments; but in God's universe, which is filling a more honourable place, the lazy hanger-on, consuming, but producing nothing, or the honest worker? "I honour," says Carlyle, "the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made instruments, labouriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse; venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man, living manlike. Hardly entreated brother! for us was thy back so bent—for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed! Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles, wert so marred. Toil on—toil on—thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may! Thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for the daily bread."

Let us not, however, forget that there is another class of labourers

who are right noble too—nay, nobler than the workers in clay and iron. I mean those who toil, not with hammer and hand, but with pen and tongue and brain. The material worker is perhaps most appreciated, as the results are most apparent; but, after all, it is the kings of thought who mould the destinies of nations and fashion the ages. Thought guides the hand of labour and rules the world. Ideas, diffused through the medium of speech, or on the printed page, touch the springs of human action and mould the life of man. Change men's thoughts and you change everything. The great thinkers must precede the great workers. The Bacons must go before the Stephensons. The men of action must follow the path indicated by the men of thought. All the triumphs of industry, splendid as they look when realised, once existed as thoughts in the mind of the philosopher, the mathematician, or the man of science, and are but the embodiment of his ideas. The Atlantic Cable, the Great Eastern, the Needle Gun, were all thoughts before they became tangible realities. The Constitution of Britain, and that of the United States, under which so many millions of men live and have their being, were forged painfully on the anvil of thought, before they could become instruments of government. The greatest of all factories is the busy brain of man. Men may resist, and wander, comet-like, for a time, but ultimately they must gravitate towards the great thinkers. That pale student, consuming the midnight oil, as he painfully elaborates his book, is one of the true kings of men; for the thoughts he is now robing in beauty and winging with spiritual power, will pass like the silent rays of light from mind to mind, and mould the thoughts and characters of men and women, and form the institutions which will influence the destinies of millions not yet born. His work will last when kingdoms have floated as wrecks down the stream of time, and when great battles, which now startle the world, are no more remembered than the street brawl that disturbed the silence of last night. The thoughts that once beat in the brain of Homer, Plato, or Æschylus, are potent forces in the world to-day and still sway the current of human affairs. Nay, it is curious to think that in diffusing these thoughts over the world to-day, the mechanic is earning his daily bread, and that multitudes of printers, paper-makers, and kindred artisans, are fed by the mental labours of the melodious singers or profound thinkers of three thousand years ago, whose dust is long since blown about by the winds of heaven. Such is the spiritual force that lies in a true thought. In the whole human race there is not strength enough to annihilate a single truth. While, then, we honour the strong-armed material worker, let us reverence more highly the brain-workers—the clear, deep thinkers that search out the laws of God's universe, the sweet singers that lift us from the actual to the ideal,—the men of the pen and throbbing thought and eloquent tongue. They toil to give freedom, guidance, happiness to the workers for the daily bread. If the one conquers earth, the other subdues the world of mind and secures for us a spiritual inheritance.

All true work, then, is beautiful and venerable. All genuine workers are filling up a chink in the great economy, and helping to build up the

solid pyramid of the world's welfare. The lofty and lowly are bound together by the common chain of toil, and each is necessary to all the others. The merchant in his counting-house; the shopman behind his counter; the labourers in street, farm, wharf, mine, workshop, or fishing boat; the brain-workers opening up the realms of thought,—the preacher, the teacher, the lecturer, the author—all are helping to build up the great scheme of the world. Each has his work which helps onward the completion of the beautiful fabric, and brings nearer the time when civilization, liberty and religion shall possess the world, and everywhere men shall be bound together in the ties of brotherhood. Vast and manifold are the departments of human industry, but all point to the elevation of man, whether it be the experiments of a Simpson in his laboratory, furnishing an anodyne for pain, or a Lesseps piercing the Arabian desert and bringing East and West nearer, or the daring engineer who is tunnelling the Alps, or the energetic toilers who have completed a railroad across the American continent. No less to be honoured are the quiet thinkers who are striking out such new and startling truths as the "correlation of forces" and following up the wonderful results of "spectrum analysis;" for though, at first sight, these might seem to be far removed from all that concerns human weal or woe, yet no man can tell what fruitful consequences may flow from any new truth, or the disclosure of a new fact. Geology was once supposed to be a mere barren speculative science, fit for the amusement of the philosopher; but now its economic value in connection with human uses is so great, that every civilized country has its geological survey, and no mining enterprise is reckoned safe until the opinion of the geologist has been obtained. The "spectrum analysis" by which the light of sun, stars, nebulae and comet is made to unfold the constitution of the bodies whence it emanates, may appear to be a useless expenditure of intellectual toil, but one day its disclosures may be found to be of the highest consequence in averting some evil that now presses upon us, and its discoveries will then be triumphantly yoked to the car of human progress. The discoveries of Faraday in his laboratory, are now yielding, daily, grander and more beneficent results. Let no earnest worker be despised.

We must beware, however, of losing ourselves in our admiration of labour. We must take care to separate the *man* from his *work*. He is no mere labour-machine, but a thinking, immortal being, and therefore far greater than his work, however grand it be. These wide-reaching speculations, that take in the whole Cosmos, from its beginning to its close,—that weigh the sun and search into the constitution of the faintest nebulae that hang, like films of light, on the outskirts of our system,—that unravel the history of the globe and read off the hieroglyphics written during a hundred millions of years, in the solid rocks,—that have pointed out methods for taming the elements and laying the treasures of the earth at man's feet,—all these testify to the dignity of man, and bear witness that man is not a mere piece of mechanism, to be broken up and flung aside when its work is done, but a spark from the Divine intelligence, allied to that all-embracing,

creative mind that launched the comet and guides the march of the galaxy. With all the mighty achievements of human genius before us, we ask, with the poet, shall

“ Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

“ Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Though nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed.

“ Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

“ No more? A monster, then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their slime,
Were mellow music hatched with him.”

The poetic utterance is true. Were the being whom God has “set over the works of his hand, and crowned with glory and honour,” a mere piece of matter—a cunning specimen of mechanism, like that which he himself fashions, then man were the only anomaly in the universe—“a monster,” “a discord” in creation. The supposition is revolting alike to reason and to the noblest instincts of our nature. We cannot believe that the Creator meant such a soul, so richly endowed, so nearly allied to himself, to perish by the stroke of death. That mind which can traverse the universe, and grasp some portion of the Divine plan, “looking before and after,” transcends all shapes of matter, and soars far above all mechanism. The poorest drudge that bears God's image, has within him powers and capabilities lifting him into a spiritual region, in which material forms are poor and insignificant. Great is the mountain as it lifts its broad shoulders above the clouds, and wears its snow-diadem “in very presence of the regal sun;” but greater is the soul of the philosopher who measures its height and reads its history. The far-flashing comet is nothing compared with the mind that calculates its orbit and predicts its next appearance. The stars are not such a mysterious mystery as the poorest savage who looks up to them with eyes of wonder or worship. The ocean with its “wave's immeasurable laugh,” is not so wide as the mind that has plumbed its depths, noted its tides and currents and bridged it with steamboats. Add to the intellectual and moral the immortal, and then we begin to comprehend the greatness of man. Then we see that it is in the result of labour on the spirit of man himself, ennobling and elevating it, that its greatest glory lies. The work itself may perish—the special service that each of us renders to our race may

disappear ; but in doing that work, in rendering that service, the educative results on our own characters are stamped indelibly, and will go with us to another world, to be the source of blessedness there, and stepping stones to an endless progress. The great thing, therefore, the final thing—is the conformation of character which we shape, in performing our work on earth. This is imperishable, and will unfold its immortal pages before the eyes of God.

The great lesson of the whole then is, that if work be the ordinance of Heaven, and the true dignity of man, we should accept it contentedly, cheerfully, as the condition of our existence, and the source of our happiness. We should realize thoroughly that, in this world, nothing good or great is to be had without labour. Not only must we make up our minds to wait, and watch, and wrestle to do and dare, but we must also believe that the hard toil, the strain of mind and muscle, of brain and sinew, are best for us ; because only in such conflict could our powers be developed and we reach the dignity of true manhood. Without the warfare, there could be no victor's crown—without the strain on all our energies we should grow up puny, weak and worthless. For it is true as Lowell sings—

“ Chances have laws as fixed as planets have,
 And disappointment's dry and bitter root,
 Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
 Of the world's scorn, are the right mother-milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
 And break a pathway to those unknown realms
 That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled ;
 Endurance is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great hearts.”

There are some who rebel against this condition of hard toil, and endeavour to strike work and get on by some sinister methods. Of none such comes any good, in the long run, because they are rebels in God's universe, and are striking at the eternal laws that will grind them to powder. On the other hand, the man who bravely girds himself to his work, whatever it be, resolved to do it well and faithfully, convinced that only by honest work can he succeed, or ought he to succeed, shrinking at no difficulty, trembling at no opposition, will assuredly one day look down from a proud elevation, and see that all obstacles have, by labour, been converted into stepping-stones to victory. The most fruitless of all worship is that of Fortune or Chance. Heaven smiles on those who help themselves. All great men have succeeded by toil : genius itself must bow to the law of labour, and carve success out of the granite rocks of difficulty. Whatever our work therefore, whether of head or hand, let us strive to do it thoroughly, with an aim and purpose worthy of our nature, regarding that work as a divine thing, given us by the Highest One.

SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

Steele is not to be compared to Addison as a writer. He is master of good idiomatic English, always expresses himself in vigorous and fitting language, albeit sometimes encumbered with a redundancy, and disfigured by an inelegance, of phraseology, by perhaps even a grammatical inaccuracy or solecism here and there. He never aims at fine writing. His object is to express his meaning, and that has generally some practical end in view—to correct some abuse, or amend some folly, to reform vice, or point the finger of scorn and ridicule at public or social errors. He seldom writes upon a serious subject in a serious vein—never a sustained essay or paper, in the manner of essay, on any subject. His style is half serious, half jocose, still with the serious aim of correcting evils and reforming abuses. Irony and innocent satire are his weapons, or constitute the prevailing tone of his writings. He has neither the depth nor the breadth of thought of Addison; there are none of those fine strokes of genius which are meeting you in every page of Addison; he has not Addison's polished expression and finely balanced periods. There is always good sense, healthy opinion on whatever subject he treats, a thoroughly manly tone of thought and feeling, unsparing denunciation of the wrong, and hearty approbation of the right. He is the public censor, the friendly critic, the playful observer and satirist of life and manners. He is the *Spectator*, and carries the functions of the *Spectator* into all he writes: he had before sustained the character of the *Idler*, but it was the idler whose "idle time was not idly spent," who employed his leisure for the most beneficent purposes, in seeking by his writings to improve the habits and raise the manners of his age. Steele is not so much the *litterateur* as the man of the world, with a moral purpose, but employing for that purpose a literary vehicle. Addison is the thinker and the fine writer. He could not be other. His thought is original, if not profound, generally sounds the depths of the subject on which he descants, takes a discursive range, is *often* ingenious, if we should not say *always*, and for the most part characterized by much grace, and singular felicity. He is still, perhaps, the most pleasing writer in the English language. His ease charms you into negligence like his own. There is no one that comes up to him in refined urbanity and amenity, which it required the character of Addison to express or exemplify. Addison was perhaps somewhat vain, and not always generous in his relations with his friends. Steele and Addison at last suffered some eclipse in their friendship: Addison would seem to have been the party at fault: only nothing of such disposition or tendency appears in his writings. One biographer and critic denies the current

story of the alienation between these life-long friends. Steele himself seems to repudiate the idea of the slightest alienation. The sweetest disposition appears in Addison's compositions. He is the finest gentleman, if we may say so, in his works. He always thinks amiably: he always writes to improve: he has always the most moral purpose in view: he is profoundly reverential in his spirit: he quotes scripture like a divine, he does not think it out of place to invoke its authority, and wield its influence. He treats expressly on religious topics, which none but a truly religious mind would venture to hint at, or refer to. He is the prince of Essayists. Still, however, it is rather in the brief Essay than in the extended disquisition that he excels. It is rather in jets that his thought expresses itself: it does not flow in the continuous current or stream, or incline to the laboured or prolix argument. That was perhaps the accident of the manner in which he wrote—in the *Idlers* and *Spectators*—but it is evident that Addison's mind was more adapted for the brief essay than for the elaborate treatise. His papers on Milton and those on Imagination, although characterized by fine criticism and ingenious thought, are not very profound, and more ingenious than philosophical. It is on social topics and the philosophy of manners that Addison is pre-eminent. He was not the metaphysician, or the speculative moralist. He had not the abstract or analytic power: it is among concrete subjects or objects that he moves at ease. His papers on Imagination are by no means very profound or satisfactory. He defines imagination by itself, and the pleasure which it yields by the enjoyment we take in its productions. Its various phases and operations are for the most part described in identical or equivalent terms. There is not the most distant approach to a philosophic analysis of the state itself. His critique on Milton, although so much eulogized, is hardly worthy of its great theme. It abounds in ingenious and original suggestions, but perhaps more ingenious than just: the conceptions are often puerile or trifling, according rather to a conventional than a true standard of criticism. Addison had too much present to his mind the *Æneid* of Virgil and the *Iliad* of Homer in judging of the merits of the "Paradise Lost." As Essays, however, on social subjects, on the virtues and follies, the joys and sorrows, of humanity, on the cabals of the politic, and the schemes of the ambitious, on the vanities of the great, and the inconsistencies of the mean, on the amenities of private, and the animosities of public, life, on the success that attends on a virtuous, and the misfortunes that follow a tortuous or vicious course of action, no writings equal the Essays of Addison.

The influence of Steele and Addison's writings, forming as they did an epoch in the history of literature, is at once of a social, a moral, and literary kind. It no doubt did much to mould both the spirit and the manners of the time. That element, that little leaven, could not fail to work, operating even to the present day, insensibly permeating society, and bringing its institutions and its individual members into the more humane and rational state or form in which we now find them existing. There can be no doubt that the *Spectator* was one of the influences in bringing about the amenity, and more rational manners, of

our own times. It is true that there is enough still for the satirist to exercise his powers upon—for the Essayist or Novelist to hold up to ridicule, or to depict with scorn. But undoubtedly our age is an improvement upon that in which those admirable Essayists wrote, and which they employed all the skill and resources of their refined wit and irony to correct. Profligacy is not so unblushing—folly is not so insolent—manners are not so bizarre—state-craft is less corrupt—religion undoubtedly has greater sway. Our modern belles have not taken to the patches, though they have revived the hoops, of the reign of Queen Anne. Our modern beaux do not wear a sword at the side: it is very extraordinary circumstances that can justify a revolver in the pocket, in these our more civilized times. Addison was the refined christian, and everywhere bears testimony to the truth and value of the christian religion, as he was in his life and character an exemplification of its power. On his death-bed he called in the young Earl of Warwick, whom he wished to reclaim from a course of libertinism, “to see in what peace a Christian could die.” If he could do an ungenerous act during his life, he had the magnanimity, ere his departure from it, to send for Gay, the poet, to ask his forgiveness for an injury done him, which was unknown to the poet himself, and which the latter supposed had reference to the prevention of some patronage which the Court had intended for him. So sensitive was Addison on points in regard to which others would have had but few or no misgivings. Addison’s religious compositions show the bent of his character, and the habit of his mind. He was employed on the “Evidences of the Christian Religion” when he died. His Ode beginning:

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

shows what a uniform sense he cherished of the care of the Divine Providence, and how the thought of God and His presence was the stay and happiness of his heart.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass’d unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten’d every toil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm’d,
And smooth’d the Tyrrhene seas.

The Ode concludes with the devout stanzas:

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I’ll adore;
I’ll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv’st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee!

This Ode and the “Vision of Mirza,” familiar to all the readers of the *Spectator*, were the earliest compositions which Burns “recollects

ever having taken any pleasure in." "I particularly remember," Burns says of the Ode, "one half stanza which was music to my boyish ear:

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'

It was something to give the first impulse to Burns's mind, and the lines which he quotes as lingering on his ear like music, he undoubtedly also had before his "mind's eye" like a picture. We cannot help supposing that Burns also had been struck with these other compositions of Addison which he must have known, as included among the few hymns sanctioned in the psalmody of the Church of Scotland:

"When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys," &c.

and

"The spacious firmament on high," &c.

These are classic compositions, and are committed to memory by every boy and girl perhaps of every religious family in Scotland.

It is a curious circumstance, illustrating the prevailing tone of Steele's character, even while he was yet pursuing a profligate course, as an officer in the King's army, that he wrote a work entitled "The Christian Hero," with the express design, as he himself says, "to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures." Steele opposes the "Christian Hero" to the classic models of antiquity, and he held that no principles but those of religion could make a true hero or a great man. "The old bent of the English mind," says a biographer and a critic, "was strong in Steele, and he gave unostentatiously a lively wit to the true service of religion, without having spoken or written to the last day of his life a word of mere religious cant." Steele wrote for the stage, and here likewise he always had a moral purpose in view. His dramas were chiefly comedies, but they were invariably on the side of virtue, as also of patriotism. Addison composed a prologue for one of them, and Steele dedicated it to his early friend. A poem which Steele wrote when still a student at Oxford entitled "The Procession," celebrates in good verse the qualities of William Third, the hero of the Boyne, whom Steele justly regarded as worthy of his highest admiration, and whom Macaulay in like manner has placed among his most chosen heroes. The "procession" is the funeral of Queen Mary, the consort of William, whose highest tribute was that she was worthy of her heroic husband, and loyally and tenderly attached to him. Steele's patriotism thus early evinces itself, while all his admiration and enthusiasm are already on the side of the right.

Addison's "Cato" is a noble drama, but more rhetorical than poetic, while it wants the natural touches and exquisite dialogue of the early drama. It is composed strictly according to the classic unities. Its subject is one which gave occasion, or offered opportunity, for the expression of the noblest morality, and this is given in smooth and sonorous verse. The verse is perhaps too uniformly stately, although

the Roman character suited it, perhaps demanded it. Cato is the true Roman, of the strictest Roman type. He can look on the corpse of his son, and exult in his wounds, because they were suffered in the cause of Rome. Cato's soliloquy, in the contemplation of his death by his own hands, is one of those pieces familiar to every school-boy, and which every school-boy has by heart. Compare it with Hamlet's soliloquy, however, on a somewhat similar occasion, and the difference is between a composition of the highest and most original genius, and a fine piece of moral reflection to which almost any mind was adequate. Addison also condescended to write a comedy—but his humour was of that quiet and rather reflective kind which shines in the Essay but is lost on the stage. The Attic salt of Addison's wit—the humour of his immortal Sir Roger and the widow—are not for the pit or gallery of the theatre. They are embalmed forever in the Essays of the *Spectator*.

The literary influence of Steele and Addison it is not difficult to trace. To them in great part we owe, as we have seen, the style of writing which is so much in vogue at the present day, in our newspapers and magazines. There is undoubtedly a family likeness between the *Spectator* and *Pickwick*, sufficient at least, to identify the genealogy. *Pickwick* is the *Spectator* in another form, as shrewd, as genial, as observing—more comic. *Pickwick* is the reigning spirit in his club as the *Spectator* was in his. The light sketches of the *Spectator* have been repeated in a thousand forms since, and they will go on repeating themselves endlessly—like the rays of light radiated from a luminous body, which are refracted in a thousand forms, and become for the time the luminous object, so far as it is luminous, from which they are refracted.

A certain sweetness has been infused into our literature by the writings of Steele and Addison which it did not possess before: an Attic grace has been given to it, particularly by Addison, to which it was a stranger even in the essays of a Cowley and a Dryden. Swift knew nothing of it. It has been transmitted through Goldsmith, and is repeated in almost every article that graces the pages of our best periodical literature. The influence of Johnson, and in another way, and more recently, of Carlyle, has perhaps been detrimental to this, but it has only introduced another virtue of style, has infused an element of energy, perhaps majesty, has inaugurated a certain property of picturesqueness, while it has not altogether supplanted the grace and beauty of Addison. The influence of Addison can never die out: it is perennial, because it is the perennial freshness of nature. Addison's name is unique in literature: no other name perhaps stands out so single and alone—not in its greatness, like the name of Shakspeare, not in its dominant power, but in that gentle and refining influence which all are free to acknowledge, to which all are willing to do homage.

Pope's is the other outstanding name of the Augustan age. He has the same place in poetry which Addison has in prose. And yet we are perhaps doing Addison an injustice in this. Addison had not the tricks of composition which Pope everywhere exhibits. The allitera-

tion and the antithesis which abound in Pope are sparingly used, if at all, by Addison. Still Pope is the representative of the poetry, as Addison was of the prose of his age. Pope was the junior of Addison, and Addison's notice of the "Essay on Criticism" in the *Spectator* raised it at once into popularity and fame.

That Pope was largely endowed with imagination—in other words that he was a true poet—which some have disputed—is abundantly evidenced by his "Eloisa to Abelard," his "Windsor Forest," the "Temple of Fame," and many passages scattered throughout his more didactic writings. His imagination, however, was by no means of the highest order: it does not take rank with that of Milton, or Shakspeare, or Spenser, or any of the highest poets: it is rather of the conventional or artificial sort: there are none of those far-reaching views, those profounder or subtler thoughts, those hidden analogies, those glimpses into the unseen and invisible, which arrest the mind in all the greater poets. The intellectual element greatly predominates in Pope: he is the thinker, but he is the thinker of intellect not of imagination: he does not fetch his thoughts from the "deeps of unconsciousness": his thought lies more on the surface, it is of the outward stratum of mind, though it may go deep in that stratum. He is the intellectual thinker, the moralist, the critic, rather than the poet. The poetic faculty is not the predominating one: it does not take the others up into itself: it does not pervade and possess and absorb the whole man, as in the case of Shakspeare or Milton. There are thoughts continually occurring in these poets which Pope never reached or whose depths he never sounded. It is in the purely intellectual region that Pope dwells and ranges. He is free of it: he is a denizen of it: he reigns supreme there! His "Essay on Criticism" is a wonderful production for a youth of barely twenty. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" was produced about the same age, and while the latter is more characterized by imagination, more impregnated with that element, it has not the thought, the purely intellectual element of the former. There is not the master mind in the bard of Hope which Pope displays; though indisputably he is more of the true poet. The "Essay on Criticism" abounds in striking passages, as also do his "Essay on Man" and his "Moral Essays": we say nothing of his Epistles in imitation of Horace, and his Satires: the same element abounds plentifully in these, but it is in the others that Pope is pre-eminently the poet he is recognized to be in the literary world. It is by his striking reflections, his antithetic contrasts, his sententious and rounded couplets, his moral apothegms, his fine critical aphorisms, his beautiful and exquisite lines, studding every page, all thrown into a poetic mould, or expressed in a poetic vein, that Pope takes the high place he does in the world of literature, and especially of the Augustan age. Lines and couplets of Pope are on every tongue, are floating through every mind, are at the tip of every pen. They have been the received aphorisms of morals and of criticism since they were first struck out of the brain of the writer.

Pope is an optimist in his philosophy, or theology. He is a stoic

and sceptic and Christian by turns. He unriddles the problem of the world by blinking it: he unlooses the Gordian knot of the universe by cutting it. The following lines are peculiarly Pope-ish (we do not mean Popish): they are Pope all over, and serve as no unfavourable specimens of his style. How many of them have become the common property of every mind, familiar as "household words." Those which we now quote give the key-note of the "Essay on Man":

Awake my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
 A mighty maze, but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yeld;—
 The latent track, the giddy heights, explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar.
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

The fourth Epistle of the Essay on Man opens with these fine lines which are a specimen at once of the poet's peculiar style of thought, and vein of imagination:

O happiness! our being's end and aim,
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh;
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
 O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise;
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere,
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
 And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

We have Malebranche's philosophy in the following lines, tempered by Pope's own:

Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase,

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence. or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
 Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.

* * * * *
 Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made—
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Wealth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather and prunella.

The following stanzas must commend themselves to every mind capable of judging of moral subjects, and appreciating the harmony of verse and the beauty of antithesis :

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
 The same, my lord! if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade,
 A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope's Satire is peculiarly trenchant and keen: we prefer the satire, however, scattered through his moral essays to the professed satire of the *Dunciad*, or the imitations of Horace. In the '*Moral Essays*' the satire pricks like needle points, is as sparkling and as cutting as emery. And it is as true of it as of the dust we have named: the diamond alone escapes its point. The *Dunciad* requires one to be versant in the literary quarrels of the times to enjoy it, and even then it has only an accidental value and a temporary worth. It does not repay the perusal even though one could thread his way through all the various allusions of the poem, unless indeed one has a peculiar taste for such kind of composition, and had sympathy with the poet in his more atrabilious mood, the offspring of his physical rather than his mental or moral constitution.

Of Pope's minor pieces, his Ode on St. Cecilia's day exhibits the style, while it does not possess much of the spirit, of the true Pindaric Ode. It is too much an imitation of Dryden's famous Ode on the same subject, but is greatly inferior to it. It is elaborately classic, but em-

bodies no very valuable or striking thought. The 'Dying Christian to his Soul' lingers on the mind of every one who has read it, and that is perhaps every one who has read anything of England's poetry. It has a completeness which admits of nothing being added, and suffers nothing to be taken from it. It seems to be a kind of translation and paraphrase of Hadrian's famous versicles :

"Animula, vagula, blandula," &c.

The "Universal Prayer," though perhaps not of a sufficiently pronounced Christian character, contains profound thought tersely and antithetically expressed: it might with advantage be adopted by the Christian, while he would add to it the more distinguishing sentiments of his own peculiar creed or system. It might be a companion poem to the verses of Addison, already alluded to :

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" &c.

It wants the sweetness of Addison's verses, while it contains more apothegmatic point and epigrammatic meaning. There is finer poetry in Addison's verses, because there is more imagination, if less thought.

Pope is a poet of the same stamp with Dryden. He is of the lineage, if we may say so, of the poet of the Restoration and the times of the Commonwealth. No two poets in the English language are so like as Dryden and Pope. How their minds should be cast in so similar a mould is an interesting physiological enquiry. They have their differences—and these differences are considerable—but this only makes the question as to their similarity the more interesting. Dryden's was perhaps the more vigorous mind of the two. Pope had not perhaps the range and power of Dryden. Pope did not, at least, write the dramas which have made Dryden's name distinguished, nor the exquisite essays in which Dryden almost anticipated the Spectators and the Idlers of Pope's own age. Dryden was the inventor of the heroic stanza, or he perfected what Lord Surrey had the merit of initiating. Pope caught Dryden's manner, carried the heroic stanza, if possible, to a pitch of still greater perfection. The finish of Pope's lines strikes every reader. Every line is a gem of the most perfect setting, which admits of no addition to its exquisite beauty. Pope is the poet of conventional life, of social manners, of fashionable trivialities. The "Rape of the Lock" describes in the most graphic manner all the lightness and frivolity of the "beau monde," all that passed for reality in the fashionable world, to the minutest shade of a lady's most evanescent feeling, and a fop's want of it, with sylphs and sylphids for attendants,—fays, elves, and genii, as ministering spirits, or airy embassies, to guard, or execute the commands of the fair.

Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide the way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart:
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword knots sword knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call:
 O, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

In the "Rape of the Lock" Pope perhaps displays more true imagination than in any other of his poems. And it is not the inventive merely of imagination that we here have regard to, the bringing together of fanciful creations, the conventional ideas about sylphs and fairies and such like beings, so widely entertained—but real imagination, where the mind has a ground for its suggestion, where there is something in the circumstances or the scene described for its creation, where it is not without reason that we invent, or form our ideas, or suppose the presence of such and such imaginary creatures. It is the province of imagination, as Shakspeare describes, to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," but that is because that "airy nothing" has already some tangible reality in the mind, does not exist as nothing, exists really in the imagination, is wrought out of the invisible but the real, which is everywhere around us—the spiritual world which invests us, although it be in the form of the Infinite itself—that being who is in all, over all, and through all. It is not a disparagement to such being that his operation is supposed or imagined or recognized in all that is, and all that transpires, in every incident and event and circumstance, the most trivial as the most sublime. These sylphs or elves or genii or gnomes, or by whatever name we call them, are really wrought out of the invisible powers which we suppose peopling earth and heaven—existing around us, and operating secretly and silently in everything that happens. We suppose at least a region of influence above ourselves, and controlling events which we cannot control, which refuse to be controlled by us, and which work out destinies too important to ascribe to the agency of ordinary causes. This is the justification of Shakspeare's Ariel—his *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and constitutes the latter poem a genuine work of imagination. Pope is a true poet to the extent that he recognizes the region of the invisible and the spiritual. This region hovers over all his poetry—but in the "Rape of the Lock" the ethereal element works more actively and more powerfully than any of his other poems. Perhaps it is the one elevating presence and predominating spirit in his "Eloisa to Abelard." There is much of it in the "Windsor Forest," it is less in his "Moral Essays," his "Essay on Man," and his "Essay on Criticism." There is considerable humour in the "Rape of the Lock," but it is perhaps rather wit than humour, or it is humour in the form of wit. Pope has not yet abdicated his place and rank as a poet. He dominates single and alone in the region of intellectual poetry—is a master of Satire; and one would think that a Seneca had been at his elbow, prompting those fine moral thoughts so exquisitely conceived, and so admirably expressed. Pope is enshrined as one of the finest classics in our Literature; and he is the other of the two great names of the Augustan age.

Defoe belongs to the Augustan age, and is one of the names that characterize and distinguish it. He is not so classic a writer as either Addison or Swift: he does not possess the classic refinement of the one, nor the terse vigour, or the powerful satire, of the other. And yet he has a style all his own. He is careless in his composition, often inaccurate, not unfrequently clumsy in the structure of his periods; which is to be accounted for perhaps by the style of easy narrative which he for the most part adopted as a writer. But again he has a rude vigour, an unadorned simplicity, a directness and manliness of expression, and a circumstantial reality and verisimilitude, which, in his works of fiction, commend themselves to the reader, till the very consciousness of fiction is removed from the mind, and you are identified with the incidents and characters of the story as they proceeded or as they acted. Defoe began authorship when well advanced in years, being first a political pamphleteer, like Swift, though on the opposite side, and latterly taking to fiction, when he found his political writings repaying him only with the prison and the pillory. His success with the "Life and strange adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner," induced him to continue in the same vein, and accordingly we have such biographies and narratives as "Moll Flanders," "Captain Singleton," "Colonel Jack," the "History of the great plague in London," and "a true relation of the apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after death, to one Mrs. Bargrave," &c. Defoe's writings, pamphlets and volumes together, amount to no fewer than two hundred and ten—the political writings being allowed for the most part to sink into oblivion, and only those of a general and permanent character surviving.

We hardly need to characterize "Robinson Crusoe," which everyone has read at some period of life, perhaps more than once at different periods—the highest commendation of which is, that taken up at whatever period, it appears so truth-like that one can hardly for a moment question but that it is a true narrative, and that the incidents happened just as they are set down. Crusoe's minute diary of all that transpired in his experience, from the time of his being cast away upon the desert island till his release by pirates, is every whit as veritable-like as truth itself. While Defoe had little of the poetic imagination, he had the inventive in so high a degree that there is not one incident introduced in his narrative, any more than one omitted, that would destroy or weaken the verisimilitude of the picture drawn, and the complete illusion that we are reading a real and veritable history. The graphic power cannot be inconsiderable which presents the different scenes before us as if they were actually the scenes in a narrative of voyages, or the actual purlieus and haunts and ongoings of city and country life. Defoe shows as minute an acquaintance with low London life, and English life generally, as any of our modern novelists—as Dickens himself—and he succeeds in depicting it, not so much through the touches of the imagination, as through a power of minute and literal description which has all the effect of reality. He is of the pre-Raphaëlite school of word painting. He has been called the father of the

English novel. It is not, however, the novel that Defoe writes—there is no plot—there is no grouping of characters—there is no denouement, properly speaking—there is simple narrative, like an actual history, or real biography, while it is only fiction all the time that we are perusing. The tone and tendency of Defoe's writings are decidedly religious. The reflections of Crusoe are such as would have been indulged only by a pious mind in similar circumstances. Indeed Crusoe becomes the subject of a decided religious experience as pronounced and decided as any modern revivalist would wish. This is pleasant to find, and it enhances the delight of the narrative to be ever meeting with such just reflections as those in which the manly spirit of Crusoe indulges. Altogether, Defoe is an author worthy of taking his place beside our greatest classics, and he does no disgrace, but, on the contrary, all honour, to the Augustan age.

The Augustan age embraces such writers as Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson—authors of the classic novel—and such poets as Thomson, Gay, Young, Prior, Shenstone, Collins, Akenside, Gray, &c.; while Johnson rather marks an age of his own, and Goldsmith perpetuates the Augustan age rather than belongs to it. Bishop Berkeley was of the Augustan age, and he wrote metaphysics in as classic a style as Addison did the lighter articles of the Spectator. Hume and Gibbon and Robertson, Burke and Henry Mackenzie, are the flush of the Augustan age prolonged into the succeeding period, as the flush of a summer's sunset almost ushers in the dawn of an equally brilliant day.

These writers will furnish material for our concluding sketch. It would be doing them injustice to enter upon their merits at the close of an already protracted enough article.

EXCELSIOR.

On some proud rock that overlooks the sea,
 And at its fury smiles in mockery,
 Where Nature's impress lingers on the sod
 And man—the spoiler man—hath never trod
 There might I dwell,—perchance forgotten die,
 The heath my bed, my canopy the sky!
 Such is the prayer of him whose fevered mind
 Has sought in vain *perfection* in his kind,
 And fondly dreams he can himself clude
 In some sweet shade, or lofty solitude!—
 But he, whose happy soul has learned to rest
 Her aching head upon the Saviour's breast,
 Disdains to fly—his hope's white banner furled—
 From out the battle of the busy world;
 Athwart the clouds of sorrow, sin, and death,
 His eye discerns,—with telescope of faith—

A bow of promise,—pledge of brighter things
 Within the palace of the King of Kings !
 Go! christian worker—perish at your post—
 A useful life was never, never lost,
 It gilds the loom, the sickle, and the desk,
 And makes the meanest cottage picturesque :
 The wreaths that deck the valley, and the field,
 To duty's sons a double pleasure yield,
 But grace shall weave for him a fairer crown
 Who seeks a *moral beauty of his own.*

DAMON.

THE BARD OF AVON.

By ANDREW ARCHER, Fredericton.

Shakspeare is not only a literature in himself, but has been the cause, source and origin of a literature. Like his own inimitable Jack Falstaff, he is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." The commentaries and criticisms on his plays, or "works" (to adopt the more ambitious word used by Ben Jonson, when he put forth his comedies and tragedies to the world) might, by themselves form a library. The different editions of his plays, from that put forth in 1623, by Hemming and Condell, his fellow-comedians, to that issued from the Strand by Dicks in 1867 and selling for one shilling of English money, are simply legion. The advances made in the art of printing, in the power of multiplying copies, and the growth of the reading world, that makes it possible to publish a large work at an almost nominal cost, with a profit, in the period between these two dates, is amazing. The difference between the world of 1623 and 1867, in external aspect, in social and political condition, only the profound archæologist and historian can faintly appreciate. Everything is changed save the courses of nature and the heart of man. Midst all the changes of two centuries and a half, the genius of Shakspeare—the profound master of the human heart—passing through obscurations, appears in the highest place in the intellectual heavens, shining far more brightly than when it first appeared above the horizon. At the time of his death, there is no reason to believe that Shakspeare was known beyond a limited circle in his own England; now his name is as familiar as a household word—though there is no doubt that the knowledge of his name is spread far more widely than the knowledge of his works. But the immense multiplication of copies of his plays, the buying them by tens of thousands, (though many who possess a Shakspeare may not go much beyond the act of purchase) must greatly extend such knowledge, and be an education in what is great, true and natural in literature, and may tend to bring into ever-widening contempt the exaggerations, the unreality, the blood and thunder, the impossible and vulgar heroisms, the too warm sentiment of cheap sensational and ephemeral literature.

When once excited, and where it exists, the hunger of imagination is insatiable. It is the faculty by which we can live in the past, in the present out of our sphere and country, and in the future and very few but desire to know something more of life than what presents itself to them in the present and in their own surroundings. There are few, who, in their youth have not indulged in dreams of the past, and found their greatest delight in the works that appeal to the imagination, in which there appears to them a glorious shadowing forth of the life they are entering upon. And since the desire is natural and the appetite cannot be destroyed, it must be of immense importance that the books that appeal to the imagination and passions, should not present distorted, unnatural and utterly false views of life, but should be founded on true and just principles. The taste for light sensational literature grows on its victim to a morbid extent. Thus life, it might be said, goes out in vain imaginations. All the powers of action are dissipated in dreams of heroism—all the springs of kindly feelings and sentiments are dried up in the waste of artificial sympathies. Such a taste ought to be restrained—though, looking at the rank luxuriance of works of a sensational character that have an enervating moral and intellectual tendency, it will be a very difficult task. The only way to counteract them is to endeavour to excite a taste for works of a sounder and more healthy character, that really do brace up the mind, inform the head and heart, and infuse invigorating intellectual life.

To his enthusiastic devotees, Shakspeare is the "myriad minded"—the poet who has sounded all the shoals and depths of the human heart, who has the most penetrative intellectual insight into the characters of men, who can give the sharpest expression to all feelings—and, in maxims of weighty wisdom, instruction to all states and conditions. That is the enthusiastic estimate of his genius. But are there not many phases of mind that he has not touched upon? Can it be said, that he has at all fully shown the deepening and elevating influence of the christian religion on human nature—a spiritual force that has power to transform it completely—and set before the re-created man entirely different aims, that rouses spiritual enthusiasm, and a strength that contemns, casts away the riches and prizes of the world, and excites in the conscience a stern standard of duty? It is in men to be martyrs for conscience sake—and there are many phases of spiritual character. And it would be a study, instructive and interesting, to have the workings of such minds drawn by a master hand—the proud worldly spirit broken and crushed by doubts and overcast with gloomy shadows—warring in unrest till it find peace. Tranquil and steadfast; remaining indeterminate and oscillating between doubt and faith—reckless and rebellious in despair or sunk in apathy; despising want, neglect, ridicule, torture, and death in homage to a great idea—a mighty principle—but that it would be profanation to depict such characters merely for dramatic purposes—they touch too nearly the awful mysteries and realities of being to be made sport of.

To judge of Shakspeare's character from his works would be a hard task. He speaks not in his own character. Yet from the aggregate of the characters and sentiments therein expressed, a general impression of

it might be gathered. That he was a free, generous-hearted man of the world, and yet had, along with his worldly knowledge—the imagination of the poet, the deep mellow wisdom of the sage—touched with a ray of divine fervour, may be granted without question. That he had reflected on life, the ways and motives of men, with the deepest sympathy and widest tolerance, the characters he depicts, the words of wisdom they utter, and the reflections true to the passions by which they are actuated, and to the situation in which they are placed, prove; that he was, at times, at war with the world and himself—that he keenly felt the hard conditions of life—and of his position, as a poor player, may be inferred. It seems hardly possible that he could have penned such a play as *Timon of Athens*, in which the passion of misanthropy is so powerfully depicted, without having experienced in his own heart the war of feelings that produce that passion—that he could have written it when he felt no resentment against the world, when over his mind there was no shadow of gloom and despondency. He was enabled to depict the passions of humanity powerfully, because he had battled with them himself. It is the influences of circumstances, the force of character, that determine their vent. With his own experience, his powerful imagination, and supreme intellect, enabled him to enter into the lives of men placed in every position—of power, subjection, sorrow, trial, and temptation. In his power of depicting the passions of humanity his genius appears as exhaustless as any of the great forces of nature: in his own mind and heart, seemingly, had their seat all the thoughts and feelings that subdue, influence, agitate and propel all men. If to express thought in action supposed the power of action; if to possess the power of portraying a hero, presupposed the power of acting a hero's part, then had he universal capability—then were he the greatest of all men. Some of his admirers have even claimed for him this capability, this power, but that is carrying idolatry to the extent of absurdity. From the very excess of imagination, his intellectual many-sidedness, his universal sympathy, may it not be presumed that he was unfitted to pursue one determined course of action, and to bring all the powers and energies of his mind upon a great career of personal ambition—that his intellect overburdened his will? It has, indeed, been supposed that Shakspeare was a man of rather weak personal character. If that supposition is true, then the weakness must have proceeded from excess of his intellectual powers, joined with an easy good nature and a love of pleasure. That his was a retiring, unassertive disposition, his sobriquet, "Gentle Will," and the little amounting almost to nothing that is known of his life, would indicate. The circumstances of his life may have been such that not the most iron will could break; but as a man of the world and of business he was successful, for he amassed an independent fortune by his theatre and his plays—and, along with his splendid endowments, he possessed the hard practical common sense that made the best of his opportunities. What he was as a man is mainly conjecture—what he is as a dramatist his works speak for him. We would like to know more of him as a man; but, it may be that the very obscurity in which his life and character rest, is no disadvantage to his fame. He, as some passages in his sonnets would seem to show, felt at seasons

of depression the aching pain of great powers wanting a great field of activity—and he may have, in beholding the loud and stirring success following active public life, depreciated his own genius and felt his position—that of an outcast. But pain is incident to every career, and the peculiarity of his grief was the penalty he paid for his after fame—which, as the sun at noonday eclipses the moon and lesser lights, outshone into obscurity the memory, the reputation, the deeds, the fame, of all the great men of his great age. Their scope of vision was comparatively limited, while his power of observation was as wide as the moving scene of life. From his earliest youth he must have lived in dreams of beauty, and in visions of glorified passion and ambition. There was the power within him that responded to and comprehended every noble action—that thrilled with pity and sympathized with every misery and sorrow—that rose in horror against every deed of horror—that re-coloured more gloriously than nature, every scene of beauty that he beheld in the active actual world, and read of in the world of books. Those expressions, thus gathered, grew and took form in his mind, and in the hour of elevation, when the spirit sought utterance, they came forth re-created in fresh power and beauty. It may easily be believed that, from his earliest days, he lived in a world of imagination, peopled with heroes and heroines more divine; that, in his many morning walks by the banks of Avon, and moonlight strolls by the parks of Lucy, and even in the current of mid-day hour life and its ordinary avocations, many an heroic scene was enacted within the ventricles of his brain. The difference between the youth destined for active life and the poet is, that the imaginative state of mind soon merges in the one, into the prosaic, while imagination sways the poet all his life long, and is his pleasure and his punishment. All men in their youth are poets, more or less, in feeling, and many in expression. The soldier, the statesman, the priest, the adventurous traveller, have in their youth dreamed dreams of a great future career, and have, in imagination, conjured up scenes in which they, according to the bent of their mind, have won battles, have swayed with powerful eloquence the Senate, have in the wilderness, midst scenes of savage grandeur and bare desolation, preached Christ, and seen tribes of savage men kneel before the Cross, have visited far-distant lands and penetrated the secrets and sources of nature that have been for ages hid; while the poet, with a scope of imaginative sympathy that includes the aspirations of all men, with the gift of glowing language finds his greatness in embodying them in words that breathe and burn.

Shakspeare viewed every subject pictorially, dramatically. He saw vividly in his mind's eye the scenes he was portraying—and with rapid transformation, and, with the knowledge gained by his strong perceptions, his reflections, and study of books, which came out in flashes of intuition, he entered into, as it were, every actor in his drama—feeling their passions, knowing and interpreting their thoughts. All minds perceive a subject pictorially, and, in describing or reasoning on it, see mental representations of the different parts. According to the vividness of perception in the speaker or writer, will be vividness of the impression made on the listener or reader. A mere act of memory—or a

statement of facts, incidents, at second hand, however great the subject recited or stated, makes little or no impression. From the prosaic mind, in which the perception is not vivid, or the vision lively, the subject comes out in a dry statement of particulars, step by step. It describes a subject from the surface; with more or less vividness and intensity, according to the lesser or greater depth of perceptive insight, and the lesser or greater force of imagination in the speaker or writer. The power of an author must depend upon his grasp of perception and capacity of conception—his penetration; the intensity of his personal force, and vividness of imagination—and these forces were predominant in Shakspeare. With less passion, force, and imagination, and a preponderance of the reasoning over the perceptive faculties, his treatment of a subject would have been scientific—it would have had philosophical calmness, with scientific utterance. He would have been the calm philosopher inditing like a Descartes, a Locke, or a Hume, his learned treatises, instead of the glowing poet flashing out his rays of inspiration and insight. In how different a manner would a Hume treat such a subject as jealousy from a Shakspeare! The one would give the hard philosophy of the subject—treating of its source and the various causes that excite it—dividing it into its separate manifestations, and showing its effects; while the other shows us how jealousy manifests itself in the actual world—its causes and effects coming out in the action of living men and women. If the more vividly a subject is presented the more effect it produces, then must Shakspeare's manner of treatment be more forcible and entrancing than that of the reasoner, and as it is the more forcible it is the more easily understood, and appeals to the far greater number of minds; it does not demand so great an effort of attention, or power of concentration. The dramatic form is the most enchanting to youthful minds, including those of the children of the larger growth.

Shakspeare is the king of the picturesque brotherhood—the monarch of the mimic world. But from the stage he might be withdrawn, and the place taken by dramatists whose plays represent the mode of thought and expression, and the fashions of modern life. It would, now, be no loss to his fame, were his plays no longer in any theatrical repertoire. No real admirer of his works can much delight to see them produced on the stage, mangled and mouthed. His power can only be fully appreciated in silent study. He himself must have felt that his powers were cabined, cribbed, confined upon the stage, “in little room confining mighty men.” In the prologue to *Henry V.* he speaks in deprecation of the ridiculous idea of trying to represent great historical actions and conflicts:

“With four or five most ragged foils
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous.”

The finest thoughts and most exquisite fancies his deep philosophy, his finest touches of nature are lost or unvalued amidst the bustle of the scenic show, when the actors and the scenery engross the attention, when the malapropos awkwardness or buffoonery on the part of a subordinate actor is sufficient to distract the attention and excite ridicule and we are constrained to see the unreality of the whole

business. No willingness to give ourselves up to the delusion can make us believe that we are in Rome with Cæsar and Brutus—in Egypt with Antony and Cleopatra, in Elsinore with Hamlet, or in Glamis Castle with damned Macbeth, or that the sometimes grotesque looking mortals—whose personal appearance and demeanor are ridiculously disproportioned to a heroic character—are the great names in history in the habit as they lived. In the study there are no impertinencies to distract attention from the author, the archaisms, the obsolete expressions, the obscurities of too condensed thought are subjects of curiosity and interest, and we patiently evolve their meaning—but on the stage, in the mouths of actors who have no enthusiasm for the poet, no feeling for their part—they appear blots.

In the eyes of some fervid admirers the great dramatist is a king indeed—by divine right—and can do no wrong. His obscurities, his offences against good taste, his forced play upon words, his sometimes turgid declamation are all proper in their place, not to be questioned, and having profundities of meaning, not to be fathomed by ordinary mortals. But he is great enough without seeking to induce him with infallible perfections, for while the human mind and heart think, apprehend and feel, so long must his philosophy, wit and poetry, instruct, delight and move.

A dramatic representation of any phase or story of life as it is a concentration of action and a revealing of motives and passions, is not a representation of real life. A tragedy turns life the seamy side out. It is a dissection of the morbid anatomy of the heart and mind, a disclosure of the most secret thoughts and motives, and, as such, when masterly rendered, is intensely interesting. For are not the actions of their fellows—the disclosure of the motives that have led to some terrible act—a sudden moral lapse or fall, a sudden burst of feeling—an open rendering of a long friendship, an angry denunciation of treachery, an open display of jealousy and envy—the subjects of greatest interest to men? Beneath the surface of each man's life there work conflicting passions which show their ripple or furrow on his face, but the constraint of life—the fear of the public punishment, scorn or ridicule, the check of conscience, and the undercurrent of generous feelings in society—repress their strong outward manifestations. And may not men find a pleasure, a gratification, nay a relief to have fictitious characters on the stage or in the printed volume, giving accurate and unrepressed representation to the feelings that dumbly agitate themselves, but which they would be ashamed or afraid themselves to manifest or own? And is it not true that people take an interest in out-speaking and out-acting characters in fiction, which they would avoid, and have a holy horror of in actual life? Nature will break through the restraints and conventionalities of civilized life, and it may be the reason why so profound an interest is taken in startling crimes, and the public moral lapses of high-held respectability—because they are the acting of a real tragedy—a stripping off of the veil and a baring of the working of passions, common to all, which, by temptations and inclinations readily followed and malign influences, have been driven to excess and to burst the constraints of life.

The greatest dramas of Shakspeare's have for the subject the representation in an active perturbed and morbid degree, of the disturbing and controlling passions of the human heart. It may not be said that the great dramatist sat down designedly to write plays on the passions, but it will be found that there runs through them a unity—the unity arising from the manifestations and results of a particular passion. Shakspeare is true to the depths of nature in his delineations. They might be called absolute intuitions unto human nature, and from them the reasoner with the sufficient skill might gather the premises from which to construct the science of human nature.

Time and clime modify infinitely the modes of living, of thinking and of acting, making manifold differences in the physical and mental constitutions, in the circumstances and political developments of nations, in the degrees of their intelligence, information and refinement; but they never change the passions of men—the propelling motives of human nature. Those motive forces, though assuming phases absolutely infinite and dissimilar in the individuals of the race, from the differences of physical development, mental power, culture, training and habit, from their birth, fortune, circumstances, surroundings, temptations and trials, are not so very complex. Do they not all spring from one central force or passion—love—which is threefold in its nature, corresponding to the threefold nature of human constitution, which, as it has a body, it is a power, as it has a mind, it has its intelligence, as it has a conscience, it is a spirit, and manifests itself in self-love, love of others, love of God? From this one central passion—force—love—(as from the great artery of the heart—the aorta—all the other arteries derive their origin) spring all the other passions and motives that actuate and influence man, and in every action, sentiment and aspiration, there is a touch of the master passion, love, in one of its three manifestations, or a blending of self-love and love of others, or an union of the whole. In the perfection of human nature, when, in the conscience, is developed a fine spiritual insight, and the love divine permeates the whole being, the stirrings, the promptings of love to action, instead of turning in upon self, go out in good to others, out of fear of God, and generosity, benevolence, self-sacrifice, meekness, patience, humility, forbearance, temperance, are manifested. But in the common state self-love is the controlling force, and from it spring all the selfish and dark passions of humanity—lust, hate—giving act to cruelty, murder, pride, vanity, ambition, jealousy, envy, meanness—through them runs the motive of self-love in weaker or stronger current, and they manifest themselves according to the physical or mental weakness or force of each man, his culture, training, opportunities, the circumstances of the time, and his surroundings. Hope is the strength of being—different in each individual—and produces a sanguineness of sentiment, confidence, cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit, which may be strong in those actuated by the passions springing from self-love, and weak, naturally, in those actuated by the divine love. But hope failing, from check of fortune, circumstance or physical constitution, in those under the dominion of self-love, there

ensues moodiness, disquiet, and the current of life, thought and action thrown back upon self with pain of awakening conscience, there comes, when the future appears shut out, a feeling of disappointment, despair, and remorse, prompting to fatal deeds; while in those under the influence of divine love, though the pain of disappointment arising from the ingratitude, malice, craft, of others that thwarts or defeats their good intentions and designs, inevitably comes—the love of self not predominating, and their conscience being void of offence, and having a spiritual insight that pierces through the shows of earthly things—resignation and a holy temper ensues which rises to the higher hope of religion. The one is trapped and meshed, the other sees a way of escape.

Shakspeare plays familiarly on the springs of passion—the strings of action in the heart. Is it jealousy he treats of? In how masterly a manner he displays the working of that passion in individuals of different dispositions, in *Othello*, *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*. *Leontes* (*Winter's Tale*) is jealous because he is jealous. His self-love is wounded by the affability with which his good queen *Hermione* treats his friend *Polixenes*. Suspicion enters his mind from the most frivolous causes, and, once entered, he seeks deliberately matter wherewith to feed his self-unkindled passion. Nothing can stop the career of his humour—not the noble uncomplaining patience of the good queen, whose purity can hardly conceive the infamy of the suspicion that has entered into her lord; not the remonstrances of his most faithful counsellor, *Antonio*, or the fiery, scornful indignation of *Paulina*; not the scarce concealed scorn of those about him. His wrath is kindled against those who would disabuse him, and his better nature awakens not to contrition, until he has made desolate his household.

In *Othello*, the noble Moor, the passion is incited in a directly opposite manner. Free and generous in his own nature, he thinks no ill of the most gracious and winning ways of *Desdemona* to these around her. Not till his self-love receives a wound, until the slumbering demon in his heart is roused, by the devilish art of *Iago*—that personification of brusque, cool malignity—does he conceive and become possessed by the passion of jealousy. *Leontes* makes a torment for himself, the other is tormented until he breaks forth into rage and revenge, and both spread desolation around the circle of their influence.

Is it ambition—that strongest manifestation of self-love—that our poet treats of? What grand pourtrayals of that passion, acting on minds of different casts, are seen in *Macbeth* and *Richard III*. *Macbeth*, the nobler nature, is acted upon, tempted and seduced; while in *Richard* it is the natural fierceness, pride, malignity of his distorted nature that forces all causes to give away to his own good. Ambitious thoughts, born of an aspiring nature, come naturally into the mind of a man like *Macbeth*, which, wanting scope, opportunity, might fade away, or, under benign influences, be directed into good channels. By the subjugation of the personal element, of self-love—pride—he would be content to fuse his powers through the commonwealth with-

out seeking forcibly to rise above the condition in which he was born. But in *Macbeth*, personal pride—unsubdued by the humbling teachings of Christianity—is predominant. He is in constant contact with a being to whom he is bound by the bonds of love, and, who, however dearly loving him, is cruel and unsparing to those who stop the path of her ambition. His self-love is incited to evil deeds by all the influences that a determined bad woman can bring to bear upon a nature under her influence. For what greater sting to a proud, sensitive nature, than taunts and scornful insinuations of cowardice from loved lips? The crime committed that gives *Macbeth* the prize of his ambition—he is propelled along the evil path with headlong and accelerating force—"one sin plucks on another"—the necessity of action, for his own preservation, impelling him, till he is utterly possessed by the evil spirit. Remorse comes soon, preying both on man and woman. And surely there is nothing more true or tragic than the effects of that remorse shown in *Macbeth*, (who has a superstitious trust in his destiny) and his lady. The man it makes ever more fierce and reckless, but it overpowers the woman. She cannot endure the horror that the great crime—the murder of the good king *Duncan*—has awakened. Remorse takes away her power of action—makes her shrink from further deeds of blood; it disturbs her slumbers, induces maniacal unrest, and forces her to self-slaughter. *Richard* is proud, fierce, envious, aggressive, subtle, insinuating, cruel, and burns in action. No tender affections have influence over him—and to him

"Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe."

And though, in the last night of his destroying life, the shadows of conscience affright him, his warlike spirit, in face of danger, readily shakes off the terror.

In *King Lear*—the grandest of his tragedies—is seen the conflict of the fiercest passions of our nature, springing from the activity of the central passion, love, in its lowest manifestation of self love, selfishness. In the abandonment by the old, open-spoken, fiery King of his kingdom to his daughters, and in the test he demands of their devotion to him, a show of love, measured by the florid warmth of its expression, there is a display of vanity, a degree of self love, fallen into senility. In *Regan* and *Goneril*—his unnatural daughters, whose professions of love for their poor fond foolish sire are unlimited—selfishness has eaten out all regard for others—self-gratification has become the law of their life—love has turned to lust—a cynical disregard of all sacred obligation possesses them—hate consumes and leaves them to the perpetration of acts of savage cruelty, and to crown all, a deadly jealousy springs up between this sisterhood of iniquity, and the end is murder and suicide, *Goneril* poisons *Regan*, and in the desperation of convicted criminality, makes away with herself. Sweetly and most beautifully, amidst the ugly war of evil passions, shines the character of *Cordelia*, the youngest and best loved, on whose "kind

nursery" Lear had thought to set his rest, but whose pure honesty and shrinking modesty of nature, refusing to gratify the fond, foolish selfish old man by unbounded expressions of her love, is punished by the sudden estrangement of her father's heart—the loss of the third part of his kingdom, and banishment. Lear cannot, at first, comprehend the monstrous ingratitude of Regan and Goneril, who, in possession, disdainfully disregard the terms for which he gave up his kingdom, and, refusing to maintain and entertain the covenanted and regal retinue, dare to treat their father like a pensioner dependant on their bounty. The first show of remissness in attention to him awakens the fire of his impatient and impulsive nature. Yet he is slow to believe in the ingratitude of his daughters; he would lay the fault to their attendants, plaintive beseeching alternates with the burst of uncontrollable anger. Struck to the heart, convinced at last of their unutterable baseness he invokes a dreadful curse upon his daughters' head. Infuriated at the conduct of his thankless children, he thinks with remorse on Cordelia, the remembrance of his folly maddens him, and the conflict of passions unsettles his reason. Shut out from the gate of his daughter's castle, in a stormy night, his distraught mind working in unison, he bides the pelting of the pitiless storm, till led by the hand of the pitying Gloucester, he herds madness burning within, and totally careless of his kingly condition, "with knaves forlorn in short and musty straw." The development of the madness of Lear, ranging about

Mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles cuckoo flowers,

is

A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a King;

Cordelia, like a guardian angel, comes to watch over her father. She hangs over his couch, where he lies in deep slumber caused by the opiate administered by his physician.

O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Reprieve those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

His awakening to sanity is inexpressibly touching:

Lear.—You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor.— Sir, do you know me?

Lear.—You are a spirit I know: when did you die?

Cor.— Still, still, far wide!

Physician.— He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear.— Where have I been? where am I?— Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused, — I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say, —
I will not swear these are my hands: — let's see:
I feel this pin prick; — would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor.—

O look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me; —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. — Pray do not mock me.
 I am a very foolish, fond old man, —
 Four score and upward; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man.
 Yet I am doubtful; but I am mainly ignorant
 What this place is: and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
 For as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. — And so I am, I am.

He recovers, but only to a state of childish weakness; his affection for Cordelia, his sole passion. At the very close, there is an outburst of the old fiery spirit. He kills the slave who has carried out the inhuman order of execution given by Edmund; with his dead Cordelia in his arms, he rushes into the presence of Albany and the rest, with frantic grief, that has no eye or ear for aught else; he wails and calls on his Cordelia to stay a little, and the phrenzied outburst in his life goes out —

And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no, life;
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Oh, thou wilt come no more —
 Never, never, never, never! —
 Pray you undo this button! Thank you, sir. —
 Do you see this? Look on her! — look; her lips!
 Look there — look there!

Then, surely, in the character of the austere Lord Angelo (Measure for Measure), our poet gives us a deep insight into the teachings of the human heart. Angelo, in his place of authority, is a terror to evil doers, and appears to the people to have no touch of human frailty. His Prince believes that

His life is parall'd
 Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.

His austerity of temper appears to proceed from a hard, cold constitution, impervious to the touch of any tender emotion. His hatred of vice shoves mercy to individuals out of court. He appears the personification of the strictest justice. But under the snow deep down the fires of Ætna burn. Temptation comes to him with Isabella who sues to him for pardon for her brother's trespass, and completely takes possession of his mind and heart. He says:

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several subjects; heaven hath my empty words;
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel; Heaven in my mouth,
 As-if I did but only chew his name;
 And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception: The state whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea my gravity
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain.

He, putting himself on the level of him whom he has condemned, will only pardon the brother's crime for the sister's sin and shame. The plot of the play is not a pleasant one. But he is counterchecked in his sinful scheme—though a sinner in full intention—and believing himself so indeed. "One sin plucks on another." He goes back from his promise of pardon and forswears himself, and in the end, confronted by the evidences of his hypocrisy and falsity, he shrinks abashed before his Prince—the mask of austere virtue torn from his face. But he receives the pardon freely, which he would not freely give to others.

How powerful is the delineation of a consuming hatred of mankind in Timon, the prodigal, ostentatious—the free open-hearted and confiding Lord of Athens—he, who as the cynic Apemantus says, "never knew the middle of humanity, but the extremity of both ends. Wounded to the heart by the ingratitude of base friends and fawning parasites, he rushes from Athens, his palace and luxury—from the daily feast and high swelling revelry to the drear solitude of the woods to feed on roots and curse mankind. Ingratitude, like a poisoned weapon, wounding his self-love, turns his wholesome blood to bitter gall. Thoroughly awakened by the rude shock from his dream of friendship, finding no stay in philosophy and having no insight into a higher faith—the black, drear clouds of despair sweep over his mind, once bathed in the golden atmosphere of self-satisfaction, and the buoyancy of the heart—the joy—prompting to generous deeds—is succeeded by a constant aching pain, and bursts of internal anger that almost unhinged his reason. He is "misanthropos and hates mankind." He exhausts the vocabulary of heroic cursing, and freezes the blood by his awful denunciation of mankind. The different moods of misanthropy are powerfully discriminated in the contrast presented by the wrecked but noble-hearted Timon to the carping cynicism of Apemantus, whose snarling hatred of mankind is born of a hard malevolent nature, served by ill-fortune. In all Shakspeare there is nothing finer in its way than the converse between the misanthrope and cynic, in the woods, and indeed, the whole fourth act is wonderfully powerful, though it may give, by the freedom of the expression in one scene, a shock to propriety.

Shakspeare is peculiarly powerful in his delineations of the affections of the mind, discriminating most scientifically between the different phases of aberration between the raving madness of Lear, totally forgetful of himself, and the dignified self-respect demanded by his station, uttering at random the wild thoughts as they rush through his burning brain, gambolling from them without a moment's recollection, yet always returning to the grief that has driven him wild—the ingratitude of his dog-hearted daughters—and the wild distraction of the Lady Constance—grieving for

My boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort and my sorrows' cure!

Though her words and acts are wild, right she knows she is not mad—

I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief I should forget!

* * * * *

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clout were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

How different is the guilty horror of mind of Lady Macbeth that produces constant feverish unrest, and forces her, even in her sleep, to walk abroad, and commit her guilty secret to the silent night, and the scared listeners, from the pretty lunacy of the "fair Ophelia" whose gentle mind gives way under the horror of a father killed by her distraught lover, and who goes about crowned with flowers, and glancing at the cause of her woe, amidst snatches of old songs.

Hamlet has been made the subject of as much study as if he was a living patient suffering from a peculiar mental disease, and there is great division of opinion whether he was mad in fact or only in craft—whether he is possessed by, or only simulates madness. His mind is oppressed by the awful secret—fearfully revealed—that his uncle, who wears the crown in debarment of his right, has murdered his father and married with indecent haste his mother. He is incited to avenge these horrors, both by supernatural admonition and every incentive of filial duty. But his mind is overburdened by the horror. Great in thought, he is feeble and undecided in action. He is perpetually revolving the course that his duty calls on him to take and lashes himself into a fury against the incestuous murderer; but the passion dies away, and in spite of supernatural admonition and the spur of conscience, he lets slip the time, and when an occasion does come—that reveals the murderous mind of his uncle—he kills him in a sudden inspiration of fury—and dies himself in the rash fulfilment of his revenge.

The line in Ben Jonson's poetic tribute to the memory and genius of his brother-player and dramatist is well known—"He was not of an age but for all time." But his mind, as that of every man's in his generation, was greatly influenced by the spirit, temper, and mode of thinking of his day. The philosophy, sentiment, poetry, the living fire of passion, are of "all time;" but the form, into which his works are cast, their, if it may be so called, feudal tone, the sometimes

coarseness and freedom of thought and expression, and much of the wit, are of his age.

With regard to immorality of idea and coarseness of expression, it may be said, that—not sinless—he is purity itself compared with his brother dramatists—some of whose plays, in their groundwork, shock all sense of decency. The culture and manners of the day allowed a freedom of expression, even in highborn dames, that would utterly shock modern refinement. Shakspeare is free, of course, at times, but, in his works, there is no sentimental glozing over of vice, no dressing up of viciousness in seducing, sentimental garb. The colouring of some scenes may be warm, but it is not licentious, and it may be remarked with truth, that he does not allow sentiments of doubtful morality to stand without some counterecheck—without, in some way, neutralizing them. He is not a moral, didactic poet, but a dramatist holding up the mirror to nature—and if it did not reflect some deformities it would not truly reflect nature. Even at this time it is a question of common conversation, of the generality of men of the world, in familiar intercourse, is not far more coarse than would be tolerated in a play, or than any comic scene in Shakspeare. They could not bear to have it faithfully reproduced, and would be first to cry out against its coarseness—and, with all its outward refinement, it may be doubted if the world of to-day is a whit less coarse than the world of Shakspeare's day. With regard to the tone of his works. Shakspeare lived in the absolute days of England, when authority really descended from above downwards; when it really was thought that there was a divinity that hedged about a king; when nobility retained the haughtiness of the feudal spirit; when it was flaunted in men's eyes; when great noblemen were distinguished by the costliness of their garb and the greatest of their retinue; when the line of demarcation between the nobility and commonalty was most rigid and well defined; when the middle class was only awakening to sense of its powers, and when rebellious thoughts against the autocracy of church and state were struggling mostly silently in many minds. Shakspeare died before the commencement of the troubles between king, nobility and church and parliament, puritanism and the people, which changed so much in England; which laid the foundation of political and religious freedom; which were the beginning, the spring, the incentive, of all the revolutions that have since convulsed the world, and which were the cause of the political foundation of this great free continent of America. Had he lived unto the times of Charles I., he would most probably have been a kingsman, a cavalier—not only because from that party alone he would, as a writer of plays, have obtained tolerance and recognition, but because his appears to be naturally an aristocratic mind—not of mere caste, of course, which is or may be very narrow, hard, bigotted—but a mind dwelling and rich in great ideas, and secure in their possession, above the envy and jealousy of poorer and aggressive minds—recognizing the great differences between man and man in natural power, ability, virtue,—and the necessity of authority and order; adverse to change, as overturning the state, yet sympathizing with all

humanity, and recognizing true worth and talent wherever found. Perhaps the speech of Ulysses to the Grecian chiefs, reprimanding their dissensions—(Troilus and Cressida)—sets forth his own—if they may be so called—political ideas—certainly such as obtained with the dominant party.

Shakspeare in no place hints at even the political equality of men; and if that speech of Ulysses at all represents his sincere opinions, and in matters of such importance it is not to be believed that he simulated opinions, but really had a definite creed, it is no violent inference to say that through the troubles he would have adhered to the king's party—the party in power and of order. He lived in the last age of absolute authority, when men hardly questioned in thought the divine right or dreamed of overturning the powers that were, and before the opening of the revolutionary era. Let a mental survey be taken of all his plays, and it looks as if he thoroughly accepted the order of things existing. Greatest genius of his own or any age—philosopher and sage—he appears to have no political forecast, or aspirations of political advancement for the mass. Yet what thoughts might have passed through his observant mind, which the pressure of authority, the temper of the time, the force of his circumstances, his situation, perhaps his easy character, forbade the utterance. But take a survey of his plays, and it will be seen that emperors, kings, queens, princes, dukes, cardinals, ladies and lords, legates and consuls, generals, princely merchants, are the chief and foremost characters in his dramas, and from their lips come exalted truth, noble sentiment, heroic passion, as if the instruments of their utterance must be exalted, noble and heroic in station. No one above the rank of a knight is put in a ridiculous position or made the vehicle of humour—they may be bad enough, but they preserve their dignity, (except Cloten, the queen's son, in *Cymbeline*.) But Shakspeare makes very free with the order of knighthood—three of his best known comic characters belong to the roll.—Falstaff—"Jack Falstaff, with his familiars, John with his brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe," Sir Toby Belch, the genial, toying kinsman of Olivia, and Sir Andrew Ague-heck, Sir Toby's gull. It is through his led captain, his bullies and braggarts, and boon companions—like Falstaff's troupe—Bardolph of the flaming nose, Pistol, Nym and Peto; Monsieur Parolles, the boasting captain, in "All's well that ends well;" his knavish fools, like Touchstone and Monsieur Jeste; his clowns and servants, like Speed, Launcelot Gobbo; his bully Bottom; his captains and lieutenants of "ye watch;" the most ancient and quiet watchmen, Dogberry and Verges; his host of the Garter, his hostess of the Cheapside Inn, Juliet's nurse, &c.—that he conveys his fun, wit and humour. He makes fun with such magnates as Justice Shallow, and such doctors and parsons as Sir Cains and Sir Evans; but, once within the precincts of the court—though he smile at the conceits of a Polonius, Lord Chamberlain to Claudius, King of Denmark, and his deep airs of wisdom—there is about him a courtliness that inspires some respect.

But though the spirit of the age (when authority still weighed with

reverence upon men—but when, though the distinction between ranks was most rigid, there appeared to have been a more genial spirit pervading society, than in countries of equal political conditions, where hard personal jealousies often intervene to stop the genial current of the soul) strongly imbues his works—there through them runs “the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.” Kings and lords are but men, and men, when true to their nature, are kings and lords, masters of themselves and almost of their destiny. But the form is nothing to us; we are absorbed and interested in his plays as the manifestations masterly rendered, of the various passions of the nature common to all, that, piercing the king’s purple, the warrior’s mail, the priest’s gown, with deepest, truest insights, lays bare the workings of the heart that in all breasts throb and beat alike.

The feudal tone pervades his historical plays, those especially English, and his three great Roman plays—*Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Coriolanus*,—the plot of which runs on the ancient feud of patrician and plebeian, which, in the person of its hero, gives a representation, forcible even to repulsiveness, of soldierly bluntness, sustained by the aristocratic pride of those, to use the phrase of *Menenius Agrippa*, the good-natured patrician: “o’ the right hand file,” and fierce contempt of the people. *Julius Cæsar*: which turns on the envy burning in the breasts of great conspirators at the towering ambition of “the foremost man upon the tide of time,” and his murder, which the noble *Brutus* would fain believe a sacrifice to freedom, and not the final burst of jealousy in some few men who felt their own consequence diminished by *Cæsar*’s rise, and in which solicitude, for the rights of the great undistinguished mass of the people, had no real part. *Antony and Cleopatra*; which turns, on the infatuation and follies of *Antony*, enamoured by the charms of *Cleopatra*, the resistless, wily, daughter of the Nile, and who, for love, played away the third part of the world, oblivious of every duty of his high station, and of the state of the herd of mankind outside his immediate presence.

The English plays reflect the spirit and temper of the times, when the ambition of kings and the factious pride of nobles, were the chief motives of events; when knightly accomplishment was the ruling passion; when only the arts that ministered to the pride and splendour of the rich and powerful, were held in any esteem. and all the rest was base and mechanical. Still that spirit rules, and in the presence of a Franco-Prussian war, it must be confessed that the ambition of kings has an immense influence on the destiny of states, though, happily, it is confronted by a power of opinion unknown to feudal days. Are the pretexts for the present war any more moral than those accepted by *Henry V.* for war against France, and urged on him by the magnates of the church, who, fearing the spoliation of their lands, bribe the king to their side, both by offer of a large subsidy, and strained arguments, to assert a more than doubtful title to the French crown? The Bishop of *Ely* enquires of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*:

Ely—How now for mitigation of this bill

Urg’d by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cant.—

He seems indifferent :

Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation,
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have opened to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely—How did this offer seem received, my lord?*Cant.*—With good acceptance of his majesty.

An interview with the king, after the close of his argument, that the Salique law, that barred the succession of females, did not, though claiming from the female line, touch his right to the throne, the Archbishop incites Henry to the bloody enterprise.

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward, the black prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp,
 Forge in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely—Awake remembrance of these valiant deeds,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe.—Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

A grand, sturdy English spirit pervades all the English historical plays. A glow of glorious patriotic pride pervades them—pride in the seagirt isle “in a great pool a swan's nest,” as Imogen in a pretty spirit of assumed depreciation, calls it, or as Austria (in King John) says :

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 * * * England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes.

How grandly the praise of his native land, comes from the lips of old John O'Gaunt—time-honoured Lancaster—as on his death-bed he bemoans the folly of King Richard II. :

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle—

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars—
 This other Eden—demi-paradise;
 This fortress built by nature for herself,
 Against infection and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men—this little world;
 This precious stone set in a silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Against the envy of less happier lands!
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned, for their steeds as far from home.
 (For christian service and true chivalry)
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, bless'd Mary's son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world.

How strongly the spirit and pride of England speaks out in the speech of King John to Pandolph—legate of Rome—who demands his obedience :

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil.—Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John—Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
 Though thou, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

And there is a sterling ring in the boast of the Bastard Falconbridge :

This England never did, (nor never shall),
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

Shakspeare is the poet of all time, because in him, in fullest development dwelt the spirit of humanity. He looked at human nature—mostly, not in its temporary, but its eternal aspect—depicting the broad features that equally prevail in all ages and in all ranks beneath

the King's robe, the shepherd's plaid. Many poets and writers are great on account of their quick perception of the character of their times and the humours and eccentricities of particular individuals. Their vision may be broad—but it pierces not far beneath the surface—but this goes through and through the body of humanity. His greatness as a poet and a dramatist is not to be measured by the excellence of detached series; by heroic speeches, fine sentiments, bursts of eloquence and lively scintillations of wit; but his genius must be taken as a whole, by the completeness and sustained interest of his stories, by the vividness with which he creates his characters, so that they seem to stand before us as living beings, and by the consistency of their language, thought and sentiment, to their character and position. But it may be it is his sage maxims, his touches of philosophy that go down to the very sources of life, his fine moralizing, his flashes of insight into the ways of man and the conduct of life that come so apposite to the many circumstances and situations of the present day, his poetic similes, pearls of fancy—rich jewels in a golden setting—that seem to many his chiefest merit. His works have had a great influence on the English mind; his spirit pervades all English literature; without a knowledge of Shakspeare many allusions made by other authors cannot be understood. His characters are often spoken of as individualities so well known that it is unnecessary to quote his name or that of the play. For instance, Lord Macaulay in his review of Leigh Hunt's edition of "the dramatic works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquar reprehends the lax tone of his criticism on their morality. We do not blame him for not bringing to the judgment seat the merciless rigour of *Lord Angelo*; but we really think that such impudent and flagitious offenders as those who are now at the bar, deserved at least the gentle rebuke of *Exalus*. Mr. Leigh Hunt treats the whole matter a little too much in the easy style of *Lucio*, and perhaps his exceeding lenity disposes us to be somewhat severe. Macaulay here supposes in his reader a knowledge of Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure." A knowledge of his dramas ought to be part of a liberal education. He is a writer

"Of exceeding honesty
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings."

BY THE RIVER.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

Here by the flowing river,
In the glowing sunset hour,
I silently watch the bubbles
That adown its current pour;

And as the passing shadow
Of the cloud that floats above,
Doth veil them from cheerful sunlight,
As jealousy veileth love,

I, as I look, grow hopeful;
For the stream that flows apace
Transports them with rapid motion
To the sunbeam's sweet embrace;

And I behold beyond them,
As if seen in magic glass.
A truth that shall burn and brighten
Till the years of time shall pass.

For I perceive that ever
Do the waves of human life,
Bear forward the soul to joy-lit
Spaces that dot their strife.

Spots that illumine our sorrows
With the rainbow hues of hope;
Oases in desert places,
In our life's strange horoscope.

Thus I am now as eager
As in boyhood's days I was,
Beside the exhaustless river,
On its banks my steps to pause.

Lovingly asking ever,
Why the day-god's dying beams,
Its bubbles baptise with beauty,
And my soul with poet-dreams.

Not as in days departed,
Do I watch them as they glide;
Unheeding the wondrous lessons
They are flashing down the tide.

Then as they came and vanished,
Never came into my soul
The lore which they gave the current,
As it sought its ocean goal.

Now, as I gaze, the river
Is an emblem of my life—
Its bubbles the hopes of boyhood,
In the vortices of strife.

And as I see them bursting,
They are types, ah! far from dumb,
Of Hope, and its surest pledges,
Save the pledge of life to come.

Yea and the stream that bears them,
Is a type of that vast stream
That floweth,—the river of life,—
From the throne of the Supreme.

Floating upon whose surface,
Is the life of what is me;
A bubble that soon will mingle,
With its waves eternally.

Flowing from God, and ever,
In a strangely devious course;
It beareth all back it carries,
To the fountain at its Source.

I, too, afloat in shadow,
On its heaving bosom, broad;
Shall find in the end it bore me,
In a circle back to God.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONTARIO.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, M. D.

DR. SIMPSON'S class-room was always full of students. It was semi-circular in shape and had elevated seats. When he first entered the class-room we noticed a stout built man, rather inclined to fatness. His rounded figure, short neck, and dumpy hands, suggested a baby. His hair was worn long, and was of an auburn colour. One lock was continually dangling about his eyes, and required constant attention from his left hand. We were doubtful if he could concentrate his thoughts, were it not for the brushing back of the truant mass. His face was full and ruddy. The eye of a deep blue colour and sharp, and the mouth somewhat firmly compressed, when in a state of repose. He smiled as if he meant it, and the genial effect of it was irresistible. His *forte* in lecturing was not so much because of elocutionary power, choice phrases, elegant language, rhetorical flourishes, and violent gesticulation, or declamation, as in having a mellow and full voice, using as plain language as professional lectures would allow, and in a colloquial style that was pleasant and instructive. His sentences were short and to the point, and stripped of all useless verbiage. At the same time his lectures were vigorous. When he chose to be sarcastic the words came sharp as a Damascus blade, and in a tilt with a medical antagonist his power lay in facts and figures. He would wield the chalk on the black-board with effect, because he could enter into details with great facility and overpower his opponent with details, into which few were able to follow. His thrusts at a certain system of medicine, which, at that time, held to infinitesimal doses, were ludicrous in the extreme, when figured up on the board. At the same time he never descended to personalities, or coarseness; and although he lectured on the most delicate subjects, there was a natural refinement about him, and in his choice of language a chasteness which would not shock the most fastidious taste. He was fond of interlarding his remarks with

anecdotes illustrative of some important subject; but although he had medical experience extending from the crowned heads of Europe to the *gamin* who clings to the wheels of nobles, yet he never betrayed, by word or gesture, professional confidence. We remember the anxiety manifested in Edinburgh in the spring of 1858, when Lucknow was besieged, and with the Cawnpore tragedy fresh in the minds of the British people, intense interest centred on the beleaguered city. About that time the mythical story of "Jessie of Lucknow," with the heart-stirring exclamation of "Dinna ye hear it?" found its way into the papers. Prof. Simpson came into the lecture room one morning, and before commencing his lecture, read the thrilling story with great effect. There was a six-footed Highlander sitting on the bench behind me, who, while listening to the recital of Sepoy cruelties, and the weird-like history of suffering, with flashing eye and clinched fists, until forgetting time and place, he startled me by a sudden springing from his seat and laconically exclaimed, "D——n 'em." Consternation immediately seized him. He wilted into his seat and amid the titter of his comrades and the forgiving smile of the Professor he felt that he was pardoned the breach of etiquette. There was a charm about Simpson's face which acted as a talisman among his patients, and if there was a weakness about him more prominent than another, it was that of promising to be everywhere and go everywhere, to relieve suffering humanity, when it was beyond anything but omnipresence to do so. He meant to overtake all he promised. The soul was willing but the flesh was unable. The patients—high and low—would be annoyed at his delay, but when he appeared and smiled upon them, the scolding was forgotten in the joy at having his presence, and seeing his painstaking care exercised in their behalf. I never knew of his making any invidious distinctions between the rich and poor. His occasional obliviousness to professional calls affected high and low alike. Dr. Simpson's birth place was Bathgate, a small town sixteen miles to the westward of Edinburgh. His father's name was David, and his occupation a distiller. His distillery was at Glenmavis, near Bathgate. He afterwards joined his two brothers, Thomas and George, in carrying on a distillery at Lambsmill, near Kirkliston, but about 1809 the partnership was broken up and David returned to Bathgate, where Sir James was born in 1811. His mother, an exemplary woman, was Mary Jarvie, a farmer's daughter, and possessed in an eminent degree, practical and industrious habits, combined with a large share of common sense. Her brother was said to be a very eccentric man, but much admired and prided himself in keeping a first class inn, and having an excellent and beautiful garden. One of the streets of Bathgate bears his name. About the year 1820 Sir James' father went to Edinburgh and commenced baking,—a business he learned in his native town. He rented premises long since removed, but then existing in the outskirts of the city, being the corner of Raeburn Place and Dean Street, Stockbridge. There was a small shop in front with one counter in it, and one window, which displayed loaves of bread, lozenges and cakes of every variety. Around the corner

was a door which entered into a small parlor. In this room long after the city and its busy throng had been wrapped in quietude, did the solitary lamps burn and the shaggy haired and "dumpy" boy pore over his Latin and Greek. In the day time, over the kneading table, and by the heated ovens, powdered with flower, and sweltered with perspiration, or trudging through that part of the city with loaves of bread on his head, to deliver them to his father's customers, worked and plodded and thought, the absent-minded lad. Although kind to neighbouring lads, he scarcely ever indulged in play, and oftentimes as he sat by the open window, in the long summer evenings, studying, and oblivious of aught around him, the boys would play pranks on him and tease him until he was obliged to seek a corner of the bake-shop as a retreat from his tormentors. Years rolled on and genius began the "irrepressible conflict" against adverse influence more potent than those of his juvenile years. He was a plebeian, how dare he march to the front in aristocratic Edinburgh? He was an unknown baker lad, and yet he sat among the doctors! A brother's kindness had enabled him to attend the university classes. The brother was poor, but he became a miser for James' sake. James plunged into his studies with the greatest ardour, naturally impulsive and having great perseverance and great powers of concentration, he never flagged in the race and from all sources gathered information. Some minds are like a sponge which absorbs water, and yields up the same element unchanged. They have good memories and can use and bestow to others the same ideas, in their entirety, but, have no faculty of building a superstructure upon another's foundation nor laying a basis for others to profit by. Simpson was not merely satisfied with reading and profiting thereby, but by deduction and induction, endeavoured to explore other fields of investigation and sail over seas which lay beyond that laid out on the charts of medical research. Impulsive, impetuous, and ardent after knowledge, obstacles only intensified his desire after wisdom. With poverty staring him in the face and toil seemingly his doom; and so far receiving little sympathy from his acquaintances, he never loitered by the way, but with "Excelsior" as his motto he mounted bravely the "hill of science," listened to no allurements, feared no "withered branch" foreboding "loves' labour lost" in some fearful chasm; and at last died having for his chief mourners many of that humanity which has a heart. He was one of that multitude of self-made men whose perseverance and victories, glorious but bloodless, we Canadians can surely emulate, and seeing them conquerors, we may take courage and humbly follow in their footsteps.

Sir James, after entering college, took a bursary, which, in a financial point of view, was a great boon, and enabled him to enter the medical classes. In 1832 he was made Doctor of Medicine, and by his marked ability as a student and the freshness, vigour, and originality of his graduation essay, he attracted the notice of Dr. Thomson, Professor of Pathology and predecessor to Dr. Henderson, and became his assistant. He now threw his whole soul into the investigation of disease, its cause and cure. In the classes of that day he had able

co-adjutors, many of whom have passed away, viz., Professor Goodsir, whose researches in anatomy have added much to medical knowledge; Dr. W. Carpenter, whose labour as a physiologist is known the wide world over, and whose works are text books in America; Dr. Skae, the talented psychologist and now physician to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum; the talented Dr. Reid of St. Andrew's College who died of cancer of the tongue, and who, with true devotion to his profession, wrote a remarkably perspicuous and instructive monogram on cancer of the tongue, although on his dying bed. What a melancholy spectacle to see an expiring man writing pathological researches on the deadly malady and having himself for the subject! The late Professor Forbes, and a dozen others, equally illustrious, might be mentioned whose companionship with young Simpson did much to fan into a ruddier glow the semi-latent fires of genius. At this time Hamilton was Professor of Obstetrics, in the University, and although a brilliant teacher, he was far from being a progressive one. He succored at innovation and had no patience with "new fangled notions" which were being advanced and hotly contested and defended by the young and more progressive school of practitioners, who were crowding closely at his heels and anon trotting on before him. Simpson was the leader of this daring, keen, analytic, aspiring, progressive, and imperious throng. He bearded the lions in their den and with keen sarcasm, and cutting irony, and hard facts toppled over many an old-fashioned pagoda of belief and thus raised for himself many enemies. He lectured in a private medical school which was at this time carried on by several eminent men, whose followers would not leave their predilections for those of the University, and although he was at this time scarcely out of his teens his fame was on the ascendant and he was looked upon by discriminating friends, as a man whom the world would yet hear of, and whom posterity would not forget. At this time electro-biology, magnetism, and their effects upon the animal frame were the subjects of much inquiry among the medical savans of Europe. Like all discoveries new or old, which intermittently received a renewed impetus, the science of animal magnetism had its enthusiasts, who believed everything and hoped everything, as regards the diagnostic and curative effects of this subtle agent upon the human frame. They thought we were about to grasp the panacea for all "the ills which flesh is heir to" and become clothed with immortal youth. We could by this mysterious bond of union telegraph to and from the spirit land, and by means of so-called *Od* force prevent hypocrisy, crime and rascality, by divining human thought and reading as in a glass by intuition the deceitful heart. The investigation of this startling and novel dogma in connection with the nerve force of the human system, suited the ardent and grasping mind of Simpson, and amidst much ridicule from his enemies, and expostulations from his friends, he persevered in his researches and experiments, believing with all his heart that he was on the threshold of a mighty temple, whose sacred courts have never yet been fanned by the wings of the angels of human intellection. I believe that this vast continent is yet scarcely unex-

plored, and that we have only caught the driftwood which has floated from its shore, and caged the winged songsters which have warbled in its groves, and inhaled the aroma from its bowers, and the incense from the altar of that temple where sits enthroned the Immortal Essence, from whom emanates that mysterious *something*, felt but unseen, known but never to be touched, unfathomable and potent, in all, through all, and near all intelligent creatures, but too subtle to be yet grasped by human intelligence. Need we wonder that this was a noble theme for Simpson to feel captivated by, and like the thirsty traveller, to seek for continually augmented draughts to quench his burning thirst at the living fountain? While he was thus engaged, Prof. Hamilton died. Many able, experienced and well known aspirants were candidates for the chair. Simpson was only 28 years old, and had few friends to plead his cause with the city magnates, for at that time the City Council had the appointment. His opponents were active and virulent. They looked upon his candidature as preposterous. Did they not know his parents of "low degree," and was it not only a dozen years ago since he was running errands and carrying bread in the streets? Were they to put a beardless boy, uncouth in appearance, of plebeian extraction, and of no repute in competition against men of whom the world had heard, and whose fame and talents were beyond dispute? Preposterous! He succeeded, however, by the energetic efforts of a minority who knew his worth and who made converts of those who had been prejudiced against him by jealous enemies. He was no sooner installed in the professional chair than he showed to his classes—no mean judges—his great knowledge, not only of the theory, but also of the details of his profession. His opponents had urged against him that he was not a practical man—that he was continually on a wild goose chase after some idle chimera—that he was woefully ignorant of everything outside of his profession and that, in short, he would be no credit to a university that gloried in its medical department. They little knew the man. He had not burned the midnight oil in the bake-shop and the little parlour for naught. He was like the soldier, kept his ammunition behind his back until it was needed. He at first devoted his spare time to Archæology for which he had a great love. His prolific pen sent out monographs on "The Roman Medical Stamp," "Medical Officers of the Roman army," "Old Leper Hospitals in Scotland," and a valuable "Analysis of the miasmatic atmosphere surrounding Edinburgh." These treatises silenced for a time his foes. He proved his capacity for medical research, and his perfect knowledge of classics, and showed in his style, culture, and simplicity, how far he was removed from pedantry. The last work he ever wrote was on a most difficult subject connected with that branch of medicine to which he more particularly devoted himself, and is singularly free from technicalities, yet he shows his painstaking and plodding industry by copious translations from Latin and Greek fathers in medicine, and although the notes of his lectures were neither copious nor consecutive, nevertheless, he had such a faculty, in a conversational style, of enunciating his ideas, as

to give a completeness and a fulness to his predilections as indicated a mind brimful of knowledge *apropos* for the occasion. To be plain, pointed, occasionally humorous, and without circumlocution, seemed to be his aim. As years rolled on, his popularity increased, and his influence extended in spite of jealous colleagues and defamatory tongues. Being a person of great sensibility he often shrank from the infliction of pain necessary for the prosecution of the duties of his profession. He was continually on the alert for drugs that might destroy pain, and suspend feeling during severe operations, or paroxysms of pain. In the end of the last century, Sir Humphrey Davy recommended Nitrous Oxide (laughing gas) as an Anæsthetic, but no practical benefit flowed from this suggestion until 1844, when Dr. Horace Wells, a Dentist, of Hartford, Connecticut, U. S., employed it for extracting teeth without pain. He was led to use it—not as a narcotic merely—but as an excitant, for he had observed that when persons were greatly excited, as in a street fight, in battle, or in a state of intoxication, they were insensible to pain and therefore he inferred that excitement induced by gases would produce the same effect. He communicated his views to his friends but they were not favourably received. On the 30th September, 1846, Dr. Morton, of Boston, U. S., used Sulphuric Ether in the same way with success. This he did at the suggestion of his friend Dr. Jackson. Dr. Simpson was not altogether satisfied with Ether. He set his mind to work to find out some more potent compound. Not being a chemist himself he communicated his desires to Mr. Waldie, an accomplished chemist of Liverpool. This gentleman suggested chloroform and Dr. Simpson was always careful to give him credit for the recommendation. Dr. Simpson experimented with it upon himself, and his two assistants, Drs. George Keith and Matthew Duncan. He often amused the students by giving his experience of the inhalation of the drug. This was on the 4th of November, 1847, and on the 10th of that month, he introduced it to the notice of the members of the *Medico Chirurgical Society*, of Edinburgh. Many of the members experimented with it, and the consequence was that a crowded meeting was found in a state of excitement which was very amusing. Some of the most sedate became hilarious and even riotous, and those who usually had most voluble tongues, were in a state of torpidity, like intoxicated men. It was introduced into the Royal Infirmary and in a few months was used throughout christendom. Chloroform was discovered by a continental chemist, called Soubeiran, in 1831, by Liebig the next year, and at the same time by Mr. Samuel Guthrie, Sackett's Harbour, New York, but the discovery of its peculiar narcotic properties was discovered by Dumas and Peligot, three years later. It acts in the same way as opium or alcohol, by suspending consciousness, and therefore sensation and volition. Dr. Simpson has shown, however, that the idea of lulling or destroying pain in this way is not new. He quotes from Dioscorides, Pliny, and Apuleius, authors of antiquity, that during the existence of the Roman Empire, the mandrake root (*atropa mandragora*) steeped in wine was given to destroy suffering in persons who were to be treated

by operations, and complete insensibility was the result. Pliny says that the seeds of *eruca* were given to criminals before being lashed or executed. The gall and vinegar offered to our Saviour was doubtless of the same character. The extract of Indian hemp is used in India for the same purpose, and Dr. Simpson showed that narcotic vapours were, in the 13th century, used during surgical operations. Many persons believe that he was the discoverer of this potent agent, when he was only the means of making it of practical use. It is true that many deaths have taken place from its use, but think of the hundreds of thousands to whom it has been administered safely; and contemplate the fact that it has saved the lives of countless myriads by its anodyne virtues as well as by its destroying the effects—so often fatal formerly—of the so called “shock” to the human system during a serious surgical operation. Now, though limbs may be severed from the body, or organs of sense extirpated, or the keen surgeon’s knife searching for morbid growths in the vital parts, or pangs the most poignant racking the frame, yet, by chloroform, the hallucination is complete. The most beautiful imagery dances before the mental eye. The most seraphic sounds from angels’ harps fall upon the ear. A state of ecstatic joy commingles with intermittent periods of obliviousness, until consciousness folds up its wings and all existences are a blank. In the meantime a needed work has been done, and untold suffering avoided. Since this discovery, other narcotic agents have been used, and some of the old ones revived. Freezing parts of the body requiring an operation; using new medicines such as the bi-chloride of methylene, the tetrachloride of carbon, the chloride and nitrate of amyle, have been introduced to the medical profession, but so far, have not been extensively used, and have not superseded chloroform. Dr. Leibreich, of Berlin, in 1869, introduced the hydrate of chloral to the notice of physicians, but as yet, it has not been fully tested as an anæsthetic agent. About three years ago Dr. Simpson suggested to surgeons the use of needles to stop bleeding from arteries in operations by the needles being thrust under them, instead of tying them, but so far the plan has been frowned down by surgeons. The mode has been practically and successfully tried, but surgery has passed it by, although in many cases it is a method preferable to that usually employed. Dr. Simpson was constantly on the watch for stray waifs of information, which might lead to the goal which he often said was in store for humanity;—“a potent balm for every wound.” I understand from one of his most intimate friends, that a work of his—the last he wrote—will be given to the world and is said to be of great value, “a method to extinguish smallpox.” The busy brain and diligent pen were ever at work, until the vesper bell tolled, and “the windows were darkened.” His domestic life was not always “a high eternal noon,” for dark clouds threw their ominous shadows athwart the glowing landscape. He had dear and sweet domestic ties, and ever fondly doted upon his children, but, as if mysterious Providence wished to wean him away from earthly idols, his son, David, was stricken down. He had followed his father’s footsteps and was full of promise, but there was other work for him to

do in other climes. Scarcely had the death knell of the child of hope died away, before his daughter was also snatched from him. The anchors of his hopes and aspirations had changed their resting place, and he from that time felt that these heart-string lacerations were wounds of warning to him to prepare to follow. During the last two years of his life he had an earnestness in the prosecution of every good work, which his nearest friends knew was the cropping out of a growing spiritual life. His friendship was not mere formality and although during his later years injudicious friends used him, by wiles, to forward their own interests before the public, yet, he forgave them with a lavish generosity, which showed that no revengeful feelings ever found a lodgement in his breast. Queen Victoria knew his worth, personally, and eagerly bestowed upon him a baronetcy. He richly deserved the honour, but, when the muster roll of the illustrious of ages past and of years yet to come, shall be called, Simpson's name will be found engraven on the mighty scroll, as a benefactor of our race. During his last hours, before insensibility supervened, he murmured a wish to live, if God so willed it, that he might still more signally discover other agents, whose potency would exempt humanity from that bodily pain and suffering which at present is our heritage, but the labouring heart gave up the struggle and amid much suffering he fell asleep. His work was done on the 12th of May, 1870. Who shall grasp the implements which he laid down and mount the walls, and finish work so nobly begun? The embryonic life is in the womb of the past, when shall it reach a perfect manhood?

WAITING.

BY REV. JAS. BENNET.

He sailed forth over the wintry sea,
And he sealed his love with a kiss to me.

Passeth away each lonely week,
But he never returneth whom I seek.

Is he sailing yet upon the brine
While for his presence dear I pine?

Is he gone to the deep where the mermaids fair
Wreath the sea weeds in his tangled hair?

Oh will he not come to claim the kiss
Bringing me back my happiness?

Morning and night I wildly rave
"Not even to see where he makes his grave."

"Ah me! will he never see the shore?"
I asked the waves and they sobbed "No more."

OBITUARY NOTICES.

The many thousands of readers on the two continents who have followed the lamented Mr. Pickwick in his adventurous career, who have consoled with him in his misfortunes and laughed over his ridiculous mishaps, cannot have failed to remember the respected father of his immortal body servant Sam Weller. Gay, boisterous, mischievous "Samivel," whose "Valentine"—writing and boot-blackening propensities are of imperishable memory, was sorely afflicted when at home by the appearance of a certain red-nosed individual whose partiality for pine apple rum, and the fair Mrs. Weller—Sam's "mother-in-law" as that precocious youngster dubbed her—were only equalled by his groans for the wicked sinners of this mundane sphere, and his solicitous endeavours to place the far-off heathen beyond pecuniary embarrassment. This dame, however, Mrs. Susan Clarke, relict of the gentleman that "hung out" at the Marquis of Granby Inn, Dorking, despite her strenuous efforts to the contrary, had one day, to "pass in her checks"—as the dying railway porter remarked, and upon the news of her death being communicated to the younger Weller, that young gentleman hastily repaired to his bereaved parent's domicile and offered his condolence. Mr. Weller, Senior, met "Sammy" and after the usual interchange of salutations said; "I was in a referee, Sammy, regarding *her* I was a thinkin', Sammy, that upon the whole I was wery sorry she was gone." The reply of Mr. Weller, Junior, should be treasured up in the archives of brevities. It came and was eminently to the point. There was no "beating about the bush" here. No mock delicacy or hidden meaning, or evasiveness of reply: it was simply "Vell, so you ought to be." And this happy concatenation of ideas cheered the lonely widower's heart. It was a happy exemplification of the unity of thought which so marvellously displayed itself in, and animated the grief burdened breasts of father and son, at the last trying moment. It was long before this sad event occurred that Mr. Weller, Senior, so strictly cautioned his youthful offspring against the wiles and machinations of "widders" and uttered his memorable words which were as an heirloom in the family, "beavare of the widders."

His obituary notice was concise enough. It was sufficiently plain, too. When the wife of the great novelist heard of the death of Charles Dickens, the electric wires of the telegraph flashed forth the momentous intelligence that "Mrs. Dickens greatly regrets her husband's death." This announcement, of course, was very satisfactory to the admirers of the faithful painter of London life! And the sneer on the lips of the world as they read Mrs. Dickens's obituary notice of her deceased husband, had scarcely died away, when *Punch* in heartfelt, glowing, metrical lines sent to that same world an obituary notice

worthy of the man who died, and worthy of the heart and head that wrote it. Here are two verses. True to the life are they :

“ Charles Dickens dead ! It is as if a light
 In every English home were quenched to-day :
 As if a face all knew had passed from sight,
 A hand all loved to press were turned to clay.”

Earth's two chief nations mourners at his tomb :
 Their memories for his monument ; their love
 For his reward. Such is his glorious doom,
 Whom mortal praise or blame no more shall move !”

And when the great descendant of a great Saxon race—Lord Derby—died, the same journal in sonnet metre paid this tribute to his departed worth :

“ Withdrawing slow from those he loved so well,
 Autumn's pale morning saw him pass away :
 Leave them beside their sacred dead to pray,
 Unmarked by strangers.”

Here is a sweet one verse thing. It was written on the occasion of the death of the late Sir James Young Simpson, M. D., and appeared first in the *Period* of London. As that publication has but a limited circulation in Canada we insert the lines in this place. This obituary notice is singularly effective and displays considerable taste and literary skill :

“ Through thee has often Death been captive ta'en
 By his twin-brother. Thee the angels keep !
 Thou gavest us a new sleep in our pain,
 And thou hast passed to the old painless sleep.”

But while the above poetical obituary notices are distinguished by elegance of diction, pathos, expression and effectiveness, the majority of the emanations of poetasters which fill the “ Death Department” of the local newspaper are in singular bad taste and totally devoid of any virtue, save a certain degree of sympathy with the friends of the departed, in their several bereavements. The poetaster who, the moment he hears of the death of some friend, some friend's child or wife, or husband, as the case may be, hurries home to his writing desk, and there and then “ cudgels his brains” to find a line to rhyme with,—

“ Like a rose that in summer has dropp'd from the tree,”

and suddenly a sentence comes to his mind, and quickly he jots down this trash—

“ You have missed her sweet face and her gay company.”

and this completed in a three or four verse “ poem” which he hastens to forward to its destination, long ere the body be quite cold, lest it be too late to go in the weekly paper of the town in all the glory of type, deserves to be clad in a coat of tar and feathers and ridden for a week on a wild jackass. Apart from vile, sickening vanity, it is a gross outrage on the decency or the morals of a community. A feeling of cold horror actually freezes the blood from our features as we read

some of these death lines. Fancy gentle reader, how you would feel were your dear infant child, locked in silent death's cold embrace, hurried off to its little tomb, with these rollicking lines as an accompaniment :

“ Happy infant, early bless'd,
Rest in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years.”

Faugh, how loathsome and vile! Equally so are these, meant, no doubt, to be very touching and affecting in the case of an elderly lady whose “ end,” we are told, “ was peace,”—

“ Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.”

A mere gingle, no sense, no feeling. A morbid species of repulsiveness permeates the entire “ notice.”

“ Unbroken by the last of foes.”

And yet “ her end was peace.”

What can those people, who send such stuff to the newspaper office, be thinking about? Have they any love, any attachment for the dear ones so cruelly removed from them? Or is death now only a fashion? Is this wicked, and the right thinking portion of humanity must agree with us in pronouncing it a wicked practice, to become really the custom? In that case we must have a class of operatives among us who, in a little while, will insert advertisements in the papers setting forth the reasons *why* they will be able to offer superior inducements in the poetical death notice line. There will be fighting and wrangling over the bodies of loved dead ones, for the order to write a poem on the dead, and the large and powerful journals of the land will have special clerks, styled we presume obituary clerks, and the mother and father, or wife and husband, clothed in deep mourning and wearing upon the lineaments of their countenances deep-rooted grief, will be met by the “ gentleman in black ” armed with a big book, full of poetic scraps, and a large pair of scissors. And this man with a shrewd eye to business will, perhaps, open his book with the air of a dry good's clerk displaying the beauties of some rich lace or watered silk, and we fancy we see him now, slapping his quill-pen on an eight line verse, reading it over and giving his evenly-combed head a jerk to one side, say in his blindest tones: “ A sweet thing for a child three years old, sir,” or “ this is perhaps better for an infant.” “ Well I'll let you have three of this kind for your wife and the two little girls for ten dollars.” And then when he comes to the rare poems, or those at a high price, high because they have not been sold more than eight or ten times to different persons, how his mouth waters as he mumbles over

“ We have mingled in tears o'er the silent dead;
We have laid her to rest in her narrow bed;
We have mourned that our friend, in her useful day,
Has been suddenly called from our midst away.”

Ah well we remember the days that are gone,
 When her voice, in sweet harmony, joined with our own.
 In the songs that we sang, when our hearts were as free,
 As the soft sighing Zephyr that floats o'er the sea.

That voice is now silent! that heart now is still!
 The place that is vacant no other can fill;
 Oh we miss the dear one, who has past to the tomb,
 But we trust she has found a more glorious home."

Then the consultation which follows the reading of those beautiful verses! They are purchased and the delighted and heart-broken purchasers retire, feeling perfectly satisfied that they have done all they could for the one now sleeping in the narrow house. The clerk rubs his hands gleefully and is ready to sell the same notice again a few days after. The idea is too revolting and disgusting for comment. We solemnly assure our readers that every one of these examples are genuine. We have in our possession over a couple of hundred. They were culled at sundry intervals and most of them come from the columns of country newspapers; not all from the papers of the rural districts of Canada alone, but from the whole world. It is to be hoped these eyesores will soon cease to afford food for laughter to the reader. Death is no subject for merriment, yet who can read this without smiling audibly?

"Like a rose that in summer has dropp'd from the tree,
 So your partner has passed from your side;
 You have missed her sweet face and her gay company
 Since you've laid in the grave your young bride.

Your deep anguish of spirit no tongue can reveal;
 One that never has lost such a friend,
 With a husband bereaved scarcely knows how to feel,
 Or his sympathy how to extend."

Or at this stanza, brought out when the harrowing information came that the body of the girl was sadly mutilated by the dissecting knife of a resident physician. Here is the sad memorial:

"Her body dissected by fiendish men,
 Her bones anatomise'd;
 Her soul, we trust, has risen to God,
 Where few physicians rise."

Rather vindictive and certainly hard on those who practise the "healing art." Of an entirely different type is this couplet given at the end of a long prose notice of a young promising flower cut off in the bud:

"Reader, oh! pause, reflect, amend,
 Life hath no length, Eternity no end."

Here is a notice on a little infant girl who closed her eyes for the last time, when only eight weeks old:

"Farewell, sweet bud of beauty;
 Little angel, fare thee well,
 For thou wert too pure and lovely,
 In a world like this to dwell."

But we will conclude, at this time, our examination of poetical obituary notices. It is to be hoped that the re-production of some of the best ones in the bunch, will have the effect of stopping the continuance of inserting under the heading of "Died" such namby-pamby poetical tributes of the living to the dead. A French paper recently gave this curt epitaph from a Parisian cemetery :

From Husband,
A. D., 1827.
"I am anxiously expecting you."
From Wife,
A. D., 1867.
"Here I am."

We will add this one from a grave-yard in Milwaukee, which we believe has not yet been in print :

"Here lies the body of Peter Gracc,
Who died from eating Sweitzer Kase;
He finished six platters, commenced upon seven,
And exploded. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

TRANSLATIONS.

BY W. F. D.

THE FOWLER: AN IDYL.

From the Greek of Bion.

A fowler, still quite youthful, hunting birds in a thick wood,
Saw Love, the odious thing, on a branch of box-tree sitting,
And was glad when he perceived him, who as a great bird showed :
Then his arrows all straightway in their due order fitting,
He closely watched this Love lither and thither fitting.

But the dodging had no end, and the youth becoming vexed,
Having thrown away his arrows, to an old farmer sped,
Who this fowling art had taught him; told how he was perplexed,
And showed where Love was sitting; but the old man shook his head,
Softly smiling all the while, and, replying, gravely said :

"Give the chase up at once, neither near that bird approach;"
"Flee far away; he's dangerous game; and fortunate you'll be"
"So long as you don't catch him; but if man's estate you reach,"
"He who now flies and leaps about will then spontaneously"
"Come and upon your very head perch himself suddenly."

ON AN OLD MAN.

From the Greek of Anacreon.

I love an old man who is cheery,
Love a young man who sings and dances;
But when an old man, blithe and merry,
Through mazy measures glides and glances,
His locks may tell of age, in sooth,—
At heart he's still a blooming youth!

BACH AND HAENDEL.

II.

BY E. PEILER.

WHILE Bach's genius was developing in retirement, *Georg Friedrich Haendel* had already begun to reap fame as an Opera composer. In the beginning of the year 1705 his opera "Almira" had been produced in *Hamburg* and earned not only the joyous acclamations of the multitude, but also the approbation of connoisseurs; this opera was performed twenty times during the time from the 8th of January to the 25th of February. It showed all the characteristics of his later style, although also yet a want of thoroughness and finish, and he had followed, rather more than justifiable, the then in *Hamburg* prevailing taste. Speaking of his style, with especial reference to "Almira," *Chrysander* says: "Haendel unrolls quickly, and in one stroke, as it were with both arms, a broad tone-picture, and quickly rolls it up again, giving hardly sufficient time to look carefully at it before he leads you on to the following." It was this quality which put his celebrated contemporaries *Mattheson*, *Keiser*, *Telemann* and others entirely in the shade. The acclamations of the public, however, did not at all tempt Haendel to leave off the even tenor of his way; and while others spent the reward of their labours in oysters and wine, and were in continual hot water with their creditors, he attended quietly to his lessons and worked steadily and with pleasure and saved his earnings. Firm morality led him past many an abyss, and his simplicity of character and wants, in spite of light minded and showy companions, were, if possible, more astonishing than his brilliant gifts.

Since the journey to *Berlin* in his twelfth year, *Haendel* had gone through a remarkable period of developement. After that visit his musical studies had continued with unabated diligence and pleasure. Still his father had by no means altered his intention to make his son a lawyer. Even after his father's death, in 1697, the young man still adhered to his legal studies and had finished his course at College before he was seventeen years old. The students' register of the university of *Halle* shows that he matriculated on the 10th of February, 1702. There it stands written by his own hand:—"10, Georg Friedrich Haendel, Halle—Magdeburg."

He studied law and music, until he recognized the superiority of his talent for the latter, and had realized a degree of perfection which permitted him to step into the public arena. The outward cause of this change of plans was the offer of the city council of *Halle* to take the position of organist in the Court Church. He accepted and attended to his duties with zeal and faithfulness, and strove continually, like *Bach*, to beautify the service of God by his art. He formed a choir selected from his companions, composed cantatas—it is said several hundred during that time—and produced them carefully pre-

pared on Sundays and Feast-days. This situation he held until the year 1703, when he began to feel restless in the small and confined town, and the desire to see the world and try his strength, took possession of him.

At that time the rich *Hausa*-town on the Elbe, was a point of attraction for the musical world. A German Opera was there in existence—not, as in other places, supported by a prince for the purpose of delighting the court and a few distinguished guests, but by a few simple citizens, open to all who were able to pay an insignificant entrance fee. Here the flighty talent of Keiser overwhelmed and delighted the public with tenderly playful melodies; and Mattheson, the universal genius, who was to-day singer and actor, to-morrow severe critic—who to-day composed operas, to-morrow church music—knew how to gain the respect of the multitude and of musicians by adopting the learned air of high authority. Great as was the fame of the Hamburg Opera, and remarkable enough from an historical point of view, its positive value may be measured with a few words: it opened a way for popular appreciation, but had nothing higher in view. The intention was simply to entertain and amuse the public. The music, transferred from the hands of the Italians, was carelessly elaborated and the dramatic subjects were light and frivolous in character. The latter were fabricated by the poets Postel, Bressand and others, who, with the above-named musicians, formed the *elite* of the Hamburg Opera Society in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Thither *Haendel* wended his way, and thence his musical tendencies received their impulse for many years to come.

The year 1703 found *Haendel* in the position of second violinist in the opera orchestra conducted by Mattheson, and he looked, according to the latter's remark, "as if he could not count five." In a short time he astonished all. In 1704 he produced his "*Passion* from the 19th chapter of St. John," in 1705 his "*Almira*," upon which followed "*Nero*," or, according to the title on the libretto, "Love gained through blood and murder, or *Nero*, an opera produced in the theatre at Hamburg, anno domini 1705." There are but few dramatic subjects less void of moral sense, a remark which applies to all similar productions of those days; *Haendel* himself said in reference to them: "How can a composer write beautiful music if he has not beautiful words?" Nevertheless he could not succeed to free himself from these unfortunate circumstances.

He stayed in Hamburg from 1703 to 1707, and during that time wrote two other operas "*Florinde*" and "*Daphnis*," which, with those enumerated above, established his fame as an opera composer. Besides these he wrote many other things, psalms, cantatas, and pieces for the clavecin, violin, and other instruments. These, however, were lost, not so much on account of their inferiority, but rather on account of the supreme rule of the opera at that time, so that not even church music of composers who had already made a name as operatic writers, attracted the least attention. *Haendel* grew to be of more importance while in Hamburg, but still we find him on the broad road of common usage, although even here his greatness was often apparent.

We see him next wending his way to *Italy*, the old home of song. We see him at the court in *Florence*, where his "*Rodrigo*" met with a warm reception. We hear in *Venice* the loud acclamations "Viva il caro Sassone!" at the performance of "*Agrippina*," (1708). We see him proceeding to *Naples* and *Rome*, surrounded by admiring multitudes. We see him in the midst of the nobility and power of the country, in the midst of splendour and wealth,—but unchangeable, as at *Hamburg*, is the purity of his morals, the simplicity and modesty of his carriage and the firmness of his character. The latter was tested at *Rome*. One of the Cardinals—by the wish of the Pope himself it appears—tried to convert *Haendel* to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. He replied modestly, that he possessed neither the ability, nor was he called upon to judge of the correctness of these or those dogmata; at the same time he might assure any one interested that it was his firm intention to live and die a member of that church in whose pall he was born and educated.

Men of solid musical fame attached themselves to him firmly, as for example, *Allessandro Scarlatti* and *Antonio Lotti*, who were respectively the leaders of the *Neapolitan* and *Venetian* schools. His triumphs as a player of the organ and clavecin were great. In *Rome* he entered upon an artistic contention with the celebrated *Domenico Scarlatti*. As an organist *Haendel* was pronounced superior, but on the clavecin they were considered equals. *Scarlatti* had such a high esteem for his rival, that ever after he always bared his head and made the sign of the cross when he pronounced *Haendel's* name.

Haendel remained in *Italy* until the year 1710. His quick understanding and strong mind assimilated very soon all that was good in *Italian* music. During his stay there, he also composed a great deal, still his works, although always showing the decided imprint of genius, did not as yet much surpass those of his cotemporaries.

On his return to *Germany*, *Haendel* went to *Hanover*, attracted by the *Italian* opera, which flourished there under the leadership of the *Abbe Steffani*. Shortly after *Haendel's* arrival the *Abbè* being made a bishop, the former succeeded to the appointment of director of the opera. Before he began his work, he asked leave to go to *England*, where he had many friends, whose acquaintance had been made in *Italy*. First of all he went, however, to his native city, *Halle*, where his mother was still living, and also his old teacher *Zachau*. Here his proud head, which never bent to any man, was bowed down to kiss his old blind mother's hand and to thank his old teacher, in childlike simplicity, for all he had done for him. The latter being poor was supported by *Haendel* to the end of his life.

Towards the close of the year 1710 he came to *England*, where he was received with open arms by the court and nobility. The manager of the *Haymarket Theatre* prevailed upon him immediately after his arrival to write an opera "*Rinaldo*," which was begun and finished in fourteen days and met with great success. The music publisher *Walsh* is said to have made fifteen hundred pounds sterling by it within a very short period. When *Haendel* heard of this he said:

"My dear Walsh, that everything may remain equal between us, you will do me a favour by composing the next opera and I will publish and sell it."

At the expiration of his leave he returned to *Hanover* and conducted the Opera without interruption for two years. But his heart drew him to England. He took, therefore, another leave, (1712), by the terms of which he was bound to return after the lapse of a "reasonable time." In England he was received with open arms, and attracted by the opera there, and the free life and large field for his operations, he felt himself so much at home that, like Bach before him, he forgot the "reasonable time" and remained.

Here at last he found a completely congenial field for his labours, and we now see him gradually reaching that preeminence where he was crowned with the laurel wreath of immortality. Opportunities to shine as a composer soon offered themselves. The peace of Utrecht called forth great festivities, and brought from him the celebrated "Te deum and Jubilate," (A. D., 1713): this work is the first of his really great creations; for it he was rewarded by Queen Anne by a pension for life of £200 sterling per annum. Soon, however, his protectress closed her eyes, and the Elector of Hanover lauded in Greenwich on the 18th September, 1715, to ascend the English throne as George I. What Haendel must have thought and felt is easily enough imagined; he did not dare to show himself to the King, who completely ignored him. While the members of the royal family visited the Opera almost every evening, the King, although a great lover of music, stayed away. Haendel felt the awkwardness of his position very deeply and his mind was bent upon reconciling his old patron. A grand party on the Thames gave the opportunity. Haendel composed a piece of music known by the name of "The Water-Music," and being concealed on board the royal yacht with his Orchestra, surprised the King with it while afloat. The latter was delighted and pardoned the truant; he renewed Haendel's former salary with an addition of £200 sterling and from that time forth the composer took up his permanent residence in England.

Haendel led a life of magnificence. In the palaces of the first men of the Kingdom he was a gladly received guest and counted the most prominent men among his friends. His attention was given exclusively to the opera and here he ruled supreme. Up to the year 1720, he was in the employ of English noblemen, especially of the Duke of Chandos, for whom he conducted all the music at Cannoe. For the Duke he composed his first English Oratorio "Esther," and received from him £1,000 sterling as payment, a sum which neither before or after Haendel, was ever paid to a German composer for any work. From this time we must date a new period in our hero's life, a period which, if it did not bear him directly into a new field, did at least prepare him for it and gave him a higher aim. By subscriptions of the King and nobility the Royal Academy of Music was instituted; the aim of this institution was to give model performances of the best Italian Operas, and Haendel was engaged to

undertake the musical direction and also to engage the necessary artists. Thus far he had led a joyful life upon which an unclouded sun had shone with very little interruption; he had worked and created with zeal and strength; thus far circumstances had not called upon him for that struggle with life which so often strews the artists' path with thorns. This call to the conductorship of the new Academy proved to be the end of this easy life; it was the signal for the beginning of the storm of life in real earnest.

All this time *Bach*, also, had not been idle, but diligently finishing his apprenticeship. But no enthusiastic multitude cheered him on his way, and we miss the outward splendour of life which surrounded his cotemporary; in vain we look for him among the celebrities of those days. Nevertheless his aim was as high, his power as great as *Händel's*, but the laurels which he sought were of a different kind.

Bach's path was rough and steep, for it was solitary, and his efforts were unaided. Still he swerved not from it, and his soul was continually filled with the word of God, which he endeavoured to embody in streams of harmony. He has never composed an opera, his eye was firmly fixed upon the Lord's temple, and to add to its beauty, by means of his art, was to him the aim and highest honour of life. This was the ideal heirloom handed down to him by the *Bach* family, whose noblest representative he was.

In the year 1708 we find him, twenty-two years old, as first organist in *Muehlhausen*. Here he satisfied his desire for home life and married his first wife who bore him eight children—among them the afterwards famous sons *Friedemann* and *Emanuel*. As formerly in *Arnstadt*, so also here he earnestly strove to reform the music of the church to the best of his ability; but here also he found no sympathy, and conflicts with his superiors were the consequence. How deeply *Bach* was impressed with this seriousness of his calling, and how firmly his mind was bent upon the one thing, we can see by the "Pro memoria," which he handed to the town council of *Muehlhausen* together with the resignation of his office. "A well regulated and easily comprehensible music in honour of God," viz: Music which, while satisfying the heart and mind, accommodated itself to the outward forms of the service, and could be performed in systematic order and completeness—this he pronounced to be "the sum and substance of his endeavours." The town council, however, thought that they knew better, because *Bach's* organ playing was not like that of his predecessors, and so he went.

He received a call to *Weimar*, (1708) where, during a visit in former years, he had found many warm admirers, and entered upon the office of court and chamber organist, which place he occupied until 1717. Here he developed his complete mastery of the organ and the clavessin and reached the highest perfection. His fame spread over the neighbouring countries and met with frequent acknowledgements. During this time it was that he was invited to *Dresden* to a musical trial with the overbearing French organist *Marchand*. The latter had been obliged to leave France for the following reason: The applause

of the court and the people at Paris had spoiled him and made him spend his money foolishly, while his wife suffered want. The king, hearing this, commanded that Marchand should not receive more than one half of his salary, while the other half was to be paid to his wife. Shortly afterwards, while playing a mass at Versailles, he stopped in the middle of the service and left the church. The king inquired the cause of this strange conduct and received the reply: "My wife receives one half of my salary, she may therefore also play the other half of the mass." This was the cause of his banishment, and he came to Dresden, where his fine playing pleased so much that he obtained an engagement. His overbearing manners, however, especially in the intercourse with his colleagues, became insufferable, and it was decided to humiliate him. With the Elector's consent Bach was invited to visit Dresden, and there secretly introduced to a Court concert while Marchand was in the act of playing. When he had finished Bach was requested to try the instruments, and sitting down he took up, as it were accidentally, the theme of the former and varied it in manifold and never-heard-of ways. On the next day the trial between the two artists on the organ was to take place; but when the appointed hour came the court was informed that the Frenchman had left the city at break of day with fast horses. The one hundred Louis-d'or which the Elector, in consequence, sent to Bach as a present unfortunately never reached him; they were stolen by a dishonest servant.

At about this time Bach received a call from the Prince of Anhalt to come to Coethen and accepted it. Here he had many opportunities of studying the works of other masters, and digest and assimilate his former acquirements. Already his musical knowledge and ability went beyond the merits of the established standard of perfection, and the artistic forms were most wonderfully at his command. He had, however, not yet reached that complete maturity at which his magnificent genius arrived at a later period. In Coethen he took his *second* preparatory step. In Arnstadt, Muehlhausen and Weimar, he had taken the *first*; there he had reached perfection as a player of the organ and the clavicin,—now he turned his attention to the Orchestra, through which he eventually arrived at the immortal empire of church music, as Haendel developed his dominion over the oratorio from his acknowledged rule of the opera. In Coethen Bach composed the larger portion of the "Welltempered Clavichord," the "Inventions," and many preludes, concertos, sonatas and fantasias.

But here also domestic sorrow visited him; in 1720 he lost his wife. His strong mind, however, and the call of duty, enabled him soon to overcome this trouble. Sometime hereafter he married again. His second wife was a M'lle Wuelkens, a musician's daughter and a fine singer. To her he dedicated that well known love song "Willst Du Dein Herze Schenken," which is to this day a popular song in all the regions of Thuringia. His second wife bore him twelve children, among them Johann Christoph and Christian, which latter lived afterwards for many years in London.

It was at this time that Bach undertook a journey to *Hamburg*, likely with

the purpose of obtaining the vacant organist's position which had so far been in possession of Reineken who was now almost a centenarian. When the latter heard Bach's organ playing he embraced him with the words: "I thought the art was dead; but seeing that it still exists I resign my life with pleasure!" Bach did not obtain the situation; the reason is not known.

In 1723 *Bach* succeeded the old master *Kuhnare* in the position of cantor at the *Thomas* school in *Leipzig*. And from this period dates the wonderful activity which developed his genius in its full power and permitted him to fill the high mission for which he had felt himself peculiarly destined. We may now greet *Bach* as *Master*.

We leave it to our readers to judge if it is too much to call his activity wonderful. The duties of his position included the conductorship of the music in the four principal churches of *Leipzig*, and the instruction in music of the pupils of the *Thomas* school. Motetts, cantatas, hymns, sprung from his fertile pen in luxurious plenty like flowers in May; only his complete mastery of form could enable him to create with this surprising vigour. Here also he met at last with the fulfillment of one of his dearest wishes—a friend who would assist him in his endeavours and participate in his labours. Superintendent *Solomon Deyling* it was who worked with him for the next twenty-seven years to realize the idea of elevating divine service, of connecting the spoken word and artistic song, and making these two a complete living unit, and of ornamenting the Lord's temple with dignified and heartfelt music. *Bach* composed and selected his music for every Sunday in accordance with the appropriate Gospel, and the valuable judgment and advice of *Deyling* proved a great assistance.

The relationship with the directors of the school was however less pleasant. The first, *Gessner*, had been his friend, but his successor, *Ernesti*, had no musical predilections and looked upon the art as an interference with studies of a more serious character. A continual misunderstanding was the consequence and this went so far that the city council of *Leipzig* took notice of it. It must be acknowledged that *Bach's* temper was not very pliable and that his artistic consciousness prompted him to do what he considered right without consulting the wishes and decisions of those whose interference was ill-judged and uncalled for. In judging him, however, on this point, great care should be exercised for fear of doing him injustice. Want of pliability and decision of character in an artist are not kindly permitted privileges, but a necessity, especially when the artist is at the same time reformer and pioneer. But the school committee of *Leipzig* recognized only the "obstinacy" of an "inferior teacher," and *Bach's* proud silence, with which he met these accusations, tended only to influence their ire. The storm broke over his devoted head;—he was pronounced to be "incorrigible," and it was resolved "to cut down the refractory Cantor's salary." And what were the extraordinary demands of *Bach*, which called forth all this animosity? Nothing but, according to present ideas, a very moderate number of singers and players to enable him to render properly his magnificent creations. For his "double choruses," he asked twelve singers and an orchestra of fifteen players!

The city council was still more enraged at the proud indifference with which *Bach* treated the reduction of his salary. He only complained that church music was deteriorating and that the divine service was suffering. He, the master, who faithfully did his duty in the full consciousness of his mission, had been *punished* by his superiors! The humiliating and mortifying treatment prompted him to seek for an acknowledgment and a position which in future would protect him against similar abuse. He composed a so-called short mass, dedicated it to the young elector Friedrich August I, (1733) and asked for a title. Three years after he received, "because of his good ability," the appellation of "royal court composer;" this was the outward splendour with which he surrounded himself.

Bach continued to work and create in spite of many troubles in his public and private life. He composed his famous chorals, the "*Christmas Oratorio*," the "*Passions*," the great *Bminor Mass*," and a large quantity of smaller works for the church and many pieces for organ and clavier. Only eight of all these works were published during his life time; and these could hardly be sold, and had to be introduced to the public in the shape of presents. The spirit of the times was not favourable to the seriousness of *Bach's* character.

With but little interruption he continued to attend to his office to the end of his days. A few journeys to Dresden to hear Italian music, and his celebrated journey to *Potsdam* in May 1747 were the only interruptions in this life of labour. He loved to be in Dresden, where his magnificent organ-playing was much admired; among his particular friends in this city he counted *Adolph Hasse* and his wife, the beautiful *Faustina Bordoni*. In *Potsdam* it was *Frederick the Great* who esteemed the old master very highly, and conducted him, personally, through the palace to try his many fine instruments. And how *Bach* tried them may be judged from the composition which he dedicated to his majesty called "*Musikalisches Opfer*," a composition of great magnitude and artistic splendour.

The journey to *Potsdam* was the last ray of light in *Bach's* life. Much trouble and sorrow followed. He had always suffered more or less from weak eyes, and increased the evil by engraving some of his own works, for which he could not find a publisher; twice he was operated upon, but in vain—he lost his eyesight. Much physic destroyed his strong constitution and for six months he suffered fearfully. At last, on the 28th July, 1750, at a quarter to nine in the evening, the mighty spirit fled from its earthly home. Unnoticed the great cantor departed; his only necrolog, a small piece of paper, now carefully preserved in the library of the city of *Leipzig*, reads as follows:

"A man, sixty-seven years old, *Mr. Johann Sebastian Bach*, chapel master and cantor of the school of *St. Thomas*, was brought to the cemetery in the hearse, the 30th July, 1750."

In the meantime the dauntless *Haendel* did not find his life altogether a bed of roses. Since 1720, at the head of the newly founded Academy, he was absolute ruler of the opera, and numbers of the most brilliant artists were subject to his commands. Among them we find *Baldasari*, *Senesino*, *Carestini*, *Beard*, *Cuzzoni*, *Strada*, *Francesino*, *Cib-*

ber, Frasi and others, singers of the first rank. The best Italian operas were brought on the stage and a large number of *Haendel's* own, e. g. *Rhadamist*, *Mnzio Scævola*, *Floridante*, *Ottone*, *Flavis*, *Giulio Cesare*, *Tamerlane*, *Rodeludo*, *Scipio*, *Alessandro*, *Admeto*, *Ricardo I.*, *Sirse*, *Tolemec*, &c.

He had many rivals, one of which was *Buononcini*, whom he had met when yet a boy, at Berlin; the Italian's light melodies pleased the crowd better than *Haendel's* more serious productions. The Italians, generally, were not pleased that a German should have the musical supremacy at the English Court; but they intrigued in vain. The greatest difficulties he had with the singers, who were in the habit of considering the composer their servant. Now and then he might succeed in breaking them to his will, as for example, *Madame Cuzzoni* who declared that she would not sing a certain *Aria* until it had been altered to suit her fancy. In violent anger *Haendel* snatched her up, and holding her out of the window threatened to drop her into the street if she would not yield, while he called with a thundering voice: "Madame. je sais bien que vous êtes une véritable diablesse; mais je vous fais savoir—moi! moi! que je suis Belzebub, le chef de Diables!" But all availed nothing; *Haendel* had to succumb. Envy and the quarrelsome tempers of the singers were the causes of continual fights with each other; *Faustina Hasse* and *Cuzzoni* scuffled on the stage, *Senesin* quarrelled with his colleagues, *Buononcini's* Music pleased the public more and more, troubles increased on all sides until at last the company failed and had to retire.

The nobility united again for the purpose of founding another Academy, and *Haendel* went to Italy to engage other singers. On his return from there he paid a visit to his mother, now seventy years old, to receive what proved her last blessing, for shortly after his departure she died; she had been, perhaps, the only woman who ever possessed his heart.

While in Halle, *Bach* invited him, through his son, to a visit in Leipzig; he desired to make the personal acquaintance of his great cotemporary. Want of time, however, prevented *Haendel* from accepting this invitation and thus the opportunity of a meeting between these two greatest musicians of their time was lost and another never offered.

On *Haendel's* return to London the Academy was re-opened; but in spite of all exertions, in spite of the assistance of such singers as *Bernacchi*, *Ligro*, *Fabri*, *Bertoli*, *Merighi*, in spite of a new array of Operas by *Haendel*, such as *Lothario*, *Pertenape*, *Poro*, *Ezio*, &c., the undertaking proved a failure. Even *Haendel's* powerful arm was not strong enough to steer the ship against the heavy tide which set against it. Singers and composers—among the latter *Porpora* and *Hasse*—quarrelled with each other and at last combined against *Haendel*; finally the nobility, who were not always pleased with *Haendel's* independent and proud bearing and unyielding temper, sided with his enemies and he had to resign his position. Nothing daunted, he went again to Italy, engaged singers, and in 1733, started a theatre in the Haymarket at his own expense. But he could not hold out against the large means of his opponents and against the popular taste; he lost all his earnings and had to retire a ruined man.

In 1737 he went to Germany to recruit his shattered health and returned invigorated to England, and turned his still unimpaired strength into a new channel. Selecting biblical subjects, for which he had always felt a great predilection, he presented posterity with those magnificent works which have made his memory immortal. He had before this treated biblical subjects and composed operas such as *Esther*, *Deborah*, and trod new paths in *Acis and Galathea*, *Alexander's Feast* and *Athalia*, but now only did he turn his attention exclusively to the "*Oratorio*," which through him became an artistic form. In 1738 he composed "*Israel in Egypt*," in 1740 "*Saul*," in 1741 "*The Messiah*," in 1742 "*Samson*," in 1746 "*Judas Maccabaeus*," in 1747 "*Joshua*," and in 1751 his last work "*Jephtha*;" all of these were performed with great success in London, Oxford and Dublin. At last his powerful frame had to yield to the exhausting labours of his life. Bach's fate became also his, he lost his eyesight and had to dictate "*Jephtha*" to his friend Smith. But his fame was established for all time; he was still alive when his statue—formed in marble by Roubillac—was unveiled in Vauxhall gardens.

On the 13th April, 1759, he departed to his rest. He died, as had been his life-long wish, on Good Friday.

Haendel's ashes lie in Westminster Abbey in the midst of England's heroes. A marble monument marks his resting place.

TOM DONLAN—AN EPISODE.

BY CLIFTON.

"You'll be home early, remember Maurice. Don't be on the river after dark," was Rose Donlan's parting advice to her husband, as he left home on a dark gloomy morning in April.

"Never fear, Rose," was the cheerful reply, and Maurice walked rapidly down the muddy path that led to the river, and crossed the rude bridge of poles that spanned the narrow space of open water that intervened between the gravelly shore and broad expanse of leaden-coloured ice that incased the Kennebecasis in its wintry shroud.

Frank, Maurice's only son, a bright intelligent lad of thirteen, had wished to accompany his father, but was sternly refused, what seemed to his boyish fancy, a great boon.

Maurice Donlan had no hesitancy in venturing on the ice that gloomy morning. As he skated rapidly over the slippery surface no thought of danger occurred to him, except when he approached too near a crack that had opened from shore to shore early in the winter. The ice seemed strong, but, notwithstanding its appearance, Maurice made occasional detours to avoid some currents marked in his mental chart, and where he knew the ice to be consequently weak.

Maurice's quiet, unadventurous life had been passed on the long hilly island that divides the waters of the Kennebecasis. Every rock and tree around the shores of his island home, and currents of his native river, were as familiar to him as the responses to the Litany, when he knelt in the old wooden church at White's Point, with Rose and their two handsome children.

But Maurice had a more urgent errand to perform in St. John, than that he had mentioned to Kate as the ostensible cause of his hasty departure that misty morning. Rumours, that he could trace to no reliable source, had reached him, that his only brother, Tom Doulan—the waif of the family—had returned to his native land. Maurice did not inquire whether he had returned opulent or in want—his large-hearted brotherly affection scorned to make so selfish an interrogation, he simply went to welcome Tom to his humble home and his friendship. Years had passed since Tom had parted from him, and Maurice only remembered his brother as a tall, handsome spirited boy of seventeen, with bright blue eyes and that ruddy complexion so prevalent in New Brunswick. Faint rumours had at long intervals reached Maurice that Tom had not been as successful in his pursuit after wealth as the occasional letters he wrote would lead him to suppose he had been, and for several years even these had ceased to be received. One returned adventurer spoke of him as a desperado, although admitting that Tom had treated him in a most magnanimous manner; another, with a discontented whine, when asked for information, would shrug his shoulders, and answer evasively, and a third had told stories so very improbable that falsehood was visible in every incident related. What effect these rumours had on Maurice his neighbours knew not, as his reserve was so austere on all subjects appertaining to himself, that none dared to attempt to penetrate it, or worm from him food for gossip.

The dangers to be met in crossing the ice seemed insignificant to Maurice when compared to the duty he had taken upon himself, although magnified by Rose in her love for him. Maurice had a suspicion that Tom's pride would never permit him to come and ask for assistance, no matter how great the wanderer's need, and to think that Tom suffered was a probability he determined to obviate as delicately and speedily as possible. Tom's faults were all forgotten, and Maurice ardently hoped to meet the only remaining survivor, besides himself, of their once large family.

The heavy mist that hung above the hills, mingled with the smoke that curled lazily from the red chimneys of the dingy unpainted farm-houses scattered along the river's banks, and the roaring of the foaming torrents, leaping down the mountains, added to the general gloominess of the scene. Minister's Face, in stately conglomerate pride, frowned down on the mass of ice at its base, and a solitary glacier still lingered in its rocky embrace. Far up the ice crossed the river, forming a broad causeway, its huge expanse broken by rows of bushes that had guided through storms the traveller over the bridge that the Architect of the Universe annually forms. The grey Eastern banks, covered with

green patches of fir and spruce, sloping gently, met the ice, forming a striking contrast, while the western bank rose in solemn grandeur, with the primitive forest covering its highest peak.

Rose stood at the door of their low log habitation, and watched the skater gradually receding, until he became a mere speck upon the glassy surface, and finally disappeared in the dark coast line on the eastern side. All day she felt a strange loneliness, that increased as the sombre shades of night fell over hill and valley. While the river was visible from her window, she anxiously watched for the appearance, on its white covering, of that form then so dear to her—Frank's merry laugh and gay whistle, as he executed many an old tune, now only heard in the backwoods, or sang snatches of old songs, once the delight of our grandfathers, caused the gloom to be forgotten for a time, but only to return more intensely and still more oppressively, and when darkness had closed around their humble dwelling, she frequently repaired to the door to listen for Maurice's approach. She had busied herself with the domestic duties of her household all day, and sought, carefully, to suppress the uneasiness she felt at the prolonged absence of her husband as night approached; but she had strong faith in the discretion of Maurice. Why should she feel alarmed, she reasoned, had he not crossed the ice when in a worse state than now, and once, when all the men declared it certain death to venture, he had crossed to procure medicine, and saved her life and his child?

Near the little square window, in which burned a home-made tallow candle, as a beacon light to the belated wanderer, Rose sat knitting, the flickering light but partially revealing the occupants of the room and its surroundings; a quietness was brooding over all, only disturbed by the clicking of Rose's knitting-needles, and the heavy breathing of Frank, as he lay sleeping with old Rover, the house dog, behind the old-fashioned stove. The anxious suspense under which Rose laboured was suddenly increased by her little daughter, Kate, rising in the low settle-bed, and exclaiming piteously:

"Oh, Mamma, did you hear it?"

"Hear what?" cried Rose eagerly, then checking herself, she added soothingly, "its only the moaning of the wind, papa will soon be home," and a prayer followed from the very depths of her heart.

"But, Mamma," persisted the child, "I heard a cry."

Old Rover, with a low bark, sprang toward the door, and eagerly whining, looked wistfully up into the pale face of his mistress. Rose opened the door with a suppressed feeling of alarm, and Rover dashed out and ran down toward the river, barking loudly. The night was intensely dark, everything without assumed one huge shapeless mass, in which trees and shrubs, rocks and hills were blended together. Up from the river, in answer to the dog's bark, came a loud shout, not the careless, cheerful halloo of the raftsmen, but a cry so full of agony and woe, that it lingered in Rose's memory long years after, when the circumstances were forgotten by the world.

Rover's hasty exit from behind the stove, had awakened Frank, and he followed his mother to the door, looking out stupidly into the darkness,

for a few moments, and then the peril of, perhaps, his father, dawned upon his young mind.

Seizing little Kate eagerly in her arms, and preceded by Frank, Rose followed Rover down the rugged path to the river, an inward consciousness that some weighty calamity was about to overwhelm them, rendering her completely regardless of the dangers that surrounded them in the darkness.

Again, from the river, came up the shout, loud and hoarse, and died away in a pitiful wail. Close to her bosom Rose pressed her child to still the wild beating of her heart, for she had recognized the voice as that of her husband's. Another shout followed, less loud, but more shrill and musical in its tones, unmingled with fear, but brave in its very utterance.

Over rocks and through a tangled mass of driftwood and ice they hurried, until they reached a clear space of water, that stretched some distance along the brink of the river. The ice had drifted out from the shore with the strong current that ran along that side of the island, scattering the rude bridge of poles, over which the wanderer had passed in the morning. The gap was widening fearfully, and the soft humid atmosphere caused by the fog rolling up from the Bay of Fundy, had melted the ice rapidly during the day. Out on its very edge Rose perceived two persons, one in the water and the other on the ice, endeavouring to assist his companion. Through the murky darkness Rose saw that the man in the water was her husband, but the person who was so persistently assisting him was to her a stranger. Slowly Maurice's large body appeared to rise on the ice, through the exertion of his companion, but when nearly out, both sank through and were again struggling in the water. Again the stranger crawled out on the ice, and again turned to assist Maurice, but with a like result. Several times did the brave fellow regain the ice, but only to return to his companion's assistance.

Rose could distinctly hear Maurice plead with the stranger to save himself and leave him to struggle alone, but the brave replies of his companion assured her that they would live or perish together. The scene to Rose was one of intense agony, as she watched the struggles of her husband and the self-sacrificing efforts of his companion, uttering loud screams for help, intermingled with words of endearment, and appeals to Heaven to save them.

Old Rover could not remain an inactive spectator of the desperate struggles of his master and brave companion, but sprang boldly into the water, and swam to the aid of his friends with true canine devotion.

Clothed in heavy winter suits, the distance from the ice to the shore was too great for the men to swim, and their only hope of escape appeared to be in crawling on the ice and remaining on that frail support till a boat could reach them from the shore.

"Mother," cried Frank, as Rose sank helplessly on the wet beach, overpowered, as she realized her own weakness, "help me launch the boat." And the little fellow sprang to where the boat lay still covered with boards to protect her from the weather. Frank's

words dispelled the hopeless feeling that had taken possession of his mother, and little Kate was laid gently on the boards that Frank had thrown down, and the two attempted to launch the boat into the river. But they had over-estimated their strength, and the task appeared a difficult one. Life depended on their exertions, and both worked bravely, and with almost superhuman strength, to drag the boat down on the beach. Slowly, inch by inch, the boat neared the water, and it seemed doubtful if the two out on the ice could remain up until they reached them. Through the gloom they saw that the men were still clinging to the ice, apparently exhausted with their efforts.

Every second seemed an age to mother and son, as they toiled anxiously at their task, when a shout was heard on the hill above them, and in a few moments after, the two Bryants, their nearest neighbours, rushed through the thicket, and sprang to their assistance. The boat that Frank and his mother could only drag a few inches, now glided down the slight descent of the beach at a rapid rate, when the two lusty boatmen united their strength with the others, and the heavy boat soon floated on the chilly waters. No oars were to be found, and the seats were torn from their fastenings and used as paddles. Although water entered at every seam, it did not deter the Bryants and Frank from proceeding as rapidly as they could to the relief of the two men, and Rose, from the shore, saw them dragged into the boat. With the additional load, they landed with considerable difficulty, the water having reached to the tops of their winter boots.

Maurice Donlan and his companion were carried home by their neighbours, and when laid on the rude floor near the stove, in the dim light, none supposed that the dark, handsome stranger, now lying so helpless at their feet, was Maurice's long absent brother Tom, once the playmate of the very men who had carried him thither.

Although trembling violently, Maurice, was able to speak, and the warmth of his home soon revived him, but poor Tom lay quite unconscious. By and by, when the grey light of morning struggled through the hazy, fog-laden atmosphere, the eyes of the wanderer opened, and looked pleadingly up to Rose, who was watching at his bedside, and all the kindly sympathy of her great womanly nature went out to the poor waif.

Inervated by a long residence in a tropical clime, Tom Donlan never recovered from the effects of that night, but slowly faded during the summer, and on a quiet day in autumn, when the early frost had tinged the forest leaves, he passed away from among those who had learned to love him, despite his many frailties. In the little churchyard at the Point they buried him, beneath a spreading fir tree, only his virtues known among his own, and his faults forgotten in a foreign land.

DISTINGUISHED CANADIANS.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

VII.

MISS GRISELDA TONGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

Pure child of Song, lo, half a century's years,
 Hang mourning round thy early tropic tomb,
 As if they would recall thy girlhood's bloom;
 Forgetful that, though death the dead endears,
 It ne'er to mortal arms their forms restores,
 No matter who the precious gift implores;
 Though urged with sighs, and sought with blinding tears,
 They come not back to our forsaken shores.—
 Sweet songstress, though thy voice is silent now,
 Its echoes linger still upon our ears;
 Recalling words of truth and purity;
 Evoking thoughts that angels might avow,
 Before the throne where they obedient bow,
 And sweet hosannas sing eternally.

VIII.

GILBERT NEWTON, R. A.

Not where red battle strides by land or sea,
 Dost thou, oh, Canada alone behold
 The forms of those whose names have been enrolled
 On Fame's fair lists, though born, dear land, of thee.—
 By genius prompted and by love controlled,
 Thy Newton carved his name right worthily
 Upon Art's pedestal; his canvass caught
 The lights and shadows of his noblest thought,
 And gave his sweet ideals life and birth;
 True things of beauty,—such as Keats declares
 Are joys forever,—things of untold worth.—
 He wore the crown that modest wears,
 And won a fitting niche in that proud fane,
 Which Art's devoted sons alone can gain.

IX.

FRANCOIS XAVIER GARNEAU, HISTORIAN.

As in some lofty mountain range there stands
 One towering peak above surrounding forms,
 Serene and grand, beyond the range of storms,
 Which admiration from all eyes commands;—
 Whose sky-crowned summit, girt with shifting bands
 Of light and shade, the gorgeous sunrise warms,
 While on the heavens it carves its outline clear,
 No rival owning, owning no compeer:—
 So Garneau's name,—among the many names,
 By thee Canada held so justly dear,—
 Conspicuous stands, and place of honour claims,
 Exemplar fitting of exalted arms
 And nobler purposes; a household word
 That long shall in our peaceful homes be heard.

CENSUS.

BY J. R. MACSHANE.

The first census of the Dominion of Canada is to be taken in the first four months of the incoming year, and as it is a work, the importance of which to us can scarcely be over-estimated, it is to be hoped no effort or expense will be spared to render its execution perfect. It is the public stock-book in which accuracy is as much more necessary than in private affairs, as the interest it involves are greater. The utility of all legislation ultimately depends on the quantity and quality of the information it should contain. Long before the Christian era the importance of the knowledge to be derived from the census was recognized. Without going back further than the time of Varro or Cicero, we may learn from them with what elaboration a census was then prepared: exhibiting as it did *inter alia*, the number, age, lineage, race, family and property of Roman citizens, it may be questionable indeed, whether the progress of society since has induced any corresponding improvements on the work of the Roman Censors.

This much may be safely presumed, that there is some relation between popular progress and the cultivation of statistical knowledge. There is no fixed period for taking the census, in Russia, Spain or Portugal. In France it is quinquennial, in Prussia and the other members of the Zollverein, triennial; in Austria, annual, while in Great Britain, United States, and the provinces composing the Dominion of Canada, it is decennial. It may be as well here to draw attention to the defects of the last census taken in New Brunswick, as it may have the effect of preventing their recurrence in the general census of the Dominion. There is no enumeration of occupations, which are summarily disposed of in seven general classes, viz., as "professional," "trade and commerce," "agriculture," "mechanics and handy-crafts," "mariners and fishermen," "miners," "labourers," and miscellaneous. Then the vital statistics are lamentably deficient. As the indication of the causes of death are suggestive of remedial agencies, it is justly considered indispensable in all artificially prepared statistics. The absence of any provision for the registration of births, deaths and marriages, and the absence of comparative tables for the years preceding that in which it was taken, might be given in excuse for the compilers. It contains no valuation of real and personal property, nor return of adults unable to read or write: matters which should be considered indispensable elements of every census, which should lay claim to utility. The value of manufactures for one year, 1860, is given, which is apportioned among the male-working population though for what reason is not apparent, as the usual apportionment is among the whole population, and which would reduce the whole annual value of manufactures and products of agriculture from \$236 to \$80 per capita. Besides these radical faults, there is a total absence of the refinements

of statistics: schedules, comparative diagrams, commentaries, &c., &c. The county returns, each condensed into one schedule, would appear to have been pinned together, and a general abstract made of the whole, but brevity is pushed to the extreme of obscurity. The want of separate headings to tables arranged subjectively, would often lead into the mistake as to whether estimates were for one year or for ten, for quantity or value. We have enumerated here some of the most palpable defects in the hope, as we have stated, of securing an efficient performance again. It is not when the time is close at hand that the preparation should be making. It should be going on now in order to avoid the errors of the last. Householder's schedules, framed on the most approved models, should be in circulation. Schoolmaster's certificates should be conditional among other requirements upon the knowledge of discharging the duties of enumerator. The schoolmasters were employed in Scotland in this work at the taking of the last census. Sheriffs, registrars and collectors, and even the press, should be impressed into the service. Districts should be clearly defined, and if practicable, a trial or experimental census taken to test the qualifications of the enumerators, and so provide against errors in the actual returns. One can see no reason, indeed, why the census should not be taken over this whole continent quinquennially. There are alas! too few decades in men's lives.

To say that Empires are lost and won in a day gives but an inadequate idea of what transpires in a decade.

*Multa renescentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore, * * **

We would especially direct the attention of the Minister of Agriculture to the importance of giving the most detailed information with regard to the avocations of the people. As the census gives the best information for directing the pursuits of the people: to adjust these, with a view to variety of employment, is a cardinal object and necessary condition of real progress, though it is doubtful whether it receives the attention it deserves. People almost invariably fall into some branch of industry already established, and then not always into that one which a due regard to the general interests would indicate as best. If not diverted by individual enterprise or extraneous influence of some kind, experience shows that the tendency of labour is downward. The last census of Great Britain exhibits about six hundred occupations prosecuted by its people. How many are prosecuted in New Brunswick it is impossible to state, as we have seen the census returns do not enumerate them. By analogy with Nova Scotia we might arrive at some estimate, as the Nova Scotia census enumerates one hundred and thirty-eight occupations there. It may be safely presumed, however, that we are slightly in excess of Nova Scotia in this regard, as the decennial increase of population here is ten per cent. in advance of that Province. It is doubtful, however, if more than two hundred different occupations are prosecuted in New Brunswick. To introduce or acclimatise some of the remaining four hundred and strike out addi-

tional channels irrigating the field of industry, so producing greater fertility of resource, would be the work of a benefactor of his country. To prepare the way only would be meritorious and the thing is practicable. It is only in the rudimentary state of society that labour is uncontrollable and governed by proximate demand. Occupations should be determined not by the inclinations of the people, but by the domestic happiness and general prosperity they would probably induce. It is at best a pernicious prejudice which allows individuals at a time they are least capable to choose the occupation which, as a general rule, they prosecute for life. In this matter, as in all others, inclinations should be governed by a due regard to the general welfare, yet, well-meaning and otherwise prudent people may be often seen falling into the vulgar error of leaving inclination to determine the employment of their children, so exposing them to the certain misery of falling into one which should happen to be overstocked. Indeed, one so often hears the inclination put forward as the guiding principle in choice of employment, that it may savour of innovation to question its propriety. If common sense sometimes triumphs, vanity more frequently precipitates ill-informed persons into walks of life already so crowded, that the latest candidates have usually the poorest chance of success, but each new-comer is persuaded that he is so much better than his fellows that number and precedence go for nothing. That inclination should not be wholly ignored may be admitted, but that it must be subordinated to circumstances in order to success is demonstrable. Who doubts human inclination to the easy side of life? If occupation were really a matter of choice, how many would be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and would they not be far outnumbered by the applicants for positions of honour and emolument? The thing is as "plain as a pike-staff." Outside of certain bounds inclination has nothing whatever to do with occupation, which should be ultimately guided by a just estimate of the common weal. Men, as a general rule, are as well fitted for one occupation as another.

Again, the operations of capitalists and men of enterprize, and the influence of enlightened legislation show every day that the success of new occupations are more dependent on a sound distribution of labour than existing local demands. New articles of commerce, the results of discovery, for which no previous demand had been possible, are quickly absorbed. Improved commercial relations double productions where actual wants and local demands remain nearly unaltered. Singularly in point was the rapid increase of trade between France and Great Britain since the commercial treaty. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some time ago, stated that the average trade for the three years next before the treaty was twenty-two millions sterling, while that of the three years next succeeding the treaty was forty-six millions sterling. During this time, natural demand would increase with population not quite three per cent. per annum; so that the difference between the increase of trade and of population and natural demand is over ninety per cent. It is safe then to conclude, if natural barriers do not intervene, new occupations may be prose-

cuted with advantage; the fact of their being new, at all events affording no presumption that their products would have no demand. What new occupations are, the census should discover, in other words should give all the materials necessary to determine the legitimate occupations of the people, the existing distribution of labour, the extent and quality of land, the value of property and manufactures.

Industry no longer drifts, but is directed by superior intelligence. Prosperous communities are cynosures, their statistics are open to inspection, and often explain the secret of their success. Chance has nothing absolutely to do in human affairs. However individuals in their endeavours to overreach, may conceal the mere workings of business, between states or communities, there are no reservations. The census is the key to their interior economy and the rule is emphatically "a fair field and no favour."

A prosperous or a miserable people are found out in a trice. The stock-book tells the tale. Are they prosperous, we will find they are working hard and in a variety of ways; natural disadvantages only serving to develop the fertility of human resource. Are they miserable; and they will be found to expect more from luck than diversity of occupation. Apply the rule and the result is almost invariable. Take Massachusetts, a thrifty community beyond a doubt, still increasing her population in the natural ratio of three per cent, per annum, yet fifty years ago the density of population was up to the sustaining power of the cultivable land. The area of Massachusetts is 4,500,000 acres of which little more than half is cultivable. Here then is a people increasing in numbers and in wealth out of all proportion to their natural resources, fifty years after their soil becomes unequal to their sustenance. Had they continued in traditional employments, can it be supposed they would present such a spectacle? No, but they have supplemented the poverty of their soil by the richness of their labour. There are about 350 or nearly two thirds of all English occupations prosecuted in Massachusetts. There is no chance there, but well directed industry; a community working out the great principle of taking possession of all branches of industry, authorized by the natural conditions of the people. How little natural obstructions may impede human progress, may be learned from the statistics of this State, which almost the last in point of extent, is first in density of population, among the least fertile, it is yet the most productive, having about 3,000,000 of acres of cultivable, though by no means fertile land, and about a million and a quarter of inhabitants at the last census; it manufactures annually to the value of \$266,000,000. A like density of population would give to our Province about 6,000,000 population, with this advantage, that the soil would sustain them, while alike industry would yield annual manufactures of the value of \$1,250,000,000. Then take Vermont, which proves the rule, though in a far different way. The population there has remained stationary during the last thirty-four years. In the last decade the statisticians succeeded in making an increase of an eleventh per cent, while the manufactures are as languishing as the population.

The key to all this is that there are two hundred more branches of industry prosecuted in Massachusetts than in Vermont. Neither of these are extreme cases. Europe furnishes much stranger ones, but the constitution of society there, injures the analogy. The inversion of the results instanced, precludes the possibility of mistaking the causes.

From all this it may be learned that the study of population, its density and the distribution of its labour and wealth is the very marrow of history. It is history in a still better sense than it is defined by its great progenitor. It is history divested of prejudice and all that is merely personal, and how then is it to be prosecuted? Not in Machiavelli or Macaulay; not in the elegant pages of Prescott or Bancroft, but in the endless figures of the census.

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna, you who would discharge your parts fitly in any condition of life. It is the beacon of progress, the polar star of the economist, and the no less unerring guide of the patriot and philanthropist.

Correct knowledge of population and the distribution of labour furnished by enlightened statisticians is the only means of detecting disease in the vast system of the industry of the world. The advantage of such knowledge became so apparent as to lead to the assembly in September, 1863, of a statistical congress in Berlin, where most of the civilized governments of the world were represented. A principal object of the congress was to assimilate the census statistics of the world. Its proceedings have not yet been given to the world, but they will doubtless indicate new paths to human happiness and occupation; the diversity of method at present adopted by the different European governments, though each remarkable for accuracy and detail, preventing the fulness of comparison which each finds so advantageous to itself.

What results may not be expected from a universal quinquennial and uniform census? The destruction of ignorant counsels in the commerce of nations and the establishment of an equilibrium of industry only less perfect—because human—than the equilibrium of nature which is divine.

A CONTRAST.

Youth pities thee on Caucasus enchained,
Prometheus, who the highest heavens gained,
To filch the spark—so classic fables say,—
That serves to warm this tenement of clay.

But man unmoved on Calvary can see
Thee Son of God! transfixed in agony,
Who left the world's omnipotent control,
To give the light of heaven to the soul!

DAMON.

THE POT OF GOLD.

BY A. STORY.

There was a meadow, not many rods from the house of my birth, where I spent much of my boyhood's days gathering buttercups from its sward, and cowslips and violets round its dikes, and hunting the bumble-bee and butterfly. Hawthorns, blackthorns, rowan-trees, wild roses and woodbine, with interspersed "whins" and broom formed its various fences, a rare place for the nests of thrushes, black-birds, linnets, larks and yellow-yorlans. It was a rare place, in the early spring, before the grass was grown, and in the autumn, after the hay was cut, for running and leaping, and though all play in the grass was interdicted during the growing season, yet there was vast interest about the hedges, which were not, altogether, included in the prohibition. After school-time, the haws, and the sloes, and the rowans, and the huckle-berries, and blackberries, especially divided our boyish attentions, with leaping and running among the cocks of hay. Late in the evening we came home with the cows, with but little appetite for supper, so varied had been our food gathered from the wild and lavish hand of nature.

There was one spot in this meadow which puzzled me. It was above the level of the rest of the sward—and circular with a diameter of about ten feet. At the outside of this hillock grew a very large and evidently old hawthorn tree—the stem of which, near the earth, was not less than three feet in circumference—a rare size for a thorn. The branches spread wide, and bore, in spring, a shower of blossoms, and in autumn, thousands of the ruby haws. The hillock was dry, and the grass on it seldom attained the height of more than three or four inches, while all around it sprung up luxuriantly. Instead of buttercups it was covered with diminutive daisies. It had the name given, I cannot tell when, or by whom, of the fairy ring. It was said the cows avoided it, but whether this arose from their finding more luxuriant pasture elsewhere, I will not undertake to say, and as they were not permitted to graze in the meadow, save in autumn, on the after grass, the shade of the tree was not so attractive, as it would have been, in the warmer days of summer.

There was one tradition that the spot was sacred to the fairies, that, in fact, they lived under the ground there and came out in the moonlight to dance; but there was another story that it was a place of buried treasure. One very old man had been heard to affirm that though the thorn grew there in his boyhood, yet that the earth was level with the other sward, that in the troubles of Ireland in "'98," it rose to its present height, that that year the meadow had been ploughed, so that little note was made of the change in the evenness of the surface, and having been seeded down the soil had not been since disturbed,

and that the owner at that time, who was a "Croppy," having been killed in the battle of Ballynahinch—the farm was sold by a relative to my grandfather. The relator hinted that it was thought the old "Croppy" had buried in this spot his money and most valuable effects. It was strange that, with this probable information, no one had ever thought of turning up the soil to see what truth might be in the story, but this might be accounted for by the further tradition that the treasure—"a pot of gold"—was said to be guarded by his satanic majesty, who would, without doubt, resent any attempt to take from him what had been committed to his care.

My brother John and I often talked over this matter with my father, urging him to plough the meadow, which was becoming poor from the moss which grew up choking the grass, but he always resisted our importunities as we thought from the superstition about the fairies and the guardianship of the gold—fearing lest some ill should befall him or his. One fall, however, father was laid by with a long sickness—rheumatic fever,—and all the direction as well as work was left to myself and brother. We agreed to keep dark and plough the meadow. When this was done we determined one night to have a search for the gold. We had heard how a search under such circumstances should be made—and being young—I being only seventeen and my brother hardly sixteen—and somewhat imbued with superstition, we determined not to neglect any of the particulars observed in such cases, the main ones of which were, to draw a circle round the place of search with a sword in the name of the Trinity, and place a Bible beside us. It was supposed that this action would be sufficient to ward off the power of the evil one. I am not ready to say that we had any great faith in the protective power of the spell, but neither were we vastly alarmed for the power of our enemy. I may say that we viewed the proceeding as half joke, half earnest—though the night we felt would give a solemnity to the action which might rather make the earnest preponderate.

The night was very dark. We had chosen it should be so—as—should we fail we did not wish to have our folly known. With spade, shovel, pickaxe, crowbar, sword and Bible, we proceeded, heavily enough laden to the knoll, now a piece of red earth. We dared not cheer our hearts' with a whistle, or a song, though they needed it much. Standing in the centre, with the Bible in my right hand and the rusty old sword in the left, I drew the circle as wide as I could reach, in the name of the Holy Trinity. John responded with an amen—I put the Bible in my pocket, stuck the sword in the earth, and we went to work in the centre. We worked hard, and had got down some three feet, when our hearts began to fail us. John fancied that he heard a footstep, and I listened to hear what seemed a living breath—yes, without a doubt, some being was approaching our ring. John was for flying, but I held him back, telling him our only chance for safety was in the circle. I looked earnestly through the darkness, in the direction of the breath, and saw two glancing eyes, and the outline of what seemed a great dog, and near it another pair of eyes, and then a third, till the

one half of the circle seemed to glow with those strange lights. Warm breaths seemed mingling all around. Superstition threw over us its terrible spell, and John uttered a wild cry, when a stampede of many feet rushed past us but outside of our circle. I immediately comprehended the situation. The only devils we had, so far, to fear, was a flock of sheep which had by curiosity been attracted to see, if possible, what was going on around the old thorn. It was some time before John could be made to understand the foolish nature of our terror; but he soon cast off fear and we went to work again with a will.

We had not formed any theory as to how far down we would have to dig for the coveted treasure. We were but boys and did not exactly make such calculations as might suggest themselves to old men. But, when we had gone down about three feet, we began to suspect that our labours would not be accomplished in a single night. We were, however, nearer the denouement than we expected. We had, as yet, removed only loose earth and gravel, the coarse gravel having been on the top. We could only account for this on the supposition that when the pit was formed, the upper soft soil had, in filling up, been pushed in first. At the depth we now were—the earth was a deep black loam such as that on the surface of the meadow—all round. In putting the spade down as far as possible it seemed to strike something hard and hollow, probably the stone covering of whatever was concealed. This gave us energy, and in a short time we had uncovered what might be a “quern” or hand millstone. John took up the pickaxe and struck it on the edge, eliciting a huge set of sparks, which made us think of the way in which we had heard the devil guarded his treasure. It was only the usual result of the collision of flint and steel, but its associations were weird and hellish. Was it so, then, that a satanic power was fighting against us, as against Julian when he attempted to rebuild the temple on Moriah? While we were under the spell of these recollections a wild *tu wht tu whoo* burst out from the overshadowing thorn. We knew it must be an owl, but that did not do away with our terrors. What if this bird of night were sent to warn us of danger, or, perhaps, as the harbinger of vengeance? But we were not to be appalled from our undertaking by such ill omens. There was something unusual just beneath our feet—a mystery of half a century’s age—which no one before us had had the courage to unravel, and with which we were bound to grapple. At this moment, however, a something descended on my head, which was bare, and clutched my hair with bony claws. And was this the way in which satan was about to commence the fight? Well let him. I put up my hands and seized the creature, as I suspected the owl, who had already scared us with his noise. But no. It was a tame magpie, a pet of John’s, which, when seized, set up such a chattering and screaming that we hardly knew what to think. Why had this bird come here after us—and just now—was he our friend to warn us from the coming foe, or was he in league with our enemy, to keep us away from the treasure? The dog, too, which we had left snugly sleeping in the

cow-shed, here came whining in a strange way such as we had never heard before. He bounded into the hole, snuffed at the stone, howled, jumped out, and could not be got again to approach, but all these warnings were lost on us, although, indeed, we were sore afraid.

We tried to raise the stone with our hands but found it immovable. It was not its weight. It must be fixed with some clasp or otherwise. John struck the pick-axe beneath it, when part of it broke off, and beneath there rose a dull phosphoric gleam, as you may have seen from lucifer matches on a wall in the dark—yes, it was the old traditionary watchfires of buried treasure. The dull light increased in intensity, and sent up glowing fumes and spitting sparks. Time to be gone. John suggested that the Bible should be hurled at the fire, but I had no faith now in that remedy, in fact I was nonplussed, overwhelmed. All that I had ever heard or read of such things seemed less than the truth such also was my brother's feeling, so we both fled from the terrible place. Who knew but that the next moment the enkindled flames of tophet would burst forth?

It was well we did so, two minutes longer would have sealed our fate. After running some hundred and fifty yards, during which we could, by the glare, understand that the light was increasing in intensity, the flame shot up to the sky, a terrific explosion burst on our ear, and then clouds of sand and earth fell in a continuous shower of some minutes. We fled as fast as our limbs would carry us, and hardly thought ourselves safe, even in our own room, into which it would not have surprised us to find, Satan entering with horns and cloven foot, breathing on us the fiery flames of his terrific vengeance.

Next day strange rumours were abroad of a lightning flash, and one heavy thunder peal, which had awakened several sleepers, or, at least, called the attention of watchers to speculate on the strange phenomenon. But there was one person—Peter the besom maker who saw and heard all—lived in a little shanty or hut at the lower side of the farm, and was about to start very early in the morning to the moors for heather, when the explosion occurred. Peter gave it as his opinion that it was the devil, who was going to his own place by a near cut through Mr. Boggs' meadow, taking home with him a keg of powder to make fire-works for his establishment, which somehow had caught fire and blew up. People piously hoped that the devil himself was demolished. As for John and myself we kept our secret. As day appeared we returned, gathered up our tools, and, before breakfast time we had sowed and harrowed that part of the field which was the scene of last night's adventure. This we did not without fear of something strange and terrible again happening.

Reflecting and talking over the matter we came to the conclusion that the treasure which had been hidden by the old "Croppy," at least partly consisted of gunpowder—that there must also, in connexion with the powder have been a quantity of phosphorus or some other easily ignitable substance which the stroke of the pickaxe actually had ignited, so as to fire the powder which had lain there safe—preserving all its deadly quality for so many years. But there was one thing

which we could not so readily resolve. Was there aught else? Was the powder alone, or was it there with the gold, and as a guard to it? The last was probable, as the "Croppy" had a great reputation for skill in the manufacture, especially of war material. 'The old villain,' thought we as this view would press itself on us, and then we would ask was there not some basis of faith in the various stories about the protectorate of the devil over burned treasure. What greater devil than an unshapely lump of phosphorus upon a keg of powder? You can see his wild eye and his flaming breath,—and then be off with you. It will be much better as John and I found it at least.

Well we thought as the scientific view of the question pressed itself on us as the true one, that we were rather premature in sowing our crop. The devil having done his worst and gone off to parts unknown, probably did not take the money with him, probably it might still lie buried far down. Well we could do nothing further at present, so we let the matter stand till the autumn, when we went to work, but in the day time ostensibly to uproot the great hawthorn. Well, we actually did after digging deep beneath the spot where the explosion occurred, find in a small iron pot, some four hundred and fifty spade guineas. John and I divided them fairly, and this is the first time either of us ever divulged the secret of the Pot of Gold.

HORATIANA.

BY W. P. D.

From the Latin of Horace: Book II; Ode XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Alas! the fleet years glide away,
 Postumus, O Postumus!
 Nor piety can bring delay
 To wrinkles, old age that pursues
 Close after us,
 And Death whose power none subdues.

Not even if three hundred steers
 Daily, dear friend, you gave
 To Pluto never moved to tears,
 Who Geryon, triple-sized, doth hold
 With gloomy wave
 Imprisoned, and Tityos bold,

Could you his favour gain: indeed,
 Out o'er that dismal flood
 All we who on earth's bounty feed
 Must sail, whether 'midst princes found
 Of royal blood,
 Or needy tillers of the ground.

In vain from gory war we're free,
 And from the broken swell
 Of the hoarse Adriatic sea;
 In vain through autumns drear
 The south wind fell,
 Hurtful to bodies weak, we fear.

For we Coeytus black must see
 Winding with sluggish flow,
 And Danaus' ill-famed family,
 And Sisyptus Æolides,
 Condemned to know
 A labour that shall never cease.

You must leave all your broad estate
 And house and pleasing spouse;
 Nor of these trees you cultivate
 Any but cypresses abhorred,—
 With sad, dark boughs,—
 Shall follow hence their short-lived lord.

Your worthier heir shall freely spend
 The Cæcuban so fine
 You by a hundred keys defend;
 And with choice wine the pavement stain,—
 Far richer wine
 Than pontiffs at their banquets drain.

From the Latin of Horace : Book III ; Ode XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Ah! wretched girls are they who may neither with Love play,
 Nor in sweet wine away their secret miseries wash;
 Else live half-dead with fear lest an uncle's tongue severe
 Their stolen pleasures lash.

HENRUS, the Liparean, in whose form the Cytherean
 Hath sent her winged boy, by his beauty rare from thee
 Work-basket, stuffs and zeal for Minerva's arts doth steal
 At once, Neobule,

When he in Tiber's waves his anointed shoulders laves:
 He's a better horseman even than was Bellerophon;
 'Gainst him no pugilist may unpunished raise a fist,
 And no slow foot may run.

Well-skilled besides is he to shoot the stags that flee
 All in a frightened drove across the open field;
 Quick to catch the wild boar where he barking keeps his lair
 In thicket deep concealed.

From the Latin of Horace : Book III ; Ode XXVI.

TO VENUS.

Fit to contend with girls I lately lived,
 Nor without glory carried on the strife;
 Now, arms and lyre alike at length relieved
 From weary war, I'll lead a quiet life.

This wall which sea-born Venus' left side guards
 Shall have them all: Here, here place torches bright
 And bars and threatening bows erst armed towards
 The doors that durst oppose my manly might.

O Goddess fair! who holdest Cyprus rich
 And Memphis free from chill Sithonian snow,—
 Great Queen of Love! raise high your scourge and touch
 The scornful Chloë with just one smart blow.

From the Latin of Horace: Book I; Ode XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus! of Cnidus and Paphos the queen,
Thy well-beloved Cyprus now spurning,
Show thy presence divine,
In this beautiful shrine
Where Glycera, burning
Much incense, is calling on thee.

With thee let thy glowing boy, Cupid, be seen,
And the Graces with girdles unbound.
And let Nymphs hasten too,
And Youth's goddess,—who so
Little pleasing is found
Without thee,—and bland Mercury.

CORRIGENDUM.—For the 4th line in the 4th stanza of the Ode to Postumus, substitute the following:

“In vain throughout the autumns drear.”



STORM-STAYED, AND THE STORY WHICH GREW OUT OF IT.

A COLD winter's night, some five years ago, while journeying from Montreal to New York, we were forced by the terrific storm then raging, to stop over night at a small country hotel located at Whitehall, N. Y. Luckily for us, so far as hotel accommodation is concerned, there were few passengers on the road. This was indeed fortunate, for Whitehall is about the last place in the world in which one would desire to be storm-stayed, as its houses of refreshment are none of the best in any particular, either in room, or relief for the inner man. We arrived at this village in the vicinity of seven o'clock in the evening, and at first ostensibly stopped for refreshments; but we had barely got through with our very indifferent tea, when the conductor of the train put his head into the dining-room and cried out that the cars would proceed no further that night. The storm, instead of subsiding, was growing worse, and he deemed it better for all concerned that we remain at Whitehall during the remainder of the evening.

This information did not afford much pleasure to the weary and worn-out travellers. Some had important business to transact in the morning, others desired to get home, and a hundred reasons why the delay should not take place, were promptly given. Once we thought the conductor was about to relent and order the engine-driver to “fire up” and start the locomotive; but he was greeted with so terrific a

gust of savage snow and fierce elemental strife, that the thought of going on, if it ever entered his breast, was instantly dissipated.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "we must stop here all night. If it clears up before the morning, which I very much doubt, you will be awakened in time, and we will start for the city."

It was now eight o'clock, and how to occupy the time between that hour and the time for retiring, was the eager question we asked of one another. The ladies, some six in number, and two or three of the old foggy school of travellers one always meets on every trip of the cars, soon left the anything but cheery sitting-room, and we were alone in our glory. There were ten kindred spirits seated in that room on that stormy evening. We threw more wood on the hearth, and a blazing fire sprang with its leaping, fiery flames, and lit up the narrow apartment such as it had never been lighted before. Long candles shed a fitful light all round; and after pipes and tobacco, and hot whiskey for those who indulged in that delectable beverage, were ordered in, we all sat in as cheerful attitudes as we could under the circumstances, and a comparative degree of easiness pervaded the room.

The usual subjects of the day were discussed; cards were produced—old, dirty and greasy, it is true—and a few games were played. Still the storm waxed fiercer without, and the fire blazed more cheerfully within.

It was now eleven o'clock; and as some of us thought of going to bed, a man who might have been, perhaps, forty-five or fifty years of age, with hair and whiskers slightly tinged with narrow bars of silver grey, and a wrinkle or two on his fine, bold forehead, moved forward and said,—

"Come, boys; I'll tell you a story, if you'll listen to it."

"The very thing; come, let's hear it," cried several.

"Then fill up your glasses, and light your pipes again for it is a long one, and I hate interruptions when I am in the middle of anything."

In five minutes the company had their listening ears ready, and the old man laid down his pipe and began.

"My name some of you may have heard; it's Dan Suckles. I am a retired detective police officer. Well, some five and twenty years ago, Jim Craddock—poor Jim he's dead and gone now; excuse me, boys, he saved my life once—and I were kicking the heels of our boots together in the old South police-office one dark, cold night. It was pretty much such a night as this one. We had had nothing to do in our line for quite a spell, and we were becoming somewhat rusty, I can tell you. A detective's pay, from the office, mind is none of the best, and it's only when we have a good job on hand, and are successful in it, that our pocket-books get to be any size. The city had been very quiet for a long while. 'Tis true, a couple of burglars were at large and a murderer or so; but these jobs were in the hands of other members of our force, and Jim and I were only waiting for something to turn up.

We had talked over everything, and were about tying our mufflers over our heads and going home, when suddenly a loud shriek broke on

the air, and its sound pierced through the fierce wind's moan. Again it came—this time less distinct; and gradually a subdued moan or low cry was barely heard. "Come, Jim; quick," said I; and putting our pistols in our breasts, and taking up dark lanterns, we hastened along the street in the direction of the voice. We had not gone fifty yards when I stumbled upon the form of a prostrate man. I glinted the rays of the lantern full upon his face, and called to Jim to hurry up.

"Great Heaven, his face is covered with blood!" was Jim's first exclamation, on seeing the quivering body. He felt his breast: the heart was still warm; but gradually it grew cold, the limbs stiffened up, the glassy eyes looked glazy, the jaw fell back, and the man was dead.

We lifted him up and bore him back to the little office. I lit the lamps again and piled on more wood on the fire. The body we both placed upon the rude office table that served for a stand for papers and pamphlets. This being done, we warmed our chilled hands and then commenced an inspection of the body.

"He's robbed! look, everything of value, jewellery, money, all is gone," said Jim.

But I was too intently looking upon something else, that seemed to shed light on the subject, to pay much attention to my *confre's* observations. Jim was a good officer—full of bold dash; but the finer sense of strategy seldom troubled him. He was brave. To go into the middle of a crowd of cut-throats and arrest the person "wanted," was an easy task for Jim Craddock; but in following up a clue, where care and great *finesse* were required, poor Jim was nowhere.

I noticed that the man was young, not more than twenty-seven or eight. He belonged to the respectable class of citizens I felt sure. His garments were of fine texture and he seemed to be a stranger. I had never seen him before to my knowledge. He was handsome, and even in death, before we had washed the blood from his face, a quiet smile played about the corners of his evenly formed mouth. His hair was a dark auburn and he evidently was accustomed to wear it parted in the middle. Now his locks were matted together in a sickening glue of congealed blood. He had been stabbed in the left breast with a sharply pointed instrument of some kind, and he must have made a stout resistance for his face and other parts of his body bore deep gashes and savage cuts.

I searched him thoroughly. In a side pocket I found a wallet; its contents comprised only a miniature likeness of a young lady and a portion of a card. She was rather handsome and in her features I observed a strange peculiarity in her manner of dressing her hair. It was done up in a sort of knot which was placed directly on the top of the head, and two small, loose curls hang, or rather seemed to fall over each eye-brow, a like brace of curls went round the head. It looked very pretty and its odd appearance gave me hope. If I ever see that girl, I thought, the murderer will soon be within my grasp.

There were, as I have mentioned, some pieces of card: a visiting

card that had been torn in four or five pieces. A name had been written on it in pencil. All that could be made out of the remaining parts was

l dw e

I put these scraps and the picture carefully away in my pocket-book, after shewing them to Jim, and we went on with our examination. Some silver in small change, (you see gentlemen that was before we had "scrip" and postage stamps for money) a brass watch-key and a couple of pencilled memoranda, barely decipherable, made up the the stock-in-trade of the deceased man before us. Of everything of value, as I said before, he had been stripped. Not even a sleeve-button or a shirt-stud was left. No marks of identification were to be seen and the unknown stranger slept on, unconscious of all that had occurred, in the silent sleep of death.

Just as I was about to leave him I noticed something protruding from the folds of his ruffled shirt front. I again made search, when out fell the *tip of a human finger!* It was bloody, and appeared to have been cut off with a sharp knife. I secured it and carefully placed it in my pocket.

We covered him over with a couple of watchman's old-fashioned thick coats, and Jim and I again crossed the threshold, locked the door after us, and slowly and in deep meditation proceeded homewards. The storm had diminished now considerably. The hour was close upon three in the morning, the big town clock would soon peal out upon the slumbering city the hour, and the heavily cloaked watchman would sing presently his monotonous

"Three o'clock and all's well,"

in precisely the same strain as he had done for a quarter of a century before.

I say, wrapped in thought, we wended our way to our dwelling. Jim lived at the same boarding-house as I did. Neither of us were married then. That fate was held in store for me, and poor, dead Jim Craddock did not live long enough to consummate his happiness by marrying.

All the way home neither of us spoke one solitary word to the other. Jim pictured to himself a large, brawny ruffian, armed with a dagger; while I held before my mind's eye the picture of a more refined murderer, who committed the deed, not so much for the valuables taken, as to gratify some revenge. Such were our several thoughts as we walked the streets on that eventful stormy winter's night.

The few hours I had for repose before sunrise I lay tossing in my bed. You may imagine I did not sleep much in those few hours; but, like the porcine animal known to fame, I kept up a considerable pile of thinking.

Breakfast being over, the first thing we did was to go and notify the authorities. The coroner was sent for, a jury impanelled at once, and the inquest held. A verdict was returned in accordance with the circumstances of the case. The morning and evening papers were

full of the popular excitement for several days, and various were the speculations made of the intricacy of the case, and the successful manner in which the murderer or murderers had eluded, thus far, the vigilance of the police. Of course, as the days went by and still no clue appeared, savage attacks were made upon those popular public targets—the policemen—by the press everywhere, for their apparent apathy in not immediately ferreting out the miscreants, and having them brought to justice. But this era in the murder, too, died away; and when six months had sped along, the case was almost entirely forgotten by nearly everybody, and a new excitement occupied the attention of the thunderers of the press.

All this time, however, we remained not idle. Miniature portraits for the use of the force only, were made of the murdered victim, and then he was duly interred.

The time wore rapidly away, and as no clue, however slight, presented itself, I was upon the point of giving up all hope of ever bringing the culprits to the "lock-up," when one day, while standing on the steps of a railway station, a train of cars rushed past me. It was the lightning express, and went right through, stopping at no way stations. A young lady and one somewhat older sat at the open window of the car; the bell rang, and on, on rushed the train at a slashing rate. Something instinctively passed through my mind; the features were hastily recalled, and panoramically they flitted before me. Gracious Heaven! the strangely dressed head gear was at once unveiled! *It was the prototype of the miniature I had taken from the wallet of the murdered man!* But what was to be done? Even now, the long train of cars was far out of sight. There would be no train going that way for two hours; and even could I start immediately, I would be too late to intercept it; for we would stop at every station on the line, while the one which had just now passed went through, making no stops whatever.

I fumed and chafed, but all to no purpose. I must, as others had done before me, submit to the inevitable. The electric telegraph was but in its infancy, and no lines had yet been placed upon the road. I had to wait, and so I did.

I took the first train that came along, and these hours were the longest I ever spent. I was fidgetty and nervous. To think that a clue was so near me, and then to lose it altogether. All hope seemed to die away as that whirling train sped on; still I was not going to give up entirely,—not until some exertions were made, at all events.

There is an end to everything, and so there was to that fearful railway ride. On arriving in the city, I made every possible search and enquiry. One hackman had seen two ladies in black, one young, and the other looked as if she might have been her mother. They were joined at the depôt by a young man who had a light moustache and no whiskers. He was well dressed, and appeared to be on intimate terms with the two ladies. A vehicle had been called and the trio were driven off, no one knew where. Here was news certainly; but still it was vague and indefinite. Who was the third party now on

the scene? The girl must be the one I was seeking. Surely that face, once seen, could never be forgotten; and then the hair, and the manner in which it was dressed, left no reason to doubt the correctness of my supposition. But where had she gone and with whom? Aye, there was indeed the mystery.

I made enquiries at hotels and at all houses where I thought she might be, but to no purpose. Three weeks had gone and I was now no further on in my work than I was the day after the crime had been committed. I could work better, however, for now that the popular excitement had ceased, and less talk was heard ament the affair, I could go on quietly and so elude observation. The murderer too as the feeling against him subided, would grow more bold and in all probability venture out. So while I did not relax in the least my efforts, I felt daily the chances becoming more slim.

In a very unsatisfactory mood I found myself one wet Friday afternoon as I was walking slowly home with a large umbrella over my head; so abstracted was I that I hardly noticed the rain as it fell in torrents above me. I was thinking of a hundred different things, giving full rein to my fancy, when suddenly I felt my way blocked up by a dark shadow coming towards me. I raised my umbrella and there directly in my path stood *the young girl I was looking for*, and with her was a young man. She wore her hair in precisely the same manner as was delineated in the miniature. Recovering my self-possession, I stepped to one side to let the parties pass. In doing so I took a good look at the girl's companion. He raised his umbrella in order the more easily to pass, and in doing so had occasion to lift his disengaged and gloved hand. What was my astonishment to find that *his middle finger was shorter by nearly an inch than the others!* Here then was a discovery and a most momentous one at that. I stepped from the pavement and crossed to the opposite side of the street. The others went on their way and I followed on the other side, a few yards behind. They had not gone very far when they came to a large stone house, with a row of steps leading up to it. The lady opened the door with a latch-key, her companion followed and they both entered the dwelling together.

The weather was showing signs of clearing up, and I walked up and down the pavement very much no doubt like a sentry on guard. I might have been there about an hour when the door opened and the male visitor departed. He seemed much pleased at something for he smiled as he briskly went down the street. I watched him out of sight and then I went over and rang the bell. My summons was soon answered, and I desired the servant to show me in and inform the lady of the house that a gentleman wished to see her. I must confess the girl eyed me rather suspiciously, much more so than my looks would at any time warrant; but she was, according to her theory, fully justified in looking after folks for "we don't know who's who half the time," said she. I told her to fear no apprehension on that score, but to send her mistress to me at once, as I had business of importance to communicate. The girl vanished and I took a hasty glance at the

apartment into which I was ushered. It was a pleasant enough looking room. Its furniture was above the average quality, and the pictures with which the walls were decorated were in most cases fine oil paintings, mostly copies of some of the old masters. There were some portraits among them too. Old ladies in high old-fashioned caps and ruffles, and old gentlemen with antique collars and huge cravats, hung in massive frames on either side.

I had just concluded my examination of the pictures when the door opened and the young lady entered. Motioning me to a seat, she said:

"Mamma is not at home to-day; but if I will do, you can communicate any message or information you have, and I will have the matter attended to if in my power."

"I am the better pleased to see you Miss," I said, "for it is you, I think, who can give me the information I require."

"Me?"

"Yes, please be seated for my story is not a very short one. Are you sure we shall not be overheard?"

She rose, went towards the door and fastened it: then returned and with a smile asked me if I were now satisfied.

I replied that I was. She seated herself, and I abruptly asked her the name of the person who had recently left her. She looked me full in the eye as if wavering for an instant whether she should tell me or not. But it was only for an instant. Her dark eyes flashed and she looked more lovely than ever.

"Do you mean the gentleman who has just gone?"

"I do."

"Then may I be permitted to first ask you the reason of this visit and the cause of these questions? You know we are strangers and it is hardly fair that I should undergo an examination and questioning such as this is, before I know the object and meaning of it. Who are you?"

"You shall know all in good time," I replied, "but it is highly necessary that these questions should be answered before I can reveal myself to you. Rest assured you will have no cause to doubt me or to repent your acquiescence in my demands."

She appeared better satisfied now. At all events she proceeded to answer my interrogations.

"His name is Henry Seabrook, sir."

"What is his occupation?"

"He is a book-keeper in a merchant's office; but he is going into business on his own account shortly, he says."

"Indeed, is he rich?"

"No not very, at least he was only living on his salary, until nearly a year ago, when an uncle of his died and left him quite a little fortune."

"Is this his own story?"

"Yes sir, he told it to me himself."

The young girl looked pained and uneasy at this cross-examination

and to ease her mind I told her I would soon be through with her, and that she must excuse the liberty I was taking.

"Is he a relative of yours Miss?"

She blushed deeply as she softly answered.

"No, that is not yet," and the heightened colour mounted to her cheeks.

"Is he going to marry you," I asked, looking directly into her eyes. Mine met her's, and in a confused manner she stammered:

"He asked me to-day and I promised him my hand and heart."

"Now, what is your name?"

"Clara Mortimer."

I took from my pocket-book the little miniature and the torn card, and handing the former to her I remarked:

"Do you know that picture?"

I watched her every movement. She took it into her hands and as she gazed intently on it she broke into a wild sob, and then she grew white as marble and her whole frame shook as if in convulsion.

"Where, where did you get this?" she gasped.

I said nothing, but handed her the small picture of the murdered man. She grasped it eagerly. Her hand trembled violently and the picture fell to the ground.

"Good Heaven," she cried, while she hid her face with her hands, "its Charlie Hardwick."

The mysterious pieces of card were plain enough now.

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How readily were these letters and part of a letter interpreted as

Charles Hardwick.

There was no blood now in those ashen cheeks. She was pale and cold.

"Where did you get those portraits?" she almost whispered, "he was my affianced husband. I thought him dead. They told me he was dead. Oh why was I so cruelly deceived?"

"Did you love him?"

"Love him? Ah yes. And does he still live?"

She pressed the miniature to her lips and passionately kissed it, sobbing all the while.

That scene was too much even for me. So I ruthlessly broke the solemnity of it by abruptly saying:

"The original of that portrait is now dead. He was foully murdered about a year ago or so, and I am now, thank Heaven, on the track of his heartless murderer. You alone can assist me. Would you lend your aid?"

"Would I lend my aid?" she repeated almost incoherently as if but half understanding the meaning of my words.

"Yes, will you help me?"

"Help you?" she vacantly enquired.

"Yes, will you——?"

"Ah, I see it all now," she shrieked wildly as she sprang to her feet, "but no, no I will be calm, I will be calm, calm." She sank helplessly into a chair.

I watched her some time. She opened her eyes and feebly called for water. I gave her a drink and it seemed to revive her. She started up.

"You say he was murdered. Charlie Hardwick murdered. Who was his murderer?"

"How long is it since Harry Seabrook lost the tip of his finger?"

"Nearly a year ago he shot it off while firing at a target."

"You are certain it was a year ago," I asked, watching her closely for she shewed signs of hysterical convulsion. She answered firmly, but with less decision:

"I am."

"One question more Miss Mortimer: was Charles Hardwick a lover of yours? Was he a rival of Henry Seabrook? Were they friends?"

The answer came quick and to the point. There was great precision in the replies.

"No, they were not friends; they were rivals. I preferred Charlie. We were engaged; Seabrook knew that. He told me of Charlie's death. He died at sea he told me. I did not nor do I now love Harry. I have promised to be his wife. I'll keep my word; but oh, my heart is not his."

"Miss Mortimer, the man *who killed Charles Hardwick is Henry Seabrook!*"

"No, no it is too horrible," she groaned.

"I am sure of it," said I. "Now listen to me a minute: when does he pay you another visit?"

"To-morrow morning at eleven o'clock he'll be here," said Clara.

"Now keep quiet about this matter. Don't even hint the slightest tittle of suspicion. For if he once suspects that you know anything of this affair he will decamp and all will be lost, perhaps, forever. I'll be here an hour before him with a couple of trusty friends."

"Who are you sir? Surely you can tell me now?"

"Dan Suckles, detective police officer, at your service Miss," said I, drawing myself at full height.

I bid her good-bye and at once started for the office at a rapid rate. I gained it in half an hour. I opened the door and as luck would have it Jim Craddock sat in the easy chair reading a newspaper.

"Hullo Jim," I cried, giving that dauntless officer a smart slap on the back that made the room ring again, "I have a clue at last."

"A clue, what about?" asked Jim, as he rubbed his back, "please don't be so demonstrative in your salutations another time, old fellow. What clue have you got any way?"

"A clue to the murderer of the man we picked up a year ago in the street."

"What! you don't mean it?"

"I do though; but we have no time to lose. Get Johnny Doyle

and the darbies and meet me here to-morrow morning about half-past nine. Now don't forget. Good night. Keep mum."

"All serene. I'll be ready. never fear," said Jim Craddock. Poor Jim! He little thought this was his last job.

The morrow dawned auspiciously. The sun was up in all its splendour and refulgent rays were scattered round bountifully on every side. I immediately went to the office and by a quarter to ten, Jim, Doyle and myself started for the house of my fair entertainer of the previous day. Upon arriving there we entered the room, saw Miss Mortimer, and stationed Doyle just behind the folding-doors, while Craddock took up his position in the folds of the window blinds. I was ready to go into the other room, just off the sitting apartment, when the occasion needed it, and I could enter at any time from my quarters. It was now close upon the hour and your lover is always very punctual, particularly so when he goes to pay his addresses to the object of his adoration. We had, therefore, not long to wait. The bell tinkled. I slid away and in walked the handsome, dashing young fellow I had seen the day before. A lavender kid glove encased the hand with the lacerated finger. He drew near his affianced and greeted her cordially. She returned his greeting coldly. He noticed the change of feeling at once.

"What's the matter, love?—why this seeming coldness? As the days draw near for our marriage, you should be more cheertul. Come, rouse yourself, and realize for once, if only in fancy, your future position—Mrs. Harry Seabrook! Why wout that sound well?"

She shuddered. He saw her every movement as quick as a flash. His eye fell upon the two miniatures, which Miss Mortimer had thoughtlessly placed side by side on the mantle-piece. He turned first red, crimson, then white, and he trembled fearfully.

"Why, why," he gasped, "who has been here? Where did you get these pictures?" he shrieked, as he caught her arm and held her like a vice. "Speak!" he cried hoarsely, "or I'll tear your arms from their sockets!"

I thought it time to interfere, and pushing the door open I entered the room. I had a pair of hand-cuffs in my hand, and as soon as he saw them and me he began to quake with fear.

"Henry Seabrook," I said, "I arrest you for the murder of Charles Hardwick. You had better come along quietly, and so save a fuss. Come, put out your wrists and receive these bracelets."

But the fellow had no intention of giving himself up so easily. He quickly drew a revolver from his breast and levelled it at me. Doyle sprang forward and seized his arm; but too late to arrest the flight of the bullet. It whizzed through the air, and lodged in poor Jim Craddock's heart. With a low groan he fell dead. Seabrook was promptly secured and pinioned, and then we turned to our dead comrade. We could do nothing; he was past our aid. A better fellow than Jim Craddock never lived. Poor fellow! He deserved a better fate than to be shot like a dog by the base wretch we had in custody.

Henry Seabrook was tried, and the jury, without leaving the box,

returned a verdict of wilful murder against him in two counts, and he was accordingly sentenced to be hanged; but he did not permit the law to carry out its sentence. A few days before the time fixed for his execution, the jailer entered his cell; but the heart of the prisoner was stilled forever. Sometime during the night he had ruptured a blood-vessel; and as he lay on the cold, damp stone floor, the pool of blackened blood told its own dismal story. The wretch cheated the gallows, boys, at last.

"There," said the old police officer, "is my story. It's a true one, every word of it."

"But what became of the young girl?" asked one of the listeners.

"Oh, the girl who was going to marry him?"

"Yes."

"We never found out. She and her mother left the place, a day or two after the trial, and I never learned what became of them. I think I deserve something to ease my throat after that long yarn," said the old man; "so hurry up."

His thirst was appeased. It was now far into the morning. The old eight-day clock of the "Whitehall Hotel" was about to peal out the hour of four, when the conductor came into our room, and shaking the snow from his thick boots, said:

"Gentlemen, we can't possibly start until eight or nine o'clock. The snow is over two feet deep all along the track. We have been working at it all night; but it comes on as fast as we shovel it off. You had better 'turn in' now; you'll have four or five hours' sleep, at any rate."

The fire had burned to embers, and the apartment was getting cold. We thereupon repaired to our bedrooms and tumbled into bed, to dream of Whitehall accomodation, and divers murders, detectives and hangmen.

We were called to breakfast by a large cow-bell, which was made to peal its discordant notes in the entry, by an amateur bell ringer of limited experience. We sat down to a sumptuous repast of cold, overdone beef-steak, and equally frigid potatoes, the skins of which were almost blue, and were as tightly glued to the potatoe as the skin on a dog's nose. The coffee resembled ginger-bread batter, and was, in consequence, not relished.

When the "five minutes for refreshments" were over, all were heartily glad of it. We entered the car, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive announced our departure, forever we fervently exclaimed, from Whitehall and its houses of entertainment.

IMMATURE GENIUS.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

The history of the literature of every country is full of the records of immature genius in almost every department of thought, and it is my purpose to portray in this short paper some characters of eminent ability who, if their lives had been prolonged, would have occupied the very highest niche in the temple of fame. By the term immature genius I mean that power of intellect allied with sensibility and imagination, which though enclosed in a frail and diseased body, enables its possessor to triumph over many obstacles, and despite the disadvantages of ill health and constitutional infirmity to give to the world thought and images of beauty which shall not soon be forgotten. It is in the airy regions of romance and poetry, that the most illustrious examples are presented of immature genius. I know not by what power and force of intellect some men, weighed down by disease and weakness, are yet enabled to give expression to thought and feelings of highest import which, when read by ordinary minds, strike them with a sense of wonder and awe. It must be owing to the fact that with regard to the poets no ill health, confinement or disease has any power or influence over the imagination, which joined with the creative faculty can transport its votaries beyond the bounds of this world, and enable them to survey the past, the distant and the future. This was the case with Tasso, and no more touching episode occurs in poetic literature than that of the illustrious Italian poet beguiling the solitary hours of his confinement, by the composition of an epic poem which was destined to make his name immortal. In order that genius be complete, that its visions be lasting, that power be gained with the progress of years, there must be sound health and a vigorous constitution. And this is not always associated with the highest development of intellect. But we venture to say that the finest minds are those which the world calls immature, and in many cases the most brilliant exploits of the soldier, the speeches of the statesman, and the songs of the poet have been performed when in the immaturity of their powers. But why is this? Simply because their minds developed early, and the too constant exercise of their mental faculties retarded in some degree the growth of the body. Hence, in many such cases, there are those possessed only of mediocre ability, who, acting in accordance with this law of our physical nature, exhaust themselves in early life, and in their several avocations, it may be law or divinity, occupy in later years, no very prominent place in their professions. But the class of men whom we regard as those of immature genius occupy a higher range of thought, of emotion, than those who live on in inglorious ease, having exhausted themselves of the power to influence or teach mankind. In many minds the seeds of disease are earliest sown, and it is only by the desire of fame and the love of immortality that such characters

as Keats and Henry Kirk White, have been enabled to write their names among the list of those whom the world will not willingly let die. The characteristic qualities of such minds are an intense sensitiveness and sharpened consciousness uttered with a bright and glowing ideality, the whole enclosed in a form of frail and delicate aspect. What Theodore Tilton says of Elizabeth Barrett Browning may be justly said of Keats, Gray and White: they had souls of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl. Although immaturity of genius was evidenced in the writings of some authors, may indicate but little the power which, under favourable circumstances, they might show, still they obey the precepts of a law which is higher than genius, and owing to the peculiar constitution of their mental structure, their ability with every increased effort is constantly on the wane. In the true sense of the term, the class of minds which possess the creative gift of genius, and whom we designate as immature are those who, with great powers of conception and expression, lack that vital stamina and hold of life to enable them to arrive at the full maturity of all their powers. And can there be anything more painful in the history of any individual conscious of high and exalted powers of intellect, than to feel that the beauty of this earth, in all her seasons from blushing spring to hoary winter are but as a passing show, reminding him only of his own changing state, that the glory which he sees around and is at times powerless to describe, is but a faint emblem of that higher glory of the world beyond, to which he is hastening? How well does Bulwer trace in his pleasing essay, "conversations with a student in ill-health," the hopes and aspirations of a high and gifted soul borne down with the weight of disease and sorrow, yet manifesting the highest wisdom and displaying the most brilliant scholarship to the last hour of dissolution. What a touching story is that of poor Keats with his exquisite sensitiveness and love of fame, singing his own death melodies, and rivaling even older bards in the beauty, melody and structure of his verse! Methinks it is not hard to enter into that bond of sympathy with those who feel as Byron says, at times their mind decline, who with the increasing infirmities of disease, it may be the wasting away of the life within know that for them they are daily becoming, even tho' in youth, incapacitated or that labour which was once their joy, that for them the mixed pageant of life shall soon be ended. And is it not hard for those minds conscious of high attainments and desirous of achieving so much in the world of thought, to feel that they are not what they were before, and that the increasing languor of the body only intensifies the ardour of the soul, alas the light, though fitful, is burning rapidly away? And how much harder is it then to part from things made familiar by custom, here even Goethe in his old age, when dying requested the curtains to be drawn that he might look on nature once more. It to such a mind as the great German's the departure of beloved and familiar objects was saddening, how much more so would it be to the young, but glowing mind of genius wasting by disease and pain! To look on things for the last time, the faces of beloved friends and relatives is sad indeed to an ordinary mind, but was much more so to him

who apart from the loss of friends, holds in his heart an intense love of nature, and can describe with eloquence and beauty the lilies of the field, the changing glories of the sky, the splendour of summer noons and nights, the gloomy tempests and storms of winter's dreary days, who also in language graphic and terse like the muse of Byron can describe the inner world of man, the dark passions of the human heart with their varying shades of vice and woe, or who like Pollock can soar away upon angel's wings, and describe the moral scope and laws of God; or like Wordsworth, can behold the light which was here upon the sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream. Pollock who wrote that sublime poem, *The Course of Time*, is one of the brightest names in our poetic literature, and the muse of sacred poetry will always cherish and revere his fame. As an example of immature genius he will ever be held in the highest esteem, and his great work full of sustained thought and noble imagery would not disgrace the muse of Milton. Pollock died of consumption at an early age, and then another name was added to the list of Immature genius. From the first of his years Pollock was destined to a short life, his form was tall, his shoulders narrow, the face sallow, but intellectual, lit by large and lustrous eyes, the head large and finely formed, and it was plainly to be seen from his countenance that consumption had early marked him for its own.

Henry Kirk White is another unfortunate name in our poetic literature, and what he has written is well worthy of his fame. Dying at an early age, he commenced to write when other boys were stumbling through the mysteries of parsing and syntax, but notwithstanding his short career he has left a name of imperishable renown, and his fame wrung from Byron the tribute of a tear, and the verses to the memory of White which appear in his satire are well worthy of his head and heart.

The names of other illustrious spirits might be cited, who in their eagerness to add something to their country's literature, have sacrificed health and strength upon the altar of genius. The most painful history of all is that of the marvellous boy Chatterton, who died young, who wrote his wonderful poem which he would have the world believe was written by a Monk of the 15th Century. Chatterton died by his own hand, when he had barely completed his 17th year. Bruce the young Scottish poet is another name who like Pollock died young, and who wove into undying song the aspirations and hopes of his youth, even to the last hour of life.

In Maurice de Guérin of France, we have another of those melancholy, sensitive and tender spirits, who seem to live long enough to show that their way of life lies not here.

He was one of those mentally impassioned persons, not physically impassioned, the victim of consumption who appeals so profoundly to sympathy; whose lungs material and spiritual seem woven of a texture so gauzy that the common air of life works on it like a corrosive fire, who need the more distilled and aromatic breath of love to sustain and feed them, and who fade away into the one great goal of eternity, with outstretched arms and vain longings.

But the most recent example of immature genius is that of poor David Gray, and his history is the more painful on account of his poverty, and the many disadvantages he had to contend with in making himself known to men of thought and of culture. He was born on the banks of the Luggie, a small stream distant from Glasgow, and which he has now immortalized by his name. Through the means of letters to well known literary men in England, he acquired notice and also some good advice to remain at home and study. But his ardent and impulsive nature would not allow him to remain, so he started for London for the purpose of engaging in a literary life. He had previously written verses for some of the Glasgow papers, and these soon attracted attention. But it was not till his poem of the Luggie was composed, that a few intimate and appreciative spirits began to interest themselves in his early and precocious genius. He lived only long enough to see the proof sheets of the poems he had written which were shown to him before he died. What a mournful and pathetic history is that of this youthful Scottish student, full of ambitious hopes and tearful longings for fame, writing his own epitaph in the dim shadows which death casts around. The very weakness of body and inherent disease with which genius of this kind is sometimes associated, prevents it from fully expanding, and maturing its powers, it can only sing its own death songs, and revel for a short time in those scenes of external beauty, which delight and charm the eye. Alas! in too many cases the casket which enshrines the gem is of such a pure and delicate structure that it is liable with the least movement to be broken. That genius which is immature if it be of the highest and most intense kind, is generally associated with disease of body or mind, as is evidenced in the lives of White and Keats, and one is apt to infer from the history of many unfortunate spirits that the finest and most susceptible minds are earliest subject to decay. The strongest minds are not those who have the most sharpened impressions of external things, it is generally the immature genius of the most intense order, who even lack sometimes the power to describe what they think, feel and see. In many cases however, the most refined sensibility and warm emotion are allied with the highest strength of thought and feeling as was the case with the poet Burns.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play
 Wild send the pleasures devious way
 Wisted by Fancy's meteor ray
 By Passion driven,
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

The hot-bed culture of many of the schools of the present day has a very great tendency to weaken the intellectual powers; but this does not altogether affect the development of true ability except in cases of defective physical health. Genius, which does not ripen and develop, is invariably connected with its heart or some taint and disease in the body. Keats and Gray and others carried with them through their short lives the seeds of early decay, but the languor of the body

failed to depress their aspiring spirits, or diminish the force of their intellectual powers. That quaint writer, the Country Parson, has written a very pleasing essay on the subject of immortality, and under the title of *real* he treats his readers to some very valuable suggestions. The perusal of this essay is worthy the attention of all readers, for its homely truths and practical suggestions are applicable to the personality of every reader.

What Mrs. Browning wrote concerning Cowper's grave may well be applied to those who are cast off in the first flush of fame: "Earth surely now can give her calm to whom she gave her anguish."

DELISSIERISIMS.

PROFESSOR DELISSIER, under this caption, furnishes to the readers of the *QUARTERLY* a few scientific notes, illustrating his own peculiar and astonishing theories in reference to many departments of the Natural and Physical Sciences. On Astronomy, he selects the higher branches, and deals with not only the Solar System, but goes into the stellar heavens, the cometary world, the nebulae theory, and infinitudes of creation. In reference to our Solar System, he says:—"How erroneous is the idea to suppose that the sun is revolving round a central star in the constellation Hercules! Were it doing so, the Planets and their Sa'ellites would be disturbed in their orbital motions, and have a tendency to revolve around the great central attractive body, and thereby leave the sun; for the same power that would attract the sun would also attract each and every body of the Solar System, individually, proportionately and reciprocally, and thereby create a greater secular variation than has been observed to take place among the globes of the Solar System. The more legitimate conclusion would be, that, from the universal law of gravitation, by which all bodies attract each other, the rotatory motion and progressive movement of the sun is reciprocal to that of the planets. Influenced by their mutual perturbations, the circular action of the one being reciprocated in the other, and by the united power of these bodies, an attraction unequal to that of the sun is kept up, the result of which is the progressive movement of that great luminary and its system towards the constellation Hercules, and not an attractive body therein situated."

EARTHQUAKES.

Geognosy, or that particular portion of Geology which relates to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, is a subject that has for centuries baffled the most scientific to account for the peculiar phenomena in

reference to it, as the study is one that is enveloped, as has hitherto been considered, in deep and abstruse mystery. The wide-spread distribution of these occurrences, the awful grandeur of these phenomena, the terrible and fearful energy of the forces in their correlation, which are brought into action, resulting in the most stupendous effects, which have in all ages aroused the fears and terrified the minds, more so of those who have been accustomed to their operation, that, although it has puzzled the scientists, and the most profound of philosophers, is one of the most interesting of natural phenomena. To treat upon this subject, one has to tread out of the beaten track, and diverge from the road usually taken, and seek to arrive at conclusions which will explain, to a considerable extent, the cause of those terrific convulsions of the earth that have, nearly from the time of creation, shaken our globe to almost its very foundation. Many theories, consequently, have been propounded by men of profound knowledge and learning, to account for these terrific earth disturbances, and most ingenious have been many. Some have attributed electricity as the great motive power; some have supposed that these fearful effects are produced from pent-up gases, others from steam generated in the earth from some cause. Many believe in the Igneous and Aqueous theories; some from the re-establishing of equilibrium in the earth from its rotatory motion, and of late from planetary influences. This latter cause seems to be the true origin of not only earth-convulsions, but also all atmospheric commotions; for at no period has terrific earthquakes occurred, without there having been configurations of our planetary orbs. And when we take into consideration the reciprocal influences of all the globes of our Solar System, by their mutual attractions, and bring to bear the recently discovered co-relations of the forces, it cannot otherwise than be clearly observed that the origin of these most terrific of catastrophes that visit our earth are so occasioned; for, in tracing cause to effect and effect to cause, it would appear that there is but a oneness of reciprocated power occasioning all physical and natural disturbances.

The origin of an earthquake or volcanic eruption is that also of storms, hurricanes and cyclones, as well as inundations and tidal waves.

The temperature of the earth, as we descend from its surface to the interior, is well known to increase, and in a ratio as we dig down to certain limits, that would lead to suppose that a molten mass exists within comparatively few miles from the earth's surface. Such a hypothesis may fairly be based upon good reasoning, for we have the evidence of the fact of increasing temperature, without any reason, on the other hand, to question such a supposition; as we have much to show that water exists at a considerable depth, also, in the bowels of the earth, and which, no doubt, from certain unquestionable natural laws, may not cause the igneous existence of this fluid mass so near the surface.

The only true mode of reasoning on a subject like this, is that of the inductive system on the one hand, and taking into account the

natural and universal laws of the co-relation of the forces on the other. By the former method, nature is interrogated by observation, and conclusions arrived at by comparison of a great number of individual instances, which constitute the peculiarity of the Baconian philosophy; and by observation and comparison of numerous facts, we have material for operation, and by the most profound inquiry and close reasoning sound deductions may be arrived at. And we are in a position to derive general conclusions, based on natural causes. By the latter, a oneness of reciprocal action of a universally diffused force, which is co-existent with several that are specially named as co-related, and is one and the same primary element.

One can scarcely go wrong in reasoning on such firm basis, and it is only by such a course we can get possession of facts that will lead to successful results.

It is supposed to be a fact that the moon revolves around the earth, and that the earth revolves around the sun; but, notwithstanding, it is the common centre between the earth and her satellite that revolves around the sun, and that common centre exists at 648 miles interior to the earth's surface; for, as the density of the earth to that of the moon is as 99 is to 68 nearly, and the moon's distance 60 semi-diameters of the earth from the earth, their attractive influences being inversely as the square of their distances, it cannot otherwise than be clear that when the moon arrives at her perigee, that by coming so much nearer the earth than ordinarily, the common centre of gravity, or shall it be said the neutral point between these two bodies, is drawn upwards toward the earth's surface.

There is so much in relation to earthquakes and volcanoes, to prove the existence of water somewhere in the vicinity of where they occur, irrespective of the fact that sea coast situations have been the theatres of the most dreadful ones. It has been observed, too, that the tides generally have been particularly high at the time the earth arrives at its perihelion and aphelion passage; and this bears a striking analogy with the period that elapses between great earthquakes, as they are found to take place periodically, when the moon is in *Zygyzy* and nearest the earth. It is well-known that the moon's perigee and of course apogee revolve, and the line of the apsides also revolves; and as the influences, as far as the lunar orb is concerned, is greatest between the centre of gravity of the two bodies and the surface of the earth, and as the subterranean waters are upwards attracted on the close approach of these bodies, they come in contact with the oxygenizable substances (the basis of the earth, alkalis and metals) and from chemical causes, earthquake is the result.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF DEC. 22, 1870, EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE.

This will be one of the greatest of modern total eclipses of the sun that has taken place; for not only does it occur when the moon is particularly near to the earth, but at a period when the earth is nearest the sun, and also at the time of the winter solstice, the moon likewise occulting the

planet Saturn, the planet Venus on the same day being in configuration with the moon, $1^{\circ} 6'$ south, the moon at the time approaching her conjunction with the planet Mercury, which latter body will be only $1^{\circ} 19'$ south of the moon.

In the opposite part of the heavens, both the planets Jupiter ($1^{\circ} 7'$ north) and the planet Uranus (only $56'$ south) of the moon, at a period when the planet Jupiter is approaching an opposition to the sun, which will take place on the 13th December, exercising a most powerful reciprocal attractive influence on each other, by the combined influences thus exercised by the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Uranus and the Earth, all being nearly in a right line, a configuration that has not taken place for centuries, and which seldom occurs, consequently the effects on the earth will be considerable, creating earthquakes, tidal waves, storms, hurricanes and cyclones. Similar configurations were present at the time of the total eclipse of the 16th August, 1868, when Quito and Callao were destroyed by earthquake and tidal wave; but even then, the influences were somewhat less than they will be on the 22d December next.

The eclipse will begin in the North Atlantic Ocean, the central line moving in a south-easterly direction. Crossing one part of Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, it enters Africa near Oran, and soon afterwards attains its southern limits. The shadow of the moon now moves in a north-easterly direction and leaves Africa, and crossing the Island of Sicily, the south of Turkey, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, disappears.

The penumbra of the moon decreasing rapidly, leaves the earth with the setting sun in Arabia.

The sun will be centrally and totally eclipsed at noon in lat. $36^{\circ} 38'$ north, long. $5^{\circ} 1'$ west, a little to the north-east of Gibraltar, and near the Lisbon coast, creating tidal waves and earthquakes there of great severity, agitating the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

THE "AURORA BOREALIS."

He is rather singular in attributing to this phenomena the disengagement of hydrogen gas from the earth's surface, and by which alone he accounts for its peculiar appearance. He sets forth a hypothesis that upon the configurations of the heavenly spheres occurring, a combined attractive influence is exercised on subterranean waters, which are brought into contact with the basis of many of the earths, alkalies and metals that are known to exist in the earth, such as potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, aluminium, &c., and by these being oxygenizable substances, the water is chemically decomposed, the oxygen uniting with the alkaloids, for which it has affinity, setting free the hydrogen. This latter gas being so very light, is disengaged, and rises with considerable velocity, causing the corruscating appearances that we observe, and that the freed hydrogen is again formed into water by uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere by means of electrical currents above.

☞ By this theory, may the heavy rains in Virginia a few weeks ago not have been occasioned by the effects of the beautiful aurora that was observed here a few nights before, as the wind blew from a quarter that would have taken the clouds over in the direction of Virginia?

FRANCOIS DE BIENVILLE.*

By J. M. LEMOINE, Quebec.

Pensez-vous quelquefois à ces temps glorieux,
 Où seuls, abandonnés par la France leur mere,
 Nos ayeux défendaient son nom infortuné,
 Et voyaient devant eux fuir l'armée étrangère.
 Regrettez-vous encore ces jours de Carillon,
 Où, sur le drapeau lilane attachant la victoire,
 Nos pères se couvraient d'un immortel nom,
 Et traçaient de leur glaive une héroïque histoire.

(Le Drapeau de Carillon.)

O. CREMAZIE.

More than once, the fascinating elf of romance has become the handmaid of history, lighting up with her magical rays and investing with all her nameless graces, the prosy records of the past.

The memorable example of the author of *Waverley*, was sure to call forth in every country, devoted disciples—most earnest followers.

Our own land, full of literary promise, if not of mature fruits, had its own stirring chronicles—teeming with the warlike deeds of a “far-reaching ancestry,” redolent with forest scenes and Indian warfare, thanks to Messrs. (1) Chauveau, (2) DeGaspé, and (3) Taché, to M^{lle} (4) Leprohon, to M. (5) DeBoucherville, to (6) Nap. Bourassa and others; but the historical novel, such as understood by Sir Walter, this did not yet exist. Undoubtedly the French element in Canada had achieved much in literature and progress since the emancipation of the colonial mind by the new constitution—which in 1841 gave us Responsible Government, but much still remained and still remains to be done.

Thanks to Mr. Joseph Marmette, whose name possibly strikes many an English ear for the first time in the field of literature, the historical novel in its most attractive form and highest aspirations has at present amongst us a “habitation and a name.”

It would be a bad service to render a youthful writer, to whom Providence let us hope, may yet grant a long literary career, to lavish at once unbounded praise on this his first literary attempt of any magnitude; this we shall avoid and allow his undoubted talent to mature to its fullest extent.

(1) *Charles Guerin*, by P. J. O. Chauveau.(2) *The Canadians of Old*, by P. A. DeGaspé.(3) *Trois Legendes de mon pays. Forestiers et Voyageurs*, by T. C. Taché.(4) *Ida Beresford. Florence Fitz Hardinge. Eva Huntingdon. Clarence Fitz-Clarence. Eveleen O'Donnell. The Manor House of De Villeraï. Antoinette De Mirecourt*, by Mrs. R. E. Leprohon.(5) *Une de Perdue deux de trouvies*, by DeBoucherville.(6) *Jacques et Marie, souvenirs d'un peuple dispersé*, by N. Bourassa.* FRANCOIS DE BIENVILLE; *Scenes de la Vie Canadienne au XVII^e Siecle*; Par Jos. MARMETTE; QUEBEC: Leger Brousseau, 1870, 300 pages.

The early times of Canada abound with incidents of the most dramatic interest,—inexhaustible stores of materials for the novelist.

“The French Dominiqu is a memory of the past,” says Parkman, “and when we wake its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise: again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky; such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil.”

In the brightest zone of this dazzling horizon, under the quasi-regal sway of the proud Count of Frontenac in 1690, are located the incidents and scenes which constitute the historical novel *Francois de Bienville*,—the hero, one of the illustrious brothers of Baron de Longueuil. It is truly a tale of old Quebec.

The whole of the siege operations in 1690, such as narrated by eye witnesses, Major Whalley—*Merc Juchereau de St. Ignace* and contemporary writers LaPottarie—LaHontan—Charlevoix and others, closing in with the glorious deaths of the two brothers Ste. Helene et de Bienville and lighted up by the sweet face of Marie Louise d'Orsy and some secondary actors to complete the *mise en scene* such is the plot of the novel.

Louise d'Orsy is the daughter of a French nobleman, who, on his passage from Old to New France, in 1689, was with his lovely daughter and his brave son taken prisoners of war, and carried to Boston—where the father lingers and dies, leaving his children to shift for themselves. Louis the son being a good swordsman, teaches the Boston youths of the day the *arme blanche*, and M'lle. d'Orsy, to stave off want, gives lessons in drawing and embroidery. Amongst the pupils of Louis, there is a proud and revengeful young English officer, named Harthing—who falls in love with and eventually proposes for the high-born French girl. She scorns the offer with *hauteur*, alleging that she considers the English as the murderers of her parent. “I never will marry one of that nation.” He vows revenge on brother and sister—shortly they leave Boston for Quebec.

The following year Lieut. Harthing accompanies Sir William Phips's fleet. His pride spurring on his deadly revenge, induces him to connect himself with a fierce Iroquois chief, Wolf Fang, who had previously been a prisoner of war in the *chateau St. Louis*, wherefrom he was released through the secret machination of an avaricious publican

named Jean Boisdon. Harthing is the bearer of the flag of truce sent by Phips to Frontenac, and whom Frontenac ordered to be blind-folded before being admitted to deliver Phips's arrogant message about the surrender of Quebec. It is unnecessary to state that all here is strictly historical—all except the secret visits of Lieut. Harthing and his friend, the Iroquois chief Wolf Fang. Every detail of the siege, including the bombardment of the city—the engagement of the English under Major Walley and repulse at the Beauport Flats, is most vividly depicted; the costumes of the French officer—French soldier—French peasant of 1690—even to the wines served and dishes partaken of, at camp or in the *Chateau*—every little incident is well portrayed and authority quoted in most every case. The novelist seems to have drawn copiously from that great source of antiquarian lore, Monteil—Amans Alexis Monteil—the historian of the French people from the 13th to the 17th Century. M. Marmette could not have selected, in the whole history of the Colony, a more glorious era for the supremacy of the Gallic Lily than that of Frontenac—the epoch which saw Sir William Phips's proud fleet of fifty-five ships of all sizes repulsed before Quebec. He has given to the *Chateau* all the dark tracings peculiar to the times—the rancorous feelings of the Briton and the Gaul carried from across the sea. The tale concludes by the tragic death of Bienville near Montreal, whilst the dread portals of the Hotel Dieu Couvent close over the unhappy and devoted Louise who becomes a cloistered nun, to accomplish the vow made to heaven during the siege.

THE WRECK OF THE WHITE BEAR.*

IN the two elegant volumes bearing the above title, just issued from the press of John Lovell, of Montreal, a most creditable and valuable addition to the literature of Canada is made. The story, if story it can be called—it is written in the form of an autobiography, and savors more strongly of reality, in most of the incidents employed, than it does of mythical imagery—abounds in many fine passages. There is an elegance of diction throughout quite beyond the common; and whether we are reading a description of some romantic spot, endeared to the author by those strong ties of affection nearly every one has felt at some time or another in life, and in which word-painting may be used to advantage, or in the blocking out of some character destined to shine in prominence in her pages further on in the narrative, the same powerful hold of author over reader is noticed. We

* "THE WRECK OF THE WHITE BEAR, EAST INDIAMAN:" by MRS. ELLEN ROSS. Montreal, John Lovell.

read on; page after page is turned, and our interest is still unabated. The desire to read further is in nowise lessened, and a feeling of sorrow gains ground as the end is reached. This power which some authors retain is rare, and it is only the possessor of a great mind who can control and use it at will and pleasure. Without being what is termed *sensational*, Mrs. Ross is a writer of the more exalted school of literature. In her works the trashy element is entirely excluded. We admire this particularly in story writing; for it is in that peculiar channel where the imagination has full play, and one is invariably tempted, when occasion offers, to play upon the unstrung nerves of the easily excited reader. Mrs. Ross succeeds in being interesting; her English is good, and her character drawing is excellent. To be sure, one or two personages might be deemed perhaps a little too extravagant; but this is admissible. No one is wholly perfect. There is enough left to place the author's name high up on the list of novelists of this century. We do not say of Canada alone. The laurel from other lands might be gained with little exertion.

Comparisons have been rightly deemed odious, and in fact they are mostly out of place; but in justice to the author we would say that the readers of "Violet Keith" have in the "Wreck of the White Bear" a book of far superior workmanship, in no matter what way the two may be classed, either in artistic excellence or dramatic effect.

The "Wreck of the White Bear" boasts of some plot, its *dramatic personæ* take a wider and broader range, and there is less of the weak, namby-pamby element than is to be found in the sister volume, "Violet Keith." We do not write thus to send home a shaft at Mrs. Ross's first book. We do it to let our readers know that a splendid story awaits them—a true story of real life, and one of far superior attainments and character than it is—in the book just given to the world on finely tinted paper.

We have said Mrs. Ross is a skilful draughtier of character. To substantiate that assertion, it is only necessary to refer to the fine portrait of Innes—sweet little Innes, maidenly Innes, and lastly, womanly Innes. This is the heroine of the story, and the reader falls in love with her before the first three chapters are read. There is so much to admire and appreciate in her every action, and her sorrows and the cruel treatment she experiences at the hands of her scoundrelly guardians, are all calculated to inspire one with no very amiable feelings towards the authors of their pet's troubles. When she emerges from the rough dangers which here and there beset her path, a new emotion is wrought in the follower of her fortunes, and he smiles with inward satisfaction as the end is demonstrated in precisely the same manner as he would wish. Dominic Sampson—good, noble Dominic, poor but generous in his poverty—and Katie are two fine, rich characters. One breathes freer in their company, and a new vein of thought rises to the mind as they appear on the camera. Mrs. Ross is happy in her delineation of the villain, Capt. Young, and the heartless young scamp, Tom, as she unquestionably is when engaged in depicting her more agreeable children of romance.

The book abounds in many striking points, and the few personages the

author employs play their parts exceedingly well, and in good taste throughout.

We do not propose giving even an outline of the plot. Our lady readers would never forgive us were we even to hint that Innes ever married Dominic Sampson, so we wont say a word about that; but we will say, there is a plot in the book, and that plot should be unravelled by as many of our readers as enjoy the perusal of a clever, well put together and true story. The time spent will not be altogether thrown away. One feels better pleased with mankind and the world and all that in it is, when the perusal of this work is completed. A certain air of serenity and goodness pervades its entire contents, and for that reason, if for no other more forcible one, it should be read.

In her description of "Elfin Kirk," the author is really brilliant and effective. In this rude, romantic region, the scene of two terrible events, the craggy sepulture, the returned father sat with his darling Innes and heard her childish account of the sufferings and the hardships she had undergone during his absence from her side, with boiling rage and subdued emotion. That night they were to depart from that wicked place forever. The moon shone bright and full, and in the stillness of the hour, with no sound save their own voices to break the grandeur and silent monotony of the place, the youthful ears drank in, in sweet draughts, her father's eager plans for the future. There all was quietness. Says the author thus charmingly:

"We both sat silent for a few moments: what my father's thoughts were I could not divine. My own were all sunshine; my path on the uplands, over daisied hillock and mossy fell, the warm air all around, with springs of crystal water giving back hill and dale in their clearness, no cloud in the sky, gold and grey in the east, purple and crimson in the west; the companion of my life, one whose love was my earliest dream, with whom I was about to visit the classic ground of Europe, where martyrs bled and heroes fell; I was to be led by one whose mind was rich in storied lore; the galleries of the Continent, where rest the glorious works in sculpture and painting of the masters who are, as well as of those who have passed away, were all to be opened to my gaze; my ear, so keenly alive to the luxury of sweet sound, was to listen to the strains of Gottschaff and Blumenthal in the music halls of their own land."

By some strange and unaccountable infatuation, the father rose and went to gather a bunch of daisies for his little one. His death is thus graphically given:

"He went towards the edge of the cliff, picked a few daisies which he held up for me to see, and again stooped down in search of others; the moon entered a cloud, her light a little shaded at first, and then very dark, the shadow resting on the top of the cliff. I looked up to the sky; she had a little way to go ere she would again emerge from the cloud into the grey, clear azure. What is that?—I started to my feet in dread unutterable. A human voice—a single cry in agony of soul—a heavy body falling, falling, over the jagged rocks! The table land is as light as day. Merciful God! my father is nowhere to be seen!—he has fallen hundreds of feet over those dread rocks into the terrible abyss of Elfin Kirk!"

With the dreadful fate of her father, went out all the hope which cheered her drooping heart and eased her patient suffering. The other portions are strikingly beautiful. The work is highly commendable in

svery particular. Its get-up is in admirable taste, and its circulation ehould be very large.

In this connection, we might announce that Mrs. Ross is actively preparing for the press a work of great magnitude, entitled "The Red Man." It will consist of several Indian legends and sketches of considerable historic interest to the student of Canadian annals. A new feature in it will be the chromo-lithographic illustrations which will grace the coming volume. These have all been made from personal sketches by the author, herself. When issued, "The Red Man" should command a ready sale.

A LEISURE HOUR WITH THE SERIALS.

The magazines are of an unusually brilliant character for the present month. There are so many really good things and so very little of that species of serial composition called *padding* in the various publications upon our table, that considerable difficulty is experienced in reading each individual monthly entirely through. A mere "dip" into, or partial skimming of the papers, in prose and verse, has been, to some extent, the utmost that our time would permit us to give to them.

The ATLANTIC continues to lead in the more exalted school of literature. Its contents embrace a wide scope, and no uncertain sound is uttered in any one of the articles which fills its pages. "Our Israelitish Brethren," by James Parton, is a companion paper to the one lately published by the same author in the *Atlantic*, entitled "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," and like that article, it is deserving of much attention and consideration. This sketch is written in the author's best vein and the large amount of valuable information disseminated anent our friends, the Jews, is particularly pertinent at this time. Mr. Parton's description of the Jewish sabbath is effectively rendered, and as he justly says, the manner in which their sabbath is kept by themselves, should put to the blush their christian neighbours. A good deal of wholesome truth is told in an easy gossipy way which adds doubly to the interest of the paper. Mr. Bayard Taylor furnishes the tenth part of "Joseph and his friend." This story is now rapidly drawing to a close. The interest which shone out so prominently in the first chapters has been entirely preserved throughout, and some regret will be felt when the author bids his readers adieu. "Irony," by F. H. Hedge, is a good thing in its way, but nothing new is developed. "A Virginian in New England thirty-five years ago," will have many readers. It is written in the form of a diary and its quaint but withal elegant diction, is charming in the extreme. In the sketch "Four months with Charles Dickens," a peep into that great novelist's

life is given. At this time it is refreshing reading, and the writer is evidently one who knows well the author of the immortal "Pickwick." Beyond a little ruggedness of style "A German Landlady," is very readable; but on the whole it is commonplace to say the least. That indefatigable magazinist, Justin McCarthy, "comes out" in this No. of the *Atlantic*, and he discourses tersely and racily about "Some English Workmen." Reviews and Literary Notices complete the October number of this serial.

EVERY SATURDAY, from the same office, is the handsomest weekly pictorial published in America. Its war pictures, maps and letter-press are the admiration of everybody who has seen a copy of this paper. The editorials are original and able while the selections from magazines abroad give an *epitome* of what is going on in the other literary world beyond the seas. We confess, in common with many others, we deemed the converting of our favourite Boston weekly into an illustrated periodical, an unwise step. We are happy to be able to say that we were wrong and week after week evidence to that effect manifests itself in the choice and graphic engravings which are given in great and generous profusion. Fields, Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston.

OLD AND NEW for October—Mr. Hale's Monthly—grows more clever as it increases in age and in this respect it resembles what our anti-tetotal friends term "good wine." There is always a pleasant bit of good verse in this publication, and as for the shorter order of papers, *Old and New* has become quite famous for those pithy, epigrammatic pieces which monthly appear in its pages. *Rain after Drought* is a fine poem. It opens thus:

"A few short hours ago, and all the land
Lay, as in fever, faint and parched with drought;
And so had lain, while many a weary day
I dragged the long horror of its minutes out.

The juiceless fruits fell from the dusty trees;
The farmer doubted if the Lord was good,
As sad, he watched the labour of his hands,
Made useless by the Day-god's fiery mood."

Mr. Hale's own story and one that has given much satisfaction and pleasure to his younger friends, "John Whopper the Newsboy," is concluded. So is "She Writes," a story about which we can say but little. Fred. W. Loring—a young writer of great promise, and one who has already made his mark as a poet of much brilliancy and imagination—has a short sketch in prose which he calls "Two Song and Dance Men." It is lively and amusing and gives further proof of the versatility and literary excellence of Mr. Loring, who, if we mistake not, was at one time senior editor of the *Harvard Advocate*—a college paper. "Nancy in Lorraine," by C. H. Gates, will be read extensively by those who seek information during the progress of the present unhappy war between France and Prussia. "The Examiner"

and "Record of Progress" are the departments of *Old and New* that never go unread and those in this issue are as good and clever as ever. Roberts Bros., of Boston, now print this Magazine for its editor, Rev. E. E. Hale.

PUTNAM for October. This is the last time that we shall notice *Putnam* as *Putnam*. In a month from now, it joins issue with Scribner's *Monthly* and then, under the latter name, with Dr. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) as chief editor, it will be sent out with illustrations. The new monthly is making great exertions to be the foremost magazine in the United States, and we hope, some at least, of those efforts will be crowned with the success they deserve. The present No. of *Putnam* has a number of good, readable papers chief among which is "Shakspeare in Germany of To-day." This treatise is exhaustive and possesses a certain degree of profundity beyond the common. The student will find much to admire in "The antiquity of Celtic Literature," and the lovers of romance will be delighted with the tit-bit—"A new story of Gen. Putnam"—*Old Put* of the heroic days of '76. In the "True causes of the Prussian-French War," some important facts are developed. The paper is strongly ultra Prussia or rather German in its tone, therefore but one side appears to advantage. The editorial notes shew ability, as do the "Literature at home" and "Literature abroad" departments. Published by G. P. Putnam & Son, New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, elegantly printed and a capital exemplar of American enterprise and good taste, is distinguished in its October number for the short and terse character of its contents. The lively and crisp essay, and short and interesting story, predominate, while the poetry is far above the average magazine verse. "Forbidden" is a perfect little gem, and the simple love story in verse, entitled "Marie," is gracefully told. "The Great Monopoly" professes to be a history of the workings of the Telegraphic system in the United States, from 1848 to this present day. It is interesting—such sketches usually are; but it reads more like an advertisement for the Western Union Telegraph Co. However, that takes none of the interest from the paper. "Prussia, the German Nation," is a gossipy account of this great State, and a considerable dip into internal affairs is made. We learn from this paper that the prominent generals, whose valour and great strategy are distinguished in the war of the first and of the second Empire of France, were not Prussians but Mecklenburgers. Lebrecht von Blücher, famous for his last grand charge at Waterloo against the warrior Napoleon Bonaparte, and Baron von Moltke, the hero of Sadowa, the "silent strategist," and to whose great mind Prussia owes so much in the present war between that country and France, are the two prominent names. The former was once offended by grim Frederick the Great. He never forgave his king, but instantly left his company and his captaincy. His re-entrance into the army of Prussia was not until the blunt old soldier's life had fled. Other renowned

authors of catapaigns and military systems, such as Gueisenau, who was a Saxon, and Sehornhorst, a Hanoverian, are well sketched. The writer of this paper marks out a brilliant position for Germany in the future, and to attain that proud pinnacle of fame, one language and only one must be spoken throughout the Confederation, from the Baltic to the Adriatic. He also becomes solicitous for the welfare of the coming German child, and expresses the devout wish that it may never "sink into the unfathomable abyss of practical *Unzusammengehorigkeit*," whatever that is. There is a good deal of sound sense in what is written in the above essay. "On the English Hustings" is a history of the electoral machine of England. We are told how the people vote, how nominations are secured and made, and much else that is interesting, by some one who evidently understands how such things are managed in the Mother Country. "The Ghost of Ten Broek van der Heyden" is a story very well told and very amusing. So is "Blood will tell." Much else of a readable description is to be found in the pages of Lippincott. The number concludes with a budget of well-told gossip of the month, and notices of new books. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

"The Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly" is rapidly growing into public favour. Over twenty different prose productions, some of them illustrated, besides poetry, editorial items and literary notices, appear in the issue for October. Of course there is a paper on the event of the hour—the war in Europe. No magazine may be said to be complete without an article on that subject. The one in the Journal is strongly Prussian in sentiment, and is entitled "The Franco-Prussian War." "Nature's Worship," by the Quaker bard, Whittier, is a true and elegant poem. It abounds in fine, glowing, poetic fervor, and the lines are bold and real. "Yale Sketches" are continued. These are interesting principally to a student of old Yale College; beyond this they possess little attractiveness. Dr. Caldwell continues his admirable disquisition on "Physical Education." This is illustrated, and the engravings add more or less to the interest of the paper. "The Generals of the war in Europe," with illustrations, are biographical sketches of the leaders of battles. There are some short stories and sketches in this number of the *Phrenological*, and to these and the other contents noticed here, we would direct the attention of those of our readers who desire a first-class monthly. Fowler & Wells, New York.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October opens with a fine paper on "The Young Men's Christian Association." It is full of interesting information and will well repay the reader for the time spent in perusing it. To a young man the article may be of incalculable benefit. The numberless deeds of mercy which the association has done, from time to time, are known the wide world over. Their charities are untold and their kind acts to those requiring aid and succour are every-day occurrences. "Frederick the Great"—a beautifully written account

of the stern old monarch and his court—is continued and new scenes are introduced to the reader. “The Detective” is a story. The writer vouches for the truth and correctness of the statement he therein makes. “The Detective” is interesting and at times quite dramatic for a short story. The late William Gilmore Simms—a celebrated American novelist who died some months ago—furnishes a short, humorous story which he calls “How Sharp Snaffles got his capital and wife.” There are many clever hits scattered throughout and some of them are very funny indeed. The way Sam got even with the old “Squire” is good and will provoke something more demonstrative than a mere smile. This is probably the last story written by the late author. It is therefore valuable on that account apart from the interesting nature of the story itself. “Literary Forgeries” should be read largely by those singular but misguided beings who contemplate writing for the press. There is much to avoid and considerable for them to learn from a perusal of it. “The Faun of Praxiteles” is a fair poem, containing some good points. It is rather too ancient in idea to be much read by the masses; but those who read it will be amply remunerated for their trouble. “Madame Mère” is a clever and powerful biographical sketch of this celebrated woman to whom France is so much indebted. The editor’s various departments in *Harper* are unusually terse, epigrammatic and humorous. Harper & Bro., New York.

THE CANADA BOOKSELLER for September is an excellent issue. The various articles are well written and display considerable tact, while the bulletin of English, American and foreign publications is of much value to both the reader and the bookseller. This quarterly journal is a thing new to Canada and we hope that it is gaining the support it so richly deserves. It is beautifully printed on fine paper by the proprietors, Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto.

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLER’S GUIDE is in many respects similar to the above, only it is got up on a much more elaborate scale and its news department from different parts of the world is very full. Some attention is given to new music, and a regular list of such literature is given every month. There are several attractions about the *Guide* and every number displays some mark of improvement. The American News Co. of New York issue this publication.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Capt. Mayne Reid, who was ill a short time ago, is now restored to health. He is about commencing a new series of juvenile books.

Henry Ward Beecher’s long promised *Life of Christ* is nearly ready at last. It will be published, beyond doubt, this fall.

The “Lothair Necktie” has just come out.

Poor Mark Lemon, late editor of *Punch*, shared the fate common to authors. He died poor and his family are said to be suffering. A life policy for some £6,000 is held by his creditors.

"Fanny Fern"—the author of the crisp "Ginger Snaps," says that she has no intention of closing her literary career this year, as certain widely circulated newspaper paragraphs would have the public believe. She concludes her denial of the charge thus characteristically: "Being a woman, I have no intention of stopping till I get through."

On dits that Lord Lytton and Disraeli are actively engaged on a new novel apiece, are in circulation.

"English Society" is the name of a threatened new magazine in London, and the "Rectangular Review" of the same city has just made its first appearance. It is well spoken of.

J. M. LeMoine's "Sword of Gen. Richard Montgomery," has just been published. It is dedicated to the popular author of "The Pioneers of New France,"—Francis Parkman. This little *brochure* is full of annalistic lore and handled in M. LeMoine's best and most graceful style. The famous sword is now in the market and can be purchased by curiosity hunters.

Algernon Swinburne's *Bothwell* is nearly ready for the press. Its author is busily working at it and beating it into shape.

Max Schenckenburger—a very poetical and literary name by the way—is the gentleman who composed the eminently popular German war ballad, "The watch on the Rhine."

Mark Twain's "Innocent's Abroad" is issued in at least a dozen different styles, so the admirers of this inimitable humorist will have no lack of volumes from which to make their choice. The cloth edition by Hotten of England is the finest one we have yet seen. This sells at a dollar and the whole journey is served up in two volumes. "The Innocent's Abroad," (the voyage out) being the first book, and the concluding one of the series is called "The New Pilgrim's Progress." An issue at 1s. stg. is also published but this is very much abridged. In Canada we are promised an edition, complete, on paper for 30 cents.

"The Atlantic Almanac" for 1871 is to be a magnificent affair, and this time eclipse all the former efforts of the proprietors in issuing a fine and beautiful annual.

Prof. DeMill, author of "The Dodge Club" and the juvenile "B.

O. W. C.," has just dashed off a companion volume, entitled "The boys of Grand Prè School."

Fields, Osgood & Co. have issued, so far as written before death robbed us of the great author, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and a few short papers besides, including Mr. Dickens' will, which is a creditable contribution to our literature itself.

A complete hand-book on "Elocution," by Richard Lewis, is shortly to appear from the press of Adam, Stevenson & Co., of Toronto. The work is highly spoken of, and its use by ministers, lawyers, orators, and others in that peculiar walk of life, is recommended.

Another Canadian book is announced—"Outlines of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy," by Prof. Murray, of Queen's College, Kingston. Considerable merit is awarded to it. Dr. McCosh writes an introductory chapter for it.

"Lothair" has run through six editions, and still its popularity is something immense.

Jean Ingelow's admirers, and they are legion, will be delighted to hear that she has completed a new poem, and that the manuscript is now in the hands of her Boston publishers.

Chas. Dickens' speeches, "every page of which reads like a page of Pickwick," says a London reviewer, have just seen the honour of types in a neat little volume, published by Hotten, of London. They should command a ready and prompt sale.

A Canadian weekly—one of a decidedly literary aspect—is now industriously advocated. A lady a short time ago had it in contemplation to start a similar serial in Montreal; but through some means the enterprise never came to anything.

The "Kurirositi Kabinet" is the latest New York monthly paper. It is devoted to the progress of philately, and the sale of white beans and rare pieces of card-board. It is neatly printed on rich, toned paper.

Mrs. Ellen Ross is the first author in Canada who used the tinted paper. Her book, "The Wreck of the White Bear," is printed on this paper, and it was with much difficulty that she succeeded in getting the manufacturer to make the paper for her in the manner she desired. He was under the impression that it would not pay; but by this time he probably knows better.