

THE STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER X.

A REVELATION.

When Gomez de Manchez again revived, he was lying on his couch, and his gypsy servant Vaillandano was standing beside him. There was a troubled expression on his dark visage, but as Don Gomez opened his eyes it quickly disappeared, and he asked in a soft voice :

" Ah, my master, I feared you would not revive; it has now been two hours since I found you fainting from loss of blood. The villains are all gone. You have no one to fear now, so tell me how you feel."

The gypsy was assured that his master was reviving; that he had only fainted from loss of blood; that he was sure he should soon be well again. But he was very anxious to know by what almost miraculous power he was saved from death and his protégé from captivity.

" Oha, that matter is easily explained. It was I and my friend Coaduoz whom you may have seen coming. I managed to get into the good graces of Don Nunez de Castanello—now do not get excited over the name, for that person is here, and it is with him we have been dealing during this day, but I fancy he will get fatigued with the present course of experimenting. Well, he trusted me with the command of men that he sent out, and as I had a little sport with him at the Posada, on the night before, he even trusted me to herald a reward for my own apprehension. So you will perceive, I came to the mountains with the followers of the Carlist, and though I was enraged when I saw the Sese (*Spaniard*) falling from the demon's way with the wise Caloré, I kept myself very calm, until I descended into the opening. I intended to have gone down into the cave first, and have dispersed them by an experiment I had used twice before, but this was hindered by various causes. First, I did not think the rope was strong enough, next, I did not believe the men were strong enough. I descended, at last, and pulled the rope after me. This I did by allowing the rope to slacken, when I had loosed it from my body, and when the *beng* (*demon*) commenced drawing it up, I gave it a violent pull which brought the man from the top. I dropped the rope, which fell, as I heard the rock coming down the way, and we had just time to step aside from the lowest part of the passage when it fell, causing the

very mountains to tremble. I think the villains believed we three went down under the rock.

Well, we first bound up your bleeding arm, and undressed you, placing you on your couch. Then Coadujoz went to one opening and I to the other, then we both, at the same time, set fire to the dry stubble and vines that always run over the mountain. We saw the bright flames leap up, and surround the summit, when we rolled back the stones to the openings and returned to you. Coadujoz has gone to see what has become of the villains, but if any of them are spared I will never believe a *baji* (fortune) again."

"But what became of the person with his legs crushed?"

"Ah, he too is dead. He told me he was formerly a priest or a Madridati friar, but when the monasteries were given up he became a brigand. He died praying to Maria Sanctissima. I gave him my crucifix which he kissed many times, and pronounced an eternal absolution upon me; but I fear that if all he told me about himself be true, he would search long before he could find a priest who would dare to absolve him! Here is the Bishop's charm, which, on account of his wickedness, it seems, has failed to save him, and he has died like any other person who did not possess it."

Don Gomez took the charm and laid it upon his pillow. It was cased in a small silken bag with a golden cross hanging from it. Vailandano advised his master to not attempt to read the charm, but to keep it as a shield for himself; but he left the apartment soon after to seek his friend, and the knight opened the charm. Two neatly folded papers were there; one of them was marked by a deep red cross, which he opened and found to contain a Latin prayer "addressed to the Blessed Virgin," who was invoked to shield the bearer from all harm. With a sigh, Don Gomez refolded the parchment and laid it beneath his pillow. The greater paper was written in bad Spanish, and being on paper and that of an inferior quality, it was much injured by exposure to the air and rain, still it was intelligible.

The cavalier little dreamed when he opened this paper, that there was that contained within, which would change the course of a life by reading it!

It ran thus: "There is but one thing I shall die regretting. Ten years ago a wealthy seigneur brought a young damsel to the Convent of St. Jesu near Madridati. He gave a large sum for her support at the Convent school for a certain number of years, mysteriously intimating that if she died whilst young, a larger sum would be forthcoming. The Lady Superior was horrified at a proposal of this kind, but I managed the business by pretending to the guardian that I had deposed her, and the convent was thereby much enriched. Well years flew by, and when she was taken as a novice, I was, of course, her confessor. Her father and mother had died in her infancy, her guardian never came to see her, and she seemed at last to grow contented with her lot, and was never heard to complain or even to sigh for the outer world. She once confessed to me that there was buried deep within her heart, a pure love, which

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" was given away to a youth years ago, a youth whom she should never see more
 " in this life, but she desired to meet him in the next, and often fancying him to
 " be dead, besought me with many tears for masses for his soul! I thought it a
 " pity to see one so fair shut up all her life in the dull walls, and as I had con-
 " ceived a strong passion for her, I determined to take her and to fly from the
 " convent. Yes, I conceived a strong passion for her, although she ever designated
 " me to the other nuns under the sinful title of a 'silly old monkey,'—and what
 " was my surprise when she gave me a blow in my face, as I made known my
 " plan, one day at the confessional. The last words I ever heard her say were :
 " you foolish old monk, go and tell your wickedness to some old woman, who
 " will pay you for your trouble with a sound thrashing !

" 'I will,' quoth I, and to the Abbess I went, intending to cover the affair with
 " an innocent covering much to my own honor, but the evil novice had preceded
 " me, and worst of all, her story was credited by the Lady, who quietly informed
 " me that I was Father Confessor to the convent no more. That sister Resur-
 " rection had revealed to her much of my villainy, that she had long suspected,
 " and what was more, she wished never to see my ugly, hypocritical face again !
 " I believed that I alone had saved sister Resurrection's life years before, and
 " that she should return me so ill, so ungrateful a return for my kindness, and
 " for allowing myself to be captivated by her beauty, I say that I have written
 " this brief that all may see how I was abused by her, and that they may all say
 " —who behold this paper—with me, 'Anathema Mara——.' "

A portion of the manuscript was here so much soiled as to render it unintelli-
 gible. On the other side of the paper he found this additional note : "The
 name of the Convent is SAINT JESU. The name of the nun is Annetta de
 Balboa, and my name is Pedro del Serchio."

The paper *fell from his grasp*, and he struggled for breath ; but he could not
 obtain it. No living being was near him. He tried to cry aloud, but he could
 utter no sound, and once more he went into a swoon, though now thinking of her
 for whom he had searched all Spain for six long years—whom he had not seen
 for ten, not since his old guardian was consigned to his eternal rest. But now
 he had a clue, by mere chance he found that she for whom he had searched all
 Spain to no purpose, was living in a Convent at Madrid, and that she was prob-
 ably *a nun* !

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEPARTURE.

Through several days in succession did Vallandano watch over his master.
 It was certain that he noticed an undefined expression about the Knight's coun-
 tenance, which evidently bespoke a determination to accomplish something,
 which so far as he was able to judge of his master's affairs, might then lie in the

mists of dreamland. He was not, therefore, at all surprised to hear from him that so soon as his strength would permit, he had a journey in contemplation.

Two gypsy women were summoned to attend the señora, and the young lady, whom we have followed thus far, found the place more comfortable than she had ever supposed a cave life could be made; but this conclusion probably arose from the painful knowledge that her guardian was faithless, and that he, to whom her dead father had given her hand in infancy, was a villain; and for the present, though she was separated from the friends she had loved during her childhood and youth, she seemed to be quite contented. During the long days which succeeded the adventure on the mountain, she had reflected on her own sad condition, and wondered at the bravery of the noble cavalier, who had saved her life. She knew he had been very ill, and moreover that it was all on her account he now suffered, and so soon as she was allowed to visit his room, she took advantage of it, and accompanied by Vallandano and a gypsy woman, sought that part of the cave which she had not as yet explored.

There might, naturally, have been some timidity in a young lady, separated from those of her own rank by circumstances she could not control, and surrounded only by gypsy attendants whom she had all her life abhorred, seeking the sick couch of a young knight, whom she had never seen, save by the few terrified glances she had cast upon him on that night so nearly fatal to herself. Still he had saved her life, and although she regretted that he had not allowed her to be dashed in pieces with her horse on the rocks below, she felt that she owed him a great debt of gratitude for his bravery, and she longed to express her sincere thanks in words. She was now an entirely defenceless female; her estate had been seized by her oppressors; the country was harrassed by the French; civil dissensions were common in every Province; marauding bands of Carlists were devastating all Spain from Galicia and Asturia to Granada,—from Estremadura to Catalonia; and Antonia saw in herself not only a person lowered from wealth to poverty in a day, but one who was hunted even after she had fallen, and one who, worst of all, was dependent wholly on another who might be, for ought she knew, as unfortunate as herself.

"My brother," said Vallandano, "the Sese damsel would see her unknown friend and protector."

The lady turned her full eyes upon the knight, and bowing gracefully, advanced to the side of the couch and extended her hand. Don Gomez could only press her palm, he could not speak, though he made several ineffectual efforts to do so.

The señora noticed this, and placing her finger to her lip she motioned him not to speak. She then seated herself by his bedside, and although he could see nothing distinctly, he was conscious that a lady with black sparkling eyes and glittering ringlets was near him, gazing at her benefactor, at him! He attempted to speak or even to look at the lady several times, but these efforts were always attended with the painful sound of something rushing to his head; then a weakness stole over him, so great that he could not remember where he

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was; then a vision of two ladies, who refused to look at each other; then a confused mass of golden curls and jetty black ringlets, seemingly contending; but the golden curls were always victorious. He would then fancy he was falling into a horrible pit, with blue eyes and black eyes gazing mournfully after him.

For many days the lady came regularly, sitting at his bedside, and as he became stronger she read to him from Voltaire and Montesquieu (which works, or rather a part of them, were found in an old cabinet), and as they became better acquainted as day after day passed away, they conversed of common-place affairs, and even of political and religious subjects.

He spoke of his old guardian, of his early days when he hunted the wolf on the moors and haunts of Estremadura, nor did he omit the beautiful Annetta de Balboa. He read to her the paper he had preserved from the charm, and she seemed pleased when he avowed his intention of seeing the nun. It was finally arranged that the señora would remain, for the present, in the cave, as she would be safer there than in any other place he knew in all Spain. In the course of another week two horses stood at the entrance of the cave, at the termination of an old road that reached down quite to the wall of Cordova. The Knight noticed not that the señora trembled violently as he bade her adieu, and pressing her hand to his lips, and leaping into the saddle of his prancing steed, the two turned the heads of their horses into the wide pathway, now on either side over-run with luxuriant vegetation, and the next moment they were making the descent. As the huge gateway rolled back into its place, Antonia returned to her apartment, and taking her rosary commenced a long litany. She stopped as she remembered what the Don had said to her respecting exhortations to the Saints, then pressing her hand upon her forehead she murmured half aloud: "No, no, anything but that, I cannot forget nor disregard the prayers my sainted mother taught me!" Antonia continued at her devotions until the shades of evening were drawing their folds thick and fast over the crags and distant mountains, and the plain below lay wrapped in night.

CHAPTER XII.

MADRIDATI—QUESADA.

Gomez de Manchez and Vallandano continued the descend of the mountain toward Cordova, until they arrived at the Moor's road, a wide levelled path, leading to the base of the Sierra Morenas, and terminating at a point nearly a league to the north-eastward of the town. This road was built ages before by the Moors, and as it now went only to the mountains, it was but little used except by the banditti. They saw no person until they arrived at the base, when they started forward at a brisk gallop, the gay ribbons of their broad-

brimmed hats fluttering behind them. For hours they sped thus, over the uneven ground, their horses being well accustomed to this mode of speedy travelling, as indeed are all the horses of Spain, excepting, of course, those belonging to the carriers. Leaving the mountains of Jaen to the right, they passed through Andujar and Bailen, and at the close of the first day they reached Carolina, a small town on the skirts of the Morena, occupied by German colonists. Here they remained for the night at a small posada, preferring to go through the Dispensa Perros which was two leagues distant, before the morning sun was risen, thus eluding the robbers they would be sure to meet were the journey performed by night, as the banditti would, at that early hour, be sleeping. The plan worked admirably: they entered La Mancha through the pass, where they expected to have some encounter with the bands of bloody Orejita or Palillos, without adventure of any kind. They indeed heard cries and a shrill whistle occasionally in the heavy brushwood, but saw no one. Broad purple plains were now to be passed, reminding one forcibly of the great prairies we have passed over in the far west of America, before they arrived at Aranjuez. Stopping here for the night, at a German posada, they arrived at Madrid on the following day, having been three days on the road since leaving Cordova. Gomez proceeded at once to the residence of a friend, where their horses were taken care of; but as it was a holiday, his friend had already gone to the amphitheatre to be present at the national amusement.

It was now past mid-day: Don Pedro de Elvarez (for such was the name of his friend) would not return to his home until the *corrida* would be over. But our cavalier was essentially Spanish, with strong Spanish tastes and passions, and he had never in his life passed the amphitheatre when the gaily-coloured bulletins announced the "*Plaza de Torros*" for the day, without joining the immense crowd, with eyes thirsting for the performance.

Don Gomez left his faithful follower at Don Pedro's residence, the gypsy held a marked dislike to the "Sese amusement," and making his way down the broad Calle d'Alcalà, he crossed the Pra'o and in a few minutes came to the white colossal and circular building. He had taken a ticket procured on the previous day at the little *kiosco* from the wife of Don Pedro, and had now only to present it and pass in.

This was an undertaking of some magnitude, for the space in front of the amphitheatre was crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, all in inextricable confusion; but he forgot all this when he at last stood on the second row of the first tier of the arcaded gallery. Don Gomez was accustomed to this amusement, as we have previously stated, and he looked first from the Queen's balcony down to the glittering sands of the arena, and his eyes wandered over the assembled thousands, the women with their great fans, the men with their great Chinese-like hats, with a certain familiarity which a long acquaintance with the barbarous *Funcion* alone could beget.

The band, consisting of trumpets, drums, and fifes, had just wound up a piece

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of Spanish music with a grand flourish, when Don Gomez was gently touched by the person sitting next him, and, facing his companion, he was surprised at thus accidentally falling upon Don Pedro. Of course there was a great amount of small talk on common-place affairs, before the political claimed a share. Then Don Gomez for the first time saw Spain unmasked, and caught a glimpse of the wrong and villainy that lay beneath the by no means smooth exterior, which, in a certain measure, explained the bloody and disgusting under current, which was only too surely undermining the prosperity of his unhappy country.

Strange proceedings had been enacted at the capital during the past few days. An armed body of disloyal men, who were formerly connected with the Queen's own body guard, had entered Queen Christina's apartments at La Granja in the pinery, on the opposite side of the Guadarama hills, about eleven or twelve leagues distant from Madrid. They had brought a paper with them, desiring, even ordering her, to sign it, which she indignantly refused to do, at the same time ordering them to withdraw. Finding themselves baffled thus far, they dragged her to an open court where Munos stood, chained and blindfolded.

"Swear to the constitution, you she rogue!" cried the sergeant Garcia.

"Never!" was the spirited answer of the descendant of the Neopolitan Bourbon, "never!"

"Then your cortego dies!"

Munos was led to the wall and made to kneel.

"Now, my lads, send a dozen bullets through his heart!"

The muskets were levelled; Garcia's hand falling upon the other, which was the signal to fire, was slowly descending,—another moment and Munos would be riddled with bullets.

"Hold! I sign!"

On the same day was heard, at Madrid, the loud cry "La Granja!" and "Viva la Constitution!" followed, which but one day before would have been punished as a capital offence.

The succeeding day had witnessed a transaction in Madrid, that Spain, or indeed that Europe, had never seen before!

When all Madrid was rife with disloyal cries, when the greater part of the citizens had collected themselves together for the purpose of revolutionizing the country, a solitary horseman dashed down the calle de Carretas into the square at a gallop, with a drawn sword in his hand. Two mounted officers, in a few moments followed. The crowd, about the Puerta del Sol drew back as the great Quesada galloped into the midst of the riotous multitude. Nationals flew away in every direction:—"LONG LIVE THE ABSOLUTE QUEEN!" he cried, slapping a national with the flat of his sabre.

Quesada's triumph was short lived.

That day of triumph was his last;—but it was sufficient to show to the world that one weak man had stayed the tide of a great revolution for an entire day!

Isturitz was the Prime Minister of all Spain, and on this day had he only maintained half the courage he showed when his predecessor Mendizibal was deposed, the day would have been his. But their hearts failed them,—utterly failed them when they saw some of their best friends join the legions of nationals, and they fled. Every one knows how they fled. Every one has heard how Quesada fled!

His had been the fortune to disperse multitudes of fiery men, fearlessly opposing them in their revolutionary attempts; but when Madrid reposed in the silence of night, and no foe was near, his proud spirit drooped, and he fell a prey to feelings which, could they have been suppressed, the name of Quesada would now be emblazoned on the escutcheon where proud and noble deeds are alone written, and history would give the worthy man an imperishable name.

He stood through the day, like a mighty bulwark of conscious strength, stemming the tide of political fury, with a dignity that would have graced the conqueror of the world; but when his comrades forsook him, when Isturitz, and Galiano fled to France, the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar, he could not stand without followers, and he too fled disguised as a citizen.

Fled when every cry of "La Granja" and "La Constitucion" had died away; fled when the city reposed in peace; fled when the guards were willing and eager to release the captive Queen, and to burn the paper which had caused so much trouble;—fled when reinforcements were approaching, at only a distance of a few leagues! It may not be amiss to record again the fate of this hero. There is a celebrated coffee house in the Calle d'Alcala, capable of holding several hundred men. On the evening of this day, a band of fierce looking nationals entered this house, marching arm in arm, stamping upon the floor and singing the following wretched stanza:

"Que es lo que abaja
Por abuel cerro?
Ta ra ra ra ra.

Son los huesos de Quesada,
Que los trae un perro
Ta ra ra ra ra."

Of which the following translation has been made:

"What down the hill comes hurrying there?
With a hey, with a ho, a sword and a gun?
Quesada's bones, which a hound doth bear,
Hurrah, brave brothers!—the work is done!"

A large bowl of coffee was placed before them. They called for cups, and untying a blue handkerchief, took from it a bloody hand with two or three dissevered fingers, and with these were the contents of the bowl stirred,—after which they drank the coffee even to the very dregs!

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORRIDA.

Two mounted *alguazils* suddenly emerging from one of the barriers enclosing the arena, clothed in solemn suits of black, and followed by an immense team of mules driven at a rapid gallop, drew the attention of Don Gomez and his friend to the scene before them. They were gaily decked with the most brilliant colors and with floating ribbons, and gold and silver lace which covered their trappings and the small gilt bells which were fastened to every available part of the harnesses, tinkled at every movement. On either side walked young men, dressed in Andalusian costumes of the richest dye and material. Their hair bound up in great masses with bows of colored ribbon, would remind one of the "waterfall" of our own day, were they not so low on the neck. The short jackets were of a clear claret color and richly embroidered with gold; the vest was of sky blue satin, and the closely fitting velvet breeches, with their pendant ribbons and gilt buttons, with the pink silk stockings and buckled shoes, they presented an appearance so graceful and gay, that it would be difficult to conceive of a more fantastic effect.

Then came the five *picadores*, wearing their broad hats, and mounted on ponderous saddles. Though the horses held up their heads as though they would deceive the public eye into the belief that they were stepping with all their former pride and glory, in the glittering procession, it was very clear that no man would buy one of the animals, as they were, without doubt, but wrecks of what they affected to be, and that a few weeks more, even of quiet, would measure the life of the hardiest of them.

The gilded procession swept in great pomp round the arena, where, halting for a moment, the kneeling *alguazil* received in his hat the key to the bull's prison from the president, and was gone in an instant. Another grand flourish of trumpets, and another door was flung open, and the chief actor leaped upon the scene. Every sound was now hushed, for the "sport" had fairly commenced. The enraged animal had been maddened by hunger, and as he sprang into the circus, a sharp steel point with a gay streamer attached was adroitly dropped between the shoulders, in such a manner as to avoid the spine.

With a loud bellow he dashed round the arena, ploughing the scorching sand far and near with his sharp horns.

Fifteen *lidiadores* were scattered about, each with a brightly tinted mantle of different colors, twisted about his arm. The *picadores* stood in their usual manner, on the defensive, and one behind the other, as far away from the centre as possible. The bull as usual was decoyed by the *capeadores* who hovered about with the different colored mantles, until one of them threw over his horns one of crimson silk, and under this cover fled to the barrier, where he was followed

by his antagonist. Then a desperate battle ensued; but the agile *picadore* succeeded in re-entering the arena, hotly followed by the animal, which received a savage wound in the shoulder from another *picadore* who now relieved the first.

Then followed another desperate attack, a yellow mantle was then thrown over the bull's head by the second *picadore*, which was quickly rent in twain, and the fight with the mounted man commenced. It is needless to enter into all the details of this barbarous amusement. We have merely entered the amphitheatre because Don Gomez was there, and a natural desire to witness what he was pleased to admire, having manifested itself, we could only gaze at the inhuman spectacle with the assembled thousands, and like them even murmur our approval or our disapprobation, for there is something in the Spanish national amusement which forces one to almost sympathize with what is cruel and savage, causing him to experience a barbarous delight in witnessing the dying struggles of the unfortunate horses, and even, it is affirmed, shouting and applauding over the dying *picadore*!

It may be there still remains in even the civilized mind, something of the savage ferocity of our pagan forefathers, which the strange fascination of the bull fight with its bloody arena, arouses into life, with all its attendant horrors, only to be quelled when the carcass of the bull is dragged out by the long team of mules with their tinkling bells.

(To be continued.)

THE TAKING OF TROY BY NIGHT.

Being the song of a Trojan Maid in the Hecuba of Euripides.

Ilium! no longer now
 "The invisible" art thou!
 Gathering as a cloud, the foe
 Round about thy bulwarks go.
 Thou art fallen! and strange powers
 Spoil thee of thy crown of towers,
 While, for ever, as a pall,
 Mournfully thy riven wall
 Thickening clouds of smoke enfold.
 Thee no more may I behold!

Of that night's dread hour I tell,
 When entrancing slumber fell,
 On our hero, newly ceased
 From the choral dance and feast.
 On its rest was hung the spear,
 Lost in dreams, he did not hear,
 Through the streets of Troy, the rude
 Sailor rabble-shout renewed!

Gazing on the mirror's gold,
 I unbound my tresses fold.
 When, throughout the silent streets,
 Suddenly the cry repeats,
 "Sons of the Hellenes, when
 Conquerors of Troy, again
 Sail ye homewards?" Tremblingly
 Then to Artemis I fly.
 Thin-clad, as a Dorian maid,
 By the altar thus I prayed.

Forsaken, friendless, and forlorn!
 Condemned to exile and to scorn!
 Helen, to the furies' hate
 Thee, in prayer, I execrate!
 Gods of Troy, for Troy avenge her!
 Doomed to each fell demon's anger,
 Helpless, hopeless, grant her never
 Father land or friend for ever!

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MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

(Concluded.)

To the same influence is to be ascribed the intensity of her realization of the central truth of religion. To her, in a sense far stronger than can be said of most even of so-called religious poets, God was not simply an almighty Existence, but a personal, living Friend to whom she was attached by close personal feeling. Some of her sonnets are condensed sermons of a kind that *would* have themselves heard. Were space allowed me I should quote two, "Substitution" and "Comfort," and let me also point out to those who have not read them her sonnets on "The Two Sayings," "The Look" and "The Meaning of the Look." Her favorite trains of thought lead her up from the world to the Throne of God, and many of her poems give us anticipatory glances towards the heavenly rest that remaineth after the toiling and sorrowing of this bodily life are ended. We see in nearly all of her poems, which let out a personal feeling, a reaching out of and above herself, a standing on tip-toe to see what was afar off. She longed for something purer, higher, deeper, fuller, than she had yet found; and we feel that even when she tells us most, she herself feels that there is still more to be told, far more than she can tell us. A very striking line in the Vision of Poets will perhaps help to illustrate a little by similiarity of idea, that which I am trying to express. Speaking of an angel, she says

"His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
"That they saw God."

She herself soaring far aloft, sees the yet unrisen sun, and is made glittering like "a winged star" by beams that are as yet not seen by those who mark her glowing flight. This, however, is probably not characteristic of her, as distinguishing her from other poets; it is a mark of the poetic character which she shared with others.

In the 5th book of Aurora Leigh, several glimpses of her theory of Poetry are given.

" * * * * There's not a flower of spring,
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
With human meanings; &c."

It has been said that no age can be made poetic to those who live in it. We see the detail, and miss the significance of the general plan. Hence a poet should avoid singing about the movements of the life in which he lives. This objection has been urged against Aurora Leigh, which is a story of our own times. It is

a partial and fallacious criticism. Doubtless, when an age has passed, and "Orbed into the perfect star we saw not, when we moved therein," those characteristics of it which are poetic, are visible to all men, even of meanest sight, and in a degree undreamt of while they were being enacted; but those tendencies, and movements, and underlying ideas were in existence while moulding men's lives, as much as they are historically so, after their age and influence have passed away. The true Poet can see them, and it is within his province to unveil them to those who have not his insight.

"I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,

* * * * *

Nay! if there's room for poets in the world
A little overgrown, (I think there is)
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this living, throbbing age,
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
Than Roland with his knights, at Roncesvalles."

More than one of the characteristics I have mentioned may be attributed with some plausibility to her sex. There are others which are so evidently derived from this source that it would be a work of supererogation to speak of them at length. I may allude, in a word—to her impulsiveness, her femininity of detail, the tenderness of her erotic pieces, and, still more marked, their entire and beautiful self-abnegation. But there is one which is not so obviously to be traced, and yet is none the less the offspring of the woman. I refer to that phase of mental method which is undoubtedly characteristic of the womanly intellect as contrasted with the manly; the deductive as opposed to, or rather as supplementing the inductive. The progress accruing from the application to science of the inductive method has been unduly exaggerated. To quote conspicuous examples of the discoveries of the opposite method, it was not induction but deduction which told Newton the secret of the universal system; it was not induction but deduction which led the poet Goethe to the discovery for which he was fitted by no previous anatomical knowledge, that the skull is simply composed of vertebræ; "in other words—that the bony covering of the head, is simply an expansion of the bony covering of the spine;"—a discovery which for fifty years after, the anatomists of England, working by induction, were unable to arrive at. The preponderance of emotion and impulse in women, leads them to more ideal habits of thought; and they instinctively adopt that mode of reasoning which begins with ideas and ends with facts, leaving to men the other method of proceeding from facts to ideas. The most cursory perusal of Mrs. Browning's poetry will furnish at least one example of the correctness of this proposition.

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That the deductive method should be common to poets and to women, may go to establish that the poetic nature embraces for its full perfection—the two opposite poles of human character,—the manly and the womanly in mutual interdependence.

I have spoken of the penetration of her gaze into the innermost relations of things; and I quote one example of the clearness of her insight into the relation of the different steps in the universe of the progress of man.

In Lady Geraldine's Courtship the Poet-lover says:

“Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources,
But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?
When we drive out, from the clouds of steam, majestic white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who lead black ones by the mane?”

Which might be paraphrased somewhat thus. The greatness of the advance is to be measured by its means. Thus, relatively to *it*, the step of a child is as great as the step of a giant; and we who boast of our progress must remember that, relatively to our means, it is not greater than that of those we laugh at, viz. the ancients. Each of our great discoveries is but a step, and for *us* to take a short uncertain step like them, would be for a man to walk like a child. Our greatness is natural, and therefore our obligation and not to be boasted of.

I would have discussed the *form* of her Poetry at greater length, but that the space at my disposal, has, I am afraid, already been more than filled. It combines great beauties with equally striking defects. They are to a great extent the natural result of some of the peculiar circumstances of her life. A pedantry of expression, a frequent obscurity, owing to allusion to classical and other subjects unfamiliar to the general reader, and the coining of new words by anglicising Greek or Latin roots:—these are the most obvious faults of her style. And in them lies much of her unpopularity. Yet they arose simply from a forgetfulness that she stood upon a height. The naturalness of an expression to her, made her forget its non-naturalness to the multitude. She did not remember that Apollo, when he taught men to sing, came *down* to them, and did not sing from heaven. And for the last peculiarity she has the less excuse to urge, for her command of the resources of her native tongue was very remarkable. Her choice of words showed a marvellous adaptation of language to the nature of the ideas to be expressed. Marsh, in his lectures upon the English Language, mentions as the proportion of Saxon words in “The Cry of the Children,” 92 per cent.; in “Crowned and Buried,” 88 per cent.; and in the “Lost Bower,” 77 per cent. Yet we read such lines as:

“I do *volitent*, not obedient.”

And,

“Crushing their echoes *reboant*.”

And again; for the word “poplar” she uses “abele,” a word which, in one dictionary that I consulted, was not given at all, and in another, was said to be a “botanical term.”

Her position as a poet is hard to define. Few will venture to question her rank as the first of Poetesses, but her right to be classed with the Great Masters of Song, will not so readily be conceded. As long ago as Aristotle, poets were divided into two classes: those who sang because it was their nature to sing, and they could not help it; and those who sang because it pleased and amused them, and their education and circumstances prompted it. Aristotle's division was into the "frenzied man" and the "accomplished man." Of living poets, Tennyson or Robert Browning would represent the one, Longfellow the other. Keble in his lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, adopts very nearly the same classification and theory of poetry. In the list of those

"Who do but sing because they most,"
 "And pipe but as the linnet's pipe."

he places Homer, Shakspeare, Dante; and in that of those who uttered a note that was brought out by favour of circumstances, Milton, Byron, Scott. If this were the only requisite, Mrs. Browning's name should be read in the list of honour; for, however much the form, and even the tone of her poems may have come from the circumstances of her life, yet no one can feel that she sings except "because of music in her heart." But that which to me distinguishes the first from the second order of poets, is not so much spontaneity as *repose*; the repose that broods over all scenes and operations of nature. It is only on the rocks by the shore that the tide breaks itself,—far out, it sweeps on in unmeasured grandeur. Even the rushing of the wind is noiseless, until something stands out to arrest it. And who has not been awed into silence by the stillness that comes down upon him from a sunset; and yet, all the while, the clouds are wreathing into new forms, and the waves are flickering with their red reflections, and the shadows are mounting higher upon the hills. And so when we read Shakspeare, amid all the din of action and the clashing of shields, and the clangour of trumpets, under the melancholy of Hamlet, or the passion of Juliet, we can never for a moment forget that there is a back ground of eternity, and that above all this the everlasting stars are shining. We are made to feel that it is all a part of the great universe, and in organic sympathy with nature. And in the minor poets this has no place. They sing—not as the song of a bird—a component part of the universal nature, and which is necessary in order to make nature be what it is;—but rather as the sound of a musical instrument, played, it may be, with skill and sweetness, but still something external to nature, and added on, and giving nothing to its completeness. Applying then to Mrs. Browning's poems this test of the nature of the impression left on the mind by their perusal, we turn with reluctant hand from those of her admirers who stretch forth a claim to the Laurel of the Master Poet.

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JACK LONGFIELD'S PATIENT.

A SKETCH OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Pale as students are wont to look after an unusual waste of hours over the midnight oil, Jack Longfield sat beside his well furnished breakfast table in No. 13 Trinity College. Indeed there had been an unwonted consumption of the midnight oil as well as of other liquids of a very different description in Jack's room on the previous evening, as a meeting had been held to celebrate his election to a University Scholarship, which, Jack being rather popular among the undergraduates, had been well attended. The festivities had been prolonged to a later hour than usual, and not till long after the midnight chimes of St. Patrick's cathedral had died away, did the sounds of singing and other merriment cease to trouble the repose of Deans, Proctors, senior students, and all others averse to the midnight noise. So the breakfast of Jack was on this occasion untasted, and his countenance pale as he sat by the fire absorbed in meditation. From this he was suddenly aroused by the entrance of Mrs. Weeks his skip (skip is a corruption of a Greek word signifying "vulture" and is forcibly descriptive of the *morale* and *personnelle* of the venerable females whom the University Statutes allow as attendant nymphs in the studious bowers of Alma Mater.)—"Please sir, Mr. Gray says as how he wants you over to his rooms at once, and he give me this here letter for you." The missive was as follows:

"Dear Jack,

"Come over to Field's as soon as you have done breakfast. Field is ill, very nervous—he fancies he has got *delirium tremens*—something must be done at once. We have sent for the Doctor, and meanwhile you will be better than nobody.

"Yours,

"GEORGE GRAY."

Mr. Longfield was a medical student, and though the tenor of his friend's epistle seemed not to estimate the value of his professional skill very highly, still here was "a case," and which, at least until such time as the Doctor should arrive, would be under his sole care. And of late, "cases" had been of rare occurrence to Jack Longfield, whose attention to his classical scholarship work had sadly interfered with Hospital attendance, and in consequence he was looked on somewhat coldly by Medical Potentates and Lecturers, and but seldom entrusted with "dressing" small operations, or any of the minor *diableni* which is to be picked up in those vast caravansarais of human suffering, the city Hospitals. Once indeed of late a small boy in the out patient's room had applied to him to draw a large double tooth, but after two minutes howling about the room amid the sarcastic comments of the other medical students, the *bicuspid* snapped in two, and the small boy retired howling down the street, his howls being audible

long after he had ceased to be visible, proving, as Jack observed, that sound travels faster than sight. And on another occasion, during the absence from the Hospital drug-room of Mr. Kirby, the apothecary, an aged Irishwoman had applied for relief from an attack of colic, supervening on an over zealous cult of St. Patrick and of the national whiskey. Now Jack had seen an effervescing draught administered with success in such cases, and thereupon it occurred to him to improve on this idea by greatly increasing the gaseous force of the soda and acid, imagining that the curative effect would follow in proportion. Summoning to his aid Mike Kirby, whom his parent had left in temporary charge of the shop, he caused him to compound and administer separately the ingredients for the effervescing draught. The effect was instantaneuous; for a moment or two the patient sat still as if suffering from some violent internal convulsion, her eyes staring, and the expression of her countenance something of the kind which painters give to a demoniac. Jack Longfield fled the premises before she had breath to speak, somewhat unfairly leaving Mike in for the consequences, which were an allocution and excommunication major from the old lady and a sound drubbing from his father, who arrived during the proceedings. However, here was a "case" which he could have all to himself; with some regret and disgust at the idea that one of his fellow students could so far abandon himself to drinking, he was nevertheless rather elated at getting such an important matter under care.—"What are the symptoms, Gray?" he said, as he arrived at Field's rooms on the ground floor of No. 9, "any evidence of spectres?"—"Well, the fact is, poor Field is not used to punch drinking and your party last night has upset him—that's all I can see in the matter, but he is very nervous and fancies himself worse than he really is. However, we have sent for the doctor, and meantime see what you think of it. I suppose you have picked up something in those beastly hospitals you are always frequenting."

Too dignified to reply to this speech, Jack proceeded to the patient's bedroom, a small chamber opening to the sitting-room. The bed was much tossed, and there, looking certainly very seedy and miserable, lay Mr. James Field, junior Freshman of Trinity College, Dublin. To Jack's professional enquiries he made no reply.

"Just read that and judge for yourself whether it is not enough to drive a fellow mad," he said, handing to Jack a crumpled sheet of note paper.

"BETHEL COTTAGE.

"My dear James,

"As I wish to see how you are advancing in your studies, it is my intention to visit you at your rooms to-morrow morning, at 10 a.m. If your Tutor can spare you from your lessons, pray be there. I shall be accompanied by your cousin Lydia on her return from Miss Pinnock's.

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARTHA FIELD."

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"P. S.—We had such a delightful sermon yesterday from dear Mr. Potter, on the Jew's society."

"Ten A.M.! why it's ten now," said Gray, taking out his watch, "they'll soon be here." And sure enough, just as he spoke, a cab drove into the College quadrangle.—"I'll tell you what we'll do, Jack; we'll lock up Field in his bedroom, and you and I will sit in the sitting room and sport the oak against the old lady."

This plan was immediately acted on.—Field's bedroom was locked, and the key secured in Gray's pocket, and the outer door between the sitting room and the common staircase being closed, Messrs. Gray and Longfield having uncorked a bottle of Field's bitter beer, lit their pipes and awaited in silence the movements of the enemy. They were not long in suspense. The cab stopped at the door of No. 6, and the cabman wheeling it around as an artillery-man does his gun, discharged therefrom an elder and a younger lady.

Some difference of opinion appeared to arise between the elder lady and the cabman, in which however, the latter was evidently worsted, and drove grumbling out of the square.

Presently they heard steps ascending the staircase, and then came a knock—a second knock—a series of knocks at the outer door, but with no result.—Jack Longfield and his friends smoked their pipes in silence.

"Do you know, Jack," said Gray—"I wish we could manage to let cousin Lydia in without the old woman."

Here a growl and a wrench at the bed-room door, warned Gray that the subject was not an agreeable one to the patient.

"Hush," said Longfield. "Be quiet there or you will spoil everything." But, by Jove, Gray, the old lady is a clever one. You saw how she finished off the "cabby."

Indeed, I think it's just as well for ourselves that we've got the oak between us and her. But what can she be doing now? Has she sat down on the stairs outside?

"She is apparently trying to pick the lock with her parasol," replied Gray.

The door however, was opened, and preceded by Mrs. Weeks, who had happened to visit the rooms in the course of her ministrations, the two ladies entered the room.

"Are these Mr. James Field's rooms," said the elder, as she looked with no little horror on the display of beer bottles and tobacco-pipes before her. "These chambers," said Gray, with a bow of mock reverence, "are the unworthy residence of that excellent young man. He is at present absent with his tutor—a very worthy person, who preaches capital sermons about the Jews society."

But the old lady saw in a moment that she was being "chaffed."

"I do not come to my son's rooms to be insulted by his profligate companions. Drinking and smoking at this hour of the day! Lyddy my love, open that window. And now, young gentlemen, you'll understand that we wish to be alone."

There was a dignity about Mrs. Field's manner which had its effect with the young men—who bowed and left the room in silence.

They then adjourned to the rooms of Mr. Elmes, a mutual friend, to whom they recounted the events of the morning over a further supply of bitter beer and pipes.

"And now," said Gray—"I'm off—I shall go to the country per Dublin and Wicklow Railway till well-assured that that dreadful old lady is safely back in Bethel or Armageddon, or wherever she hails from."

So saying he left them and proceeded on his way to College green, and soon after Mrs. Field and "cousin Lydia" might be seen moving across the college court in the same direction.

They had hardly passed out of the square when a brougham rattled across and stopped before the door of No. 6. "It is evidently the doctor, said Elmes—in Dublin every doctor keeps a brougham, and no body in Dublin keeps a brougham except a doctor." "I say, Elmes, it is old — W.—he is an awful hard nut, plucks more men at the College of Surgeon's examination than any other examiner. I wish, like a good fellow, you would come with me and help me to face him." To this, Elmes, who being a law student, did not fear the medical potentate, consented, and they went to No. 6, in the sitting room of which the great doctor W. — was seated. "Well, Longfield, said the doctor, what has your treatment been? you must tell me all about it quickly, for my time is precious."

"The fact of it is, doctor, we've got him locked up in that room," said Longfield—on whose mind it now began to dawn, that not only was the patient locked up there, but the key carried away by Gray in the direction of the Wicklow mountains.

"Locked a man up in *delirium-tremens* in a room by himself!" said the doctor—"I never heard of such treatment. But what was the case—describe to me the symptoms."

"If you please sir, Longfield says—

"What the deuce does it matter what Longfield says, Longfield does not know the difference between scarletina and sciatica" interrupted the irate doctor. "Let me see the man instantly."

Much humiliated at this snubbing from his superior, Longfield was endeavoring to explain the circumstances, when Elmes suggested: "Could not the doctor form some opinion on the nature of the case through the key hole?"

"Form a diagnosis through a key hole!" said the doctor, now in high anger. "I can see there is some practical joke intended, and if I am not satisfied about it, and that fully too, you, master Longfield, may 'whistle' for your diploma."

So saying, the indignant physician left the room, overthrowing in his impetuous career, and precipitating down the stairs Mrs. Weeks, who had been listening at the key hole.

It was late that day when Elmes and Longfield returned from their walk in the Phoenix park, and not till evening did Gray come back from the County Wick-

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low. They proceeded together to Field's rooms in No. 6, but on opening the bed room door no trace of their patient was to be found.

"Had he fallen from the window, or climbed upon the roof by the water pipe." No time was to be lost—the university authorities must at once be communicated with. Pale and breathless, Jack Longfield rushed across the college square—past the library—past the chapel

"He rushed by tower and temple
And stayed not in his pace"

Till he stood—not before his masters door—in the stately market place, as Lord Macaulay has it—but before James Field himself, clothed, and in his right mind, with his mother on one arm and cousin Lyddy on the other, to whom he was expounding the lions of the university. He had fortunately discovered in his waistcoat pocket a second key to the bed-room door, with which, after a sound sleep he had liberated himself from custody.

An explanation on the part of James to Dr. W — easily turned aside the wrath of that choleric but kind hearted physician.

M.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

To the wars a soldier hieing,
Wooded and won a lady fair;
And amidst the dead and dying
Ceaselessly he thought of her.

Soon to father-land returning,
Hero of the bloody fight,
Needful food and slumber spurning,
Hastes he homeward day and night.

Rest and food and shelter spurning,
Speeds he at the mid-night hour,
Where a taper, dimly burning,
Glistens in his lady's bower.

In her leafy bower it glistens
Like a beacon through the night:—
Soon beside her door he listens,
Checks his horse's headlong flight.

As the Red Sea's waters riven
Made a channel deep and wide,
So the darkness backward driven
Formed a bank on either side.

For a strain of gentle sadness
Falleth on the midnight air,—
Now it laughs a note of gladness,
Now it sinketh in despair.

Quicker now his heart is beating,
Flushed his cheek and wild his eye:—
Hope and fear in conflict meeting,
Gave alternate victory.

Through long hours of darkness grieving
Still unheeded in their flight,
Tender thoughts in chaplets weaving,
For her love she spends the night.

Sleep about the casement fluttered,
Spell-bound by the tuneful strain;
Drowsy charms in vain he muttered,
Wav'd his magic wand in vain.

Now no more the bat is winging
Round and round his mazy way,
Nightingales forget their singing,
And the owl foregets his prey.

Rose the dawn and cease the singing,
When the lover now confessed,
Through the open casement springing,
Clasped the maiden to his breast.—C. P. M.

THE BUGBEAR OF RITUALISM.

A modern writer observes, "mankind in this world are divided into flocks, and follow their several bell wethers. Now, it is well known, let the bell wether rush through any gap, the rest rush after him, were it into bottomless quagmires. Nay, so conscientious are sheep in this particular, as a quaint naturalist and moralist has noted, if you hold a stick before the wether, so that he is forced to vault in his passage, the whole flock will then do the like when the stick is withdrawn: and the thousandth sheep shall be seen vaulting impetuously over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier." Now this description of a flock of sheep is an exact description of the general aimless rush that one very large flock of men are making now. Ask an ordinary person what he means by that ritualism which is such a bugbear to him, and perhaps he will not be able to say at all, or if he can luckily hit upon an answer, it will be totally different to that which every other person in a hundred will give. In fact, if he has been declaiming for a month daily against ritualism, he will think it hard to be asked what he means by it. An illustrious person had once been inveighing against a modern popular game, and was simply asked by a bystander, whether he could play it, or understood it. No, the reply was, he could not say that he did understand it. Just so is the popular outcry against the modern bugbear, the ghost of modern ghost seers, which when a stronger light is brought to bear upon it, shrinks down to very different proportions from those in which their imagination depicted it. Now, we do not for a moment, suppose that we can prevent any of this flock of bugbear seers from vaulting over the stick, over which the bell whether vaulted, even if we remove the stick; this would be quite lost labour, yet we may try and explain very briefly something about this dreadful matter, that the sheep may at least have some stick to jump over. And this is not altogether easy, if we are too strictly tied to proper logical definitions; for in that case we should have great difficulty in finding any explanation of ritualism, which did not include too much; for the most resolute anti-ritualist who sits through the whole Sunday service, and resolutely declines every response, is standing out for his view of forms and ceremonies, as strictly as his neighbour who adheres to the instructions of his service books. Surely then the man who refuses to use particular forms is quite as much of an ultra ritualist, as the man who uses too many; both are attaching an exaggerated importance to ritual and according to that strange inconsistency, to which all of us are liable, it frequently happens that the very man who in private life attaches most importance to forms, who values order in his household, neatness and beauty in his apartments, and conducts himself according to all the strictest rules of society, seems to think this very order, and beauty, and ceremony quite wicked in the House of God. But taking the popular meaning of ritualism, two things are included under the term; two things so entirely separate, that a churchman might value

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and approve the one, while he disapproved the other. The first and simplest meaning of ritualism is the rendering the services of our Church with that order, beauty, and solemnity, with which it was intended they should be rendered. Can any person seriously suppose that the parson and clerk duet was really ever the intention of our Book of Common Prayer? Is the morality, the religion of the last century so satisfactory, that a serious minded person would desire to repress the longing, the fervent longing for something more heavenly, more worthy of our Church than that? In one place, there are the means of making the worship of God more orderly, and more beautiful than in others, but in our view it is the duty of every person to do all in his power to advance the glory of His Saviour, by increasing the beauty of Christian worship. And be it remembered, ritualism in this its first sense, is the greatest possible obstacle we can throw in the way of ritualism in its other sense, which is the introduction of ceremonies into our worship, which though they are by those who introduce them, considered to be in accordance with the tone and spirit of her services, yet are confessed to be novel and unauthorised. The late Bishop of Quebec notices repeatedly that those who uphold low and lax views about the Church, and the fundamental doctrines of the Church, are doing the work of the Church of Rome, however much they think they are opposing Romanism: just so those who oppose an orderly and rubrical ceremonial, are the truest supporters of the party who desire to add to our ceremonial; nay, more, they are the best friends the Romanists have. The sheep are vaulting so impetuously over the imaginary stick, that they will certainly vault into Romanism; in point of fact may have done so already, for of the few persons in England who have joined the Roman Communion there, nearly all have come from the ranks of the so called Low Church party.

While, therefore, we desire to protest against ultra ritualism, or ritualism, to use the common though incorrect expression, and while we contend earnestly against the abuses of the Church of Rome, we protest against those, who are doing the work of the ultra ritualist, by hindering an orderly ceremonial in their churches, as much as against those who by upholding lax views about the Catholic Church, are doing the works of the Romanist. Instead of uttering vague alarm cries, let the alarmist take up an intelligent and intelligible stand point; popular clamour, slander, misrepresentation will do no good to his cause; these weapons, which have been so freely used in this great question, are not heavenly weapons; the side which uses them so freely, marks itself as being at once the losing side. Roman persecutions, Romish persecutions, Puritan persecutions, have all failed in their turn, and in due time, anti-ritualists' persecution will fail too: if the anti-ritualists would succeed, and they have right on their side, as well as the other party, (*Medio tutissimus ibis*) let them drop these weapons, and use forbearance and charity; let them take the beam from their own eye, and they will be better able to discern whether it be a beam or a mote in their brother's eye. If we may again reverently allude here to the words of the great

Head of the Church, no kingdom divided against itself can stand. Let those then pause who seek to create or foster discussion, let those pause who in their jealous desire to make their own standard, "the standard of the whole Church," forget the far higher importance of unity, lest in the great day they be found to be among the enemies, and not the friends of the Church.

There is yet one more point to which, as we have entered upon this modern battle field, we may draw attention. Modern ritual is an effect not a cause; it is the effect of a deeper spirituality, of a more truly religious spirit, than has prevailed in the world for centuries. There can be no doubt that the ultra ritualism, which is exceptional, is the "brilliant fantastic consecration, which has cast itself forth from the surface of the weltering mass of molten metal, which, unaffected by such exhalations, flows on with its full stream into its appointed world; * while the steady flow of reviving ritual is the expression of the molten condition of modern religious life, and is startling only in contrast with the terrible deathly quiet of preceding generations. If we would we cannot repress the great Catholic movement, which has shown such strength in every branch of the Anglican Church, but it is possible to drive men out of our communion into that other Church which is ever ready to profit by our mistakes. Our forefathers drove out from them many who ought never to have left, and would never have left the communion of the Church of their birth: and there are too many of our members, who in a desire to repress all zeal that does not exactly fall in with their views, are starting to do the same again. Are we to lose all our best, all our most earnest men, because they do not altogether suit the popular standard of religious feeling, a standard which varies from age to age, from day to day? The world never grows wiser, though it grows older: the same world which showed itself so blind in the early days of the Christian faith, remains as blind still; but to those who in any way, in any degree, are the leaders of public opinion in this great, and growing and free Church, we appeal that they be not carried away by the general rush, but that before condemning and striving to repress this or any other great movement, they search and see, whether the waters of the flood, which, if stopped in their course, would overflow their banks, may not be kept within proper bounds, and utilised, so that they may fertilize instead of devastating the land, even their mother Church, the Church of their birth or of their adoption.

* Charge of the Bishop of Oxford, December, 1866.

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SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

The pride and the wealth of city and town,
Are smiling and bowing on yonder down,
While I lie here by this unruffled sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Sweet fall the vesper chimes from yonder tower,
Sweet rise the even songs o'er shrub and flower,
While I lie here by this unruffled sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

O, let the world's gay songs and laughter die,
And all its pleasant sights and sounds go by,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Thro' the gleaming casement of yonder hall,
Float the laugh and the music's rise and fall,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Into the wave sinketh a silver star,
Out of the west a lone sail lifteth far,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

SUNNY, SILVER STREAM.

O sunny stream that glancest down yon green declivity, would that half the gladness of thy genial nature were in the hearts of men.

O silver stream that dancest, as if thou wert never weary of thy witching motion, through yon sloping mounds, sweet with the breath of new blown blossoms and softer than velvet to the touch, how many a mile has thou babbled on by town and village, through copse and glen, over meadow and plain.

How many a troth has thou, smiling, heard plighted in scores of grassy dells and flowery glades;—how many a wild secret has thou, weeping, learned in scores of tangled thickets and gloomy dingles.

How often have tears of joy and sorrow,—tears of very gladness and very grief,—thick as showers and transient as autumn suns, mingled with thy sweet waters. And still thou chatterest on,—the same sunny, silver stream that the first hardy adventurer found thee,—the pearl of his long sought paradise,—laughing at the sorrows and disappointments of men, mocking by thy very nature their vanities and follies.

How often when the sunny days,—O happy days! of youth, that now seem so unreal through the long vistas of the years, were all golden and real, have I loitered idly by thy side, speculating on the mysterious being of the bubbles that would burst, and waiting in vain for the fabled fairies that would not come. How often have I plucked in wanton mood the one pale blossom that would grow only in that one place, and then wept real tears for unappeasable regret as the voice of thy waters seemed to chide the thoughtless act. How often have I sunk into vague delicious reverie, listening to the melody thou dost ever make, until its notes grew full of quaint meanings, and I heard legend and tale, startling and fantastic, unfolded, till I drew back affrighted, and straggled slowly again

into the world, from which I had ventured far into sunny, silver Brook-land,—felt again the fresh breeze upon my face, the soft grass beneath my feet, and all around the perfume of God's flowers, as I went thoughtfully homeward, where the laughter and prattle of younger brothers and sisters soon enough dispelled the illusion that had grown "big in my heart."

It was during one of these visits of my Youthhood to this sunny, silver stream that I wondered, as I lay upon its verdurous bank, whence came this length of laughing water,—what marvellous source existed afar off, out of which fell unceasingly this crystal flood. Whilst I lay thus musing in the dreamy summer atmosphere, and inhaling the rich odour of flowers that filled all the air, I seemed suddenly to be falling from space to space,—gently as if borne up by some unseen and unfelt power. During this unusual and delightful condition of the senses gradually the murmur of the waters became intelligible; and this, the fairy tale, they told:—

Miles and miles away to the South in a pleasant and beautiful land is a lofty mountain which towers like a queen above its sister peaks. There, ere the foot of man pressed the virgin soil of this lovely land, dwelt a fairy people. Wealthiest of all fairy peoples was this; its maidens were fairest and gentlest; its youths bravest and noblest; and its old men and women lived happy in the contemplation of their own well-spent lives and the young lives blossoming around them, which would fill their places, when they should fall asleep for ever, be wrapt up for the last time in fresh-plucked rose-leaves, and be consigned to the agate tombs where rested the sacred ashes of their fathers.

Deep down in the bosom of this queenly mountain were the secret habitations of this happy fairy people. In these gorgeous dwellings wrought of the most precious stones of every hue, blending in dazzling splendour, this blissful nation passed its years and its centuries ignorant alike of care and strife. Day after day would they ascend and descend from pearl-lit court to vine-covered bower,—from agate chamber to boudoirs luxuriant with mosses and flowers of wondrous tints.

Never had they held intercourse with the fairy peoples that surrounded them; never had their chosen representatives gone up to the great assemblies where annually fairy matters were discussed. Their own domain, their own laws, and their own customs, were sufficient for them; with them they had always been prosperous and happy; and they feared the introduction into their midst of any discordant element. So at length they came to be regarded as haughty and distant; and little by little their companionship ceased to be sought after until at length even the name of the nation was forbidden to be mentioned in the domains of their brother fairies. Now fairest of all fairy maidens was Azulah, daughter of the king of this wise and prosperous nation. None were so light of foot,—none so light of heart as she. None could boast a form so symmetrical,—none such eyes wondrously deep and clear,—none such hair wondrously dark and luxuriant. Hers was the wildest legend,—hers the sweetest song that beguiled the hours in fairy land. None, too, were so generous in heart, so pure in life, so

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gentle in word and action. What wonder then that the brave youth of her father's court sought her hand amongst all the maidens of fairy land. But all alike wooed in vain. The golden apple swung too high for every hand; the eagle's flight was far beyond the swiftest shaft. So one by one they abandoned the idle chase, and contented themselves with calling her cold, cruel and proud. But Azulah's heart knew as much of love as the hearts of the oldest and wisest. In one of her rambles through her father's domain she had come suddenly upon a youth of a neighbouring nation, who attracted by curiosity, had trespassed upon the forbidden realm. Allured by the singular beauty of this pleasant land, he had wandered about at random until all recollection of the way by which he had come had passed from his mind.

Azulah was at first touched with pity for the unfortunate fairy. She knew the penalty of the transgression to be death; she loved her father and revered his laws; but now a deeper love was some into her heart and she directed the youth again to the confines of his own land. Long and hard did Azulah struggle against this passion she had so suddenly conceived for the fairy youth; for he was of a foreign people and served a noble master; while she was the scion of a royal line, and heir to a crown. But

"There's a Divinity shapes our ends
Rough-hew them as we will,"

and the royal maiden loved the youth whose life she had saved.

Often they met,—sometimes in the petals of roses,—sometimes in the fragrant leaves of the forest, all too happy in their love, and never once fearing the fate which followed close upon them. Suddenly the king's retainers surrounded them, as they sat together one moon-lit eve in the blossom of an anemone, and bore them to the great council hall of the nation. Many of the fairy chiefs, pitying the noble youth, and respecting their attachment, besought the king for pardon. Nothing, however, could appease his anger. After a speedy trial the youth was condemned, executed, and his own people made acquainted with his tragic fate. The maiden was confined in a Chrysolite dungeon far below the tombs of her ancestors. Long she abode there in sorrow too deep for tears. After many years strange fairies came to her bearing the tidings of her people's destruction. The nation of the murdered youth had overcome, and slain them all. Not one of her kindred remained. They bade her accompany them where she might again live in peace and gladness. She uttered not a word:—she moved not from her crouching posture. She was, to their surprise, still as fair, as fresh as ever,—only a wild sorrow was in her eyes. Grief had made her immortal. Now for the first time the warm tears fell fast upon her bosom. Sorrowfully the strangers left her weeping in silence,—the tears trickling down the gleaming rock in a tiny rill. Soon after, a violent commotion within closed up the entrance to the pearly courts of the fairies. And one day the same strangers, who had seen her grief, noticed a small stream of remarkably clear water issuing from the base of the

mountain. "She weepeth yet," they said with moistened eyes, and went their way. "What, asleep?" said a loud voice at my feet. Unclosing my eyes I beheld a play-mate looking down into my face with a smile. I had slept and woven into a dream the murmuring of the sunny, silver stream babbling by, and one of my waking fancies about fairies. Nevertheless it may all have been true.

DAVID DORAN.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

It is much to be regretted that the proceedings of the Synod of this Diocese which took place in the City of Quebec on the second and three following days of last month, were not reported, at length, in the newspapers of the City, for the information of the Churchmen of the country parishes. It may not be amiss to mention the most important acts of the Session, which were, 1. A Canon on discipline for the Clergy and laity of the Diocese. 2. A Canon to provide for an enquiry when any Congregation fails to meet its engagements towards the support of the Clergyman in charge. 3. The adoption of a scale of payment for the Clergy, regulated by the length of their Service in the ministry. 4. The appointment of a Committee, with power to take practical steps to induce the immigration of Church families into the Diocese. A lively and highly interesting discussion followed the proposal of each of these measures. Their importance can hardly be overrated by Churchmen. The question of "ritualism" was discussed with a warmth which that much vexed question naturally called forth; but, on the whole, it was disposed of in a more kindly spirit than was at first anticipated.

The composition of the Royal Commission on Ritual calls forth the strong language of disapproval from various parties in the Church.

It is objected that there are extreme men on the Commission.

One would think that would be rather a recommendation. For how can that important question be thoroughly sifted except by those earnest and fearless men who are the leaders of the various religious schools within the Church?

Neither party will allow the other quietly to slip round the corner of their arguments and appear with the uttermost boldness on the other side, loudly declaring that they have arrived at legitimate conclusions.

If the Church at large is to entertain a respect for the result which may be arrived at, that result must be brought about by bringing in contact the sharpest intellects in the different religious parties. All the members of the Commission are men of such a high order of intellect that they cannot fail to entertain respect for one another, they cannot fail to approach the discussion of the subject with a certain relish—with

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

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At a meeting of the English Church Union, on the 19th June, Dr. Pusey, in introducing a motion to the effect that it was "Contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church, and the rights and liberties of the Church of England, for the Royal Commission to effect any changes in the rubrics, or any other portion of the Book of Common Prayer, or in the laws and ordinances of the Church, without the previous advice and consent of Convocation,"—openly said that it was a mere matter of prudence that he and his colleagues in the Oxford tract movement, refrained from wearing the vestments. As a matter of faith, he says they held it right to wear them. He pronounced Mr. Maconochie a most devoted and loyal son of the Church of England, and said there were some of the younger clergy then present who would live to see the Church severed from the State. To read the debate on the Irish Church makes one sad indeed.

What is the use in hoping against hope for her preservation, when the Bishop of Down, Dromore and Connor, during the debate, said the Bishops of the Irish Establishment might be reduced from two Archbishops and ten Bishops, to *one* Archbishop and *six* Bishops; and that the Clergy ought to be reduced from 2900 to 2000, and the Church property to be converted into one common fund?

The waves of heresy and persecution seem still to roll on, with their usual desolating fury, over the afflicted diocese of Natal.

We now learn that Dr. Colenso has tried the Dean of Maritzburg, the Archdeacon of Durban, and the Rector of Pinetown, for resistance to his Episcopal Authority, and has passed upon them the sentence of suspension and deprivation. He avows his intention of seeking a confirmation of his sentence in the Supreme Court of Natal, and from the venal character of that Court, there is very little doubt that he will have a decision given in his favour.

The defendants, however, may appeal from the decision of that Court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Bishop of Salisbury's charge still continues to stir up the minds of the Churchmen of his Diocese, three thousand of whom have thanked him for his "seasonable vindication of the doctrine of the Priesthood."

A most touching address was presented to the Bishop of Iceland, on the 10th ult., by the "Anglo-Continental Society." The address was signed by the Bishop of Ely, the President of the Society, and was accompanied by a paternal letter from the Provinces of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Both the address and Bishop Thorderson's reply breathe words of deep sympathy and kindly feeling, and earnestly invoke the Divine blessing upon the efforts which are now being made to promote the unity of Christendom.

In the United States, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, jr., officiated twice on Sunday, the 14th of July, in the Methodist Chapel of New Brunswick, N. J., for which act he has been presented to the Bishop of the Diocese, by the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Rector of that place.

It is a much more pleasing item of Church Intelligence to say that a liberal Churchman of Boston, (Benj. P. Reed, Esq.,) has given the sum of \$100,000

for the establishment of a Church Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. The students of this Theological School will have access, (free of charge,) to the noble library of the University of Cambridge, which consists of 128,000 volumes. They can also attend the University lectures free of charge.

The Church in Massachussets may well feel that the hand of God is with her. She is fast making inroads into the serried ranks of Puritanism, despite all the obstacles which that rigid sect can throw in her way. A Boston Congregationalist paper, not long ago, gives us the following statistics :

"In the State of Massachussets there were, in 1832, Baptist Churches 207 ; now (1867) there are 264, being a gain of a little over 25 per cent. At the same time, there were 145 Methodist Churches ; now there are 250, a gain of over 70 per cent. In 1832 there were 26 Episcopal Churches, now (1867) there are 121."

The gain here is nearly 400 per cent. These are statistics which make one's heart glad, and put to silence for ever the oft repeated taunt that "the Church could not exist without the patronage of the state." Again I find that between the years 1860 and 1867 *one hundred and thirty nine* of the Ministers of the various denominations have gone over to the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Of the 139 who thus embraced "Evangelical truth and Apostolic order," there were:

Methodist	Ministers.....	59
Baptist	do	15
Presbyterian	do	18
Dutch Reformed	do	3
Congregationalist	do	16
Universalist	do	3
German Reformed	do	5
Unitarian	do	10
German Lutheran	do	6
Roman Catholic	do	3
German Evangelical	do	1
Total.....		139

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The publication which most commands our attention this month is a volume (*) of Sermons by the late lamented *Rector of Bishop's College Grammar School.*

(*) Parish, School and College Sermons: By the late Rev. George Clerk Irving M.A., Rector of Bishop's College Grammar School, and formerly Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Toronto. With a Memoir of the Author's Life: By the Rev. George Whitaker, M.A., Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Toronto. Edited by Rev. Henry Roe, B.A., St. Matthews, Quebec. Montreal: John Lovell, 1867.

For Sale by Foss & Co., Sherbrooke; Dawson Bros., and C. Hill, Montreal.

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They are divided into two parts,—Parish and School discourses, and were, we believe, for the most part delivered in Lennoxville. As we would expect from the character of the author, and from the excellent judgment of the editor to whom their selection from a very large number was entrusted, they are eminently practical in teaching, the results of pains-taking study and careful thought. Never very elaborate in structure, they possess a simplicity and energy and often eloquence of language which never failed to win and keep the attention of his hearers, and will equally impress the minds of those who may not have had the pleasure of listening to their delivery. Of those in the first part of the volume we would call attention especially to the one on the "*Institution of Lord's Supper,*" and that on the often handled and important subject, "*The Clergyman, a Priest and a Citizen.*" Not less interesting and able are those on "*Joy*" and "*Fitness to follow Christ.*" How fresh and delightful their language, how vivid and lasting their impressions.

Of the second part we need say but little. They were especially prepared from time to time for the boys of the School, to whom they were addressed in the *College Chapel*. There are many young men and boys in the Dominion who have received from them impressions which will influence their entire lives, and who will read them again and again both to keep fresh those sacred impressions and to revive associations full of the liveliest pleasure. Considered as literary productions they are far superior to the ordinary run of published sermons, and merit, as they will no doubt obtain, an extensive sale. The *Memoir*, which strikes us as being somewhat brief, faithfully portrays those qualities of *Mr. Irving's* character which rendered him dear to his numerous friends. It is carefully written and adds to the interest of the volume. Should another and larger collection be published, which at some future time may be found desirable, we hope to see a more extended *Memoir* by the same hand.

Of the execution of *Mr. Lovell's* part of the work we cannot speak too highly. It surpasses anything hitherto accomplished in Canada; and we trust it may be the inauguration of a new era of excellence in workmanship of this class. We have been woefully behind our American neighbours in this respect, and it is therefore the more gratifying to meet with so decided an improvement. *Mr. Lovell* has shown himself capable of a high order of workmanship; and we hope future authors and editors will encourage a work so well begun by affording their publisher a remuneration sufficient to enable him to do justice to himself at least.

In none of his works does *Mr. Thackeray* exhibit more of his pungent caustic satire, or give freer play to his hard, unloving humour, than in his lectures on "The English humourists," and "the Four Georges" now before us in one volume. Much as we make of the live, fancy and inimitable descriptive power of the author, and thoroughly as we admire his artistic powers and his evident knowledge of nature, human nature we mean, it is impossible not to feel disgust at the

grim, leering chuckle with which he exposes meanness, or fathoms the shallow depth of motive and principle in his personages.

The theme is, this time, certainly well chosen to display the great actor to the best advantage. Mr. Thackeray riots through the inexhaustible field of mean, purposeless baseness which lies on the surface of the literature and history of the eighteenth century. He delights in the filthy garbage which his subjects constantly furnish, and is never so happy as when citing some new instance of grossness or folly, or making a renewed forcible application of his disdainful wit to what may have received sufficient castigation by previous efforts. With all the skillfulness of a practitioner he probes directly for the diseased part, and most successfully lays bare the cankering plague-spots which, after all, are only the impresses which sin has made on the hearts (we suppose) of all of us. In reading him we are irresistibly reminded of the laughing medicus of Juvenal as he successively exposes to our observation now Swift, Congreve, Prior, or analyses the character of Major Pendennis or passes in review only to censure them, the motley group of "Vanity Fair."

We doubt very much whether morals are really improved by such unrelenting sarcasm as Thackeray's; we very much prefer the hearty genial laughter of Dickens or Cervantes. Poor, perverse mortals are restive under scolding but oftener yield to well intentioned mirth. Of course we do not accuse our great humourist of any sympathy with the vices which he portrays, far from it, no life was ever more pure and blameless, and the real deep tenderness of his nature occasionally breaks forth, especially in his lecture on "charity and humour"—the best of them all.

What we do not like is his hideous way of so presenting his characters as to make their vices show more largely than their virtues. He seems to us to see the dark side of human nature so strongly as to blind himself to the good.

Under his dissection, man appears as not "gone very far from original righteousness," but as utterly and hopelessly steeped to the lips in all manner of corruption and diabolism. That Mr. Thackeray may be heard in his own defence, we will quote from the lecture just referred to.

"I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see and goes on to say that to do otherwise would be treason to conscience, to truth, pardon, and love.

Under the manipulation of our writer's pen, Swift becomes an inhuman monster, something fearfully incomprehensible. Congreve and Prior are triflers, Addison and Steele are lauded, not so much for what is good or great, but for an even want of it, and for their companionable, gossiping qualities. In fact the Spectator and its club of writers appear to have filled the place in Queen Anne's days, which tea and unmarried ladies do in our own.

The lectures on the Four Georges should never have been written. Those dull Germans whom the supposed interests of the "reformation," substituted in the place of the hereditary monarchs of England, were no doubt, a stupid set,

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but no good can be done by stereotyping their faults. So far as her kings are concerned, England's history of the eighteenth century should be unwritten. What good can possibly be done by an Englishman's revealing that George II when requested by his dying, faithful queen to take another wife, shewed his refinement and constant love by blubbering out in the court language, "*Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses.*" And this when the old sinner had passed fifty. And this is the man before whom the Anglo-Catholic Church bowed down, and with cringing fidelity which was treason to *Christ*, surrendered her convocational power to his arbitrary fiat. We object to sneers in these lectures, such as the frequent recurrence of "most gracious and religious King," "State Church," "Defender of the Faith;" and the gross attack on good Bishop Porteous, is altogether unjustifiable. We have had great pleasure in reading these well-known lectures, and confidently recommend them to all readers, believing that they may be read with due discrimination without much harm, and they will find great pleasure from their felicitous ease and charming beauty of style. Their author is after Lord Macaulay, and one other writer, the greatest word painter which English prose of this century can produce. We would make a suggestion to any future editor, to leave off the foot notes, they are hard of reference and not unfrequently irrelevant.

We have received from Dawson Bros., a small and neatly printed pamphlet on the *Bankrupt Law* of the United States. It is replete with information upon the subject, and contains an ample number of orders and forms. As the principles upon which this act is based are very similar to those of our own Insolvent Act, as is also the procedure, professional men of the Dominion will find it useful as a book of reference.

Amongst our exchanges this month comes the thrice welcome *New Dominion Monthly*. * It has a very attractive appearance, and contains sixty-four pages of excellent and interesting reading matter, both original and selected. We think it is likely to be exceedingly popular, and will find its way speedily into every home. It commences its career at an auspicious time, and bears upon its title page an auspicious name; and we wish for it a long and prosperous existence. We are gratified by the appearance of this new periodical, more especially because we feel it will do yet more—what the *Saturday Reader*, another excellent publication due to *Montreal* enterprise, has in a measure already accomplished—supplant the not only cheap and useless, but really hurtful literature which comes in such abundance from across the line.

* The *New Dominion Monthly*, a magazine of Literature, Science and Art. Published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal. Price, \$1 per annum, in advance; single copies, 10 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Rector.—The Rev. R. H. Walker, M.A., late Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, and formerly Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Sub-Rector.—The Reverend W. Richmond, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

Assistant Masters.

1. Vacant.
2. E. A. King, Esq., M.A., Bishop's College.
3. J. B. Hyndman, Esq., L.T., Captain of Bishop's College Rifle Corps.
4. J. F. Hepburn, Esq., B.A., Bishop's College.

Professor of French and German.—M. C. Roux, M.A.

Drill-Master and Warder.—Corporal Major Dearnally, late of the 1st Life Guards.

Instruction in drawing is given by the Rev. W. Richmond.

Commercial Arithmetic and book-keeping are taught by Mr. Hyndman, to those boys who do not learn Greek.

Fencing, and the Sword Exercise, &c., are taught to those who desire it, by Corporal Major Dearnally.

DR. ANSTER.

Many among whom this Magazine circulates are members and graduates of the University of Dublin,—these, and not these only will learn with regret the loss which that University has sustained in the death of Dr. Anster, for many years Regius Professor of Civil Law, and still better known to the world as a poet, and as the most bril-

liant Translator of Goethe's Faust. It is gratifying to us to be able to state that Dr. Anster took much interest in the welfare of this Magazine, and that but a few months ago we received a letter from him, expressing his approbation of it in that genial manner with which he was accustomed to regard the literary efforts of younger men. Those who like the present writer have lived as students in Dublin, know well the kindness, the hospitality and the fatherly interest which Dr. Anster showed towards all those who were brought into connection with him. It is with deep and unfeigned sorrow that we write this record of his loss.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The following contributions will appear in the September No.

Florence, a fragment.

Oh, what were love if life?

THE NIAGARA GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Our readers in Ontario will see by the advertisement which we give in this month's issue, that Mr. Mulvany opened the Grammar School at Niagara on the 9th inst. Mr. Mulvany was much regretted by those students who attended his able lectures as classical tutor in the University, as well as by the boys of the junior department, and especially those of the 6th form, of whom he had charge as senior assistant master.

We trust Mr. Mulvany's classical acquirements will attract many Ontario boys to Niagara.