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Stewart's Quarterly

JANUARY.


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STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1872.

No. 4.

VALEDICTORY.

It is with a heavy heart that we, this morning, seat ourselves in the editorial chair to write this valedictory—this last chat with our readers. No one who has not passed through the ordeal can in the least degree realize the painfulness of the situation. The parting of old friends is always associated with everything that is gloomy and sorrowful. We tearfully, and with a full heart wring the hand again and again of the departing one, who leaves our side, who leaves the home of his early youth, perhaps forever, to mingle his future prospects and life in another clime. Oh there is nothing so sad as the parting hour, "parting is such sweet sorrow." We confess freely that we *feel* every word we put on paper; the "melting mood" is assuredly upon us and were dear, honest Thackeray alive now we could almost fancy how he would turn his satirical head to one side and mutter over his shoulder, "that chap's water-works are going it again." Yes, dear readers, pardon our sorrow, we are oppressed this morning.

It is only meet that in taking leave of our patrons and in ceasing our connection with a journal that has afforded us so much pleasure and delight, we should have a few words at parting. Five long years have passed out of sight since, on a very cold and unpleasant day in March, 1867, the first number of STEWART'S QUARTERLY opened its literary eyes in St. John. It contained only forty pages then and as a mere bantling the "indulgent public" received it and took it home to laugh over its little pretensions and foibles and criticise its shortcomings with leniency and good-natured forbearance. The press too, in its generosity, gave the little stranger a welcome, cheery and hearty. The editor's vanity was flattered, and no doubt he imagined his periodical would ere long attain the proud eminence of a "Blackwood," and shortly become the "Edinburgh Review" of Canada. Sanguine friends who read only the notices of the press and had never seen the magazine, hinted as much, and the pleased editor cordially agreed with them. But those happy days, in the spring time of our life, in the "bright lexicon of youth," as Bulwer hath it, are all far into the past and are only awakened from the closed-up tomb by retrospective thoughts which are not always the pleasantest things one may think about. Old memories have their gloomy pictures as well as their

golden chromos and delicate etchings, and perhaps, it is better we should leave the old days to themselves. The charred coal, the dead embers in last winter's grate when poked produce a frightful amount of dust.

In that first volume a *coterie* of contributors was formed whose productions have since illumined the pages of many standard serials in the old world and the new. And volume second, as the magazine increased in popularity, contained the best papers, poems and stories of the prominent *literati* of Canada. Well known authors, high up in the literary firmament threw off well-digested and happily-conceived articles which at the time of their publication attracted much and well-deserved attention. Volumes third, fourth and fifth were equally happy in their contributors. Mr. Harvey's fine, glowing papers on Newfoundland at once brought that misknown Island into prominence and the *London Times*, *Saturday Review*, *Edinburgh Scotsman*, *New York Tribune*, *Herald and World*, and the *Boston Advertiser*, *Journal*, *Traveler and Transcript* and other powerful movers of public opinion in our own country and in the neighbouring Republic, copied the major portion of the papers as they came out and paid well-merited praise on the popular author of "Lectures; Literary and Biographical." Prof. Lyall's trenchant and poetical criticisms on English Literature too, were much admired, appreciated by scholars and literary men and commented on favourably by the press of both hemispheres. Mr. Bennet's pleasant poems and thoughtful and original essays induced a Philadelphia paper of high standing to propound the query, "Who is James Bennet?" His "Phrenology of Churches," "Petofi," the celebrated Magyar lyrical singer, the "Old Year" and the beautiful lines "Waiting" have all won for the author of "The Wisdom of the King," a host of readers of the better class. Dr. Clark's wonderful sketches of character in "Pen Photographs," shortly to be published in book-form at the request of numerous readers, brought forth *critiques* from Reviews of the highest caste and culture. The last of the series, on Ecclefechan's philosopher, Carlyle, we publish in this issue. Mr. Venning, (the "old angler") in his fishing and sporting sketches has awakened in the hearts of the sportsmen of the Dominion and of the United States admiration for old Izaak's "gentle art," and appreciation for the *mental pabulum* which this talented sketch writer has served up. Lengthy quotations from Mr. Venning's papers were freely made and the *New York Round Table* published them almost wholly. Mr. Dole's graceful sonnets, elegant translations from the French, Greek and Latin Bards and pictorial essays under the *nom de plume* of "Lalius," have been admired and read by thousands. His criticism on Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi" was pronounced by the *London Daily News* to be the best American review that had appeared of this volume on the Heroic Poets. "It is polished and terse withal," said this able journal. "Euylla Allyne's" fragments and neat and original sonnets have received notice from almost every journal of importance in Canada besides those of other countries. This author's productions have ever been warmly welcomed in Mr. Hale's capital monthly "Old and New," of Boston; W. C. Bryant's "Library of

Poetry and Song" and the old "Knickerbocker" long since gathered to its fathers, contained the poems and prose writings of this gifted writer when in the hey-day of his youth, when his heart was young and his soul was aspiring, when he sought to earn a name in Parnassian flights. Carroll Ryan's charming paper on "Waifs" and his touching poem "The Convent Porter" attained great celebrity at the time of their publication. The latter was copied into three hundred different papers. Mr. Ryan's volume of poems "Songs of a Wanderer" has passed into two or more editions and is almost the only Canadian book that did not impoverish the author by its issue. Mr. Chas. Sangster's sweet gems of poesy have from time to time enriched our pages. "The Greater Sphinx" received the honour of types in "Public Opinion" and that journal warmly advocated the publication of fugitive poetry in one or more volumes and cited this poem of Mr. Sangster,—the author of "Hesperus" and "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," two books of great and unqualified merit, as a worthy "specimen brick." Mr. John Reade's translations, which caused Mr. Matthew Arnold to write him a letter full of praise and appreciation, have always held a high rank in literature. The Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, the lamented author, poet, orator and statesman, wrote his last paper for the QUARTERLY but a few days before he sank beneath the cruel dastardly blow of the ruthless assassin. "The City of Colleges," a brilliant paper on the great seat of learning, Oxford, was Mr. McGee's last literary effort and it does him honour. Mr. Chas. Hallock, now on the staff of Harper's Monthly and Weekly, and a magazine writer of much ability and renown, wrote for us his pleasant little story "The Paper of Century." Mr. E. G. Nelson's short stories have been noticed particularly for their freshness, originality and graphic delineation of character. "A Courtship by Proxy," "A Swim for a Bride" and "Uncle John's Story," have each had their day, their prominence and their notoriety, while Mr. Nelson's short poems have cheered many a lonely hearthstone in hours of affliction and of sorrow. Mr. Bourinot's paper on Cape Breton provoked considerable enquiry and capitalists entered largely into the mining speculations mentioned in the theme. Mr. B.'s lighter contributions in the way of short stories have always "taken" well and elicited remark. Mr. Wm. Murdoch, the author of the coming volume of poems and songs of Scotland, has given us at sundry times a few golden drops from his pen. "The Lassie I Ken," a love idyl, is very pretty and musical, while "My Wife" has the true ring about it. Mr. Elder's papers have always been distinguished by rare metaphysic culture and profundity of thought. "Two or three authors of our own," "A Metaphysician of our own," and several other articles from him have rarely been excelled in a literary journal. Mr. J. V. Ellis's very polished "Query Concerning Truth" and "The Colonial Press," have received the highest commendation both on account of their richness of diction and comprehensive originality. Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland, created a sensation with his paper on Spain and provoked considerable comment in press and literary circles. His "Thackeray" also was the

recipient of much attention. Evan MacColl, the Gaelic Bard—a second “Ossian”—has at intervals given our readers the fruits of his muse and at one time baffled the most astute and most classic of our subscribers with a touching war song in true gaelic—Auld Scotia’s mother tongue. Alex. McLachlan, the modern Burns as his admirers term him, found a hearing beneath the covers of the QUARTERLY. Mr. J. L. Stewart under the name of “Lyndon” has written for us much of a quiet, satirical vein. His disquisitions have been noted for their piquancy and pointedness. Mr. J. M. LeMoine’s historical pieces would make another happy series of “Maple Leaves.” Andrew Archer’s able criticism on “The Bard of Avon” and “The Wizard of the North,” are two papers highly creditable to the author and take their place beside the kindred and more amplified but not more terse works of Shelton MacKenzie, Lockhart, and Grant White. Besides these writers of known ability whose best thoughts have been given to the public through this magazine, our staff embraces the names of A. R. Garvie, (author of the “Reverie,”) T. Chalmers Garvie, Gilbert Murdoch, J. E. B. MacCreedy, A. W. McKay, Prof. J. R. Cameron, “Diana,” A. McDonnell Dawson, W. A. Calnek, Rev. Geo. J. Caie, S. Irene Elder, I. Allen Jack, E. Peiler, “Clifton,” Rev. M. Swabey, W. Small, J. C. Morazain, Beatrice Jones, Mary A. McIver, James Fowler, J. R. Macshane, J. Woodrow, Prof. J. W. Gray, Robt. Murray, Rev. G. M. W. Carey, A. A. Stockton, Geo. Coventry, Jessie MacKay, M. A. S. Massman, M. J. Currie, “Hannibal Hatblock,” “Ben Zole,” Silas Alward, Capt. Shea, of Newfoundland, Henry F. Perley, Dr. Allison, W. F. Whiteway, and many others.

We thank most heartily those ladies and gentlemen who have so largely assisted in making the QUARTERLY what it is. It is altogether through their generous exertions that this periodical occupies its present high and enviable position. During the five years of our editorial control over its pages, we have ever striven to exclude from insertion everything of an objectionable nature, either in sentiment, politics or religion. Side by side clergymen of the Protestant and Roman Catholic persuasions have disseminated their thoughts broadcast; but the ideas promulgated by these gentlemen were invariably shorn of doctrinal teachings. Stories which did not “point a moral” had place in our waste-paper basket, and political papers, unless on a broad, non-sectional basis, shared the same fate. Senators and ministers of the Crown have more than once had their papers returned them and refused insertion in the QUARTERLY, because we could not lend ourselves, in justice to what is right and honourable, to assist at the political axe-grinding of any politician, no matter how high his position and influence were, or how liberal his offers. We started on the firm basis that a magazine devoted solely to literature should not insert political articles, except in rare cases, and these papers should carefully be considered in a no-party aspect. A paper on the Politics of the Country, having for its object the amelioration of the things political of the land, and pointing out important features in the government of the country which might be bettered in a wide and ample sense, of course,

should have attention and their insertion be unquestioned. How far we have succeeded in placing a readable and original magazine before the people of Canada, during our connection with its literature, we leave the public to judge, and refer them to the twenty issues of the *QUARTERLY* which have fallen from the press.

The work has been somewhat arduous, as any man of experience knows; and though our labours have not been crowned with pecuniary success, we hope, as a literary venture, our work has not been altogether thrown away. Our aim has been to furnish a good, sound, healthy literature for the people of this "incipient northern nation," as a deceased contributor of ours once remarked; and in order to accomplish that end, we have drawn liberally upon the brains of United Canada, and it is our proud boast that no magazine published in this Dominion, of a strictly original type, has lived as long as this one, has attained as enviable a position, and has banded together as able a staff of writers as *THE QUARTERLY* has done. We are placed upon this revolving earth for a higher and a nobler purpose than the mere amassing of a certain quantity of household gods, and a few bags of golden coin. The harsh enquiry, "Is there money in it?" too largely enters into the composition of too many men and women. Unless a certain thing yields a proportionate amount of dollars and cents, these worldlings turn a deaf ear and seek "pastures new," in which to invest that wealth which a wise Providence hath decreed can never follow them beyond the portals of the noisome grave. We have always felt a pleasure and a love when the three months came round, and we resumed our customary talk with those kind faces which cheered us on and lightened our editorial cares; and now, when we realize that this is the last time, we cannot resist the choking sensation that *will* come up in spite of our exertion to keep it down.

Before taking a final adieu of our readers, we must here thank personally Mr. Elder and Mr. J. L. Stewart, of the *St. John Telegraph* and Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Mott, of the *Daily News* of this city, for their spontaneous generosity in coming forward, during the recent severe illness of the editor and proprietor of this journal, and kindly offering to read proofs and conclude the remaining pages of the magazine, rendered in a state of abeyance several weeks behind time by the prostration of the editor. Mr. J. L. Stewart read a portion of the proofs, and furnished some eight or ten pages of letter-press; and Mr. Reynolds's services as proof-reader cannot be too highly prized. These "amenities of literature" are always pleasing, and afford another evidence of the vein of sympathy which characterizes the movements and feelings of the "gentlemen of the press."

Readers, patrons, contributors, friends—one and all—many, many thanks for favours we can never return! May the New Year lighten and dispel the gloom from many a desolate hearth. We wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR! *Adieu!!*

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

STANZAS.

From the Colophon MSS.

Yt was a Chylde I heard
 Among ye flowers at play,
 And blythely as a byrd
 He sang ye lyfe-long day :
 And thys, as I remember,
 Of hys song was ye refrayne,
By hours, ye hours are slayne :—
He comes, ye bleak December—
Away, away, away.

Ye Brooklet by my feet
 Went syngyng to ye sea :
 Oh, Brooklet, why so fleet?
 Ye lyles mourne for thee !
 And thys, as I remember,
 Of yts song was ye refrayne,—
By hours, ye hours are slayne :—
He comes, ye bleak December—
He comes, to thee, to me.

Ye Cloud that floated o'er me
 Seemed hastyng to ye west—
 Yts shadow sped before me
 Upon ye earth's green breast :
 And then I well remember,
 My teares fell down lyke rayne,
For I ye hours had slayne,
And near me frowned December,
Whom I had dared yn vayne.

 PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. D. CLARK, Princeton, Ont.

 THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle is no copyist. He seems to write as if determined to stamp his individuality not only on his ideas, but also on his words. Some of his newly-coined terms are passably euphonious ; but many of them are as stiff and bristly as the hair on his head, or the bristles on his chin, and as difficult of manipulation by any hand but his own. Hence his method is called "Carlyless." I do not think that this style is his hobby, and that he prides himself in being odd in it, but its uniqueness had been forced by torrents of ideas crowding upon him for utter-

ance or expression, and finding no words to express fine shades of meaning he invented, of necessity, a vocabulary of his own. His intimate knowledge of foreign literature, especially German, gave him a facility in this respect not often seen in English authors, and when paucity of words threatened to check the onward flow of the *facile* pen, his ingenuity came to the rescue, in some barbarism which his paternity has stamped with transitory acceptance. Sir William Hamilton, Kant, or Cartes and such like metaphysicians, had to resort to a nomenclature of their own, but their studies required words to express the finest shades of thought, and to prevent their followers from pursuing a will o' the wisp in fierce logomachy they provided this antidote, in reducing to strict formulæ of thought, systems in which certain words had definite and unchangeable significance. Carlyle had this dogma of the schools partly in view, but, often in perfect abandon, he sported with phrases of his own creation in playfulness and willfulness, and thrown them off from the mental reel as threads of discourse most easy to spin. Paradoxes do not stagger him any more than his style, and notwithstanding these, he has received an amount of approbation which no other man of to-day would command let his attainments be ever so high. His defiant tone, his kicking over without "by your leave" all conventionalities in styles,—his vigorous thrusts at "castles in the air" of moralists, philosophers, historians, and essayists,—his unsparing dissection of all humbug,—and his mixture of queer theories, startling truths, and mental oddities, command attention, from friends, onslaughts from enemies, and consequently gave followers, who swear by him and who defend him with a vigour and heat not at all commensurate with the struggle nor necessary to the issues at stake. He "pitches into" Luther, Knox, and Cromwell, as vigorously and unsparingly as he would into Pio Nono, or Henry VIII. or "Napoleon the Less." Systems of religion, as such, he has no veneration for, and his love of the antique is summed up in its usefulness to conduce to historical knowledge, or to contribute a factor in the æsthetic cultivation of man. "Truth" he puts into his crucible and if it contains "earnestness"—all is well. Moral superiority only requires in its composition "sincerity" to pass the coin as genuine. Sincerity is the soul of his ethics. Zeal is his great test for work. "The gospel of labour" and "the sacredness of work," are to him phrases of religion. The man, who in its proper time and place, is industrious, is so far religious. This view has been called "the ravings of a self-deluded prophet." I am not so sure of that, for emotion or sensation is not religion, neither is it mere sentiment, for if so Robespierre, the monster, was a good man, because he could applaud the tragedies of Corneille and be melted by the pathos and eloquence of Racine, and yet so coolly and with a *vampirish* zest cause the guillotine to clank ominously over human heads and decapitated bodies, and make the gutters of Paris run to overflowing with human blood. There was no active principle of good in his heart. Intelligence alone is not the shortest highway to heaven. Physical suffering, or effect is not a passport to the skies. The unity of man

in its highest development morally, and in all its fractions, towards a vicarious sacrifice, is the keystone of the bridge which spans the fearful abyss between God and man—the foundation stone of the temple “beautiful upon the mountains,” as far as divinely supported man is concerned. Work then is one of man’s duties as much as singing hallelujahs. “Diligent in business” is, in a certain sense, worship, and providing for a household is not only a denial of faith, but is worse than infidelity. In other words there is no such an individual as a lazy christian, pray, sing, and worship he ever so much. Carlyle, however, gave work too much prominence when he said in his inaugural on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, “work is the grand cure of all maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.” He is doubtless erratic in his views in ethics, but, always practically right, so that I am not inclined to quarrel with him theoretically. His advice to students he has carried out himself. “Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. Morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and over-rides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing any such thing.” He gives a severe fling at the tendency of the English and American and let me add Canadian “going all away into wind and tongue.” He tried oratory on several occasions. In 1837 he gave a course of lectures on German literature in Willis’ Rooms, London. His audiences were not large, as the subject was not then as inviting as now, since the Germanic Empire has strode into the first rank of nations. He followed those by a course of lectures in the Marylebone Institution “on the history of European literature,” and promised well as a speaker. In 1839 he gave a course of lectures on the “Revolutions of Modern Europe,” a subject with which he was conversant. In the following year he delivered several lectures on “Hero Worship.” These had a pungency about them, not distasteful, and an irony and sarcasm which were not the best certificates, in the world of poor humanity, although in them the scalpel was applied with an unsparing hand to the body politic; they were well received, and he was urged by some of the best societies and institutions of Britain to repeat them, but, he seemed, suddenly, to become disgusted with this method of reaching the public mind, and made his final exit from the public stage. He plunged *con amore* into literature. He was a perfect book gourmand from his earliest years. I am not sure, but occasionally, he felt all the horrors of mental dyspepsia from engorgement. He says in his address to students “you cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health.” The meaning of the sentence is plain, but its construction is *Carlylian*. In order that he might follow his literary employment with as little inter-

ruption as possible, he retired for a time to Craigenputtoch, a place fifteen miles north-west of Dumfries, among "granite hills and black morasses." In the preface to his translation of Goethe's "Life of Schiller," he naively tells about this retreat "In this wilderness of heath and rock," he says, "our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and in the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loveliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my journey here to a similar disposition and forbode me no good results. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of ground is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases us, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English journals and periodicals, whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the West, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you." Many years have passed away since such warm outpourings were poured out: and Carlyle has more than realized his fondest hopes in regard to literature, and stands pre-eminently unique in terse, vigorous and quaint writing. He wrote the above to his German friend and co-labourer before the era of railroads, and before his genius became victorious; but "coming events were casting their shadows before." Like De Quincey, he never "cribbed and cabined" his ideas by scarcity of words. If the orthodox word did not trot out at the point of his pen, he coined one and stamped it as current gold. Such showed his idiosyncracies and inventive faculty. All is instinct with life, breathed into the nostrils of his creations by a master-spirit.

In his life of Frederick the Great, we might quote from every page to prove this. Take, for example, such a sentence as this of the great Emperor at the battle of Leuthen:—"Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in withered forms, a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known." At the siege of Almutz, a convoy train of Prussians is attacked by Austrians in a rocky defile, and "among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain: what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau. That is the invoice account. There they lie, with their blonde young cheeks, beautiful in death." At the battle of Zorndoff both Russians and Prussians had exhausted their ammunition, and "then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Wertzel is thick with men and horses who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze." Frederick laid siege to Dresden all winter, and here is a picture in a few words:—"It was one of the grimdest camps in nature; the canvass roofs mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing." Here is a character of Frederick the Great in a few sentences, in speaking of his letters written to Voltaire and others of his friends:—"The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery: but, used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come." A sudden assault is made on the Austrians at Siptitz, and here are horrors photographed:—"It was a thing surpassed only by dooms-day; clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal.—comparable to the tramp of doom." At this time three historic women were supposed—and rightly, too—to hold in their hands the destinies of Europe. The one was Maria Theresa of Austria, whom Frederick was robbing of her possessions; the second was the Duchess of Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. of France, who hated Frederick with a perfect hatred on account of a former insult, and was thus an implacable enemy; the third was Catharine II. of Russia, a sort of syren fiend, who lured to destroy, and, like her namesake, Catherine de Medicis, had no conscience, whom Carlyle calls in sarcasm "a *she*-Louis XIV.," and

which was decidedly complimentary to *her*. These three women, Carlyle thinks, were the prime movers in those wars, and kept Europe in turmoil—in fact, in a perfect maelstrom of agitation and blood. Numbers of such quotations might be given; but in all *peculiarly* stands forth prominently. He gathers stores of words of the most suggestive kind, and throws them together with a prodigality which would have excited to envy amiable and kind Dr. Johnson. At the same time there is perfect method in this torrent of verbiage, which shows systematic writing and extensive erudition. “No pent up *utica* contracts his powers,” and no orthodoxy of style cramps his energies. In this latitude of thought does he show himself a true son of genius. No creeds terrify him; no threatened ostracism from pseudo-critics appal him; no shibboleth can attach him to party in church or state. As a lover of literature he ranges its wide domains, and seeks sweet council in its sequestered nooks, as well as on the altitude of its highest mountains, hymning in rude but sterling stanzas songs of nature, not circumscribed by the garden-plot of a bigoted sectary, nor hedged in by omnipotent public opinion. He fills, to some extent, Pascal’s idea: “You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics; you assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses.” Carlyle was too ardent a believer in the potency of books. They were to him *par excellence*, the principal vehicle for human thought to permeate and influence and mould the masses. All other motive powers were subordinate and secondary. Hence his statement that “the writer of a book, is he not a preacher, preaching not in this parish or that, but to all men, at all times and places? He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books—these are the real, working, effective church of a modern country.” Such utterances drew down on his head severe animadversions, and were styled rank heterodoxy. Are they true? Let the moralist or the christian say (if he thinks the matter over) which would be the worst alternative for christendom, to have all literature “wiped out,” and to trust only to *viva voce* instruction, or to keep the mighty presses only going on “true books,” pamphlets and tracts, and flood the world with them? Let some country debating school decide the question. Both are mighty to influence public opinion, and both will exist in all civilized countries—co-workers in a mighty struggle of right against wrong. Yet, has not the immortal work of the mighty dreamer done more cumulative good, and will do so to latest generations, than all his preaching? The congregations of such as he augment, as ages roll on, through magic words, and the witchery of the potent story keeps, and shall keep, young and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, spell-bound by the simple story of Christian and his family. Carlyle

was not far wrong, after all, in saying "the priest-hood of the writers of such books is above other priest-hoods," if influence for good is any test of Divine approval. He throws no discredit upon the sacred ministry in its high vocation, nor under-estimates its work and power; but its influence is augmented a thousand-fold by the right arm of literature. The orator has slain his thousands, but the author his tens of thousands. The orator strikes the popular heart but once in a while, and, with ebbing pulsations, the influence soon dies; but the writer, in his published efforts, returns to the assault, and if genius and mental power command the mighty phalanx, he moulds and subdues by reiteration. Carlyle believed this, and although his parents were anxious for him to study for the church (and what Scottish parents do not feel the same way in regard to their sons?) but theological tomes, catechisms, creeds, Ecumenical councils, and hermeneutics had no charms for him. General literature delighted him; and to satisfy his insatiate greed, he eagerly studied the ancient classics and several of the modern languages, especially the German. It is generally believed that Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his "Sartor Resartus," had his own experience, only in romance, and that the honest Dutchman is Carlyle *sub rosa*; and in his college days he tells—"by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library (Edinburgh), I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences." Such being the case, he knew that his discursive tastes in reading would make him an indifferent divinity student, and with honest intent he followed the bias of his mind and entered the more congenial walks of literature. His "Life of Schiller" was very popular in Germany, and not only received the highest encomiums from Goethe, but was translated by him, and in his preface he did the author full justice. "It is pleasant to see," said Goethe to a friend, "that the Scotch are giving up their early pedantry, and are now more in earnest and more profound. In Carlyle, I venerate most of all the spirit and character which lie at the foundations of his tendencies. He looks to the culture of his own nation, and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wished to make known to his contemporaries, pays less attention to art and genius than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works. Yes, the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves are." Both the German works referred to had at first to go a-begging for publishers, and "Sartor Resartus" was at last published in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1834, by instalments; and so obtuse was the British public at this time that it fell dead—so to speak—upon the market. It was not appreciated; but our American Cousins saw its merits and printed it in book-form. It immediately took its place among the permanent literature of the day. Three years after this

he published "The French Revolution," and appended to the title his real name. This book had a moderate sale. He then sent out rapidly books and pamphlets on social questions, such as his "Shooting Niagara," "Past and Present," "Latter-day Pamphlets." These commanded no great amount of notice. They are pointed, racy, sharp, and sometimes savage. They show no pity to shams, humbugs and impostures. He probes to the bottom all "guano-mountains of cant and rubbish," and shows no mercy to the hypocrite, be he pseudo-saint, reformer-crier, or citizen-parasite. In 1849, he published "Oliver Cromwell's letters and speeches, with elucidations." This struck a key in the English heart; and although the author was born north of the Tweed, he sprang into more than passing notice south of it, and was stamped as a somebody above mediocrity by his countrymen, long after foreigners knew and appreciated the canny Scot. Other works of a minor nature he wrote, but his crowning labour is doubtless "The History of Frederick the Great." He trod ground, every foot of which he knew. Germany and its historic memories had a charm for him. The Teutons were national models; and it must be acknowledged in the light of the events of 1870, that they have striking distinctive characteristics. It seems to me that the great blemish of this history is his "hero-worship" of Frederick. Historians are not romancers; and if the truth must be told, the warrior Fritz was devoid of moral principle. He was treacherous to the last degree. Diplomacy, in his eyes, had no ethics, and had no virtues except in success. His creed was that of the father to his son,—"*Get potatoes honestly, if you can; but if not, at any cost get potatoes!*" Such men as Abbot make demi-gods of such as Napoleon, or Headley will make a ripe saint of Cromwell; but we expect such abnormal works from "small fry." Carlyle could not possibly in his researches find aught but love of conquest, military glory, and the restlessness of a perturbed spirit ill at ease with itself, the mainsprings of action in a man whose indomitable energy covered a multitude of sins. Carlyle's history shows that portraiture, and should make him, *not* a hero, but only a conqueror by chance, by cunning, and by deceit. This history shows, however, wonderful research, and is written in a trenchant, quaint and epigrammatic style.

It seems so difficult for historians to avoid a bias for some one or more of the characters about whom they write. They seem to forget that they sit as judges on the past, maintain a strict neutrality, sifting all evidence, and pronouncing sentence according to the evidence, be it for the weal or woe of friends or foes. Even genial Sir Walter Scott in his histories, and romances founded thereon, must show his political proclivities, and, indeed, they crop out on every page. Frederick may have been a great military general, but, many of his most important battles were won, according to his own account, by the blundering of the enemy. He tried to rob poor Maria Theresa of her possessions, and while in close alliance with France, (two robbers eager for the spoils,) coquetted, unknown to his ally, with Austria, against his best friend, and thus was always found "faithless and

faithful," for his troops endured toils and fatigues untold, and performed prodigies of valour, to the very last, and asked no questions, as to the reasons why. Carlyle's history, however, in spite of its faults, is unique. It has marvellous force, originality and untrammelled thought and such works of his have found, in style, many copyists, as the classic purity of the writings of Steele, Addison, Johnson or Blair, furnished for many long years, the models of successive scribes.

Carlyle has doubtless passed by his best days for he is now (Dec. 4th, 1871,) in his seventy-sixth birth-day, and for the last few years he has seldom appeared in public, or in print. His remarkable inaugural address at Edinburgh will probably be his last, and as far as I know, his letter last year, on German matters, has closed his career as a writer, on politics. He is, however, "a worthy Scot" of whom his country may be proud, and who has entered the lists successfully in an age remarkable for powerful pens, and in a country where giants in intellect have to be to succeed, not simply chiefs, but *chiefest* among the sons of Anak. I regret that I never cast my eyes on Carlyle, so as to be able to give of him a personal notice, but if his pictures do not belie him, he is small of stature, wiry in body, with a good deal of the nervous in his constitution. His nostrils are well dilated as if he smelled better from afar. He has bushy eye-brows and large eyes, apparently grey and observant. His face knows no razor and his hair points "a' the airts the wind can blow,"—beard and locks being as bristly as a Scotch thistle. There is nothing remarkable in his physique, except, that a glance shows endurance, and at first his countenance would appear as if that of a "dour" man, but it is only an appearance, for he possesses a great fund of humor, and is kindly withal, but has the reserve of his countrymen with strangers, that is, a sort of "canniness." The following, going the rounds of the papers is characteristic :

A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.—Travelling north during the past summer in a cart, comfortably, with aristocratic travelling company, conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the *pros* and *cons* in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every *faire ladye* the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh. Billings's saying, "Wooman's infloence is powerfule—espechila when she wants enny thing." One of the party, after she had given out, said: "What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?" His cool reply was, "Ladies, you have left nothing to be said." Oh, yes; but what is *your* opinion? You have not given us that." Carlyle was too far north to be sold. His witty reply was, "For myself I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a *little* lower than the angels.'"

So is the letter to Thomas Hughes, M. P., on being requested to contribute a copy of his works to a library, forming in Chicago since the fire :

No. 5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, NOV. 12, 1871.

DEAR HUGHES: Forgive me that I have not sooner answered your friendly, cheery, and altogether pleasant little note. I supposed Burgess would have told you my objections to the project; that it seemed to me superfluous, not practicable by the methods he proposed (for the gifts of all the *books* of living authors will go for very little in such an enterprise) and, third and worst, that it wore

on the face of it a visible pick-thank kind of character—a thing greatly to be avoided, both at Chicago and here!

These objections do not vanish on reflection, but on the contrary gather weight. Nevertheless, if you and the literary world feel nothing of the like and the Project do take fire and go on, it continues certain that my poor contribution of a copy of my books shall not by any means be wanting.

Believe me always, yours, with many regards,

T. CARLYLE.

THE LILY AND THE LINDEN.

BY ASTRA.

Far away under skies of blue,
In a pleasant land beyond the sea,
Bathed in sunlight and washed with dew,
Budded and bloomed the fleur-de-lis.

Thro' mists of morning, one by one,
Grandly the perfect leaves unfold,
And the dusky glow of the sinking sun
Flushed and deepened its hues of gold.

She saw him rise o'er the rolling Rhine,
She saw him set in the Western sea,
"Where is the empress, garden mine,
"Doth rule a realm like the fleur-de-lis?"

"The forest trembles before my breath
"From the island oak to the Northern pine,
"And the blossoms pale with the hue of death,
"When my anger rustles the tropic vine.

"The lotus wakes from its slumbers lone
"To waft its homage unto me,
"And the spice-groves lay before my throne,
"The tribute due to the fleur-de-lis!"

So hailed she vassals far and wide
Till her glance swept over a hemisphere,
But noted not, in her queenly pride,
A slender sapling growing near.

Slow uprising o'er glade and glen
Its branches bent in the breezes free,
But its roots were set in the hearts of men,
Who gave their lives to the linden tree.

"Speak, oh! Seer of the mighty mien!
"Answer, Sage of the mystic air!
"What is the lot of the linden green!
"What is the fate of the lily fair?"

"Hear'st thou the wail of the winter wake?
 "Hear'st thou the roar of the angry sea?
 "Ask not, for Heaven's own thunders break
 "On the linden fair and the fleur-de-lis!"

* * * * *

The storm-clouds fade from the murky air,
 Again the freshening breezes blow,
 The sunbeams rest on the garden rare
 But the lily lies buried beneath the snow!

From the ice-locked Rhine to the Western sea,
 Mournfully spreads the wintry pall,
 Cold and still is the fleur-de-lis,
 But the linden threatens to shadow all!

Frowning down on the forest wide,
 Darkly loometh his giant form.
 Alone he stands in his kingly pride,
 And mocks at whirlwind and laughs at storm!

"Speak, oh! Sage of the mystic air!
 "Answer, Seer of the mighty mien!
 "Must all thy trees of the forest fair
 "Fall at the feet of the linden green?"

"Would'st thou the scroll of the future see?
 "Thus I divine the fates of all!
 "A worm is sapping the linden tree,
 "The pride that goeth before a fall.

"For shame may come to the haughty crest,
 "A storm may sweep from the Northern sea,
 "And winds from the East and winds from the West
 "May blow in wrath on the linden tree!

"Here where the voice of the winter grieves
 "The lily hath lain its regal head,
 "Bright was the gleam of the golden leaves,
 "*But the lily was flecked with spots of red!*

"Behind the clouds of the battle strife
 "The glow of resurrection see!
 "Lo! I proclaim a newer life,
 "The truer birth of the fleur-de-lis!"

Thus saith the Seer of the mighty mien,
 Thus saith the Sage of the mystic air,
 And the sunshine fell from the linden green,
 And gilded the grave of the lily fair.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE OLD LAND.

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

Numerous and weighty are the advantages derivable from travelling. It widens the circle of our ideas and sympathies; it breaks up time-honoured prejudices; it rubs off the rust that seclusion genders; it dissipates the conceit that springs from continually comparing ourselves with equals or inferiors, and sends us back, if we are not utterly incorrigible, wiser, humbler and better. By travel we enlarge our horizon, and correspondingly widen our views of man and the universe. We discover the immense variety of opinions, wants, sentiments, convictions, presented by our common humanity; and we learn that these develop themselves under a corresponding diversity of institutions, governments, religions and customs. As our acquaintance with mankind enlarges, we become less dogmatic, and more genial, tolerant and sympathetic. The more widely we observe the varied conditions under which the human family exist, the more we are convinced that true happiness may be attained anywhere and everywhere; and we become aware

“How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part which laws or kings can cause or cure;
Still to ourselves, in every place confined,
Our own felicity we make or find.”

Carried beyond our own little boundaries, we are made acquainted with wider interests, higher modes of life and thought, grander and nobler views. As we pass from place to place, like Goldsmith's philosophic traveller, “exulting in the good of all mankind,” we find that true happiness is not confined to any one spot or people, and we agree with the poet when he says—

“And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, yet shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good; by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.”

Those who reside in the Colonies specially require to travel, and above every thing, to visit the Mother-land. “Home keeping youths,” says Lord Bacon, “have ever homely wits.” In every new country there is, of necessity, much wanting that can only be found where art and science have long had their chosen home; where liberty, won amid blood and tears; has fostered genius; where commerce has accumulated wealth with its refinements; and the division of labour, consequent on the pressure of multitudinous wants, has quickened discovery and stretched every human faculty to the utmost intensity. It is no reproach to a colony that it has not the refined society, the ma-

terial conveniences, the splendid structures, the ancestral piles, which the labour of a thousand years has created in England. England, too, had her youth before her prime arrived. Two hundred years ago, matters were in a ruder condition in England, than now in some of her colonies. On the other hand, the colonies have immense advantages which England had not, in starting with the accumulated treasures of centuries of inventions and discoveries at command, and in having wisdom, gathered by ripe experience, to guide them. Their progress, therefore, should be more rapid than that of the Motherland has been. But I think that the more frequently her colonial children can visit the Old Land, to study there the best models, the more likely are they to advance steadily in all that dignifies and refines a people, and gives stability and freedom to a nation. Not only so, but their love and reverence for the land of their fathers will thereby be deepened and strengthened. In the hearts of each generation of colonists there would, in this way, grow up that reverential attachment that most resembles the love of child for parent—that tender regard that would lead them to rush to her aid in the hour of need, from earth's farthest extremities. I would have every colonist look to Old England as the Hindoo to his Ganges, as the Mahometan to his Mecca, as the Jew to his Zion, as the devotee to the shrine of his favourite saint. To colonists, one and all, I would say, let your plan in life include a trip to the Old Land. As, however, all cannot go, the next best thing is perhaps to read the tale of one who has had the privilege of a visit.

It was my good fortune to cross the Atlantic on a trip to the Old Land, under circumstances peculiarly agreeable. The ship in which I embarked¹ was one of the fine steamers of the Allan Line, and of course every comfort and luxury were to be found on board. She had been chartered, in a certain sense, by a number of Newfoundlanders, to convey them to Glasgow; and hence the whole cabin was at our disposal. We numbered forty-five ladies and gentlemen. All were friends or acquaintances, and formed a sort of large family party, so that no time was lost in breaking the ice, and taking the measure of one another; we were from the outset social and cordial. A more agreeable travelling party it would be difficult to find. Good humour and genuine kindness were predominant; conventionalities were laid aside, and each willingly contributed his or her share to the general enjoyment. Under such circumstances, whatever was brightest and best in each individual came to the surface. Those who would have been shy of one another on shore were seen forgathering graciously on board ship. The mercantile and business classes were largely represented. We had one or two politicians, and also one or two professionals. The ladies, married and single, were fairly represented; some young and others not quite so young, but all lively and good-humoured. The weather, too, (it was the height of summer,) proved most propitious, a gentle western breeze wafting us onward during almost the whole voyage. To cross the Atlantic under such circumstances was a real pleasure. No one could possibly feel the time hang

heavily. With bright skies above—favouring breezes—ocean in the best of humours singing our lullaby—friendly, familiar faces all around—reading, conversation, music, songs tender, comic, national, sentimental, in the evening—what could heart wish for besides? I began to have a better opinion of the Atlantic, and frankly forgave all the ill it had done me at different times. Chatting with the doctor of the ship, who was a Canadian, I remarked that, judging by the performances at the dinner-table, he was not likely to have many patients on his hands this voyage. “No,” he replied, “these are fine strong men from St. John’s; it’s a pleasure to look at them,”—an opinion in which I am sure their wives and sweethearts heartily concurred. A doctor, I observe, judges a man very much by his physique, and has small respect for those who cannot digest their victuals, or who resemble disembodied spirits, not having body enough to cover their souls decently. Very interesting it was to listen to the buzz of conversation in the saloon, and to note how the English, Scotch and Irish accents blended—the English deep, stomachic, musical; the Scotch broader, stronger, rougher, more emphatic and more thoracic; the Irish soft, sibilant, dental, and, when not too pronounced, quite mellifluous. One great business on board, to which all seemed to devote themselves heartily, was eating. It was a pleasure to witness such a display of keen, healthy appetites. If any were at first, from sea-sickness, “dangerously ill,” they became speedily dangerously well, as far as attacks on the victuals were concerned. All care and business being laid aside, the undivided energies of our systems were given to digestion. For the time being we became “patent digesters.” I began to fear that, were this kind of life to be prolonged, the man would be lost in the animal—the intellectual swallowed up in the sensual. As a change, however, from a different state, in which the brain was unduly taxed, it seemed very agreeable; and I began to see that there was something in eating as a means of increasing the happiness of existence.

Onward our good ship sped, under the persuasive influence of wind and steam; and ere long we were in mid-Atlantic, nine hundred miles of ocean behind us and as many before. When one thinks of such a position, there is something in it to awaken high and serious thought. Afloat on the world of waters; around you

“The awful pitiless sea
With all its terror and mystery;
The dim, dark sea, so like unto death,
That divides and yet unites mankind.”

Between you and those hungry waves, in their ceaseless unrest, there is but a thin plank. Let a bolt start or a seam yawn, and you and your frail barque are buried in those dark abysses—down in those awful charnel-houses where are strewn the wrecks of many gallant ships, the bones of many brave mariners, the riches of all lands, side by side with the bleaching skeletons of the huge monsters of the deep. This vast expanse of restless, uneasy waters—

“Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm.

icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,"—

suggest forcibly a sense of the infinite. The mind fails to grasp or comprehend its grandeur. Its mighty waves, raised by an invisible power, thundering against isle and continent, seem able to destroy the solid foundations of the world. Dark mystery! grim, relentless power!—these are the ideas it awakens till we connect ocean with Him who scooped out its mighty bed, and who "ruleth in the raging of the sea." Truly is it "the throne of the Invisible."

Then, think of the vast extent of this mighty ocean on which we float so securely. It plays with both poles. With its great arms it embraces the Old World and the New; it drinks in the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Amazon; it breaks in foam along Afric's burning sands; it hoarsely resounds on the rock-bound Labrador; it roars around the Cape of Storms, and flings up its spray along the white cliffs of Albion. Piercing the very heart of the Old World with one of its inlets, it bathes the "Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung," and swallows up the yellow Tiber and the historic Nile, touching the shores on which old Troy and Carthage stood, and driving its waves through the narrow Bosphorus. On the shores of the New World, it shows its resistless might when the tidal wave rolls back the waters of the Amazon in masses of foaming cascades, driving them steadily upward, and sending its roar and its thunder for miles into the upland. This great Atlantic has its rivers, broad and deep, traversing its bosom; its luxuriant forests blooming in its deep vales, its broad savannas; its submarine Alps and Andes; its flaming volcanoes beneath its still surface. Its waters are teeming with life in its most varied and wonderful forms. No bleak waste—no howling, barren wilderness is ocean; but full of eager, thronging life, from the microscopic infusoria to the great leviathan of the deep. What fathomless mysteries it hides! What secrets, never to be revealed to man, its waters cover!

And my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

What a mere speck—a little toy on the bosom of the great ocean is the ship in which we float! And yet, "walking the waters like a thing of life," guided by the little needle that "trembles to the pole," it is one of the greatest triumphs of man's genius; and without fear we trust ourselves to its guardianship, amid the fierce conflict of wind and wave. Thus a voyage at sea becomes an emblem of human life:

"Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."

Science has much to tell us of the wonders of the ocean—its tides, currents, winds, inhabitants, depths, and uses in the economy of nature. The huge basin that contains the waters of the Atlantic, is a cleft, formed by the Almighty hand, in the surface of our planet, running from pole to pole, and of varying width and depth. Maury tells us that from the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, in the deepest part yet reached by the plummet, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. He also informs us that the deepest parts of the Atlantic, in the neighbourhood of the Bermudas, have been sounded to the depths of 34,000, 39,000, and even 50,000 feet, without reaching the bottom. If these soundings may be relied on, two such mountains as Mount Blanc, placed one on the other, would come far short of reaching the surface from those awful depths. By an ingeniously constructed apparatus, specimens of the bottom have been brought up from the depth of two miles. These specimens are found to consist wholly of microscopic shells—the remains of those minute creatures that inhabit the waters, and, after death, sink to the common graveyard at the bottom, there to become a portion of the materials that shall build up future islands and continents. In fact the depths beneath us, as we sail over the Atlantic, are as full of wonders and mysteries as the heavens above. From the broad bosom of ocean the sun is every instant raising countless millions of drops into the atmosphere. Unseen by human eye, these minute watery particles mount up into the blue ether, gather into silver clouds, float over the globe, and fall in refreshing rain or gentle dew, to feed the fainting rose, to clothe isles and continents in verdure, “to scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,” and then, laden with spoils, to return to the bosom of their great mother, the ocean. Thus from sea to air—from cloud to earth, and back to the grand reservoir the sea, circulates that moisture so essential to the life of the globe. Careering over the ocean, and looking down into their depths, we little suspect that the ocean conceals a most luxuriant vegetation of its own,—that it has its blooming gardens, waving forests, broad savannas, and varied landscapes, rivaling in splendour the gay magnificence of the vale of Sharon or the plain of Damascus; yet such is really the case. It is true only two kinds of algae or fucus are known to flourish in the bottom of the sea: but these present such countless varieties, differing in size and colour, that, near the shores of the shallower seas, they make the depths fairy gardens, in whose bowers the poetic imagination pictures sirens and mermaids disporting themselves. Very wonderful too is that vegetable growth we call seaweed, that floats about so slimy and dark. “waving its arms so lank and brown,” and struggling with the ocean that sends its roots, and carrying it hundreds of miles on its heaving bosom. Naturalists tell us that some kinds of this fucus cling, with handlike roots, so firmly to the rocky ground, that when the strong waves rend them, they often lift up gigantic masses of stone, and drag them, like huge anchors, as they are tossed on the billows. Vast portions of the ocean are covered with this vegetable growth. When the daring Columbus was on his first voyage, after he left the longitude of

the Azores, he found his little barque in the midst of what seemed a vast green meadow, the sight of which struck terror into the hearts of his seamen. This is what is now named the Saragossa Sea, stretching between the Azores and the Antilles. For three weeks he sailed through this huge floating garden which stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, with a varying width of one to three hundred miles. It is formed of the luxuriant growth of these fuci. These pale-green sea-groves, with gold and purple branches interlacing, form long thickets and avenues, through which gaily-painted mollusks and other glittering inhabitants of the deep, chase one another, and where the shark prowls after its prey.

Of the company on board, I am not aware that any one was engaged either in philosophising or poetizing on the wonders and glories of the ocean. We had all nearer and dearer duties to perform. We had our five meals a day to dispose of; we had to dress, chat and make ourselves generally agreeable. Some lingered lovingly over the whist-table, others read light literature, and all gossiped a little. But when the evening came, the song went round, and spiritual visitors from cloudland came and smiled upon us and cheered us with their presence. "Bonnie Annie Laurie" with her gentle smile, her dark blue e'en and her voice so low and sweet, looked in almost in every evening, bringing with her at times the agreeable Widow Macree. The "Maid of Athens," with her glorious, beaming, black eyes, and "Kitty Clyde," arm in arm with her sister, and poor "Nelly Grey," and the blooming, bewitching "Kate Kearney," and "Kathleen Bawn," beloved of Rory O'More, and sweet "Highland Mary," were all frequent and welcome visitors. "The Laird of Cockpen" too, with Mistress Jean on his arm, stepped in occasionally. At times we "meandered" by "the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon," or over "the green hills of Tyrol," "Rule Britannia" competed with "Here's a health to fair Scotland the land of the brave" and "Hurrah for the Emerald Isle."

Thus gaily we floated onward, with scarce a ripple on the waters, till on the seventh day out, a dark streak on the horizon was pronounced to be land. It proved to be the Isle of Aranmore, on the north-west coast of Ireland, and before us gleamed, through the evening clouds, the hills of the Emerald Isle. Next afternoon, the weather being glorious, we were steaming up the Clyde. A sail up the Clyde, in a bright summer day, is something to be remembered till the close of life. The scene imprints itself ineffaceably on memory's tablets. Perhaps nowhere else is it possible to view, in the course of a few hours, such a variety and succession of magnificent, lovely and romantic scenery.

Every half hour introduces you to new and yet more beautiful views as you ascend. On one hand are dark frowning mountains and castellated shores; on the other richly-cultivated fields and green pastures interspersed with white cottages, farm-houses, princely villas and thriving towns. The bright waters of the frith, white with sail, and alive with the hurrying steam-boats, gleam between the shores. The eye is speedily arrested by the large Island of Arran, twenty miles

long and twelve broad, the whole being the property of a single nobleman. A magnificent range of granite mountains rises in Arran, the highest Goatfell, being 2,887 feet above the level of the sea. Seen from the Clyde, the waving outline of this range, shooting up into pinnacles and spires of grotesque form, with Goatfell towering above the rest, presents a scene to charm a painter's eye. Lamlash Bay, in Arran, sheltered by the Holy Island, is the next object of interest. Then Loch Fyne, known the world over for its herrings, opens to view, shooting away into the mainland. On the right, opposite Arran, Ayrshire, the Land of Burns, spreads out. You note the spot where the bright Ayr falls into the frith; and not far from the shore are "the twa brigs of Ayr," whose midnight chat the poet overheard when all the good people of the town were wrapped in slumber. Two miles from Ayr stands the cottage in which Burns drew his first breath; and close by is "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." Here, within sight of Ailsa Craig, Arran, Bute and all the glorious scenery of the Clyde, Scotland's national poet was nurtured; and surely "meeter nurse for a poetic child" could not be imagined. Opposite the island of Bute, the Clyde narrows to comparatively moderate dimensions. On the right hand, the villages of Millport and Largs come in sight—both fashionable watering-places for the inhabitants of Glasgow. Passing the Cumbray Islands, Kelburn Castle, a seat of the Earl of Glasgow, the ruins of Leven Castle, Skelmorlie Castle, a seat of the Earl of Eglinton, and many another lordly mansion and lovely villa, we arrive opposite Cloch Light House, where the Clyde bends abruptly southward. Gourock is close at hand, where the view is most magnificent, comprehending the openings of Loch Long, Holy Loch, Gareloch, and the rugged peaks of the Argyllshire Mountains. Presently we drop anchor at the "Tail of the Bank," abreast of Greenock, after a day of enjoyment such as does not come often, during a lifetime.

The important and thriving town of Greenock has a situation unrivalled for picturesque beauty, and is admirably adapted for commerce. It is curious to think, as you look at its quays crowded with shipping, its busy ship-building yards, its well-built streets and tall chimnies, that, only a hundred years ago, its site was occupied by nothing more than a single row of thatched cottages, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, and that the waters of the frith were then undisturbed save by the keels of a few fishing boats. Glasgow, at the same time, was a quiet market-town, without a single tall chimney. But in one of those Greenock cottages there dwelt then an humble ship-carpenter who had a little boy, twelve years of age, growing up, who was destined to work out an invention that has made Glasgow and Greenock and Manchester and Birmingham, and all the other great manufacturing centres what they are, and to whom the whole civilized world is indebted more than to any other man. That little boy "paidling the burns" about Greenock a hundred years ago, was named James Watt—afterwards the inventor of the steam-engine—that mighty agent whose applications have revolutionised the modern world, poured incalculable wealth into Britain, and accelerated the progress of human-

ity more than any other, in the long list of inventions and discoveries. Greenock will ever be memorable as the birth-place of Watt. How curious that the most inventive brain in the world, a hundred years ago, should be found in the fishing village of Greenock, under the roof of an humble ship-carpenter and dealer in marine stores, and that a little farther down the Clyde, in a peasant's clay-built cottage, Scotland's noblest poet should be born.

Next morning, after ploughing our way up the river Clyde, we found ourselves in one of the world's greatest sea-havens and manufactories, and presently we stepped ashore at the Broomielaw of Glasgow, and were "in among the throngs of men," with the din and roar of the great city all around. When James Watt was an apprentice here, in 1754, this very Broomielaw was a little quay, partly covered with broom,—hence its name;—and no boat of more than six tons could ascend the Clyde. The trade of Glasgow was chiefly in tobacco, coals and fish; its herrings were beginning to look up, and its grindstones were in great request. Traced to the root, its manufacturing and commercial greatness originated with this apprentice boy. At the same date roads were almost unknown in Scotland; and Edinburgh and Glasgow maintained communication by carriers who drove their rude carts, in summer, along the channel of Gala Water, as being the most level path. So late as 1749, a caravan took two days to perform the journey between the two towns. Now I stepped into a railway train, and was whisked through a lovely, highly-cultivated country, and in an hour and a half after leaving Glasgow reached Edinburgh. I merely passed through Glasgow, at this time, and returned to it afterwards.

The first thing which strikes one regarding Edinburgh is its picturesque position, and its massive grandeur, founded as it is, like Jerusalem of old, on the everlasting hills, grasping and uniting itself to those huge primeval rocks that have been tossed up, in nature's throes, from the internal furnaces of the globe. As you gaze on it, it irresistibly suggests the ideas of strength and stately repose. It is indeed a glorious city. Never before did natural position combine so successfully with the hand of man in producing such a mass of the city—picturesque. Nature has done much; and art has skilfully aided in securing the finest architectural effects. Tennyson speaks of it as "the gray metropolis of the earth;" and when the sky is clouded, gray is undoubtedly the prevailing tint. But when the sun flashes out, the sombre gray is mingled with purple and gold, and blue and green, as you choose your point of view. Take your stand on the Calton Hill, when the summer's sun is flinging its bright rays down on the city, sea and land, where, in all this wide earth, will you find any thing to compare with the sight that there greets the eye? At the foot of the hill is the ancient palace of Holyrood, once the residence of Scotland's monarchs, rich in the most stirring historic associations. From it you see, stretching away the main street of the Old Town, with its lofty, antique houses, commencing with the well-known Canon-gate, and rising up the sloping ridge, in irregular terraced piles, till it terminates in the Rock and Castle. The chasm which separates the

Old and New Town is laid out in grassy slopes and public gardens. Looking to the North, the New Town, with its broad and regular streets, the spires and towers of its churches and other public buildings, stretches in imposing magnificence, down to the Forth. You note the long glittering line of Princes Street, pronounced by competent judges one of the finest in the world. It is not yet a century since it was commenced; and it received its name, Princes Street, after the two eldest sons of George III. Fronting this noble street, near the eastern end, you distinguish the Scott Monument—one of the few memorials of her great men, of which Britain has reason to be proud. Behind Holyrood, to the east, Arthur's Seat rises grandly, like a lion grimly keeping guard over the city; and looking down the Frith, you see North Berwick Law, and the historic Bass Rock. The richly wooded Corstorphine Hills are visible to the west; and, looking in another direction, the blue Pentland Hills loom quietly out. Away to the northward are the Ochil Hills; and if the day be very clear, the summits of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, and others of the Grampian range are distinctly visible. The spectacle is truly grand. We think of what we have read of glorious Athens, with her "cloud-capped Acropolis," to which a counter-part is before us, in the Castle Hill, and her Arcopagus, to which the Calton Hill is a parallel; while the Pentlands correspond to Mount Pentelicus. In natural situation as well as in architecture, we see the justice of the term the "Modern Athens" as applied to Edinburgh.

The Old Town contrasts finely with the New, showing us a specimen of the past preserved in stone. Those lofty, antique houses, some of them ten to fourteen stories in height, are striking relics of the olden time. Many of them along High Street, and the Canongate were once residences of the Scottish nobility, or the wealthier and more distinguished gentry. Now they are partitioned out as the abodes of the lowest class of the population. From those lofty windows, where now miserable rags are dangling in the wind, grace and beauty once looked down on the proud pageantry of Kings and nobles as they passed by; and those stone stair-cases, where so many tattered, miserable figures are lounging, were once crowded by the best in the land, as they ascended their richly tapestried apartments. So passes the glory of the world. Classic ground is this long street, once reckoned the finest in Europe, stretching from the Castle to Holyrood. Walk down it, and what famous localities you will pass! Here is the house once occupied by Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd." Here lived Hume, the historian, and Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. There stands the venerable St. Giles' Cathedral, founded 500 years ago, within whose walls the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed in 1643. There is Anchor Close, where the first edition of Burns's Poems was printed, also the first edition of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—a book that has revolutionised the Commercial World. Farther down the house where John Knox once resided is passed, and one is rather shocked to find the ground-floor used as a tobacconist's shop; and if you ask for the Reformer's grave, you are told that it is in Parliament Square, the site of an ancient cemetery, and that the equestrian statute of Charles II stands directly over the spot

where lies the dust of him who "never feared the face of man." You reach Holyrood Palace; and here the most interesting memorials are those of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, whose rooms are preserved in the state in which she left them. Here is the very tapestry wrought by her fair fingers; the bed in which she lay and often wept bitter tears; the mirror that reflected her peerless beauty; and here too is the stair-case up which the murderers came on that night, when, bursting into the Queen's presence, they stabbed the unfortunate Riccio, in her sheltering arms. Behind the door, at the stair-head, the stains of his blood are said to be still visible. Standing here, and gazing on these sad relics, all so dim and faded, you can vividly recall the tragedy enacted 300 years ago.

A volume would be required to describe all the glories of Edinburgh. You can spend an hour or two profitably in visiting its beautiful cemeteries. In the Grange Cemetery you can pluck a daisy from the graves of Chalmers and Hugh Miller, who sleep within a few yards of each other. In another "God's Acre," you can muse for a little by the tombs of Lord Jeffrey and "Christopher North;" or turning into some of the older church-yards, you can stand over the dust of George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, and Robertson, the historian. A few hours may also be spent delightfully in examining the paintings in the National Gallery—some of them gems of the old masters. Flaxman's fine bust of Robert Burns is one of the attractions of this Gallery. In the Antiquarian Museum some most interesting relics of antiquity are preserved. Here is the very pulpit, damaged and worm-eaten, in which the fiery Knox thundered in St. Giles. Here, too, is the original document of the Covenant; also, the very stool which that audacious auld wife, Jenny Geddes, irreverently flung at the head of a great ecclesiastical dignitary, more than two centuries ago, and which proved to him indeed "a stool of repentance." Here, too, is preserved "The Maiden," the original of the guillotine, on which state-criminals were beheaded in the good old times. Here, too, is another instrument of justice, called "The Branks,"—an iron head-piece which was designed for the punishment of scolding wives. It had a projecting tongue of iron which was forced into the mouth of the scold, and acted like a gag; the head-piece was then securely fastened on, and she was left to her silent, solitary meditations, to become a sadder and more reticent woman.

To one not born in Scotland, though he look to it as his Fatherland, the broad Scottish accent is not at first pleasant, at times is rather puzzling. For instance, in one of my rambles, seeing a bronze statue in the distance, I inquired of a by-stander whose it was. "Oh! that's Wully Putt," was the reply. After some reflection it occurred to me that he must refer to the renowned statesman, William Pitt. It is impossible, however, not to like Scotland and the Scotch. Of "all people that on earth do dwell," commend me to the Scotch for genuine kindness of heart, and a warm welcome to the stranger. The more familiar any one becomes with the land and the people, the higher will rise his admiration of the Scotch; of their noble qualities of head and heart; of their wisely-guided industry that has transformed a naturally poor country into a blooming garden, and given independence, dignity and greatness to a

nation. It has been said that Scotchmen who go abroad to push their fortunes are, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remain at home. A Scotchman was once asked to explain this, and he replied that "at every outlet persons were stationed to examine all who pass, so that, for the honour of the country, no one should be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." If this statement be reliable, and any stupid Scots have escaped abroad, they must have been smuggled out of the country. Dr. Johnson's dislike of the Scotch, amounting in him almost to a mania, is rather difficult to account for. It is on record that a person once inquired of the burly doctor "why he so hated the Scotch?" His answer was, "I don't hate them, sir; neither do I hate frogs; but I don't like to have them hopping about my chamber." There it was. He found the sturdy, intellectual Scots too much in his way, and perhaps not sufficiently ready to acknowledge his literary sovereignty. One thing struck me much in Scotland—the almost entire absence from beggars. In all my rambles I was only once importuned by a beggar. An ancient dame, in a street of Stirling, humbly requested that I would "give a baubee to a puir auld body,"—adding, "ye'll never miss it." An Irish beggar, in similar circumstances, would have suggested long life, good luck, a large family, and prayed fervently that "the heavens might be my bed at last," as an inducement to give. This old Scotch lady simply hinted "ye'll never miss it,"—a straightforward, sensible, though not a lofty appeal, and one that showed a considerable knowledge of human nature. It is on record that an Irish beggar once assailed Sir Walter Scott with a higher demand,—he boldly asked for a sixpence. Scott gave him a shilling, adding "now, my man, remember you owe me sixpence." Pat's eye twinkled with fun as he replied, "Och, shure enough; and God grant yer honour life till I pay you!"

From Edinburgh I made a journey by rail across Fifeshire into Forfarshire, and on, by way of Dundee and Perth, to Stirling. The limits of this brief sketch prevent me from saying anything of this trip. Still, I cannot pass Stirling without a word or two. It has a noble situation, and from its external appearance might be called a little Edinburgh. No other place, except Edinburgh, is so closely connected with the history of Scotland. It was long a royal residence, and a favourite abode of the Jameses of the Stuart race. The view from the battlements of Stirling Castle is truly magnificent. In the distance the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and others of the Highland range are visible; the vale of Menzieith stretches away westward; the rich Carse of Stirling, with the silvery Forth winding through, spreads itself out below; and the Ochil Hills close the prospect in the north-east. The Bridge of Allan, a favourite resort in the summer holidays, with its lovely scenery, is but three miles off; and close at hand is the Abbey Craig, on which stands the monument to the hero Wallace. But, most interesting of all, the field of Bannockburn—the Marathon of Scotland—is but a short walk from Stirling. Here, in 1314, the invading English were defeated by the Scots under Robert Bruce. The eye sees nothing now but waving wheat-fields, as though the "red rain" that fell 500 years ago had made a richer harvest grow here than elsewhere. It is something to stand on the field of Ban-

noekburn, and mark the position of the meeting hosts, and recall Burns's "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled"—the finest war-song ever written; breathing such fiery valour in every line—the ring of the broad-sword and battle-axe in every word. Of course Scotchmen cherish the memory of Bannockburn proudly—as well they may. It is on record that a splenetic Englishman once remarked to a sturdy Scot that "no man of taste or sense would think of remaining any time in such a wretched country as Scotland." The reply of Sandy was rather grim:—"Tastes differ," he said. "I'se tak' ye to a place no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha'e been for five hunder years, an' they've nac thocht o' leavin' yet!"

A short excursion to the Trosachs and Loch Lomond deserves a passing notice. Leaving Edinburgh in the morning, I found myself in the evening gazing from an eminence on the quiet waters of Loch Katrine, famous as the scene of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. In another way Katrine has been of late rendered famous. Science has utilized its pelucid waters, without in the least marring its beauties. This lake now supplies the great city of Glasgow with water. Through a most difficult mountainous country, the water is conveyed a distance of 36 miles; and thus the toiling thousands of Glasgow are drinking the pure, sweet waters of this Highland Lake. These water-works are among the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Embarking in a small steamer, you traverse the entire length of Loch Katrine, revelling in its loveliness—Ben A'an and Ben Venue towering aloft. Ellen's Isle is passed, where the *Lady of the Lake* first encountered Fitz James. Scott has thrown the magic spell of his genius over the whole scene, and made it all hallowed ground. On landing at the extremity of the Lake, a drive of five miles takes you to Inversnaid, on the shore of Loch Lomond. On the road you pass the original residence of the renowned freebooter, Rob Roy. His haunts are all around, for this is the Macgregor country. I feel how utterly inadequate are my poor words to convey any idea of the marvellous beauties of Loch Lomond. To form a proper conception of these you must visit it, and float on its bright bosom for half a summer's day, as I did, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and then a mental picture of the lovely scene is obtained which will remain for life. The full vision of its majestic beauty acts like a charm in imparting a deep feeling of serenity. The consciousness of being in contact with some of the loveliest and grandest of the Creator's works, lifts the soul to higher levels, and produces a holy calm. Every mile of progress reveals new miracles of beauty, as the green islands, long promontories, bright emerald shores flash into view. Towering majestic over the scene is Ben Lomond, with its broad shoulders and lofty summit, the monarch of the whole.

Some of the Highland names of localities here are pretty and expressive—such as Ben Venue, Ben Voirlich, Rowardennan, and Inversnaid, where Wordsworth saw the pretty Highland maid whom he has rendered immortal. Others of these Highland appellations are, however, quite enough to dislocate the jaws of a Saxon, in his efforts to pronounce them. Here are two or three specimens: Ardeheanachrochan, Criannlarich, Stronachlochier, Ballachulish, Sligachan. Only a Highlander can give them the proper intonation.

There are two men whose names and memory are more deeply shrouded in the Scottish heart than any others—Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The genius of Scotland has crowned these two with the wreath of the immortals, and the world has approved the consecration. Both of them loved Scotland with an intense affection; and both have flung the light of their wonderful genius over the hills and vales of “the land of mountain and of flood.” Burns has made Ayrshire all hallowed ground; and there is hardly a loch, tarn, glen, mountain, castle or town that Scott has not woven its name into his wondrous tales, and wrapped a supernatural beauty around it by the magic of his pen. It was with somewhat of the feelings of a devotee approaching the shrine of his favourite saint, that I found myself, one summer’s day, in the region of the Ettrick, the Yarrow and Tweed, rounding the graceful sweep of the Eildon Hills, and approaching Abbotsford, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott. Here every locality is identified with his name. Melrose Abbey, for ever interwoven in immortal song in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is a magnificent ruin over which the traveller may linger many an hour. A short drive from the Abbey takes the traveller to Abbotsford, whose castellated walls and pointed gables shoot up from a sylvan declivity on the banks of the silvery Tweed, which almost encircles the place with its graceful sweep. I am not so unwise as to attempt a description of Abbotsford, which has been so often described by travellers of all nationalities. The memorials with which its halls are filled are of the highest interest—rare and ancient relics,—piles of broad-swords, battle-axes, coats of armour. The Library contains 20,000 volumes, many of them rare and valuable. More deeply interesting than all to me were the personal memorials of the poet and novelist,—the last suit he wore which is carefully preserved in a glass-case: the study in which many of his immortal works were written; the desk at which he wrote and the chair in which he sat. Here are the very objects on which his eye must have rested, when those visions, strange and wild, of Kings and Earls, Knights and Dames, battles and tournaments were floating before him. Here *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Ivanhoe*, and many others of his deathless family, first saw the light. I tried to picture the mighty magician here, seated in his leather-covered arm-chair, pen in hand, the deep-set gray eyes lighted up with poetic fire, or twinkling with humour from under the pent-house brows, as he went on painting his Antiquary or his inimitable Bailie Nicol Jarvie. I thought too of the days when Scott was lord of this splendid mansion, in the flush of his proud triumphs, when fame and wealth were showered upon him and the civilized world was ringing with his name, and the noblest in the land were flocking to Abbotsford to do homage to his genius in those halls which his own labours had erected, and where he fondly hoped that a long line of descendants would flourish. And then I thought how all these bright visions faded—how, in one day, he found himself ruined and beggared, and liable, by the failure of an Edinburgh publishing firm, for a debt of £150,000; and, then, how nobly he faced the storm, and his proud chivalrous spirit, not brooking that any one should lose a shilling by him, he refused to be made a bankrupt, and sat down determined to wipe away this enormous debt by

the labours of his pen; and, at last, how, after accomplishing more than half of the herculean task, the over-wrought brain gave way, and the death shadows gathered. I thought too of that other pathetic scene, in this busy study, when his last illness was far advanced, and he desired to be placed once more at his desk, the scene of so many toils and triumphs, but the trembling fingers refused to hold the pen, and sinking back among his pillows, silent tears rolled down his cheeks. Of one other scene I also thought—when the last sands were fast running out, and reaching his feeble hand to his son-in-law, Lockhart, he said, “my dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.” Five miles from his beloved A'botsford, in Dryburgh Abbey, he sleeps with his wife and children by his side.

I next turned my face southward, and, flashing along the rail, was soon “over the border and awa’,” in among the stately homes of England, amid “their tall ancestral trees.” Soon I was among well-remembered scenes, where eight years of my life were spent; and felt the warm pressure of friendly hands and looked once more into kindly faces that I had not seen for twelve long years, and was once more rambling amid haunts associated with many a memory of the past, on the pleasant shores of the Solway:—

“Give, oh give us English welcomes,
We'll forgive the English skies;
English homes and English manners,
And the light of English eyes.
Give us, for our props in peril,
English valour, pith and stress,
And for wives, sweet English maidens,
Radiant in their loveliness.

“Foreign tastes perchance may differ,
On our virtues, or our laws,
But who sees an English matron
And withholds his deep applause?
Who beholds an English maiden,
Bright and modest, fair and free,
And denies the willing tribute
Of a fond idolatry?

“Lovely are the maids of Rhineland—
Glowing are the maids of Spain:—
French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians,
Woo our homage—not in vain.
But for beauty to enchant us,
And for virtue to enthral,
Give our hearts the girls of England,
Dearer, better than them all.”

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about English maids and matrons, there is a wonderful charm, felt nowhere else, about English rural scenery. A repose and grace, and air of quiet enjoyment and solid comfort, seem to envelope alike lordly mansion and lowly cottage. Very magnificent and imposing are the mansions of the nobility and upper classes, with their trimly-kept lawns, and grand

old trees with their far-spreading arms and rich foliage. Very pretty too and picturesque are the cottages, peeping from overshadowing trees, with the ivy and the honey-suckle twining around; and the blooming hedge-rows, to which we have nothing to correspond on this side of the Atlantic.

I spent ten days rambling among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but at the close of this short sketch, I shall not attempt any account of what I saw. Even a brief description would require an article to itself. Here is met some of the most beautiful scenery in all this beautiful world. 'The queen of the English Lakes, to my thinking, is Windermere—peerless in its loveliness; with whose exquisite beauty you could no more find fault than with the twinkling of the evening star, or the full moon. Rydal and Grasmere Lakes, which are close to Windermere, are also little gems of beauty. In a little church-yard close to Grasmere, are the graves of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, son of the famous Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Never was there a sweeter spot for a poet's grave than Grasmere—the grand old mountains, that Wordsworth loved so well, looking down upon it; and the lakes, which Wordsworth taught all the world to admire, spreading around. From Ulswater Lake "I clomb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,"—a mountain between three and four thousand feet high, from the top of which, in a beautiful, clear day I enjoyed a prospect never to be forgotten. Derwentwater Lake is associated with the memory of Southey, who sleeps in Keswick Church Yard, near Greta Hall, the scene of his noble literary toils.

At every turn among these lakes tourists, by the score, and from all countries, are encountered,—some of them, like unhappy mortals doing penance, hurrying on from place to place, intent only on "doing" the famous localities, to be able to say "they had been there." For any benefit they obtain they might as well act on Sheridan's suggestion and say they had been there without going through the toil of the journey. Many others, however, are possessed of the requisite culture and taste to enable them to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the scene. Among these tourists are to be met some fine specimens of the Anglo-Saxon stock—ladies with clear healthy complexions, finely developed busts and graceful carriage,—and men, tall, muscular, plump and rosy, into whose composition some of the very best beef and ale, and "the finest of the wheat" has entered. It takes centuries of good feeding and comfortable housing to develop from "the unkempt Savage" such a fine, manly race as the English. In it are no signs of decay, but plenty of energy and vitality. Of course I speak of the travelling class, who are chiefly from the middle and upper ranks. The pale factory-workers and smoke-grimed artisans of the great cities, are a feeble, degenerate race. I have a passion for examining old churches and church-yards, and, after some experience among them, I came to the conclusion that about 150 years, in the lachrymose climate of England, efface the deepest cut letters on a tomb-stone; and that a term of three centuries obliterates the features in the hardest materials of which a statue can be made. In Keswick Church I saw the

statue of an Earl of Derwentwater, who lived three hundred years ago. The nose was gouged and nearly every trace of the mouth; and in the chest of the noble earl some school boy had audaciously scratched his own name, with the point of a pen-knife. Will it not be the same thing, in the long run, whether we sleep quietly under the green turf, or under a marble mausoleum?

My trip included several other interesting localities on English soil, also a visit to the North of Ireland. This little sketch, however, must suffice to give the readers of this periodical some idea of the pleasure derivable from "a Trip to the Old Land," and may induce some to include such an excursion in their programme for the coming years.

M. D. TO EM-MA.

On leaden wings the dusky night is borne,
And all the sombre scene is sad and drear.
My mourning soul with cardiac grief is torn,
And lo! mine inner canthus hides a tear!

A thousand weary leagues between us lie;
They hide from me thy youthful image fair,
Nor keenest optic nerve can thee descry,
Nor retina thy lovely impress bear.

With sympathetic action deep and strong
My heavy eyes abhor the light of day.
I hear the husky *rôle sous-crepitant*,
And hark! the hissing *bruil de soufflet*!

The pangs of hepatitis rack me sore,
And cephalalgia beats my frontal bone
As though the great aorta madly bore
Its throbbing current to that part alone.

Hydrargyri Submurias in vain
Combats the hypersthenia of my blood:
Nor can I find a blest relief from pain.
In Zinci Sulph. or Potass. Hydriod.

Saccharum Lac. no benefit imparts;
No Hahnemannian phantasies for me!
"A douche!" said'st thou? A thrill of horror starts,
And creeps along my dorsal vertebræ!

All therapeutic arts the virtue lack
To heal this cumulative weight of woe.
Haste, tensor tarsi, and compress the sac,
And bid the lachrymal secretions flow!

Alas! my life, 'tis thou and thou alone
Cans't heal the myriad woes I now deplore;
Cans't give my febrile pulse its normal tone,
And all my lost tonicity restore.

I breathe once more unchanging love for thee!
Thy sacred pledge with fond affection keep,
Till I at last my former patrons see,
And sleep with them the everlasting sleep.

INDO.

THE THREE AGES.

THE AGE OF ACTION, 1500, A. D.,———, PRESENT DAY.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN J. CAMERON, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

The last age we have seen gradually outgrew its old character and developed a new one. Speculation took a practical direction, thought became active, and made itself visible in the discoveries and inventions which characterized the latter part of the age. The scholastic entology proved its own ruin. Its barrenness resulted in its desertion and in the discovery of a new field whose cultivation was destined to yield a glorious harvest. It was no longer capable of affording nourishment to an age about to enter upon a strong and vigorous manhood, whose activities were awakening from their long slumber, and upon which the sun of liberty was to shine in all its unclouded splendour. The age became dissatisfied, it craved for food which was capable of nourishing and invigorating, and the very craving was the cause and precursor of a new development. Years before Bacon appeared, he was anticipated. The tendency of the age was Bacon-ward, long before it became really and visibly Baconian. He was the result of all that preceded,—the son of the Past, from whose womb he, in due time, was delivered. Just as the waters of the noble St. Lawrence, derive their volume and depth from the united confluence of many rivers, rivulets and streams, which empty themselves into its broad channel; so does Bacon and the age in which he lived derive all the importance and distinction from the events which precede its appearance. The age which is just passing away seems steeped in a twilight which is to prove the harbinger of a cloudless day. Men dare to think. The consciousness of right inspires courage and dispels fear. A general resurrection of mind takes place. The few who had already tasted the sweets of liberty longed to see all participators in its glorious privileges. The authority of the Church was questioned, resisted and ultimately defied. The age felt the shackles of its tyranny and broke them asunder. It outgrew its dress and craved for a suit adapted to its years. Schools and universities were beginning to be established, where young thought was trained to know its powers, and its rights to use them. The necessary result was a reformation, visibly inaugurated in the religious world by Luther, in the intellectual, by Bacon. These reformations were the inevitable results of a general emancipation of mind from the thralldom of the Church, and results, it must be remembered which flow from the same combination of causes. Expressed generally, these movements consisted in the assertion of liberty of thought of which they were particular manifestations. Mental enlightenment paved the way for mental and religious freedom. The work which Copernicus, Roger Bacon, Galileo and others did, de-

voted, as it was to the extension of physical science, was as important a link in the chain of causes which resulted in the religious reformation of the sixteenth century, as Luther himself, although, historically Luther formed the last. For what affects the mind of an age must necessarily affect its different manifestations, religious as well as the rest. The mental and spiritual parts of our nature interlace and overlap each other, so that what affects the one necessarily affects the other. It is so with respect to the national mind. Mental activity, and progress reacts upon spiritual, and determines its character and tendency. An event which contributed, in a pre-eminent degree, to disseminate and perpetuate the blessing of the Reformation, was the invention of printing by Faust, about the year 1442, A. D. The importance of such an event, at this time, was incalculable. Had it not taken place, the Reformation could have been partial in character and local in influence. Its progress would have been slow, its benefits—the possession of a few. But the printing-press communicated rapidity of diffusion and perpetuity of life. By means of it, the mental acquisitions of one age are preserved for the benefit of the succeeding, and the progress of thought invested with continuity, and certainty. The religious movement of the time, from this circumstance, received an impetus which gave to it a widely diffusive character. It spread like leaven and soon premeated the age. But the rapidity of its diffusion indicates another fact, viz: that the age was partially at least, prepared for its reception. Luther simply gave expressio to a feeling of which the whole age was conscious, and which, sooner or later, would have developed itself. His courage, therefore, in this movement was greater than his originality. He was the living, personified expression of the age. The path which he followed, was not untrodden. Liberty of thought struggled for expression and found it before Luther came. Under its banner mighty champions had fought. They had perilled their lives in its cause. They had followed her wherever she went. Her voice to them was the voice of God. It inspired, it cheered, it supported them. Its music rang in their souls. Such men were Copernicus, Roger Bacon, Galileo, and many others whose works are stamped upon the ages in ineffaceable characters, whose lives yet live in the acting effects they produced, and which shall live down to the remotest generation. Thought never dies, it is as immortal as the thinker who gave it birth and infused into it the breath of life. As the blood is the life of the body, so is thought that of the mind. Without it, the spiritual nature would die, and man would sink to the level of the brutes that perish. It is man's glory and crown, it dignifies, ennobles and immortalizes him. It elevates him above the brute, it invests him with the power of the seer, it makes him god-like and divine. It is the director of events and the creator of reforms. It controls the destinies of individuals and nations. It is the pioneer of civilization, the friend of liberty, and the companion of truth. It extends its sway from the lowest strata of society to the highest. It is the originator of all movements, whether religious, political or social. It presides in the Parliaments of empires, it rules in the halls of learn-

ing, it moves the mighty multitudes. Books are its servants, and men the tools with which it works. Its march has been one of triumph and victory. Its progress has been like the rising sun, emerging from the distant east, dispelling the darkness of night, and ushering us into a world of light and beauty.

The religious movement, then, with which Luther was associated, was simply one of the grand results of that general revival of mind which characterized the age to which we now refer. The authority of the Pope had, already, been questioned, but Luther courageously defied it, the tenets of Aristotle had already been rejected, but it remained for Francis Bacon to take a step in advance and take possession of the strong-hold for which his predecessors had fought, and where that philosopher had as long reigned with undisputed sway. Before indicating the events which gave to the age the character which we have represented it as sustaining, it will be necessary to give a short account of those grand principles to the systemization of which Francis Bacon devoted the greater part of his life, and whose application has effected such a marvellous change upon the whole face of society. And let us remember that Bacon's work, grand as it was, was simply one of systemization. In this consists all the originality to which he can justly lay claim. The principles which underlie that system were practically recognized and acted upon before his appearance. But it is evident that originality for the most part consists in bringing to our notice familiar things to the existence of which as related to other things, our very familiarity had rendered us blind. The grandest discovery of modern times is the law of gravitation, the enunciation of which has immortalized the name of Newton, was a principle upon which men had always acted, yet the generalization of its particular applications, into one grand universal law was evident only to the mind of a Newton. The majority of men are prone to contemplate facts as isolated and individual. The result is that those grand general views in which the philosophic mind delights to indulge, are never arrived at. It is as a philosopher that Francis Bacon is entitled to our respectful consideration. Born in London in the year 1561, after having undergone a course of preliminary instruction, he entered the University of Cambridge, at the early age of thirteen, where he is said to have distinguished himself for his proficiency in the sciences. At the age of sixteen against the Aristotelean philosophy, and at nineteen his work on the "State of Europe" is said to have attracted public attention, by the clearness and maturity of judgment it displayed. At twenty-nine he sat in Parliament, where he excelled as an orator. As a statesman he was guilty of many mean acts which ultimately brought disgrace upon him, and show an entire absence of those qualities necessary for such a position. It is as a philosopher, that he is entitled to our respect and remembrance. His "*Instauratio Magna*" establishes his reputation as a profound thinker and a ripe scholar. It is in the second part of this work,—the "*Novum Organum*," where he sets forth the principles of his philosophy. To his mind the preceding age had clearly demonstrated the folly and uselessness of the

speculations upon which the Schoolmen had wasted their ingenuity. He saw the rock upon which they foundered, and resolved to avoid it. Experiment and observation he proclaimed to be the two grand instruments by which truth was to be discovered, progress made and science advanced. These form the key-stones of the Inductive method,—the pedestals upon which he builds his magnificent structure. Experiments as distinguished from hypothesis, he declared to be the only sure way of arriving at truth. Philosophers of preceding centuries were habitually directing their investigations to objects upon which it was impossible to experiment, and from which, if it were possible, no benefit could be derivable. To illustrate our position, let us take an example.

It was asserted by Aristotle that the velocity of falling bodies was in direct proportion to their weight—that, for instance, if two bodies be taken, the one twice as heavy as the other, the heavy body would reach the ground in half the time occupied by the lighter one. Galileo, who had for some time made this the object of his attention, and subjected it to the severest and surest of all crucibles—experiment—came to a very different conclusion. He had the courage not only to doubt the dictum of Aristotle, but to challenge his opponent to a fair trial. The scene is thus described by a distinguished writer:—“On the appointed day the disputants repaired to the tower of Pisa, each party, perhaps, with equal confidence. It was a crisis in the history of human knowledge. On the one side stood the assembled wisdom of the universities, revered for age and science, venerable, dignified, united and commanding. Around them thronged the multitude, and about them clustered the associations of centuries. On the other, there stood an obscure young man (Galileo), with no retinue of followers, without reputation, or influence, or station; but his courage is equal to the occasion. Confident in the power of truth, his form is erect, and his eye sparkles with excitement. But the hour of trial arrives. The balls to be employed in the experiments are carefully weighed and scrutinized, to detect deception. The parties are satisfied. The one ball is exactly twice the weight of the other. The followers of Aristotle maintain that, when the balls are dropped from the tower, the heavy one will reach the ground in exactly half the time employed by the lighter ball. Galileo asserts that the weights of the balls do not affect their velocities, and that the times of descent will be equal; and here the disputants join issue. The balls are conveyed to the summit of the lofty tower. The crowd assemble round the base; the signal is given; the balls are dropped at the same instant; and swift descending, at the same moment they strike the earth. Again and again the experiment is repeated with uniform results. Galileo's triumph was complete: not a shadow of a doubt remained.” Galileo's conclusion was based upon experiment, Aristotle's upon hypothesis. The great work which Bacon did was the giving prominence and expression to this method of arriving at truth, as distinguished from the hypothetical. To the faithful application of the rules which he has laid down for conducting our observations and experiments, are traceable all the

grand results of modern discovery. Truth, to be worthy of our hearty acceptance and belief, must be based upon fact. According to the ancient method, theories were formed independently of facts. Their connection was not perceived, and the intimate relation in which the one stands to the other was unrecognized. So complete a disjunction of theory from fact, could not but give rise to a system of knowledge bereft of that solidity and certainty without which knowledge must degenerate into mere fancy. But the Baconian method does not include hypothesis. It makes use of it provisionally. Its formation may be contemporaneous with the first recorded observation of a particular fact, every repetition of which may shew its confirmation, and finally result in its verification. Hypothesis and experiment go hand in hand; the speculative and logical faculties are both exercised—the theoretical and practical co-operate. Imagination furnishes hypothesis—observation supplies facts; and both are employed as means for the attainment of an end. Hypothesis thus entirely changes its character in the inductive philosophy of Bacon. It is now simply provisional, when before it was final;—it is now subordinate to facts, when formerly it sustained to them a relation of absolute independence;—it is now co-operative, when, under the old system, it was isolated. Its truth depends entirely upon the facts observed, for which it is meantime held to be an explanation; and the disclosure of new facts may, at the same moment, cause it to be abandoned. The ultimate object of the Aristotelean system was the attainment of *abstract* truth. It was very often directed to objects beyond the power of analysis, and which, supposing analysis possible, were incapable of yielding any practical result. Now, as opposed to this, the grand object of the Baconian system may be said to be the attainment of *practical* truth. Speculation does not imply inactivity, and yet it does. The preceding age, we cannot but admit, was mentally active; but its activity failed to blossom, and bore no tangible fruit. Its activity was of a barren and unproductive character. It is an age which bore upon its branches neither leaf nor bud nor blossom. In the age before us, the buds of thought begin to sprout, and lovely blossoms unfold their delicate surfaces, heralding the appearance of the luscious fruit. Action becomes visible, practical and productive. From being local and spasmodic, it has become universal and permanent. Like a swollen stream which has overflowed its banks, it overspreads the face of society, coursing out for itself new channels, and conveying freshness and fertility to parched and barren soils. It vitalizes every department of society, and preserves them from stagnation and death. Men are observing, experimenting and analysing, when before they were pausing, speculating and imagining. Formerly, a slavish submission to authority froze up the currents of human thought; now, the sun of liberty has arisen in her splendour. Beneath her reviving ray the ice-bound streams broke their fetters, and bound forth as captives from their cells, instinct with rippling life. No one who has for a moment thought upon the circumstances which have given rise to the several discoveries which constitute the glory of the age in which we live, but must be convinced

they are all the results of the faithful application of the principles of the inductive method. Nature around us is now recognized as the grand field to which attention is to be directed, and our energies bent. Within her is contained our whole store of knowledge; and to observe her closely and examine her faithfully is the sure road to attain truth and to avoid error. Look abroad upon the face of society, and see what marvellous changes have been wrought. The forces of nature, long supposed to be the capricious manifestations of a god or gods, now wearing a frown of vengeance, or again beaming with loving smiles, have been shown to be uniform in operation and reliable in character. The lightnings of heaven, which were wont to flash terror into the hearts of an ignorant people, have been chained and made the willing subjects of man. By it oceans are bridged, and the thought of the moment invested with an omnipresence which to our forefathers would be incredible. The most distant nations are brought into communion. Space has been annihilated, and time deprived of duration. The most distant nations are brought into mental communion. Mankind have become a grand unity—a united body, whose parts are inseparably related, and the affection of one part distributed instantaneously to every other. Thought is no longer latent;—it is developed, living, and self-creative. From being abstract it has become practical;—from being directed to unattainable ideals, between which and the real there existed no possible ground of union, it now creates, from a knowledge of the real, an attainable ideal, the possibility of whose attainments is measured by comparison with undeniable facts. The speculative and logical faculties of our nature are reconciled—the practical and theoretical harmonized.

The active character of the age assumes a variety of forms. As distinguished from the last age, it is an external and practical activity. There is no subject left untouched,—no field left untilled. Thought and its results, which were before merely local in their influence, have, through the agency of the printing press, become universal and cosmopolitan. The seeds of knowledge are thrown broad-cast over a soil which has been for ages preparing to receive it. The goddess of liberty has descended, once more erected her shrine and receives worshippers. Happiness is ascertained to be causatively related to obedience to certain invariable laws,—misery to be the inevitable result of disobedience. For this reason, the physical sciences, which connect themselves most intimately with human well-being, have become the objects of vigorous prosecution. Thought exercises lordship over the boundless domain of nature; she treads with fearless step,—she reigns with undisputed sway. The characteristic activity of the age has assumed a visible and tangible form. It is commercial, when the products of distant soils are wafted with marvellous certainty to our very doors; when mighty ships and steamers plough the ocean, defiant of wind and tide; when the shrill steam whistle resounds in our ears; when the din of great cities is heard afar off; where continually ply busy manufactories, sacred to the genius of human labour. It is social, when legislators are studiously devising the best means as

remedies for existing evils; when church disestablishments are being effected; when merit alone secures promotion in the army; when women's rights are being formed for improving the social position of women; when educational questions are being discussed with reference to the elevation and improvement of the masses. It is intellectual, when the laws of mind and matter are being investigated with a zeal to which the last age can offer no precedent, and with a success which stimulates to greater exertion and more speedy progress; when the long-hidden arcana of nature are being laid open; when new worlds of wonder and miracle are being created, of whose existence our ancestors entertained not even an idea; when imposing theories, displaying philosophic depth and insight, are being formed; and when the keen-eyed scientist and the deep-brained philosopher are proclaiming new facts for our belief, or grander generalizations for our attention. Again, this activity is further distinguished from that of the last age by its *universality*. It is manifested by society as a whole, and is not simply the characteristic of a few. The heaven of thought has leavened the whole age. It has penetrated every strata of society and become a universal possession. But it everywhere seeks to develop itself in visible forms, to embody itself in tangible shapes, and to realize some practical end.

In an age whose activity is the result of liberty of thought, whose *manifestation is not confined to any particular direction*, we ought to be capable of tracing its effects upon the religious spirit. The domains of science and religion are closely contiguous, their causes cross and intersect each other, and their separation would result in the most disastrous consequences. Such being the case, they must mutually affect each other, and unusual activity on the part of the one must be attended with vitality or stagnation on the part of the other. The undue cultivation of the intellect, it will be readily granted, is not favourable to emotional development, and it is not difficult to trace the poverty of the religious life of the present age, in its emotional aspect, to the exuberant display of intellectual vigour which commingles with the active character of the age. There is an evident tendency to make religion scientific, to constitute it simply a form of scientific thought, and as therefore amenable to scientific laws, and governed by similar conditions. That this tendency necessarily follows from the application of the principles of the Inductive method, is very clear. And is so far as the objects of religious thought lie within the compass of human analysis; the application of such principles to them is as equally just as it is to the objects of scientific thought. Religion and science in this respect, possess points in common, and the laws which govern the one, are applicable also to the other. But what shall we say of that department of religion whose objects are beyond the sphere of observation and absolutely incapable of being tested by the ordinary laws of human thought? Here science can no longer come to the rescue. Her sphere lies in the phenomenal, and beyond the phenomenal she cannot go. If certainty is to be arrived at upon these subjects, it must be by other than by Inductive principles, for

here they are clearly inapplicable. Thus, where the Inductive method fails, Revelation comes to the rescue, and affords us certainty and light upon objects which otherwise would remain forever shrouded in darkness. To suppose that the rapid advance of Inductive science will, at some future time, overtake these subjects, which now are regarded as absolutely beyond its domain, and demonstrate that certainty upon those subjects is groundless, and impossible, is a supposition which her present declarations emphatically negative. The Darwinian theory of development, the latest and grandest scientific generalization of the nineteenth century, whose truth, however, and final acceptance must depend upon facts, as yet unobserved, and to Darwin himself confessedly unknown, does not countenance the supposition. In so far as Inductive science can be applied to the objects with which religion deals, it must be attended with progressively beneficial results. But to apply it to objects which lie beyond its reach, and with which, from its very nature, it is incapable of dealing, betrays ignorance of its nature, and must inevitably result in failure. If we confine our attention to that department of religious thought which lie within the sphere of science, we do not fail to observe the same characteristic activity which we have seen manifested in other departments. Wherever the Inductive method is applicable, wherever its operation has been felt, its invariable results have been, certainty and progression. Its inapplicability to any object of thought, necessarily results in the production of our inactive and stationary character. Hence, in so far as the objects with which theology is conversant are capable of being subjected to analysis, in so far as it, a progressive science, while in so far as its objects lie beyond the reach of observation and experiment, in so far as it is a stationary science, incapable of productive thought, and unapproachable by the principles of Inductive science. As a Divine Revelation, it stands aloof in isolated majesty, inseparable from every human system, and refusing alliance with them. As a human conception, it is a part of human science, progressive in character, productive in thought, and stimulative to man's activities and energies.

OUR ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

BY CONSERVATOR

The proposed reorganization of Her Majesty's Army engrosses and deservedly so, a large share of public attention. The pages of our periodicals and the columns of our journals teem with schemes and projects for its reconstruction. The great desire abroad is evidently to devise some means by which we can fill the ranks of our regular and reserve forces, with such a number of men as would be somewhat proportionate to the size of the large armies now maintained on the

continent of Europe. In following the dictates of this inclination, there is undoubtedly, with the bulk of the British Public, since the recent victories of the Germans, an almost slavish propensity to Prussianize H. M's Troops, and in endeavouring to effect this contemplated reform the majority, indeed almost all its advocates, lose sight of points of paramount importance.

Probably those who say "let us adopt the Prussian system," imagine that as the application of a certain method of military instruction and rigid training to the conscripts of one nation gained for her army brilliant victories, so the application of a similar method of instruction to the soldiers of another nation would in time of war, be followed by results as satisfactory as those which rained upon the recent hostile efforts of the Germans. To draw such a conclusion, we must premise that the recruits of both nations possess exactly the same fighting qualities, or to particularize, that Englishmen and Germans are alike in this respect. On this point, however, there is some difference of opinion; those who are best calculated to judge of it, affirming that the warlike qualities of the inhabitants of the countries in question are not alike. Our countrymen are said to partake of the stubbornness of the Prussians with the *clan* of the French, and in addition possess a peculiar kind of ferocity which is foreign to the people of both those nations. If these statements be true, and no good reason can be adduced to shake belief in them, Prussian training would probably not suit Englishmen, he should therefore be very careful of the prevalent disposition to Prussianize our men. There are many systems in the Prussian military service which it is not only desirable, but essential that we should adopt, but a wholesale adoption of it would be the reverse of good. We should perfect the British soldier, instead of making him an imitation soldier of another nation—of a nation whose troops have lately, it is true, achieved brilliant exploits, but still a different people to ours. Had the French been successful in the late war, we should no doubt be now recommended to *Frenchify our army*. Speaking of recommendations, we are advised to adopt in imitation of Prussia, discipline, study, and the exactitude of intelligence. This advice is superfluous. These qualities are common to every military nation, and have been known for generations. In the exercise of them, Prussia certainly excels, and in this respect we might consistently follow her. But, whatever may be the value of the counsels which we constantly receive, prompted by the result of the Prusso-Franco War, its history should teach us many lessons; it should teach us to inquire into the causes which led the Germans to victory, and which brought disaster and defeat on the French; but, while inducing us to imitate, as far as circumstances permit, the cultivation which proved so fruitful to the former, the records of the late campaigns should warn us to avoid with due regard to our soil, the seed which germinated so unproductively for the latter. And here it may not be out of place to allude to a very important difference which exists in the organization of the Prussian and French armies. The service of the former with respect to officers is essentially aristocratic while that

of the latter in the same respect is democratic to the core. It has been already remarked that in the proposed change in our military system, many points of considerable import are unheeded, and that while it is not only desirable but essential that we should adopt many systems in force in the Prussian service, a wholesale imitation of it would be the reverse of good. It may now be observed that the constitution of the Prussian and British armies is alike in many respects, and that the admirers of the former will find on reflection that even to Prussianize our troops would not necessitate a *complete* alteration in our military system.

Our army is officered almost exclusively by gentlemen, and in this particular, while presenting a marked contrast to that of France, differs but little from that of Prussia. Here then is a point—the selection of our officers—upon which we require no instruction; one which must be admitted to be of great importance, and which in all the recent discussions on army reform has been altogether neglected. It may appear inconsistent to advance as of any moment a point upon which we have nothing to learn; but, while we have had, and probably at present, have no occasion for instruction in the selection of our officers—as hitherto the excellence of the material which has filled our commissioned ranks is undisputed—we must take into consideration that the purchase system under which we obtained this excellent material has been abolished and the question naturally suggests itself: shall we under any other system obtain the same class of officers, as have under the purchase system flocked to the ranks of our cavalry and infantry? The conviction then must force itself upon us, that although we have nothing to learn from the Prussians relative to securing officers, as they under a certain system and we under purchase system popularized the armies with the aristocratic class of the respective nations—that having abolished our system we should be prepared to introduce another, which would be attractive to the upper ranks of society, if we still desire to obtain and retain their services. The system of obtaining military advancement by purchasing the several steps was doubtless wrong in principle; but then it elicited the tone of our service. The purport of this paper is not, however to discuss the merits and defects of the purchase system, or of the reorganization of our army, but simply to allude to one element in the great contemplated reform, viz: The future selection of officers.

The present Secretary of State for war has recently made rules for the entrance of educated men into the army, and provision for their subsequent military training. But will the new arrangement secure the same material as heretofore? Will our soldiers respect and follow the men so obtained? These questions appear to be lost sight of, reflection on them will somewhat startle the advocates of the Prussian system. They will learn with alarm that an innovation has just been made in our service quite at variance with the principles which govern the constitution of their favourite model, that the tone of our service is in jeopardy, that the presence of a class of men who never failed us in time of need may not in future be available; that in fact

in one particular system, in which it is essential that we should imitate Prussia, viz., keeping, not making our army essentially aristocratic,—a disregard of the leading characteristics of that successful military nation has been displayed; not necessarily by the abolition of purchase, but by the non-introduction of a system which would be in harmony with the views of our aristocracy. By the adoption of such a system, we should not only please the admirers of Prussia but would smooth the ruffles of the adherents to the old plan of obtaining officers.

The object of this paper being only to make public the topic which forms the subject of this short article, it is not now intended to enter upon the discussion of any perspective system; but merely to hint at the propriety of quartering line regiments in the Counties from which they are named, and of creating between them and the militia of those Counties intimate relations. Those regiments which do not already possess a County title might easily have one conferred on them, or, if good reasons exist for it, a national title might be given to certain regiments as in the case of the 1st "The Royal Regiment" which has been permitted by Her Majesty to resume the title by which it was distinguished from 1812-21, viz: "The Royal Scots Regiment." The idea might be entertained of selecting for each regiment officers from the County after which the battalion is called, (not all the officers, but a certain proportion, as some gentlemen might not wish to join the regiment of their own County) thus establishing a cordial feeling and local "esprit de corps" similar to that which characterized the conduct, and accounted for the unanimity of action, of the officers of each regiment of the Prussian army during the war. Are not these expedients in conformity with British views and British wishes? Thus acceptance would necessitate but little alteration in the rules laid down for the subsequent practical military training of officers. Speaking of British wishes in connection with our army, and adding that every army has its idiosyncrasy and national characteristics, a reference to General Trochu's "*L'Armée Française en 1867*," may not be considered inapplicable. General Trochu writes with esteem of the British army, and quotes Marshal Bugeaud's familiar saying "The British infantry is the most formidable in the world; happily there is not much of it." But the General (Trochu) adds "that as armies faithfully represent the merits and defects of their respective nations, they must be governed and organized on their own distinct principles." Let us therefore, in the selection of our officers, be guided by those principles which will please the national taste, and should we see any characteristic in another army which could with advantage be applied to our own, let us by all means adopt it.

With regard to military training our officers are certainly deficient in this respect, but they are not to blame, they are quite willing to learn and improve themselves; what they require is directing power in in each branch. The habits and occupations of our officers peculiarly adapt them for warfare. Lieut. Col. Bray, of the 4th King's Own Royal Regiment, who visited Prussia in 1868, with other officers, for the purpose of witnessing field manœuvres, was greatly impressed with

the skill and military science displayed and had an excellent opportunity of comparing Prussian with British officers. Colonel Bray, in his lecture delivered at Woolwich in February, 1871, on "The Prussian mode of conducting large manœuvres," thus speaks of English officers: "Taken as a body English officers are as good as any body of officers in Europe, and I think ready enough to receive instruction if properly administered; but, as matters now (Feb. 1871) stand, they are professionally 'untaught officers,' as the great majority of officers of the army know nothing of their profession beyond what may be called 'barrack-yard knowledge'; that is drill, interior economy of regiments, some military law and practice of court's martial, and certain experiences of military practices and customs; and it is in the general knowledge of things, good liberal education, large amount of travel and experience of foreign countries, hunting and shooting experiences all over the world, and mixing with general society which makes the British officer a better man 'all round' than the officers of most continental armies. His natural energy, dash, high temper and spirit pull him through war generally successfully. There can be no reason why the British officer should not be as good at his profession as he is at other things." The recent provision to train our officers after admission into the service, is a step in the right direction; it would be still better if we took steps to retain and obtain the services of the class of officers to which Col. Bray alludes. In all our campaigns the habits and pursuits of our officers have told in their favour. Testimonies, too numerous to quote, can be produced on this head. The very last exploit of the British officers occurred on this continent, is beyond praise, and deserves special notice in *THE QUARTERLY*. The Red River expedition, to which belonged H. M. 60th Rifles, advanced 600 miles through a wilderness of water, rocks and forests, where no supplies could be obtained, and where all the provisions, stores, &c., had to be transported for miles on the backs of the soldiers, (officers and men.) The officers of course were volunteer carriers; but still they were foremost when hard work, for which their usual habits peculiarly qualified them, was to be done, (and in this expedition hard work was never wanting) thus showing a noble example to the men. All honour to these gallant fellows and to their comrades of the Canadian militia, who, with friendly emulation, vied with regulars in the successful accomplishment of this arduous undertaking—an undertaking which must be looked upon as exceedingly brilliant although little record has been made of it. Had not a great war raged in Europe, when that small British force was contending against the natural obstacles which incessantly beset it, the Home newspapers would, without doubt, have chronicled with pride that prosperous military achievement. The limits of this article do not permit the mention of the innumerable proofs of the peculiar fitness of the present class of British officers for warfare; but proof is not wanting, their aptitude for active service is acknowledged by the nation. They are avowed to be fit to command and fit to lead our soldiers by whom they are respected, which probably an inferior stamp of officers, as regards social position,

although gifted with equally good fighting qualities, would not be. Let us therefore, without blindly copying the system of the Prussian army wholesale, imitate her in the course she pursues to give a high tone and bearing to her military service. Let us strain every nerve to encourage gentlemen to flock to our standard. Men on whose courage, devotion and honour we can rely; above all let us guide such national courage as was displayed by the men who led the Six Hundred at Balaclava, with the hand of science which the chiefs of that fatal yet glorious day failed to grasp.

EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Unmoved, upon the scaffold, Charlotte stood
 Prepared to pay the penalty in blood,
 To Heaven she raised her patriotic glance
 And breathed a prayer for Liberty and France.
 Pale are her lips, but her majestic mien
 Betrays no terror of the guillotine,
 The axe may fall,—for she has reft away
 From freedom's neck the yoke of tyranny!—
 Calmly she views the surging crowd below
 Nor recks if gibes, or tears of pity flow,
 One mighty thought obliterates the rest
 This hand has sheathed a dagger in his breast.
 Has sent a *monster* to th' Eternal shore
 Who deluged France with cataracts of gore.

O! child of vengeance, can we bid thee live
 Who dared t' invade the Lord's prerogative,
 Who heard the cry of innocence afar
 And quenched the light of hideous Marat?
 Just is thy doom—though vice in virtue's dress.
 Disclaims the brand of *common murderess*.
 No marble bust hoar Rouen's streets display
 To tell the tale of 'Citoyenne Corday,'
 Yet Norman maidens in the days to come
 Shall point the pilgrim to her early home.
 And as he leaves the windings of the Seine
 To lose himself in reverie again
 Beneath the pile, dark blot on *Britain's* fame!
 *Where Joan of Arc endured the cruel flame,
 The thought shall come, that, she who gambolled near
 First caught the spark of heroism here
 And burned to lay the foul oppressor low
 Though she herself should perish in the blow.

DAMON.

*Joan of Arc's monument on the spot where she suffered in "Place de la Pucelle" at Rouen.

A NEW BOOK OF SCOTTISH POETRY.*

Perhaps in all the wide range which poetry takes, whether in the form of sonnet, ballad, lyric or idyl measure, the poetry of nature and of the emotions belongs eminently to Scotland alone. France through Alfred DeMussét has given us lays of a tender sympathetic chord and Germany in her Goethe has occasionally deigned to paint a lowly Rhineland home, but Norway, Hungary, Switzerland, Spain and other great poetic countries of Europe have deemed it more fit to portray the stirring deeds of battle in ponderous hexameters and high sounding lyrics than to sketch in quiet mellifluous verse, the less ambitious theme of peasant cottages and homely villagers. What poem in a foreign tongue can compare with Burns's simple exemplification of the Presbyteriau faith, "A Cotter's Saturday Night," and where shall we find a tenderer or more tearful poem to touch the heart, than that charming fugitive wanderer, nameless and alone, "The Puir Raggit Wean?" There is so much genuine feeling, so much to awaken sympathetic action in our bosoms, so much genial warmth thrown round hallowed firesides, so much *naturalness* in all Scottish poetry that one always feels better after reading it, his own home is better appreciated and his heart feels warmer towards his fellow man in consequence. England in her poets seeks not the amelioration of the lot of the poor farmer, toiling in his field. Wordsworth, perhaps, in his *Mendicant* rouses a heavy lethargic heart, long hidden in the lap of selfishness, to yield to the importunities of one of our less favoured brethren, but the old hard heart turns and sleeps again. And we all know how soundly the Lake poet was rated by the critics and how scathingly he was "hit off" by Byron for his "new departure" in poesy. Hood is almost alone in his tales of "one more unfortunate," and his "Song of the Shirt" lives in our hearts merely because it is a tale of the heart, and striking deeply into our sensibilities retains its place there. Ireland's Tom Moore, the sweet singer, may be an exception, though there is doubt in placing him in this category. He seems to have devoted his more serious attention to the translations from Anacreon, and beyond *Lalla Rookh* we have little of a pastoral tendency. The *Harp that once through Tara's Halls* is only musical at best and calls up no responsive answer. Lover is only a pleasant singer and has produced nothing, in a poetic sense, to compare with Burns's great rival, Paisley's tuneful lyrist, Robert Tannahill. What a fine tribute of a more exalted love is his "Filial Vow:"

"Why heaves my mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
 Why starts the big tear glistening in her eye?
 Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
 Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
 'Tis for my father, mouldering with the dead,
 My brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,

* POEMS AND SONGS BY WM. MURDOCH, St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan.

And for the pains which age is doomed to bear,
 She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.
 Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
 But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy;
 She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
 Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb."

What a noble son was he and how cheering to the heart of the poor old Scottish mother was it to have such a son! Everyone is familiar with his more popular songs, "The Braes o' Balquhither," "The Flower o' Dumblane" and "Gloomy Winter's now awa." And Allan Cunningham tells us how a hundred years ago a Scotch printer named Richard Gall astonished Scotland and the "adjacent Islands" with the spirited ballad "My only Jo and Dearie O," while "Farewell to Ayr" was often quoted as a poem of the Ayrshire ploughman.

But we have, surely, given enough exemplars to shew that to the bards of Caledonia belongs the honour of weaving into magic numbers, those poems which will ever remain endeared in our affections. Poems which live in our hearts. Pastorals such as the gentle Ettrick Shepherd, whose conceit, perhaps, overbalanced his abilities, threw off in the spring-time of his genius. "Touches of Nature" which "makes the whole world kin" such as Wm. Dunbar has pencilled on memory's tablets. Not he of Divinity fame, the D.D. of Dumfries who wrote in honour of Miss Campbell, of the Island of Islay, the graceful batch of verses "The Maid of Islay."

"Not the tempest raving round me,
 Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
 While her image fill'd my soul."

but the great cotemporary of another popular Scottish poet, Sir David Lindsay, (who composed "The Monarchie") and who flourished between the poetic ages of 1460 and 1560.

And yet Scotia's fame does not altogether rest here. Pastoral poetry though her great *forte*, is not her only attribute. The wreath of laurels has decked her fair brow, time and again, for ascendancy in other measures. The grandest war song ever penned is "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled." A first Napoleon's proclamation to his army on the eve of a sanguinary battle, or the old French war cry "Remember Jena," could not inspire more courage in the hearts of dauntless troops, than this proud address of Scotland's hero, Bruce, to his handful of men. And the united British Isles are indebted to the hardy Borders for the two national songs, "Rule Britannia," by Thomson, and "The Mariners of England," by the most melodious and musical of all poets, Thomas Campbell, whose "Hohenlinden" is still a favourite recitative poem. *God Save the Queen* is the old Scottish anthem *God Save the King*, slightly altered from the original; the last verse, however, remaining intact. We do not claim the exclusive honour for Scotland, however, in this sense. Macaulay has rendered himself immortal in fiery bursts celebrating dauntless deeds of glory on well-fought fields and great engagements, hardly contested, on billowy ocean's crested waves. And Tennyson's "Charge of the Light

Brigade" is a famous epitaph to inscribe on monumental tablets over the graves of those brave ones who perished beneath cold Russia's sky through Bloody Cardigan's cruel blunder. But we claim for Scotland especial prominence for home poems, for sketches of real life and character, for tributes of warm, glowing affection, for true love idyls, for, in a word, family lyrics setting forth in a proper light, the loves we bear each other in the different spheres through which mankind is viewed. Every true Scotchman loves his own "auld hame" the best, and his heart always yearns for a visit to the old scenes of his early youth. Statistics have proven, repeatedly, that interchange of thought between Scotia and her children scattered all over the globe, has been the greatest of any country in existence, and Ireland comes next on the list. Love of home, love of friends, love of everything ennobling is peculiarly Scottish.

These remarks have been called forth by the receipt of some advance sheets of a new volume of Poems and Songs, handsomely printed on tinted paper, in clear, well-defined type, by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, which the author, Mr. Wm. Murdoch, has kindly placed at our disposal. At this time of writing, the book is nearly through the press and is "fast advancing towards construction." This work is a new edition of a volume of "Poems and Songs of Scotland," which was issued in 8vo form in 1860, by the author, through the press of Messrs. Barnes & Co. Then it comprised some 160 pages. Since 1860 Mr. M. has written much of a fugitive character, mostly short songs and poems; and has applied the pruning knife to several of his "first fruits." So unsparingly has he been in tuing down, and altering some of his better efforts, that in their new guise the old familiar lines were barely discernible, and they left his hands new poems. We can hardly agree with this altering and amending process, so common now-a-days with authors, particularly our poets. So many good things, written when the inspiration was on the writers, so much of a soothing nature is ruthlessly "cut out" and we fail, invariably, to recognize a poem we once loved so much and which in our early days made so lasting an impression on our minds. "Ik Marvel" found this out when he attempted to revise a new edition of his "Reveries of a Bachelor"—one of the best books ever penned. He had so much to leave out and so much to work in that he had almost before him in alterations, additions and emendations, two new works in an incredibly short time. To lessen his labours he threw to one side his *new* version of the old story and adopted the latter wholly, and printed it in precisely the same style as it was issued to the public years before, unaltered, unabridged and unshorn of its better thoughts. In his own words, in its changed form, it could not be the same work. Mr. Murdoch has, however, left us in the original sufficient of his former poems, to make us relish with a keener zest his new poems. Many of these new thoughts have, at intervals, been before our readers, through the medium of the newspapers and this magazine and all have been greeted with a favourable reception. The author—"the light-house poet"—was born in Paisley, renowned for its famous men, in 1823.

and came to this country during the year 1854. In Paisley, and for some time in St. John, he followed the calling of a shoemaker, as Whittier, the Quaker Bard, once did, but his poetic soul towered above the soles of boots and shoes, and he soon sought an occupation more congenial to his literary tastes. He has since filled various positions on the staff of city newspapers and is still connected in some way with the press of the land. As a newspaper man, thrown into daily contact with every phase of human nature, he has had ample scope to exercise his peculiar talents, and these labours of his mind and pen will leave imprinted on Canadian literature a lasting impression. When the history of the literature of this country comes to be written Mr. Murdoch's name will be very intimately associated with it, though he has written little, if anything, of a purely Canadian tone. His thoughts are home thoughts; not Canadian.

Several new poems, many of which remaining to this time unpublished in any form, have been added to this collection, and in scope, power and pathos, in melodious diction and in musical expression, are fully equal to the bard's other productions. There is a fine touching bit of elegiac rhyme on the first page, full of thought and replete with melancholy surroundings. We heard this poem many years ago recited at one of our Public Schools, and were considerably impressed with it at the time. The "City of the Dead" is very beautiful and can only be appreciated by those who have lost friends sleeping in the quiet Burial Ground. These musings lose none of their charm by age, and we have, many a time, found ourselves unconsciously repeating portions of the poem while slowly traversing the silent pathways to and from the sad narrow houses of the dead.

“ Alone, like exile far remote
 From country, friends and home,
 I seek thy mazy Cedar walks,
 In musing mood to roam;
 Or awe-struck, gaze with silent grief
 Upon each narrow bed,
 Which holds for thee, my kindred's dust—
 Lone City of the Dead.

I see within thy solemn gloom
 The ghosts of other years;
 Their love notes come on every wind—
 Their hopes, their joys, their tears;
 But soon, too soon, the transient dream
 Which rapt my soul is sped,
 And left alone thy spectral spires—
 Dark City of the Dead.

* * * * *

Beneath this lowly, humble board,
 Reclines the stalwart form
 Of him who braved the billow's rage,
 And dared the demon storm;
 No tender mother seal'd his eyes,
 Or watch'd his dying bed;
 No sister mourns him in thy shades—
 Drear City of the Dead.

Upon this stone I gaze, I weep,
The magic of that name—
"My MORNUN"—clothes my soul with fire
And burns through all my frame.
O! could I clasp that blessed form,
Recal the years now fled,
I'd gladly yield me to thy bonds—
Dread City of the Dead.

* * * * *

Adieu, ye sullen shaded nooks,
Adieu, thou genial gloom;
Adieu, my long lost kindred's dust,
My friend's untended tomb;
Adieu, dark City stern and drear—
When time and death have sped,
Then will thy day of reck'ning come—
Proud City of the Dead."

Mr. Murdoch has not improved upon this good old poem, in his new offering, "The Old Burial Ground." The latter jingles well enough; but the dream which it professes to be is not real. It is a poor imitation of the author's own original, and to our mind should not have been written. Its author's fame should have remained with the *Musings*. They are really and notoriously good. This last emanation is decidedly bad and sorry matter at best. It is a glaring, and too common a fault pursued by authors of various degrees of excellence. They too often attempt to build up a name on the reputation of a former effort. Look, for instance, at "The Heathen Chinee." Flushed with the notoriety it brought its author, Mr. Harte sought still more renown, and gave forth some "further language from Truthful James," who "lived at Table Mountain," and very "flat, stale and unprofitable" stuff it was too. This fault cannot be too strongly condemned and deplored; and we hope we have seen the last of it.

In the lines suggested by a Scottish Spring, we have much to admire and appreciate. These pictures are admirably conceived, shew faultless execution, and present sweetly and prettily much knowledge of the subject. How natural and pointed are these elegant verses and how quaintly they sing of the most beautiful of all seasons:

"The sweet refreshing vernal showers
Ha'e buskit mother earth wi' flowers,
And dressed the woodland fairy bowers
In sweetest green,
Where beauty owns love's magic powers,
Wi' bashful mien.

The trees send forth their sweetest buds,
The laverock seeks its native cluds,
And pours frae thence, in rapt'rous floods,
Its heavenly sang;
Frae brake to brake the maukin whuds,
Wi' heedless baug.

The lambs are frisking on the knowles,
 Whar bonny purple heather grows;
 The plaintive bleating o' the ewes
 Wha seek their young,
 Gars echo skim along the howes
 Like Music's tongue.

The minnows in the burnie play
 Delighted by the sunny ray,
 Which lustre lends to bank and brae,
 Rock, tower, and tree;
 And fills frail eild, though sunk in wae,
 Wi' youthful glee.

Hail lovely spring! whose genial breath
 Wakes beauty frae the dust o' death,
 Spreads verdure o'er the desert heath,
 Where shepherds rove;
 And crowns the dizzy mountain path
 Wi' life and love.

How sweet thy charms, when early morn
 Awakes the throstle's mellow horn;
 When incense frae thy snaw-white thorn
 The air perfumes;
 And violets shed in nooks forlorn
 Their fragrant blooms.

Wha, dew still sleeps upon the grain
 That mantles o'er the fertile plain;
 And birds in ever varying strain,
 Pipe forth their lays,
 Till hills re-echo back again
 Their Maker's praise.

Mr. Murdoch would not be to the "manner born" if he did not sing of the land which gave him birth, and he has been very successful in the half dozen verses running over pages 32 and 33. Christians of the Liberal School may perhaps take umbrage at one or two verses; but on the whole the effort is good, the theme a lofty and endearing one, and the measure is very even and true to rhythmical rules.

"In thee, when Southern foes assail'd
 To load thy neck with chains;
 And Edward's whetted vengeance peal'd
 In thunder o'er thy plains;
 A Wallace, watchless, dauntless, good,
 His threats defied with scorn,
 And nobly saved in fields of blood,
 The land where I was born.

Hail Bruce! dread essence of the brave!
 Mail, monarch of my soul!
 Thy deeds, where thralldom found a grave,
 To endless fame shall roll.
 Thy deeds on Bannock's bloody field
 Thy name shall aye adorn;
 Bright glory crowns, and valour shields
 The land where I was born."

Some of these lines are equal to the better ones of Campbell.

The soul-stirring bag-pipes which pipe so harshly to English ears "tuncful lays," come in for a full meed of celebrity, and a very neatly turned poem our poet gives us. This last stanza is happy :

" And when on death's cold bier I'm laid,
 Let Pipers round me serenade ;
 And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
 For sheet and shroud ;
 And o'er my grave be tribute paid,
 ONE PIERROCH LOUD."

The *Highlander's Wife* is an affecting story of Scottish life, and the Scottish character is admirably described. The husband heard his country's cry for men to beat back beyond their own frontiers the bloody Muscovitish foe, and he left his wife and loved bairns in his lowly cot home ayont the Frith, and marched with gallant bands of warriors to the stern Crimea. A presentiment or phantasy sweeps the mental horizon of that loved heart in the bleak Highlands ; she hears her own Donald's sweet voice, calm and unperturbed, "borne along on the wings o' the blast," and she sees through the filmy air his mangled corse and pale, sad face sink down on the blood-red plains of snow and ice, and with a loud wail the pent-up feelings get utterance and she too, falls back, and the Heavens smile on the upturned face of the devoted dead, and the quiet hearthstone of the little "cot 'mong the heather-clad cairns," is desolate, and orphaned bairns clasp to their hearts the chilled bosom, lifeless and cold, of that mother whose voice once stilled the fireside tempest and whose smile gladdened the morning meal as a ray of bright, glorious sunshine, and young hearts refuse to be comforted because she is not. This poem is one of the noblest in the book, and it reflects highly on the head and heart of its author. The conception is a fine one and the versification is as praiseworthy. It seems a little constrained in one or two places, as if the bard wanted to fly higher and make his poem a war song instead of a homely Highland etching—as if he would rather describe the martial career of the husband, instead of the apparently more tame, though nobler theme, of a wife's devotion. This constraint detracts but very little from the extraordinary merit of the whole, however, and we would ask a careful perusal of this story in verse, from our readers. It will well repay an attentive examination in all its component parts.

The "Fall of Delhi" reads too much like a newsboy's address to be of any permanent value, neither does it tend to add to the military lustre of Brave Havelock and his hardy Highlanders. This couplet is not very soul-inspiring, to say the least :

" Strike with puissance, till those devils reel
 And sue for mercy o'er the grave of NEILL."

Nor is this

" 'Tis charity to strike their funeral knell,
 And sweep such demons to their native Hell."

Dear, dear, why did you admit these lines which surely do not "fall

in pleasant places" into this new edition of your poetical works, oh poet!

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian Charity
Under the sun."

"Native Hell"—how uncharitable!

"To the Robin" is a very pretty little dedicatory poem; indeed Mr. Murdoch excels rather in this particular description of poesy. Our barn-yard friends, our flower gardens, our wild grottoes and glens and sweet smelling meadows and lawns, and craggy peaks and mountain retreats, are all vigorously painted on Mr. M's canvas, and he touches his easel and in glowing tints scatters here and there tall umbrageous trees; and tiny warblers sing and chirp and play, hopping from one bent twig to another, filling the air with melody and pleasant sounds. He wanders through "pastures green" and notes by the way-side all that is worthy of note, and in delicate verse he tells us pretty stories of his meanderings. He paddles the babbling "burnie," and anon he stands contemplating rugged nature by wild cascades and roaring cataracts, and his soul soars higher and he dashes on the tinted landscape, far into the distance, the giants which come thundering down like avalanches, beating back all that come in their way. And the bleating lamb dies and she too tells her tiny story, and on the waving leaflet a humming bird opes its still small voice and *she* also lisps her tuneful ditty. All bend to the poet's will, and all sing in their own way to keep him company. Sheaves of wheat and ears of yellow corn play their several parts in these dramas of life, and the "blythe wee Robin" picks the morsels of grain "'mong the stack-yairds" and gratefully whistles back its "card of thanks."

"Let him Come" can serve no good purpose in reproduction and we are sorry it is included in the present volume. Napoleon the Third is perhaps the best abused man who has ever wielded the sceptre of a mighty nation. Notwithstanding all that has been said about him, his generalship and his government and his mode of governing the French, we still adhere to the opinion, often expressed in these pages, that he was the best monarch France has ever had and that he has done more for the Empire than any other ruler has ever done for that country. He has been unfortunate. It is not right to heap up more calumnies on his fallen dynasty. Had he been successful in the late war between France and Prussia, and had planted the victorious Tri-colour and French Eagle on the ramparts of Berlin, the world and the hireling correspondents of volatile daily newspapers would have been a unit in their praises of the nephew of the mighty General who ruled supremely in solitude on wave-washed St. Helena. He fell! and look at France to-day! How much better off is she with the so-called goddess of Liberty enshrined where the proud Imperial Eagle once flapped in regal pride and power her untarnished wings? To Great Britain Napoleon III. was always a staunch and firm friend and sought every means in his power to convince the people of the "tight

little Island" that his intentions and desires were pacific. There is no necessity, and especially at this time, for Mr. Murdoch to tell us

" Let him come from his boasted Saint Cloud,
With numberless hosts in his train;
We fear not, we quail not, we'll give him a shroud
And a grave, but ne'er bend to his chain."

It sounds very much like whistling to keep one's courage up when there is no apparent danger, and the foot-note appended to the poem affords no excuse why it was ever written, much less included in a book of poetry of so high a type as these advance sheets before us seem to indicate.

In the verses addressed to Tannahill, especial reference is made to that eminent bard's famous poem "The Braes o' Gleniffer." Mr. Murdoch betrays a rich appreciation and love for the Paisley poet. The stanzas here quoted are two capital bits of verse and read very smoothly and evenly :

" All these with raptur'd breast I hail—
But where is now the Bard
Whose strains, borne on the passing gale,
Were heard afar o'er hill and vale,
Sweet as the eastern nightingale?
Alas! no more is heard
Those magic sounds that soothe the soul,
And waft his fame to Nature's goal.

Hail! glorious and immortal shade!
Hail, gentle TANNAHILL!
Thy dust is with thy fathers laid;
But withering time can never fade
Those laurel-wreaths thyself hast made—
Age makes them greener still,
Great Nature, changeless, holds her sway,
But all that's mortal fades away."

A good deal of fine feeling is thrown into the "Exile's Dream;" and here is a pleasant little Scottish landscape, sketched by a true student of nature and a lover of the beautiful :

" Ever Scotland, dearest Scotland,
Shall this heart of mine revere
The glens that cleave thy rocky breast;
Thy mountains, dark and drear,
Robed in purple-blossomed heather;
Crowned with everlasting snow;
Shielded by thy daring thistle
From the might of every foe."

To Scotchmen particularly, the verses *Crookston Castle,* will possess a rarer charm than almost any other piece in the collection. This old tower whose mouldering walls are fast disappearing, is full of historic incident and traditional lore. Here ill-starred Mary, and

her liege lord, Darnley, paced the corridors and stood upon the parapets, and on the Eastern side of the castle, the stately yew called "Crookston tree," stood, and here 'neath the enfolding branches sat gentle Mary with her lover. Here the happy twain plighted their troth, and here the loved ones talked and sat together. Of this old tree the poet says :

" Thy aged companion, the yew, old tower,
Is now lost to the lone pilgrim's view,
But proudly its name
Shall be link'd with thy fame,
And the spot be ador'd where it grew."

This brilliant poem, so full of old associations which the very mention conjures up from the fast fading past, concludes thus magnificently :

" And now, tho' thy pomp, like a dream, old tower,
Has pass'd down oblivion's stream,
Till time's crumbling rust
Grinds thy last stone to dust,
With bright honour thy memory shall beam."

We have gone through the 'forms' of the new book, so far as published. The entire work will be given in a few weeks to the public. There is much to admire in this new volume, much to ponder over, and from it there is much to learn. Mr. Murdoch by the publication of this second edition of his poems has gained new and unfading laurels. It is a most acceptable contribution not only to the literature of Canada, but also to the literature of Scotland. There is a freshness, a vigour, a terseness and a freedom in all that Mr. Murdoch writes, and if he commits an occasional error of judgment, it is more than counterbalanced by many merits which outweigh very far the few, the very few, defects perceptible in some of his minor pieces. All these emanations from his pen shew how close an observer he is of men, manners and customs. In our review of this forthcoming book of Scottish Poetry, we have been especially careful to note discrepancies in matter and faults in manner. We have striven to find limping and uncouth lines; but beyond what we have pointed out, the book is singularly free of them, and if we except an occasional orthographic slip of the proof reader, the volume is devoid of typographic blunders and inaccuracies. We congratulate the people of Canada in the possession of "Poems and Songs," we congratulate the skilled publishers and binders for the admirable and tasteful manner in which they have done their part, and we have much pleasure in congratulating the indefatigable and talented author on the completion of his labours and on the very handsome, readable and brilliant book of verses which he has thrown from his muse. It is our sincere hope that he will reap a bounteous harvest and that at least one Canadian author "will not be without honour in his own country."

POPULAR ÆSTHETICS.

BY PROF. J. W. GRAY.

Among the many questions of the day engrossing the public mind and immediately concerned in the education of the young, there is none engaging so little attention, and yet is of such vital importance, as the introduction into our schools of a judicious system of Æsthetic culture.

When we look around us, and take into consideration how much of life's duties are so very intimately connected with it, that not only the luxuries, but the common necessities in our household furniture, and the thousand and one little comforts we surround ourselves with, are so dependent upon their beauty, to the application of a pure and correct taste in their manufacture, the following questions suggest themselves to the mind: What are we doing to promote a purer taste among us? What opportunities do we afford our young mechanics and others to cultivate theirs? Is it great matter for wonder that when they are called upon for the exercise of it, they are found deficient in this respect, and prove incapable of infusing an artistic feeling into their work. Let not those who are ever ready to find fault with them, quietly fold their arms and complain of this want of taste in our young mechanics. This will certainly continue to be the case so long as such indifference is manifested to this great public want—the introduction of some proper method by which the young can be trained to the principles of correct form and harmonious combinations of colours. Nor should this boon be confined exclusively to those intending to become producers; for it is essential that the purchaser's taste should be cultivated, or the mechanic's work, no matter how beautifully it may be performed, will lack its proper appreciation.

In England the strongest drawback to the attainment of a pure taste in manufactures, has been found in the following causes. To the absence of a refined and cultivated taste among the masses, (or perhaps it is better to designate them by the name of purchasers;) to the pertinacious clinging of many of the manufacturers to old styles and pandering too much to the popular and uneducated taste, substituting beauty of form and chasteness of colour for gaudiness in the one and falseness in the other. This was one of the great evils the schools of Art in England had to contend with, and often when issuing good designs, they were met by the manufacturers saying "Yes it is pretty, but we must alter it. Where you have put sober colours, we must substitute gayer ones, then it will, the more readily, catch the customer's eye, and when we have changed this form into a basket of fruit or flowers, we think it will be right." And in this manner, stripped of its greatest beauty, the design is sent forth to the public and they tamely submit to the gay flowers and improbable fruit, to the gaudy roses that flaunt their questionable beauty upon us from wall

paper and carpets. These last are often matched with the hearth-rug displaying its formidable lion or fierce tiger, or else its sporting dog with the invariable partridge in his mouth.

This state of things is fast becoming obsolete in England, owing to the spirit and liberality displayed by the Government in the educational departments of Science and Art under their supervision. But let us not class, by any means, all the manufacturers of England under the head of those retarding the onward march of improvement, for many of them, listening to the dictates of their own polished taste, have been instrumental in raising the standard of English manufactures, finding their recompense in increased trade and a higher appreciation of their wares, both at home and abroad. Let us glance at the rapid improvement in the beauty of design manifested in the manufactured goods of England. Is it not evident to the most casual observer? True, it has cost the Government large sums of money to accomplish it. What are the results? An extension of commerce, an increase of national wealth, and a wide dissemination of a more correct taste among all classes, which is being carried into thousands of homes throughout the land, filling them with a refining and educatory beauty.

We do not advocate the turning of our common schools into schools of Art; but strenuously contend that a knowledge of correct form and the harmony of colour should form a part of the education of the young. It is needed by our manufacturers, our dry-goods merchants, and clerks, our builders and mechanics; it will help our ladies in dress and household furnishing, for by its instrumentality, they can make their homes more beautiful; in short, it is needed by all, for is it not constantly making, not only daily, but hourly, demands upon us? *To lay a sure foundation on these elementary branches will be found as easy of accomplishment as many of the studies they now pursue—studies which will not be brought into such universal practice as the above.* When the young mechanic has attained the skill necessary to the performing of his work in a strong, substantial manner, something more is needed. He must invest it with a beauty of form, rendering it more pleasing to the eye; then he is not only a gainer himself, but the person for whom the work is intended is benefited. For it costs no more to apply a good design than it does a bad one. The true element of all good design is chaste simplicity.

How frequently have we heard men who, when called upon in the course of their profession to exercise their taste, complain of having to give precious time to some study which could have been more easily and cheaply acquired when young. And what numbers of educated men we meet at the present day who are deficient in a knowledge of all that pertains to Art, and how frequently we are assailed by this sentence, "give to our youth a sound, practical education." What is a sound, practical education? We find much difference of opinion upon this subject. It is true Greek and French will not help a young mechanic to plane a board or make a joint; yet we contend he will not plane the board or make the joint any the worse for having a know-

ledge of these very languages. Again, you may say what is the use of teaching a young farmer to draw; will the knowing how to draw a straight line prevent him from plowing a straight furrow? We think not. At present it is somewhat fashionable to raise a hue and cry against the languages. We cannot join in it. All that we advocate is, while we continue to instruct our youths in the languages, living and dead, let us not put aside or treat with cold neglect the great universal language of design.

Our Government gives aid to advance the Agricultural interests of the country—this is right. The fisheries have experienced their fostering care. What is it doing for the manufacturing interests? It is true individual enterprise coupled with useful inventions, combining labour-saving and despatch in our manufactures, have made England what she is. Yet the Government was compelled to step in and educate the taste by establishing schools of Art. It may be said manufacturing is but in its infancy with us; but are there not evidences around us that it will not remain so long. Our immense tracts of forest capable of furnishing lumber for endless purposes, our innumerable rivers and streams, on which are boundless water power, point to a different future—a future when we shall cease to export our lumber and then import it manufactured into articles of utility, benefiting the mechanics of other countries who consume none of the produce of our land. To let our immense water power dash over their rocky ledges useless in all but the beauty they impart to the landscape (we confess we are utilitarian enough, notwithstanding our great love for nature), is not the best policy for a country to pursue. We love the beautiful, yet who will deny that there is not a great beauty in seeing a people happy and prosperous. In our young country we possess not only the facilities for manufacturing in our forests, rivers and coal mines; but our young men possess the sinew and energy to engage in it. Time must bring the capital—so much activity has been shown within these last few years that they give promise of a bright future. We cannot remain as we are: other sources of trade must spring up, beside our lumber and fisheries, and it behoves us to be prepared for it. And when the manufacturing interest becomes a power in the land, let us see that we are able to impart to our manufactured wares not only strength and durability, but shew ourselves capable of investing them with the charm of a pure taste, so that they will command their share of the marts of the world. What beauty of form is often to be found in some of the commonest implements we daily use! The common reaping-sickle, with its graceful, curving blade; the plough with its easy flowing lines; the hay-fork, has it not also its graceful, curving arch-like prongs? To destroy these beauties you do away with both their chief merits—beauty and utility. It is not for us when we have become a manufacturing people then to begin and educate ourselves in taste. The manufacturing and the education necessary to it should go side by side; as elements of success they are inseparable. The Art Exhibitions of England taught the people this lesson, and since 1851 they have been trying to remedy the evil. The foreign goods

were no better or even so good in make, but they were much more pleasing to the eye, and the English manufacturers found that to sustain their reputation in the foreign markets, they must follow in the footsteps of their competitors, and not only follow but excel them.

To advocate the establishment of an expensive system of Art schools in the Dominion would be simply nonsense, yet we contend the Government should do something to advance education in this department. nor are we quite sure the object would be better obtained by such schools. In regard to the masses, we hold it can be more effectually and beneficially arrived at, and in a much more economical way, by the introduction into our common schools of a good text book on colour, and black-board exercises in drawing; one school of Art for the education of teachers, and when they have obtained certificates that they are competent to teach, they should be placed where most needed in our training schools or among the large schools in the manufacturing districts. In this manner there can be disseminated among all classes the elements of a pure taste, or at least, the elementary principles which lead to it, which can be carried forward as it is needed. To the question often asked, "Can any boy be taught to draw?" we must answer in the language of one of the writers upon Art in the neighbouring Republic: "He who can learn to write can learn to draw." Our own experience bears testimony to the truth of this saying.

We call ours a practical age; we talk of practical education: are not many at the present day feeling the loss of a want of some knowledge of drawing, and are too often dependent upon others for advice in matters of taste, whose scanty store of knowledge is scarcely greater than their own? To say you know what pleases you, is no evidence that your taste is a cultivated one unless you are acquainted with the laws which govern it. To obtain a knowledge of those laws, and the benefit to be derived from knowing them, is our reason for advocating the adoption of a proper system of *Æsthetic* instruction in our schools. To know the result of bringing one colour in juxtaposition with another; to be able to see its harmony or contrast; to judge correctly of good form, and to do so according to the laws which regulate them; to be sure that what you make or purchase is in accordance with good taste, is knowledge all should possess. Are we in possession of such knowledge? The incongruities which we meet with daily in dress and household decoration, in unmistakable language say—No!

THE DEPENDENCE OF MIND UPON MATTER.

BY LESTER.

Perhaps there is no doctrine more generally taught and believed than the vast superiority of Mind over Matter. The whole tendency of Christianity has been to exalt the mind to a position as far above the body as the heaven is above the earth. Modern philosophers have

carried the idea much further, and there exist many thousands of educated people who have faith in the ability of certain men to overcome the inertia of bodies by the force of their own wills. The mind of man, we are taught, fashions his features, determines his expression, and even his gait. It controls all his actions. It works while he sleeps. It is, in short, the man, while the body is a mere machine to be simply kept in repair till its wheels clog with the accumulations of years, and refuse longer to continue their revolutions. We have thousands of examples of the body having been neutralized by a strong determination to accomplish a certain work. We have many phrases and forms of expression by which the idea of physical inferiority is directly or inferentially inculcated. We eat simply that we may live, —that the hand may have power to write and the tongue to utter the thoughts that arise in us. All physical culture and adornment is half apologized for by their advocates, and wholly or partially condemned by the rest of the world. The doctrines of the Spiritualists seem to be nothing but the logical conclusions to be derived from the spirit-worship that imbues all modern Christian philosophy — philosophy that condemns all doubts in regard to the position assigned to spiritual agencies as heresy. These doubts are called Materialism, and Materialism is denounced as the worst form of modern scepticism. And yet it is but a natural reaction from the extreme spiritualistic doctrines of the schools. Reason repudiates the doctrine that assigns to one element all the credit of effecting what is accomplished by it in combination with another, and holds that the particular force exerted by the combination is not due to one of the elements of the combination, but to both, not only individually but collectively. To state the case by an extreme illustration: reason argues that it requires physical agency directed by mental force to overcome the inertia of any body. The human frame, destitute of the spirit, cannot tip a table; nor can the spirit exert force without hands, talk without a tongue, hear without ears, see without eyes. Thus acting, speaking, sinning man, is not a spirit, but a combination of body and spirit, and ceases to be man when dissolution has done its work. Just as the gasses of which the air is composed produce altogether different effects, taken separately, from the effects produced by the combination which is required for our lungs, so is either body or spirit altogether different from man. The union of body and spirit constitutes man; and man is an animal. But body is not an animal: spirit is not an animal.

The real difference between the extreme schools of Spiritualism and Materialism is that each recognizes the power of but one of the elements at work in the world. The teachings of one are as false as those of the other, for each teaches but half the truth. The Materialist, in order to make as earnest a protest as possible against the doctrine that ignores physical agency, refuses to believe in revelation itself when it describes acts that conflict with his estimate of human power. Instead of taking this manifestation as a warning that the material has been ignored too completely, the professors of the accepted faith have chosen to look upon it as rank blasphemy. Instead of modifying the

system against which the materialistic doctrines are a protest, they have made it more intensely spiritual than before, thus widening the breach and increasing the causes of revolt.

The result of a recent *post mortem* examination on a man who had committed suicide in a prolonged fit of abject melancholy, was the discovery that a splinter of bone had been detached from the skull and was lodged in such a position that it must have irritated the brain of the deceased. The verdict was to the effect that the irritation caused by the particle of bone, had produced the melancholy mood that made life seem unendurable to the victim. This verdict was accepted by all parties as perfectly reasonable, and no one has yet raised his voice to dispute it or to show wherein it clashes with the pet theories of Christendom. That it does clash with the common estimate of mind as distinguished from matter cannot be disputed. It shows that the mind may, by a physical agent, be thrown into a mood that will bring a train of thought leading to the commission of the crime of suicide. It must be remembered that this man was conscious of no pain,—that he continued to practise his vocation up to the very day on which he killed himself,—and that there was no previous evidence of his being out of his right mind. So here is a clear case of mind under the dominion of matter.

If the protrusion into the brain of a particle of bone of a particular size will produce the desire to kill oneself, why may not the protrusion of a particle of slightly different size, or of two or more particles, produce the desire to kill some one else, or to steal, or to commit some other crime? If melancholy may be produced by a certain amount of irritation or compression, why may not mirthfulness, benevolence or any other quality be the result of perfect freedom from irritation or compression? It is not at all necessary that a particle of bone should be detached from the skull to form an irritant. The shape of the skull itself may determine the prevailing mental condition. Then instead of attributing the growth of a particular organ to the cultivation or development of the faculties which it indicates, as phrenologists do, it might be assumed that the natural enlargement of that portion of the skull had compressed the brain, or expanded its dwelling place, in such a way as to increase the activity and relative influence of the particular faculty of the mind for which the organ is named. This is on the supposition that the phrenological division of the brain into portions representing the various faculties of the mind, is correct. It would be interesting to know whether the irritation that produced despair in the mind of the suicide alluded to was in the portion of the brain to which the phrenologist would ascribe it; but there is no published information as to that. It is perfectly clear, though, that a minute particle of bone changed this man's mind from cheerfulness to melancholy and finally to despair; and it is fair to suppose that some disturbing physical cause might change virtue to vice, kindness to cruelty, or charity to intolerance. The supposition is worthy of being taken into consideration by scientists, and made the subject of careful investigation whenever proper subjects for anatomical inspection are available.

The probability is that there will, in most cases of men who have suddenly developed some strong inclination to crime or some delusion leading to lunacy, be found some direct physical cause for the mental condition of the man.

This theory will account for many of the ways of men that have been deemed inexplicable. While juries, friends, and mere students of human nature, have been weighing in the balance all possible motives that could have induced a man to do, without apparent motive, an act seemingly foreign to his nature, the true cause might have been discovered by the anatomist. This theory will save future historians from inflicting on their readers numerous pages of blundering gropings for explanation of the inexplicable. Instead of a long analysis of the various political, religious, social and family influences bearing upon a public man, the historian may avoid the necessity for perplexing himself and his readers by simply stating that some unusual pressure on a portion of the *pia mater* caused by a particle of bone partially loosened from the skull, or an irritation caused to the brain by the ragged ends of a particle of broken membrane, or an undue flow of blood to the vessels surrounding a particular portion of the brain, produced the mood that led the great man to perform the extraordinary act for which there is no accounting.

Laying aside all theories of this nature there is no doubt but the due consideration of the single case cited will teach the advocates of extreme opinions that matter has a vast power over mind,—that mind and body must work harmoniously together for the production of desirable effects,—and that any derangement of the proper disposition of the material portions of the brain will produce a derangement of the mental or spiritual faculties.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

BY BRAD LEE.

There is a charm associated with the manifestation of physical strength, that wins admiration from everybody, and even sheds a lustre over traits of character which in themselves are anything but admirable. The heroes of the Iliad were once revered almost as demigods, and the sound of their names still conveys the idea of something meritorious although their characters were deformed by brutal ferocity, cold-blooded cruelty, covetousness, treachery, selfishness, sensuality and almost every quality that is morally repulsive. What counterbalances all these vices and makes us still admire them as heroes? They were strong and hardy men, and their muscular abilities cover a multitude of sins in our eyes. Achilles is at first shown to us like a

wild beast, growling and snarling in a den from which he is to be tempted only by the prospect of fresh bloodshed. When his passionate hatred of one man has been overcome by his desire for revenge upon another he rushes forth, slaughters defenceless captives with savage delight, and heaps unmanly insults upon the corpse of a gallant enemy. Yet this great brute commands some measure of our admiration in spite of all these things because he is swift of foot, irresistible in combat, and able to wield a javelin which the strongest of his strong companions cannot handle. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a favourite hero with school-boys and not unadmired by many people of maturer judgment, was a modern Achilles with the harsher features of his character somewhat toned down by the influence of an age and surroundings which though barbarous enough in themselves, were polished and humane compared with those of the Grecian hero. We cannot very sternly censure the follies and cruelties of a man—

Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight.

and who, as we are told, could shatter ordinary men like glass with a mighty axe which none but he could lift. We cannot resist the attractions which could captivate the gentle and humane mind of Sir Walter Scott. And though we have learned to look for higher qualities in our heroes, the success of Mr. Lawrence's novels proves even in our own day that muscular strength and skill have their fascinations even when displayed in company with some of the worst vices of barbarism. Guy Livingstone and the Cool Captain, lustful, revengeful modern savages and childish in everything save innocence and weakness, receive a measure of approbation that would hardly be given to moral and upright men who could not, like them, thrash prize-fighters and manage unbroken horses.

The ancients recognized no law but that of force, and no force but that of animal strength. They treated the moral virtues very much as we do the physical ones, honouring them now and then in speech with a few commonplace commendations, while in practice they either violated or ignored them. Literature and the fine arts had not acquired popular forms, indeed they had hardly more than come into existence. Alexander the Great was probably as wise and well educated as most of his predecessors or contemporaries. Yet when he was asked whether he would have preferred to be Achilles or Homer, his answer was so decided that he could only express it by another question: "Which is the nobler," said he, "a victor at the Olympic Games, or the herald who proclaims him?" There were no ingenious instruments to enable the weak to compete with the strong, either in the arts of warfare or in those of peace. A man without muscular strength and endurance was as naught, and in some states indeed such a man was not allowed to exist. In Sparta, every child which appeared at birth to be deformed or sickly or incapable of growing up to a life of labour and hardship, was at once exposed to perish upon Mount Taygetus. The highest honour to which a Greek citizen could aspire,

was a prize at the Olympic Games, and these games were held, not merely as a popular amusement or as a means of enabling gamblers to plunder each other, or rogues to obtain more free and easy access to the pockets of simpletons, but as a solemn religious festival at which the wealthiest and noblest thought it an honour to assist, and by which Olympian Jupiter was thought to be especially propitiated. Similar honours were paid at Cirrha to Apollo and at Corinth to Neptune. Gymnastic contests were thought always pleasing to the gods, and were therefore held in connection with the most solemn ceremonies both of mourning and thanksgiving. The gods themselves were supposed to recognize the law of strength as the basis of their polity. Like men they arranged themselves according to a table of precedence in which each individual's place was determined by his abilities for personal combat as compared with those of his neighbours. Jupiter gains his throne by a forcible revolution, defends it successfully against the attacks of the Titans, and afterwards rules the gods by main strength, keeping them in pretty good order among themselves though they always display an interest in terrestrial brawls and a strong propensity to take part in them. He puts Juno in irons for disobedience, and hurls Vulcan bodily out of heaven for trying to set her free. When he prohibits the gods from interfering in the warfare between the Greeks and Trojans, he informs them that those who dare to meddle shall be smitten with divine lightning and chained in Tartarean dungeons, and that they may not consider this an empty menace, he reminds them in homely terms that he is strong enough to put it in execution.⁽¹⁾ But the attractions of force and contention prove stronger than the terrors of thunderbolts and Tartarus. The celestials do repeatedly take part in the strife, and at last when the frantic butcheries of Achilles choking the Xanthus with corpses have intensified the interest to its highest pitch, divine enthusiasm can no longer be retained, and the immortals in ecstasies of excitement commence among themselves a free fight which is unsurpassed by anything in the buffooneries of Burnand or Offenbach. Mars bullies Minerva who replies by knocking him down with a stone and then with a single blow of her fist floors Venus who attempts to come to his assistance. Neptune in the true spirit of Donnybrook *begs* Apollo to come on, observing that since the row has commenced it will be positively disgraceful for them to refrain from taking part in it; the Pythian declines the invitation, not from any sense of what is due to his dignity, but because he fears that if he accepts he will be very likely to get the worst of it. Juno snatches Diana's bow from her hands and boxes her ears with it, while Jove upon his pinnacle laughs joyously at the uproar like a big boy diverting himself with watching a fight between smaller ones, which he knows that he can terminate when he gets tired of it by knocking the heads of the combatants together.⁽²⁾ We may smile at such scenes as these, but the ancient Greeks and Romans saw in them nothing ridiculous. To their apprehensions it was perfectly natural

(1) *Iliad* VIII, 1-25. (2) *Iliad* XXI-V. 380-510.

that the same Force which ruled the territorial world, should also be a law for the celestial.

It is not probable that bodily strength will ever again form so important an element in a political or religious system. Yet the admiration of muscular vigour remains a fixed and strong passion of human nature at all ages and under all circumstances. In Mr. Hughes' well-known story, the boy who points out to Tom Brown the youthful heroes of Rugby shows him three or four athletes and only one prize-man. Nine out of every ten boys who did the same thing would have awarded honours in the same way. Once out of school, the dux of the class must yield precedence to the boy who can best run, leap, fight, or swim. Young men generally attach more importance, or at least pay more homage, to bodily strength than to mental power, for every one of them can appreciate the former when he sees it, though there are many who can neither recognize nor admire the latter. Few care to know who the prize-men of Oxford and Cambridge may be—the double-firsts, the senior wranglers, but once or twice a year all England talks of the captain of the cricket eleven, or the stroke oarsmen of the University boat. Even staid and elderly business men, the very ballast of the community, often show flashes of the same enthusiasm. They read the sporting journals, they discuss the merits of pugilists and pedestrians, and often slip away from their desks and counters to spend an hour or two which they know will be well employed in active exercise of some kind or other. No age or class of mankind is insensible to the attraction of muscular sports. A much coveted quality, however, is always one that is hard to acquire. It is not easy for a man of sedentary occupation, however enthusiastic he may be, to become a good gymnast. It takes long practice to acquire any degree of excellence beyond a very moderate average. It takes steady practice to retain it when acquired, for of all accomplishments this is the one which rusts most rapidly by neglect. A week or two of inaction will destroy powers which required a month's steady application to form them. Moreover, steadiness and perseverance are qualities in which the amateur is generally deficient. The point at which he aims is always a distant one and attainable only by a slow and fatiguing journey. But his mind is bent upon getting at it by a short cut and an easy road. Showy performances are his delight, and exercises unconnected with special feats are his abhorrence. He wishes, without undergoing much hardship, to rival the excellences of men who make a lifelong study and practice of arts to which he can devote only the margins and waste fractions of his time. When he discovers that he must either modify his aims or renounce them altogether he chooses the latter alternative and falls back upon recreations that will serve to amuse his mind without fatiguing his body. Impatience and over ambition are the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of all amateurs. The man who would cultivate his muscular powers not as a means of livelihood, but as an innocent and healthy amusement, must compare himself not with experts, but with those who enjoy opportunities similar to his own, and he must be satisfied with a mod-

erate degree of proficiency, remembering always that a few hours of exercise snatched at intervals from a week of sedentary labours, though they cannot make him equal to a Renforth or a Sayers, may yet render him and keep him an active healthy man.

Those who wish to pass beyond the limits that must restrain the ordinary amateur, and accomplish feats of special strength and endurance, must not only work but train for them; they must not only exercise their muscles but alter all their habits and mode of life. Training, though a word in very common use, is one whose significance is seldom properly understood. It is usually supposed to mean merely a series of exercises, but it includes a good deal more. The object of training is not only or even chiefly to increase strength, but to develop along with it the still more important requisites of elasticity and endurance so as to obtain the largest possible measure of each quality that can be had without deducting from either of the others. The problem is by no means a simple one. The human body considered in so far as it generates and transmits force, is a machine whose motions are wonderfully powerful, precise and complex. Physiologists have compared it to a steam engine, which it certainly resembles in many points of its economy. Like the engine it consumes fuel in evolving the physical forces, throws off the waste products of its action, and wears away its substance with its own exertions. But unlike the steam engine it repairs its own losses of substance, loses its powers by disuse and increases them largely by regular exertion. Upon these differences is based the whole art of the trainer, whose aim it is by a judicious regulation of diet and exercise to render the human machine capable of exerting in some particular direction, the greatest amount of force for the longest possible time. The theory of this art is simple enough, but (as is ever the case with simple theories) the application of it to practice is beset with a number of obstacles, to overcome which demands the possession of very varied and extensive knowledge.

A good trainer should have enough off-hand knowledge of anatomy and physiology to tell whether the parts of the machine that he takes in hand are of good quality and sufficiently well put together, and what stress of work they can stand without injury. A deformed limb or joint, all organic diseases and most functional ones, are enough to disqualify a man from undergoing the ordeal of training. The age of the pupil should fall within certain limits. Before the eighteenth or nineteenth year the frame is not sufficiently well knit and developed, the bones are not fully joined and hardened, and will yield injuriously under the pressure of severe and long continued exercise. After the fortieth the joints begin to stiffen, the muscles to lose tension and elasticity, and the tone of the vital forces, which measures the amount of animal stamina, to decrease. The early Roman legislators, although not scientific physiologists, knew these limitations by experience when they fixed the period for active military service between the ages of eighteen and forty. There are other points which are desired by the trainer though not of essential importance. For combining strength with endurance, a medium height of 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 10 in., with a

weight ranging from 130 to 160 lbs., make the most promising kind of candidate. If the limbs and body are disproportionately long, it is not easy to lay upon them enough muscle of a good quality so as to prevent too early fatigue. If they are too short and dumpy, the power to be got out of them is limited, and the man will be apt to lay on fat and cellular tissue, which in the trainer's vocabulary come under the head of "rubbish." It takes very skillful training to make a very tall man "full" or a very short one "fine." Men in whose temperaments the nervous and lymphatic elements predominate, are less fit for training than those of a sanguine or a bilious disposition. Surgical affections if more than skin deep are drawbacks. Much depends upon previous habits and modes of living. A man who has always been accustomed to work hard and live frugally and who has never been addicted to debauched or intemperate habits is already, in a great measure, formed to the trainer's hands, while another who has injured himself by excesses will require much preparation to bring him to a point from which he can be trained at all.

Health and conformation having been found satisfactory, the pupil may commence to train. He must keep early and regular hours and make use of nutritious but plain and unstimulating food. Every day he should take a certain amount of exercise which should be severe enough to call into full play the functions of every joint and muscle in his organization without working them so excessively that a short rest and a little friction will not restore them to their full feeling of strength and comfort. Nowhere is the trainer's ability better displayed than in the skill with which he regulates his exercises so as to approximate to this difficult mediocrity and plentiful moderation. These early days of training are the most trying to the pupil. His previous habits of inaction have untuned his muscles, unbraced his joints and weakened his respiratory powers so that a comparatively trifling amount of hard work exhausts all his strength and renders his circulation too great a burden for his lungs. His preliminary "spins" though they are far shorter and easier than those which are to follow, make him feel as if he never before knew what real fatigue was. It is here that previous habits of temperance and activity will stand him in good stead by softening the unpleasant abruptness of the transition from ordinary life. After each exercise he is allowed a few minutes to cool off, and then treated to a free cold affusion succeeded by vigorous dry-rubbing which removes the perspiration, softens and toughens the skin, relieves the aches of fatigue and imparts a sensation of glowing warmth and comfort to the whole organization. He feels as if his strength were doubled and as if both his own limbs and the objects which he handles had lost half their weight. Every day it requires a longer and harder effort to wear out his strength and force his circulation beyond the limits of his breathing powers, his complexion becomes bronzed and healthy, his body slowly loses weight and acquires hardness and vigour. The special sport for which the athlete means to qualify himself must form the greater portion of his exercises in training, but it must alternate with other work both that monotony may be relieved by change of

occupation and that single sets of muscles may not become developed in excess of the others. Hence many different forms of bodily exercise are made to succeed each other as auxiliary exercises such as running, jumping, weight-throwing, quoit playing, &c. A good trainer will avail himself of all the resources of the gymnasium. At certain regular intervals, not less than twice a day if the weather permits, the special exercise of the course is performed, and upon this the trainer keeps a vigilant eye. He makes it a rule to see what amount of performance he can safely get out of his man, and how this amount compares with what was done in previous exercises and with what he thinks the man should be able to do if brought to his best condition. Any notable falling off must be looked into and accounted for. If not traceable to some cause which did not affect the previous exercises, it denotes one of three things—either that the pupil has infringed upon some rule of his training, that he has contracted some slight ailment, or that the trainer has begun to exceed his limits and draw his man too fine. The first two faults are to be rectified according to the occasion, and the last by diminishing the exercise and slightly altering the diet. The least indisposition must be carefully looked after—a cough—a profuse perspiration—an attack of diarrhoea, if not quickly set to rights may seriously interfere with the training process. The weight of the body should be ascertained from time to time. A well-marked variation in this item often enables the trainer to detect and rectify some faulty condition that would have otherwise escaped his notice. A man who has trained himself once or twice knows by experience what he ought to weigh when in proper condition, neither too full nor too fine. Some men need constant watching to prevent them from breaking out of bounds and by a few hours of indiscretion undoing the effects of a whole week's work. This used to happen continually in former days when the capriciously severe rules that were followed rendered a life of training almost insupportable for any length of time and even yet it is a constant source of annoyance to trainers. The restrictions hardest to be borne were those relating to food and drink. Under the former head some trainers appear to have thought that the condition of a man's muscles depended quite as much upon the kind of food from which they were formed, as upon the nature and amount of the exercises by which they were developed. The ancients who seem to have fancied that the harder the food, the harder and less liable to perspire would be the body that it nourished, made a large use in their dietaries of old leathery cheese and dried beans and peas. Then a new theory was followed. Muscle was held to be best nourished by muscle, tendon by tendon, nerve by nerve, and athletes were fed upon animal food selected according to these principles, the toughest and most gristly meat and the drumsticks of aged fowls being thought especially suitable. Towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, Barclay and Jackson, the most celebrated trainers of their day, combined these two theories to form a system which was thought perfect at the time, though the advances which have been made in physiological knowledge during the last twenty years have modi-

fied it almost beyond recognition. Like their immediate predecessors they held that muscle was to be nourished by muscle. Like the ancient *lanistæ* they believed that the body was to be hardened by drying, and that every ounce of fatty or watery food went to soften the tissues and increase perspiration. They allowed two full meals *per diem*, each consisting of a liberal ration of beef or mutton, almost uncooked, (3) and divested of every visible particle of fat, to be eaten with stale bread either plain or toasted. All other vegetable food was strictly forbidden as well as pastry and fermented liquors, save that now and then a little sherry was allowed to colour the water, of which three pints a day was considered a full allowance. The intensity of discomfort undergone by those who trained in hot weather upon such a regimen as this, can hardly be imagined. No wonder that upon escaping from the trainer's hands they often recompensed themselves for past privations by excesses that nullified the effects of all their previous self-denial and sometimes led to a premature physical decay such as certain wisecracks of our acquaintance in whose system of reasoning every subsequence is a consequence, are wont to attribute to the influence of athletic exercises essentially connected with temperance and toil. In our days training is conducted upon more rational principles. Indiscriminate eating and drinking indeed are not allowed, watery food is restricted in quantity, and articles which stimulate the nervous and circulatory systems are withheld altogether. But a more liberal diet has replaced the cheese and barley meal of Sparta, and it has been found that toughness and tone may be gained without undergoing a daily martyrdom from thirst, and that a muscle to exhibit its fullest powers need not necessarily be nourished upon half-raw beef. Trainers have their own peculiar fancies about special articles of diet, and know how far in this respect they can judiciously humour the tastes of their pupils. But all that is now required of the athlete's food is that it shall contain enough nitrogenous matter to repair the large daily disintegration of albuminous tissue occasioned by constant hard exercise, without exceeding in fatty matter what is necessary to assist respiration and render digestion easy. This proportion being observed, and the daily quantum of work faithfully done, the hardening and sweating process may safely be trusted to look after themselves. Baron Liebig and his followers have remitted half the discomforts of the trained and eased the trainer's minds from many an apprehension.

We have already noticed that although training increases strength, endurance is the quality which it chiefly seeks to cultivate. The pupils' work may be considered as the product of two factors, the amount of muscular effort that he can put forth without risk of self-injury, and the length of time through which he can continue to exert it without needing a respite to restore the balance between his respiration and his circulation. To render this product large, he should add to each factor—not increase the one at the expense of lessening the other. For a muscular effort of brief duration, training is not required.

(3) Jackson used jokingly to tell his pupils that the proper way in which to cook their food, was to hold it in one hand and show a live coal to it with the other.

Many a large fat man who has not breath enough for a race of a hundred yards, who would be profusely sweated by five minutes of steady labour and utterly exhausted by ten, can put out a good deal of strength in a series of short efforts. Weak people acting under the influence of strong mental excitement sometimes perform surprising feats. They climb heights, they leap gulfs, they overcome physical obstacles with which much stronger men in cool blood could not contend. But such spasmodic performances are foreign to the purpose of the trainer. He is a sort of human-engine driver, an important part of whose business it is to see that the machine which he tends is not subjected to violent jerks and strains which tend to rack its joints and weaken its working powers, but to a series of regularly graduated impulses which strengthen it and add to its capabilities until it becomes fit to work uninjured for a long time and at a high rate of speed. If he could but regulate mental tension as the engineer regulates the pressure of steam upon a boiler, he would think that his art was nearly perfect. But as a good engineer would dislike to drive with a boiler that had neither steam guage nor safety valve, so a good trainer dislikes to work with an uneven mental pressure. His standards of time, weight and distance are methodically arranged and he wishes his man to work up to them mechanically, for he knows that irregular action always wastes force. Precision and regularity of action are the qualities in which the style of the professional athlete chiefly excels that of the amateur, and to exhibit them in perfection under the agitating circumstances of a public contest requires an impassiveness of temperament almost amounting to stolidity.

Under the influence of the training process, bodily health attains its highest degree of vigour. Sleep is sound and refreshing, the appetite is keen without voracity, and all the functions of the animal economy are performed regularly and thoroughly. The soft flabby tissues become hard and firm, the eyes bright and clear, the skin tough, supple and ruddy. Cutaneous eruptions disappear, and surgical injuries are recovered from with surprising quickness. Stiffened joints become pliable and a peculiar light and corky feeling accompanies every motion as if the limbs and body had lost their weight. The perceptions of both sense and intellect seem to become clearer and more distinct. There is something in the physiognomy of a man in fine condition that the practised eye cannot mistake. The skin is browned and weather-beaten, the eyes bright and alert looking, and the features sharply-cut as if they formed a mask of skin and bone, showing none of that graceful curving of outline, filling up of cavities and rounding off of corners that constitute the popular ideal of facial beauty. The rest of the physique when stripped is seen to correspond in character. The superficial muscles, which in the untrained man are invisible, now appear hardened and raising the skin with their sharply-defined edges; the subcutaneous veins and tendons which formerly were hardly sensible to the finger, are now apparent to the eye; the skin itself tough, pliable and ruddy, covers all with a beautifully fitting envelope, nowhere tense, nowhere baggy, nowhere wrinkled, but everywhere elastic and

moveable. As for the fat and loose cellular tissue which fill up the profile and form the outlines of the ordinary man, you would say that they had entirely disappeared from this one, and left nothing under his skin but beautifully fitted muscle and bone, corded together with tough tendons of unsurpassible strength and perfect flexibility. The absence of the usual thick bedding of soft tissues that underlies the skin, has left the muscles as thoroughly apparent as in an anatomical drawing, yet they will not impress you so much by their size as by their wonderful hardness. When lax they feel like india rubber, when tense like the densest cartilage. There is a popular but very erroneous notion that a well trained man ought to be big and bulky; studded all over with huge knobs and excrescences of muscle like split champagne bottles or the halves of gigantic pears, and showing a *torso* and limbs like those of an overgrown blacksmith. The very word "fine" denotes a far different appearance, for *quality* and not *quantity* of muscle is the object sought by the trainer. Most people think that all muscles are alike in texture and that therefore the bigger must be the better, but this is not so. The ability of a muscle is proportioned, not directly to its bulk but inversely to the amount of fat and cellular tissue with which it is loaded. Muscles when unexercised tend to become flabby and to degenerate by the assimilation of fat. The first effect which exercise produces upon them is certainly an increase of size. But they still remain coarse and soft in texture and are easily wearied by exertion. Continued exercise renders them firmer and more enduring but does not continue to enlarge them, on the contrary they grow somewhat smaller, as if they were becoming concentrated. By merely taking a certain amount of regular exercise, without regard to his diet and habits of life, a man renders his muscles larger, but to harden and refine them he must practice both severe labour and self-denial. Whenever we see a man of very bulky development we may be sure that a considerable portion of his food goes to form non-muscular tissue, and that his work, though it may require strength, is slow and heavy and not continuous enough to tax all his bodily energies to meet it. These points may be seen illustrated among the performers in any circus-company. There is usually a man whose speciality it is to perform feats of sheer strength untempered by flexibility or quickness. He lifts and catches heavy weights, and sustains burdens that the gymnastic performers could not deal with. His physique is of the massive and ponderous order and his muscles are certainly very large and strong. But with all his strength he is a slow, heavy, inelastic man and very ill-adapted to any of the purposes for which the trainer prepares his pupil. His work does not represent anything like the amount of muscular action executed by a gymnast, for work must be measured not merely by the amount of inertia overcome, but by its product into the time and distance. The quickness, gracefulness and apparent ease with which the gymnast performs his feats, prevent us from fully appreciating the power involved in them, yet surely if his muscles can move the whole weight of his body with great quickness through long distances, if they can hold it balanced from minute to

minute in various positions of unstable equilibrium, if they can continue to do these things lightly and without apparent distress for twenty or thirty minutes at a time, without ever totally suspending their labours or resorting to a clumsy position to overcome a mechanical disadvantage, we must admit that they are better than those of a Samson which can move heavy weights indeed but only through very limited spaces, and that they may retain their powers require every few seconds to be wholly relieved from tension. Nor is this all the gymnast's superiority. He not only does more but lasts longer, he perspires less, he breathes more freely, he fatigues himself much less easily and recovers his powers much more quickly. These two cases very well illustrate the superiority which hard muscles possess over big ones. Those of our readers who saw Donald Dinnie when he visited us in 1870, and can remember how Fulton looked on the morning of the great race last year, will be able to form some idea of the difference between the kind of physique that will do for a series of short powerful efforts, and that which is required to meet the exigencies of doing one's utmost for forty minutes without intermission. These two men were equal in height, but differed in all their other dimensions by whole inches, and in weight by nearly four stone.

Training then does not specially aim at enlarging the muscles. Its object is to render them sound in quality rather than imposing in size. Any immoderate degree of growth is always associated with a deterioration in quality. Hence, if a man is to work long as well as hard he must not be too full. If the trainer goes to the other extreme and draws his man too fine, he at once detects a loss of strength and vital force. He must keep to the middle line. He must keep up strength and he must keep down weight, but he must not while pursuing either of these objects allow himself to neglect the other.

It is a common belief that physical training and the sports with which it is connected, have a tendency to exhaust the vital powers, and cause a premature decay of the system. The arguments appealed to are two: 1st, that young amateurs often injure themselves by over-exertion in open air sports and gymnastic exercises. And 2nd, that professional athletes often suffer from organic disease in their later years and usually die at an age when they ought to be in the prime and vigour of life. The holders of this view are twice in error; they misunderstand the nature and objects of training, and they confound subsequences with consequences. Their objection has two applications, one to the case of the professional athlete, and the other to that of the amateur. Each represents a large class, and it must be kept in mind that every large class affords many cases of disease arising from causes that are common to all mankind. Muscular sports therefore cannot at the very worst be held accountable for *all* the diseases of their votaries. If we dismiss from the reckoning, as we are entitled to do, all cases of disease that are not directly traceable to the exercises that produced them, we shall have left but a small remainder. Of that remainder neither sport nor training is chargeable with any fraction. The professional suffers, because when under his own con-

trol he indulges in the very excesses from which the trainer most carefully restrains him, and the amateur because his ambition leads him to undertake performances for which his physique is not adequate. Both derive benefit from their sports and harm only from themselves.

Take first the case of the amateur. Human accomplishments are now so specialized that there is no excellence which a man can have without paying for it, by giving up his chances of excelling in some pursuit of a different nature. It becomes every day less probable that we shall ever see another admirable Crichton. He was a marvel in his own time, but in ours he would be a miracle. The amateur is obliged to spend most of his life-time in pursuits of a literary or sedentary nature, and can devote but short portions of it to athletic exercise. In some natural qualifications indeed he excels the professional. If he is inferior in qualities of patience, steadiness and skill, he is on the other hand more alert, more intelligent, more emulous, and more sensitive to the fear of failure. But he cannot train, and for all pursuits that severely tax the bodily energies, this is a disadvantage that nullifies every other recommendation. All the mischief that amateurs ever derive from their sport results from one constant error: they forget that striking performances cannot safely be attempted without undergoing a due preliminary amount of patient and laborious preparation. They betake themselves to the field or the gymnasium for the purpose of doing feats. They want to save time and trouble in the same way in which the economical Irishman wished to save money in learning to dance—*i. e.*, by dispensing with the preliminary lessons. Forgetting that the powers of the professional are but value received by him for his privations, they wish to equal the former without submitting to the latter, which indeed they could not if they would. With a comparatively flimsy and rickety physique they resolutely attempt to overcome times, weights and distances calculated to test the toughness of men who are both well trained and well skilled in putting forth the powers that they possess to the best advantage. What wonder that some part of a weak machine should break down under the strain of an effort which it can neither transmit nor get rid of. When a lever is weaker than the power that applies it, and the resistance that it is applied to, it must bend or break. But Mr. Wilkie Collins is wrong in assuming as he has done in one of his novels⁽⁴⁾ which was often quoted by the public press of last year, that "great muscular development must be bought at the price of an excessive strain upon the heart and lungs." If he had said that "some amateurs strain their hearts and lungs by attempting feats beyond the power of their muscular development" he would have come much nearer the truth, though it might have somewhat blunted the point of his story. Every man who tries like Delamayn to be at once a brilliant athlete and a dissipated amateur will assuredly fail in the first half of his attempt, and the more dogged his resolution to achieve the impossibility, the more serious will be the grief that will bring him to. But

(4.) Man and Wife.

how does all this prove that muscular sports are injurious? A man if he will only misuse it sufficiently can make a means of injury out of any pursuit whatever. For every amateur who thus injures himself, there are twenty or thirty who adapt their work to their strength instead of recklessly trying to force their strength up to the level of other men's work, and thereby increase their chances of health and longevity instead of lessening them. Many even of the injudicious ones escape serious injury for the human lever bends much oftener than it breaks, and has plenty of inherent elasticity to restore it to its original shape. In any view of the matter, the enthusiasts forming but a small percentage of the amateurs while both have themselves entirely to blame for any mischief that happens, it does seem absurd to pick out these exceptional cases and hold them up to the public gaze as specimens of the effect produced upon all or even a majority of those who cultivate athletic sports as a recreation. Yet this has often been done by both popular and scientific writers who ought to know better. If their conclusions were correct, the rate of disease and mortality among athletic amateurs between the ages of 20 and 40, ought to be very high as compared with that among sedentary people of the same age. It is in reality very low. There is but little wisdom in preaching the hurtfulness of muscular pastimes to a generation which amuses its leisure with cigars and brandy-and-water, and which turns from the field and the gymnasium to the bar-room, the billiard saloon and the bagnio—fit training for fit exercises. Admitting the truth of all the charges that we have just denied, exercise will still be a better tonic and a safer than sensation. If a young man will make of his amusements a means of injuring the health which they should recruit, let him at least choose those which are innocent and manly.

The experience of amateurs then yields no sound argument against the healthfulness of training or athletic sports. They get but little injury from their exercises, and that little self-inflicted. How is it with the professional athlete? No disease from which he suffers can justly be attributed either to his training or his contests. We have already seen that during the training process, bodily health attains to its highest vigour. It is almost an unheard of thing for a man to die or even fall dangerously ill while under the care of a skilful trainer. Nor are the contests themselves such terrible things. It is true that they try wind and limb to the utmost, but how often do they break them? "Constantly" say the anti-muscular writers, but where are their cases? We verily believe that two or three prize fighters killed in the ring, and an unfortunate oarsman who died in our neighbourhood last year, comprise the whole of them. This last case excited so much interest at the time and has since been made the text of so many false inferences, that we shall offer no apology for turning a little aside from our immediate subject to lay a few words concerning it. The death of a powerful and experienced oarsman after less than four minutes of active exertion, is a phenomenon so startling that our readers may well demand an explanation of it before they believe our statements that athletic contests do not involve necessary danger to the lives of those who take part in them.

The death of James Renforth can be referred only to one or to a combination of three causes—over-training, violent exertion, or mental shock, for we need scarcely allude to the absurd suspicion of poisoning which made so much noise at the time. It was natural that over-training should be suspected by those who had not seen the men, for a six mile race is a very arduous performance implying some forty minutes of severe and steady work, and demanding that the man who undertakes it shall draw himself to the utmost pitch of fineness, and carry no ounce of superfluous tissue that he can get rid of. But the fact is that the English crew were not properly trained for their work at all. Accustomed to short races and preparing for this one without skilled superintendance, they came to the starting buoy in a condition exactly fitted to realize an ignorant spectator's idea of what he would call fine training for every purpose: big bulky and powerful looking, good perhaps for a dash of four or five minutes, but unhardened, and carrying a weight of "rubbish," which, had they rowed the whole six miles would assuredly have punished them severely upon the last three. Renforth, a man of less than medium height, called his weight eleven stone, and if appearances are to be trusted he might have said twelve. Clearly he was not injured by over-training. Nor (with what deference may be due to the Coroner's jury,) could violent exertion *alone* have killed him in the time and manner noticed. No vessel or vital organ was ruptured. The formidable term "congestion of the lungs" expresses a state which is the perfectly natural result of all violent exercise. Circulation is more accelerated in proportion than respiration, and blood accumulates in the lungs, rendering the breathing shallower all the time that it ought to be growing deeper. After a length of time in proportion to the fineness of his condition the man finds that he cannot breathe efficiently without slackening his exertions, and is then said to be "out of breath." This congestion of the lungs acquired by exercise is cured very speedily and simply by a few seconds of rest. It cannot endanger life unless aided by some other condition.

Mental shock is an agent that has been known to destroy life of itself very rapidly, and without leaving any appreciable trace of injury behind. It seriously depresses the activity of all the organic functions. It more or less completely suspends consciousness and muscular power. It causes a sudden and very marked reduction in the force and frequency of respiration and circulation, and if applied to a man whose lungs are congested in the way just mentioned it will make that otherwise harmless condition a source of great and immediate danger to life. What should we expect to be the result of reducing the respiratory muscular power to a minimum just at a time when the strongest respiratory efforts cannot force sufficient air into the lungs? These, already loaded with unærated blood will now be choked with it, air almost totally excluded, and the man asphyxiated by the force of his own circulation.

We shall not extend a digression already long enough, by explaining (as we could easily do) how the mental shock which we believe to have been the prime cause of Renforth's death was produced. We

are not writing an account of the great boat-race of 1871, but merely explaining by a reference to familiar facts, an event which cannot be ignored by any vindicator of the healthfulness of muscular sports, and which ignorance and personal prejudices have done their best to render obscure and unintelligible. We repeat, that muscular exertion which had left Renforth unharmed after all his previous races, would have no more injured him on this occasion than it did any of the seven men who competed with and against him, had it not been for the sudden addition of an intense mental emotion against which no precaution can guard a man in any walk of life. Ordinary men do not run such high risks. Mental shocks rarely prove fatal, unless by aggravating some pre-existing condition of ill health. But Renforth was no ordinary man. He had great muscular strength, high courage, and a fixed obstinacy of purpose. But these recommendations for his profession were more than counterbalanced by disqualifications which ought to have kept him out of it. His high self-esteem and impatience under disappointment, his violent temper, his diseased nervous system⁽⁵⁾ and his active animalism all reacted upon and aggravated each other, rendering him peculiarly sensitive to stimulating and depressing emotions and particularly unfitting him for any business involving much excitement or competition.

Returning to our point that the muscular occupations of professional athletes do not cause their diseases, we may say that these men become unhealthy, only when they cease to be athletes and take up other businesses which are usually very unwholesome and very different from that which preceded them. While they follow their own business their health is as good as that of other people, although in the intermissions of training they take very poor care of it. But they are exposed to temptations which it requires no common degree of self-denial on their part to resist, and they are men from whom much self-denial cannot reasonably be expected. They are usually drawn from a class of society whose characteristics are ill-education, recklessness, improvidence, and a fondness for coarse dissipations which tend to damage the bodily economy. Fast swells, betting men, and idlers of all sorts persecute them with baleful attentions and encourage them in all their vices. When they leave the arena, the force of circumstances sends them to keep public houses and pursue other unhealthy avocations. Under such unfavourable circumstances few of them thrive or live very long, but this fact which many have construed into evidence of the unhealthiness of training and athletic sports, only proves the truism that no state of health and soundness, however perfect, is proof against the effects of immoderate dissipation. Similiar causes work to the same ends among the lower class of musicians and actors, whose business lies mostly within-doors and does not involve any muscular training. They raise the mortality of all poor and hard-living people in large towns where coarse and dangerous dissipations may be procured with limited means. It would be very erroneous to conclude

(5) He was an epileptic.

therefore that the study of music and the counterfeiting of passion tend to tempt men to drunkenness or that it is difficult for a poor man to live to old age. Yet the cry raised against field sports by many writers, is an example of a similar mode of argument, or even of a less plausible one. It is hasty and careless to assume that because a man becomes a drunkard while he is a cobbler, therefore his cobbling is the cause of his drunkenness. But how shall we characterize the inference that because a man falls ill after he abandons training and takes to pursuits of a very opposite nature, therefore his training must be held accountable for his illness?

We had intended to say something of the influence of training and muscular sports upon mental and national characteristics, but our limits have confined us to a hasty sketch of their effects upon the individual considered solely from a physical point of view. We have not entered upon the question of morality, for we hold that the well-known evils which are at present associated with our public sports, are not the natural growth of these sports, but arise from extraneous causes, one of which is the neglect and apathy which has allowed them to fall into the hands of a bad class of men who use them for unworthy purposes. Did time and occasion serve we think that we could point out how some of them might be mitigated and others suppressed. All this is but indirectly connected with our object, which is to check the mischief of teaching the present unmuscular generation that the cultivation of their bodily powers must necessarily be attended with risk of present injury and future disease. We repeat for the last time that exercise, so far from being a cause of ailment, is one of the best means that we have of preserving health. Like many another valuable medicine it may cause ill-effects if ignorantly and unskilfully administered. Yet, if two reforms could but be effected, we should hear of no more Delamayns and Renforth's. These are, that the amateur should not attempt to exhibit professional ability without professional training, and that the difficult and responsible business of preparing the human body for the exertion of its greatest efforts, should not be left in the hands of ignorant men.

ABOUT SOME OLD GIRLS.

There are plenty of *Uriah Heaps* to be found among those whom we are accustomed to look upon as the gentler sex. They usually wander about in crowds, go everywhere, smile sweetly upon young men, bore older ones with Mission schemes and badly written Tracts and generally contrive to make themselves disagreeable to everybody without seeming to know it. "Seemingly," as the author of the *Widow Goldsmith's* series would say, they take an immense and unaccountable interest in everybody else's business and very little in their own. They hand out the ill-savoured meats and badly flavoured

coffee, and musty mustard sandwiches at the benevolent tea meetings and sewing circles. They upset the custard cups over our dress-coats, and always hand us a slice of very cold mince pie when we ask for a plate of vapory Trifle. They are unquestionably the nuisances of the ball-room and the terror of small parties. The Hall being less commodious of course answers them the best, and they sit bolt upright like a fortress guarding convenient nooks, recesses, windows and long winding stairs where young Lochinvar delights to roam, and sit and talk with the blue-eyed fairy by his side. Miss Prim who never had attentions such as these paid to her, sniffs the air and enjoys the Dog in the Manger policy to the utmost. There she sits, gloveless and necked to the ears, straight-laced and starched like a laundry woman's clothes line. She never wears gloves of an evening and her long bony fingers are gingerly extended as she wishes you "Good Evening." And you instinctively shudder as your hand meets her hand, dry and cold or at times clammy and sticky, for your Old Girl varies with the season and with the temperature.

Does she dance? Oh yes unfortunately she *does* dance, and how bewitchingly the hostess glides up towards her gentleman friend and remarks in low tones: "come Mr. Sb and So let me introduce you to Miss Blank, *she has not danced the whole evening.*" And poor So and So, with painful countenance, triumphantly bears off the faded sylph from her divan and endures agony unbearable. The dance over, a promenade is suggested and the she dragon "jabbers" continuously into wearied ears an unlimited amount of information about free schools, woman's rights and Bachelor's buttons. She takes her old seat at last and her ever watchful eyes are again on the look out for improprieties and step flirtations. The Old Girl always can tell which castor contains the vinegar and she invariably sits immediately before the cruet stand. She'd turn a Whip into a Chalybeate and no end of appetizers and tonics could be produced at a moment's notice if she would only sit for a second before a tray of custards or a stand of ice creams. Jellies would lose their saccharine taste and delicate flavour if she but lifted them from the table, and spring flowers and golden butter-cups would be shorn of their brilliant hues and ecstatic fragrance if she allowed for an instant her eager eye, now bleared and watery, to rest on the tiny leaflets.

All Old Girls should stay at home. Nine o'clock is too late for them to be out. The black cats and white poodles and thin canaries in green wire cages suspended over earthen pots of sickly geraniums and melancholy fuschias, require the comforting assurance that the front door is locked against intruders by the Old Girl who manipulates the household cares of the domicile; who can tell to a nicety just how many caddy covers there are to a pound of Bohea and who knows how long a package of questionable looking stuff labelled "Java Coffee" will last; and who knows every bit of evil gossip afloat about her neighbours and she scruples not to retail it again revised, amended and otherwise improved, to *her* next door neighbour; and who never

hears anything good about anybody and who is notwithstanding all this, a member of the church, a sewer of shoddy cloth for the suffering poor of the religious synagogue she attends, a collector of funds to aid the Heathen and Cannibal in the distant East, to dine off of cold missionary on Sunday's and cultivate a knowledge of circassian manners and customs during the remainder of the week; and who is a solicitor of subscriptions for all sorts of Homes, Asylums, and Houses of Refuge for the very persons who have no desire or intention of luxuriating in any of those said institutions unless driven there by sheer force of circumstances. The Old Girl, unmarried of course, is always a Secretary, a President, a Treasurer and a committee of management. From door to door this much abused female seeks to gain the ear of the cold-hearted one within the stern walls that frown so gloomily over the portals of the entrance; and the gates open and she enters full of benign assurance and christian calmness, and "if you have no money to-day ma'am I can call to-morrow," and so on. The morrow comes and the faded, worn out Old Girl, asthmatically, though Oh so cheerfully, plods her way back to the rude, cheerless mansion, and again, sometimes feebly enough too, she asks for alms, not for herself, but for others. Some day King Death will stalk into her lone room and *he* will not be put off so easily. The Old Girl's spirit will depart on a different errand and the cats and poodles will tarry long in the entry awaiting her cheery homeward step and little "Bijoux" and sleek-throated "Robin" will pipe their tiny lays and chirp and twist their little heads about in vain. The Home Missionary comes not yet, and the charred coals slumber on the hearth, the tea-caddy winks itself to sleep on the shelves of the curtained cupboard, the flies dance about the half uncovered sugar bowl and the brown paper parcel of bad Mocha remains untied; for the old mistress is not at home to-day! And day succeeds day and new events come and a change sweeps on the scene. The long stairway creaks beneath the weight of a burden. Muffled voices, slow and sad, fall upon the air of the thin, narrow hall and four men noiselessly thread their way down, down the file of ever so many steps and the cold blast from the street strikes on their faces and plays havoc with their long flowing neckties, and their uncut and unkept hair whirls about like an eddy in a miniature whirl-pool. And outside on the road, before the shabby, unpainted house, stands a shabbier hearse, behind an ill-caparisoned jaded horse of a seedy hue of varnished black, dirty, begrimmed, toothless and old. Poor old horse, thine own end will come soon. The undertaker with bland voice and manner befitting his calling, advances towards his men. The confined one leaps into the rickety carriage of the dead, the old horse, heavily, tiredly moves, and pall-bearers, mourners and processionists fall into position and the Old Girl takes her last sad drive to Eternity.

But all Old Girls are not venders of charity or charitable enthusiasts. One sometimes is forced to contemplate over the unhappiness of their lot. The query often strikes the beholder, is it possible that old faded,

yellow sun-flower sitting so stiffly in the passage way was ever a fresh blooming, young girl, with mild eyes, swan-like neck and peachy cheeks! Is it within the pale of probable things that those lustrous long flowing capillary locks, which so gracefully rest on the well-turned head of that brilliant fair one, tall and commanding, will ever become sear, and old and dried up and recline in frizzly twisted little knots of mean looking hair on a mean looking ill-shapen head? The thought is a painful one. Are old girls only young girls with a few years on their shoulders? What a thought for young girls to ponder over. Lean, lank and scraggy maidens of forty years, only forty years and some live to the age of seventy! What a dreadful end—what a climax to reach, what a goal to have in view that of an old maid!

We once knew an old girl. She was an assistant teacher in an Academy. Old girls are mostly always governesses or teachers, or blue stockings of some kind or other. She was small and stout, and her face resembled a three pound can of leaf-lard during the dog-days. It was always redolent of leaf lard; it looked like leaf lard under the most unfavourable circumstances. Her eyes were always engaged in a swimming contest with one another, and they were perpetually dodging about a huge ridge of nose; and the eyes peeped over this bridge which was evidently set up as a barrier to keep them from running into each other altogether, like two small boys playing Hide and Seek behind a barn door. Her arms were short, thick and as red as an every day infant of a few month's duration. Her hair was a rich brown, bereft of the customary frizziness by a copious use of some invaluable Restorer resembling before the phial containing it was shaken, a mixture composed of equal parts of black varnish and sticky castor oil, perfumed with spirits of turpentine. The hair was well saturated with this fluid, rubbed well, brushed well and soaked well; it then assumed any position desired by its owner. Her favourite method of "doing it up" was to allow it to rest flat upon the head, and a few villanous curls dangled like barber's small poles from her temples. Her garments were, summer and winter, composed of woollen stuff; Brown and Black in winter, and Black and Brown in summer, with trimmings to match. Her walk was heavy, her reading was of a heavy character, and she played Oratorios and Masses on the piano rather than the lighter variety of music. Her conversation was monotonous in its very monotony. It never varied. She eloquently discussed about the Rights of Women, and the politics of the Country were of deep interest to her. She had not been educated up to dancing in those old days, long ago, when she was young, but it made no difference all the same. She did dance, on occasion, and her dexter foot gracefully hopped off when it should have been her left. Still she danced and said she enjoyed it. She loved "Leap-year Quadrilles," and always engaged her partner a month before the proper time. This was invigorating for the partner and she liked it. She always carried an umbrella when it rained, and enveloped herself within the folds of an enormous waterproof cloak, and she liked to stand at corners with the

covering over her head, no matter for the descending showers, and talk to her shivering gentlemen-acquaintances, and often she would wonder whether it was going to rain all day or clear off and be soft! She was a magnificent creature, this Old Girl was. She took in all the Puritainical Weekly Journals, and she loaned them to her friends in exchange for *Atlantic Monthlies* and expensive editions of the poets. She revelled in literature, this Old Girl did. And she sang hymns with a cracked falsetto voice, and accompanied herself on an untuned Melodeon, and at "Meeting" when the preacher requested the congregation to join in, in singing 'this beautiful song of praise,' she cleared her voice and "joined in," accordingly. And at parties her Card was never *full*, though she varied the verb a little at supper-time.

And this Old Girl never married. She is an old girl now, and yet she had a good kind heart at times. The sick, lying in poor hovels on beds of coarse straw, watched for her coming; and when the little door opened a ray of sunshine darted in and the cold room was warmer and more cheerful, and the bed-ridden patient moaned less and the Old Girl ministered to the wants of the lone sufferer. Thank God for the Old Girl sometimes. Her ways are truly ways of pleasantness to many, very many poor aching hearts, scattered over this broad earth.

And who ever yet saw an Old Girl with her cracked voice, and cranky, set ways, but who had in her young days, refused two or three excellent offers of marriage? The first young man of the land kneeled supplicantly at her feet and sued for her hand, but her heart was steeled, and a lover groaned for the love which was denied him. The Old girl narrates this story with unwearied zest every time she tells it, and she tells it often.

We knew an Old Girl once; a very old girl she was too. Her age, like drugs, was subject to the fluctuations of the market, and it varied like the climate. At the time she appeared before us some forty-eight years had passed over her head, and a magnificent old girl she was in her stiff Black Silk Dress, summer hat and late parasol. She had no personal attractions, was very methodical, painfully so, and in her speech, and in her actions, was matter of fact and precise. There was nothing about her calculated to inspire either love or admiration in any bosom, and yet this paragon of departed loveliness, according to her own story, held in the hollow of her hand two loving hearts *once*. But this Old Girl "jilted" them both, and turned a deaf ear and refused to listen to their tales of undying love. So this Old Girl said, and she expected her listeners to believe her words—of course it was true, for do we not know that every Old Girl one has ever met has always been placed at some period of her life in this position precisely! In every case the addresses of gentlemen have been returned, in every case the affair has turned out in the same manner, and in every case the Old Girl has remained an Old Girl during the remainder of her natural life. She never married. Her mission was not of the matrimonial kind. Old Girls are always waiting maids, and in this state of celibacy they remain. We take our leave of the Old Girl now—we wish her

well. She has her faults, who have not, and take her for all in all her faults do not outweigh her virtues. We could not very well get along without our Old Girls, and we are very glad we have a few girls in our New Dominion whose aspirations are fast leading them to the position of an Old Girl.

AFFECTION.

BY GEO. C. HUTCHISON.

That heart must be a lonely waste
 Where no affection's flowers are placed:
 I think that in this world of ours
 There is no soul, however dark,
 But doth retain of love a spark,
 And longeth for affection's bowers.
 In disappointment's School though reared.
 'There is some object still revered—
 Some image fair to which the heart
 Would link itself and form a part.
 'Mid scattered wrecks and hopes destroyed
 It helps to fill the aching void;
 And this bless'd image stands alone
 The heart's dear friend and *all* its own.
 The soul when every hope is fled,
 Is like the last place of the dead:
 The gloomy Sepulchre where lay
 The last of loved ones passed away.
 E'en in this charnel house of stone
 Affection's emblems there are strewn:
 Flowers upon the grave doth bloom
 And shall no rays the Soul illumine.
 Though scar'd and harden'd by remorse
 The lonely heart has one resource:
 Some image cheers the tiring Soul
 When adverse billows onward roll.
 On the heart's altar stands secure,
 And worshipp'd with affection pure.
 This heart-consoling, cheering mate
 Fills up the void left blank by fate.

F A M E.

Spurring madly to the fight
 Mark the bold intrepid Knight :
 See his battered helm and shield
 Prone upon the battle-field ;
 Stoop and scan the heroic name
 Dauntless devotee of fame !

Bending o'er the classic page
 Lo ! the solitary sage ;
 See his animated eye
 Beaming with philosophy ;
 Him, shall inner voice proclaim
 Ardent votary of fame.

Tossed upon the troubled main
 Mark the voyager again ;
 See his tattered flag unroll
 Proudly from the starry pole.
 Truth shall designate his aim—
 Blind idolatry of fame !

Soaring to the azure sky ;
 Now the aeronaut survey ;
 See his liberated car
 Range the thunder-cloud afar,
 Son of Dædalus,—the same
 Syren fascinates thee,—*fame* !

D A M O N .

SOME LOVE IDYLS.*

Geo. Macdonald, in one of his best written volumes, speaks of those old poets who wrote love poems without having any love in them ; and the close student of George Wither, Spenser and Geoffrey Chaucer will bear out the most popular poet-novelist of the age, in this assertion. William Winter, for many years attached to the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, has within a month or two issued through the press of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, an elegant, chaste and charming volume of love idyls and other poems, of much sweetness and gentleness. In this very beautiful book of about a hundred and twenty pages, there are some of the finest conceptions in poetry of the English language. There is a quiet simplicity and a graceful turn observable in every line of Mr. Winter's poems. Homely affection, love of Æsthetics and pure heart tints abound everywhere. The work is dedicated to the poet's wife and he chastely gives his life-partner the credit of whatever is gentle and cheerful in the spirit of the book. It is seldom a volume of verse possesses so much uniform excellence and good taste. There is an unexceptional beauty and elegance in

* MY WITNESS—a book of verses by Wm. Winter. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

every verse and not a limping or harsh bit of versification can be found. "Orgia"—a song of ruin—the opening poem of the book, is a fine sample of even verse. It is in that very popular measure now so universally adopted by so many of our most noted and famous poets, and which had its origin some two hundred years ago,—the two line or couplet form. John Greenleaf Whittier revived this species in his quaint and beautiful "Maud Muller," and since then it has become almost universal. A great deal can be expressed in this form and the lines strike evenly upon each other.

"With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime."

There are but twenty-eight verses in this poem and each one of them is almost an epic of itself. A whole story is told in one couplet and very charmingly and elegantly has Mr. Winter told his story of ruin. The lines are thrillingly correct and powerfully striking in detail, and exceedingly minute in description and in manner, though there is little of what might be called "mannerism" observable. It is essentially a highly Dramatic piece and worthy of any author, and is quite equal to Mr. Winter's great reputation as critic, poet and thinker.

A Song of Rest—Lethe—is of a different measure. It is a poem evidently of the age of Shakspeare and it is just such an idyl as Spenser might have indited. How true is this verse, and how sublimely felicitous it is!

"When this farce of life is o'er
Are we fretted any more?
Do they rest, I'd like to know,
Under grass or under snow,
Who have gone that quiet way,
You and I must go, some day!"

"Spray" sets forth very musically various emotions. Charity, presentiment, fading hope, Death, &c., are all portrayed not ideally or of the inner life; but practically and really as we are accustomed to meet them in every day life. Here is a tiny seven line verse and it is in this *morceau* that the poet treats of "Charity":

"Should tender friendship keep the rhymers name,
May this be said of me, when I am gone;
Weak was his will,—therefore he suffered much,
In the rude warfare of this stormy world;
Yet, striving to be strong, in patient toil,
And knowing his own weakness and his sin,
Was gentle to the faults of other men."

And here is a rich tribute to a "bright sky," splendidly painted and glistening in its superb brilliancy :

"This canopy which overhangs the earth
Is like the broad plain of a holy life,
And the bright stars which glitter in the arch
Mean the good deeds whereby 't is sanctified."

There is' as much truth as there is poetry, and there is a great deal of both, in this couplet. It takes up the seventh phase of "Spray" :

"He who dwells overmuch on death
Misses true life and goes astray."

How often are one's hopes and aspirations blighted by too much and prolonged thinking over the future life, contemplating the day when our spirit shall bid adieu to the follies and vanities of the wayward world, and brooding over the events which are to unfold themselves in the coming unknown land beyond the tomb! Alas too often it is to such thoughts as these are we indebted for our Asylums and Homes for the poor shattered brains, and decayed minds, and for the lost ones who fill their walls. How many brilliant intellects have been snapt asunder into a thousand rude fragments by just such thoughts as are conjured up by too much contemplation over death and the end that is in store for us! And these cases, Asylum statistics tell us, are the greatest in number and the most difficult of cure. A brain once worn down in this sad way seldom recovers itself and misery the most dire is the inevitable consequence. It is a solemn warning and like all solemn warnings the great, the good and the wise, those for whom it is especially intended fail to recognize its applicability in their several cases and the world moves on and yields its quota to swell the records of the passing years.

Mr. Winter sings a lofty yet extremely delicate and touching pæan over the grave of George Arnold, who, on the 13th November, 1865, was buried in Greenwood, and on page 55 he gives us "Beyond the Dark," a very pretty and affecting series of stanzas, couched in elegant language and melodious diction.

"And I think, as I sit alone,
While the night is falling around,
Of a cold, white, gleaming stone,
And a long, lone grassy mound ;

And of what rests under the sod,—
'The poor, pale face ; the still brain,
Left awfully still by the Spirit of God
'That has gone to Him again ;

The eyes that will shine no more,
'The hands that have done their task ;—
And my heart is weary and sore,
And my mind is hungry to ask

If all, indeed, be well
 In the realms beyond the dark ;
 What secret the pallid lips could tell
 Of that body so quiet and stark.

* * * * *

For the end is the peace of grass,
 And God's peace, ever to be :
 The one for us to feel as we pass,
 The other enshrining thee.

Clouds sail, and waters flow,
 And our souls must journey on ;
 And it cannot be ill to go
 The way that thou hast gone."

A drama of life in the great city opens with the fifth act and a very effective and affecting act it is. An aged grey-haired mendicant is pictured wending his old sad way about the cold, uncharitable streets. No warm-hearted passer-by greets him. He has no home, no fire, no wife nor child to cheer the few remaining days of his far-spent life. His heart is cold, it bleeds and aches and he toils on. He thinks of his darling "dear little Nelly"—she alas! has long since ceased to be of this world. Dead is Nelly, dead is his old partner, dead are his hopes, dead is his mind, dead is his heart. No comforts are awaiting his coming. He slips and slides on the hard wet pavement and he prays for a fire and he thinks of the cold grave.

"Frozen, ragged and hungry,
 With not a morsel to eat."

The storm sweeps on. There is no shelter for the old man, friendless and alone in his misery, and the cruel wind tears his light garments to shreds and his thin white hair plays with the cold pitiless blast.

"Is it cold in the grave, I wonder?
 Ah, the cruel and pitiless storm!
 No matter; 'tis all that's left me;
 Thank God if it's only warm."

This is a glowing tribute of the heart to the heart and it abounds in fine periods and beautiful traits.

Of a vastly more agreeable type and character, but equally home-like and original, are the love pictures which are scattered throughout the book. "Love's Ideal" is a pretty idyl—a veritable love poem—a poesy of the heart in its more exalted attribute. It is the song of an idolizing lover to the maiden nearest his heart. It is the lover's serenade:

"True and pure her soul within,—
 Breathing a celestial air!
 Evil and the shame of sin
 Could not dwell one moment there."

"Love's Choice" is another gem, another tuneful lay from the Poet's lyre. He sings in clear-ringing numbers of the stroller who seeks in palace halls and ball rooms, and in shady retreats and quiet woodland

homes, his future wife and though he fancies many a beauty, it is when

“ * * * remote from pleasure’s whirl,
 He sees, at home’s sequestered shrine,
 The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
 Of mortal mould, but soul divine,—
 Too good, too beautiful, to know
 How fair her worth and beauty show ;
 Then all his roving fancies pause,
 Entranced by this o’erwhelming grace ;
 It rules him by celestial laws,
 It lights a splendour in his face ;
 ’Tis the best good that Heaven can give :
 He wins it—and begins to live.”

“ Love’s Question ” is sweetly pretty too, very gentle and full of delicious similes and allusions. It is a companion to “ Love’s Triumph,” though a much better poem in conception, in style and in matter. “ Love’s Queen ” is a stately epic, classic in its construction and replete with good and carefully considered points.

“ Three Pictures,” *Beside the Sea* are delicate bits of graceful verse. The last one is by far the better of the three though all are good.

“ In peace beside the winter sea,
 A white grave glimmers in the moon ;
 And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
 And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
 One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
 And one upon the lonely shore ;
 But, joined in love beyond the grave,
 They part no more ! they part no more !”

“ Two poets ” because it is a “ set ” poem, written on and for an especial occasion is not melodious or as good as some others of the writer’s efforts. It was composed for the Brougham Festival, which took place on the 4th of April, 1869, at the Astor House, New York. When Brougham the talented actor, clever dramatist, successful manager, genial gentleman and brilliant author, and speechmaker was the centre of attraction, and of him the poet says :

“ He walks the world through brilliant years,
 In trouble as in triumph, gay ;
 He wakes our laughter, wins our tears,
 And lightly charms our cares away.

* * * * *

Our manly love is not the least
 Of all the laurel that he wears ;
 To-night he sits with us, at feast :
 JOHN BROUGHAM is the name he bears.”

The first half of this poem is devoted to noble, generous-hearted Oliver Goldsmith, and the rest takes up the hero of the evening. From the specimen above, the reader will perceive that force, power and beauty are wanting sadly, though the sentiment is good. There

is scarcely the touch of the artist discernible however, and the poem falls very flatly, as such poems always do. The tribute is noble in conception, though ridiculously weak in construction, and notoriously faulty in execution.

A tender thoughtful trifle, a heart poesy is "Rosemary." "That's for remembrance." cried poor crazed Ophelia, and she moaned her wild tearful song

"All happy thoughts, all glorious dreams,
That once were mine,
Rise in the tender light that beams
From Auld Lang Syne."

This is very pretty and it will awaken a responsive echo in every human heart.

Mr. Winter's poems are of a very high type. He appeals at once to our better natures. He plays, not idly, but gently and in good faith, with our hearts, and he toys gracefully, and never rudely with our feelings and loves. A strong affection for him and for his verses at once inspire the reader, and the most unobservant is struck with the simplicity, gentleness and eloquence of the lines. The thoughts are new, the sentiment is well wrought out, and the diction is choice and clear. We are glad to note that Mr. Winter has not fallen into that imbecile error so common with latter-day poetasters, and even with some of our best known and more pretentious poets, of using a batch of meaningless words, derived from foreign languages and from languages long since dead. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Lytton and some others, it is deplored, have of late "dipped into" this species of folly, and have shown fully as much bad taste and taken as gross liberties with the intelligence of their readers as has Mr. Thomas Carlyle with his Germanized words and Grecianized sentences. And it is amusing too, to witness the childish efforts of the puny scribblers of the daily press, who lose no opportunity of showing off their book learning and their ignorance at the same time, in making lengthy quotations from the old Latin and Spanish authors, for the benefit of a class of readers who never opened a foreign text book in their lives.

The publishers Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., have exercised their usual care and taste, and as a result have produced a very handsomely printed and neatly bound book. The paper is richly tinted, and the cover is very chaste.



MAGAZINE GOSSIP.

The *Atlantic* maintains its high and enviable position—a peer among its contemporaries,—and presents for the present year a magnificent series of papers, stories, sketches and poems by the most erudite, philosophic and popular writers of the new world. Dr. Holmes, the

genial Autocrat, gives us a famous batch of papers, after the model of his brilliant "Professor at the Breakfast Table," entitled "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." The gifted author has lost none of his keen wit and satire, and the "Poet" promises to take a high rank in the literature of the Country. Nathaniel Hawthorne's posthumous romance, "Septimius Felton," written somewhere about the year 1861, is a very fine story charmingly told, in the most attractive style of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." It reaches the reader in its crude state, as Mr. Hawthorne's death occurred before he could revise or amend it. "A Comedy of Terrors," by Prof. James DeMille, opens well and will have many readers. Prof. Longfellow will, during the year contribute some of his musical, deathless poems, and age has not dimmed the vigour or the intellect of the author of *Evangeline*, a whit. Prof. Lowell is to give some of his terse essays and polished poetic gems, and Higginson, Whipple, Hale, Parton and the other "great guns" of the ATLANTIC will from time to time enrich its pages with their best efforts.

EVERY SATURDAY under its change of dress is thriving well. Of course we miss the elegant engravings and art pictures, but the loss in this particular is made good by the large amount of excellent reading matter which the talented editor so lavishly serves up to the patrons of this popular weekly.

OLD AND NEW.—Mr. Hale's magazine as the years roll on increases in vigour, power and ability. Its criticisms and the department devoted to New Literature, at home and abroad, are specially deserving of mention. Mr. Hale is one of the best editors in New England. His judgment is always sound, and under his management we predict a brilliant future for OLD AND NEW. "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other" is a new feature in journalism, and will give rise to much speculative thought. The story is now nearly completed and the *denouement* is anxiously expected. OLD AND NEW in typographic appearance as well as in its contents, occupies the front rank, and is just what a great magazine should be. Its reviews of religious works are from a strictly Unitarian point of view. Published at Boston by Roberts Bros.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY stands very high with its beautiful illustrations and capital letter-press. Dr. Holland, the brilliant author of "Bittersweet" is the editor, and his critical discrimination is apparent in everything that appears in *Scribner's Monthly*. He is ably assisted by a corps of the first writers of America. The shorter tales are of good character, the essays are thoughtful and pertinent, and the poems are the evenly expressed conceptions of master-minds. Geo. MacDonald writes regularly for this magazine. It was here that "Wilfred Cumberlande," originally appeared.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, the handsomest monthly in America, holds

its own among its many competitors. Its engravings are unpretentious, and its reading matter takes up subjects of every scope. The reviews of current publications are always good, always impartial and always readable.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is replete with valuable and instructive information on Phrenology, Physiology, &c. &c. Its table of contents is very varied.

HARPER'S MONTHLY is unquestionably *the* popular magazine of the New World. It is always fresh, readable, spicy and piquant. No one need "take in" the English Monthlies or Reviews when *Harper* can be had for one quarter the price, and the same stories, essays and poems do duty for both.

The first number of the new CANADIAN MONTHLY has reached our office. It is under the direction of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has taken up his residence in Canada. The pages before us are respectably filled and present a very favourable appearance. As the Monthly grows older it will improve. It behoves Canadians who have a desire to see a good native Literature spring up, to give such publications as this new magazine their best and unswerving support. It is the only way our authors can be fostered, cherished and encouraged. The subscription price is \$3 a year, in advance.