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GEORGE STEWART, Jr., EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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BY THE SEA.

BY ENYLLA ALLYNE.

Through the still night I lay
On a gray cliff that overlooked the Sea,
Whose breast no ripple stirred;
And there, as wore away
The night, discoursed to me
In tones of melody,
A Voice before unheard.

"Dreamer of idle dreams!
Their lessons still rehearse,
The stars that shone when good alone
Did fill the universe;
And still the Sea doth speak
As in the ages eld
She to the sages spake:
Over yon mountain peak,
Behold, the moon doth break—
The moon that they beheld!

Doth the Sea moan?
'Tis not that virtue dies;
'Tis not for right o'erthrown
That darkness veils the skies!
By laws inscrutable,
All evil perisheth:
Good is immutable.
And knoweth naught of death."

Then my heart stirred within me, and I cried
"O Voice, O Voice, the grave is deep and wide—
My soul for its beloved dead upon the rack had died!"

Answered the Voice, "Behold the tender flower,
Carefully guarded from the wintry blast;
The reaper reapeth only at the hour
Appointed by the master." *Then the night was past.*

PEN-PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. D. Clark, Princeton, Ontario.

SYME.

At the little wicket-gate of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, stood a grey-haired sentinel, as I entered for the first time. On the black-board in the entry was written by this cerberus, "Sectio Cadaveris, Dr. Balfour" and "Mr. Syme," not Dr.—(in Britain the surgeon and the physician do not always merge their professions). Jolly, rollicking students are pouring in,—some to the *post mortem*—some to the wards—but the greatest number to the theatre where Syme was to operate. He for the first time in the history of the hospital, and the second in the annals of surgery, was to excise the tongue of a man for cancer. The theatre—*small, dingy, badly lighted from the north, and with break-neck seats* towering with alpine steepness above one another—was crowded to its utmost capacity by a tumultuous throng. Round the table were about a dozen surgeons chatting and discussing, but when the patient walked in and laid himself down upon the operating table, a thin, dark-featured, withered-up, and unostentatious man rose up and took his coat off. There was no fuss about him, but in all his movements there was an air of determination, or let me rather say of resolution. That man could not be indecisive if he tried, for the thin and compressed lips and the *positiveness* of manner, and firmness of speech as he explained the case declared that the mind was "made up," without fail, to accomplish a certain work, and it was done in all its terrible details, and although death was the result in this case, he succeeded afterwards. When Syme lectured he had poor utterance,—a nasal twang, and a faltering of voice,—not agreeable to listen to, until the ear became tutored to the discordant sounds. He was epigrammatic in his lectures and although he indulged in no useless verbiage, yet there was a completeness in every sentence which made his lectures a model for students to copy from, and made it important to catch every word which fell from his lips. He had not the elegance of diction of Simpson, or the flowery language of Bennett, or the smooth-flowing eloquence of a Henderson. His aim was to speak to the point with the fewest words possible to elucidate his subject. Hence his great popularity among those of his students who were of an analytical turn of mind, such always hate circumlocution, or even redundancy. Syme, like Simpson, was a son of the people. He came of an old and respectable family in Kinrosshire, and had an early training at the High School, Edinburgh. He was always reserved unless engaged in some of his favourite pursuits and then he was voluble in the extreme. One of his pastimes, when quite a lad, was experiments in chemistry, and to such an extent did his passion for it lead him, that he was forsaken by his classmates for fear of explosions from his odd mixtures. His pocket money went for chemicals

and apparatus. His ingenuity was often tasked to compensate for an empty purse, by the invention of needful appliances. He did not merely experiment as laid down in works written on the science, but he was perpetually forming new compounds and testing their affinities and relations to the danger of his life and limb, and yet he was only sixteen years of age. At this time he made a discovery for which he has never received due credit, viz., he was the first to show how to apply *practically*, India rubber to its many uses. He entered the University at the age of eighteen and while attending the non-professional classes was articled as a student of Barclay and Knox—the most skilful anatomists of that city. They will be remembered as the surgeons (especially Knox) who got into bad repute as the recipients of the bodies of the murdered furnished by Burke and Hare, who, as murderers, are remembered with horror to the present day. The surgeons fled to England to evade condign punishment from the enraged populace, who accused them of being accessory to the crimes of the procurers. Knox died in Brighton, Eng., a few years ago. This flight compelled Syme to seek a new connection. He became acquainted with Liston, at that time attracting notice as a man of distinction as a surgeon. They were distantly related and both having a common object in view, soon became warm friends. Syme made gigantic strides forward under Liston, and when the latter commenced to lecture in a private capacity, Syme was made Demonstrator of Anatomy in his dissecting room. So popular was Liston and so well qualified was Syme, that during the first winter of this novel attempt to start a class in the shadow of the great schools, seventy students responded to the call. About two years after this, he was offered the office of Medical Superintendent of the Fever Hospital. This was a post of danger from which even medical men might shrink. A large percentage of the medical superintendents are carried off sooner or later by one or other of the malignant fevers, which, like a destroying angel, hang ominously over such a lazar house. Syme did not hesitate to step into the deadly breach, and was gladly accepted. He had only held the appointment four months before he was stricken down, and for six long weeks his life-like Damocles' sword hung by a hair. His health for several years after this narrow escape, was not good, and as he felt unable to discharge his duty to his own satisfaction, he reluctantly resigned his position. A few months after he was urged to accept the position of House Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary. In this position he began to develope his talents as a surgeon. Cool, daring and yet conservative, he attracted the attention of the visiting doctors and was often requested to operate in their stead, and sought in council by those who a few short months before looked down upon the boy of 22 years of age. His honours now came fast. Liston turned over to him his class on anatomy, and added to his course surgery. In the same year he was made a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and a Fellow of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. At the close of 1822 he gave up his positions in the Infirmary and as lecturer, and went to Dublin for a time to study under a distinguished professor of that city. When he came back he started a class in surgery, on his own responsibility. His success may be imagined when we say that inside of two

years his class rose from fourteen to 261, and that, too, with his old friends Liston, Ferguson and Lizars lecturing in the same city, in regularly organized institutions. The triumvirate took up the cudgels against him and were so bitter against their successful rival, that when an opening occurred in the surgical staff of the Infirmary they "lobbied" the managers to reject his application. This enraged Syme, and the consequence was that he went and rented a large and commodious mansion known as "The Minto House," and established an Infirmary of his own, and so determined were he and his friends that the course of lectures delivered should be recognized at the "Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh," that the clique gave way, simply stipulating that the fees should be at a rate not to militate against themselves, and that his class should never exceed 45 students. Their opposition went still further, for when one of the surgeons of "The College of Surgeons" was appointed professor in the University, Syme applied for an appointment to the vacant chair, but the triumvirate were still against him, and seeing they could not well keep him out of it, they made a desperate effort to abolish the professorship altogether. They obtained a majority, but, as the scheme needed a two-third vote, they were foiled in this. They next brought their forces to bear on the candidates, and after a sharp struggle Syme was rejected, but next year he was elected without opposition as Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University. At the same time Liston received an appointment as Surgeon to the University College Hospital, London, and strange to say, after Liston's death, which occurred in 1847, Syme was strongly urged to fill his chair. Liston had, by his boldness and success in operations, become famous throughout christendom and to step into his shoes was no easy task, yet, Syme undertook it. He gave up a position which brought him in about $3,500 and took one which had attached to it only $750, but a glamour seemed to come over him in this respect and the fascination of introducing his method of teaching and his principles and practice into one of the largest Hospitals of the metropolis blinded him to the difficulties of the situation. A current of ill feeling had set in against "Provincials." The medical journals encored the philippics of the envious. The Scottish invasion of distinguished medical men could be borne no longer and the hue and cry grew in volume and reached its climax when Syme settled in London. The "canny" Scot was determined not to put his hand to the plough and look back. His first lecture showed the man. The students under his easy going predecessors ran riot. They did mostly as they liked, and were it not that Liston's enthusiasm in his work created a sort of *esprit de corps* in the class, a reign of wildest disorder would have been the result. Syme had not his brilliancy, but he had great force of character and at once by a direct appeal to their better nature, got hold of the helm and steered the bark safely and quietly. Not so with a majority of the native medical men of the city, and from the day he set his foot in the college to the day he left it a continual strategy was brought to bear upon him of the most offensive kind. Two noble exceptions were the distinguished anatomists Sharply and Quain and Surgeon Wormald of St. Bartholomew Hospital. These stood by him through thick and thin, and all his students were united

to a man in his behalf. They knew his worth and felt that, beneath a somewhat reserved manner, lay a warm nature and that in the man was a mind of medical lore. At last he felt that he was about to compromise his friends in this "unholy war" and gave up his chair after an occupancy of about eighteen months. He returned to Edinburgh at once and applied for his former chair in the University. It was still vacant, but a fight had to be made for it. The disruption of the Free Church had taken place and all the bitterness of a religious controversy was evident on every hand. The test of religion for all public teachers was being hotly discussed and although it was not finally carried, yet the discussion did much to stir up animosity against those who did not happen to be of the same religious faith as those who were the principal agitators. Syme, however, triumphed and entered a career of professional fame, unrivalled at the time. His students hailed from all parts of the world. On the same benches sat Egyptians and Asiatics, Russians and Americans, Frenchmen and Italians, and numbers of his students, now scattered all over all the habitable globe, still feel the *afflatus* of the master teacher. In his operations he was always cautious, more than brilliant, and delighted in being successful, more than being flashy and wanting success in the end. He took as much care of his patients afterwards as during the operations, and he always impressed upon his students the importance of careful watching of cases after the knife had done its work. He used to say the French were good operators, but with a grim smile he would add, "I have been in France often but I never saw a man with a wooden leg!" When in the Fever Hospital he carried out the "good old plan" of blistering, salivating and bleeding for every disease from nose-ache to toe-ache, but became so satisfied with this irrational mode of combating disease in all its manifestations, that he entered the battle-field against it, and has been ably followed by Dr. John H. Bennett. The practice got into disrepute, but the fag end of the long file of converts cried out that disease changed in its type and *necessitated* a change of treatment. "Ah," said Syme, "but if your theory be true how does it happen that we perform more bloody surgical operations than of yore, and notwithstanding that, and the great loss of blood, under conservative treatment more recover?" That was a Gordian-knot which his opponents had no sword to cut. At the urgent request of his students and admirers he wrote several works of acknowledged ability, and in these he showed his common sense, erudition and perspicuity. He showed in a monograph on "diseased joints," that a joint diseased could have its affected part cut out and thus save valuable limbs. This was a gigantic stride forwards. Many a poor unfortunate blessed him for this discovery. The *germ* theory has been carried farther in the excision of joints than he thought possible, but to him the initial honour belongs, and in 1826 he performed the operation for the first time and successfully. He went farther still in his practice and cut out the whole shoulder-blade in disease and yet left a serviceable arm, not to speak of the preservation of life. Nor did he stop here, for he often cut out part and even the whole of the lower jaw in disease, and he followed up this by excising the *whole* of the upper jaw, which even the boldest surgeons declared to be impossible and preserve

life. He proved the practibility of it by numerous examples. In the spring of 1847, a man was brought to him with a very large bony tumour on the collar bone. It was so large as to impinge on the vessels and nerves of the neck, but Syme effected a radical cure by unjointing the entire bone, and in ten days the man went on his way rejoicing. In 1832 Syme published a work on surgery. There were few medical works in those days, and the most of them were valuable for their antiquity more than for their usefulness. Syme's book was a god-send to the surgical students of Britain and even America. It was the quintessence of wisdom, and contained, in few words, lessons of instruction which were not a mere jumble of words, but almost proverbs on surgery. I remember how delighted I was only a few years ago to re-peruse his book, notwithstanding I had Miller, Piric, Druitt and Gross at my elbow. He was a bane to quacks and when he came across patients who had been their dupes, his expressions to the victims and of the imposters, were more pointed than graceful. Great operations attract those who are seeking after pelf and fame for their own sakes, but the ardent lover of suffering humanity is as delighted at the extraction of an ulcerated tooth, as at the successful issue of an heroic surgical task. Syme impressed this upon his students and carried it out in his practice. He often took for an example that of ulceration of the legs or that more commonly known as "fever sores." They were a perfect harvest for quacks, and with liniments, irritating and foul salves, the small pimple became a running sore, which extended and deepened until life became intolerable. He discarded all these appliances and trusting to the powers of nature, applied to these cold water and supported the surrounding parts with adhesive straps, and the result was a great improvement. It mattered not whether the ulcers were languid or active, nature put forth strenuous efforts to fill the breach and often succeeded unless medical officiousness prostrated its benevolent designs. The only deviation from this course was in regard to what might be called the poor man's ulcers. These afflicted those who had an impoverished system from vitiated air in close alleys, and from poor and insufficient food. These ulcers were surrounded by a hard, stiff and exceedingly tender border and were considered incurable. This circle of morbid flesh completely cut off all healthy parts from effecting a cure. He applied a blister to the enemy and thus destroyed the virulence of its action. This was a great boon to poor men who were often permanently disabled from work on account of them. When these extended downwards to the bone and old surgeons recommended scraping the bone, or cutting out the bone as a *dernier resort* he often brought about a cure by internal remedies which improved the quality of the blood. He also opposed the closing up of a clean cut *at its edge*, and leaving clots of blood in the wound internally to act as a foreign body and showed that unless there was complete adaptation of the severed parts, it was better not to interfere,—in ordinary cases,—until bleeding ceased, for the idea that effused clot was necessary to healing had been proved to be wrong in principle and practice. He opposed the amputation of a leg because the foot or ankle might be only injured and was the first to amputate it at the ankle. He was among the first to

amputate, successfully, at the hips, and in several cases of otherwise inevitable death, saved the patients. But one of his greatest discoveries was in regard to the formation of bone. He showed conclusively *by a series of experiments that bone was formed from its external* covering and not from the centre and thus opened the way for practice in regard to the union of bone, especially in deformities of the bones of the face, by adapting to each other the parts of bone which supplied means of growth. It can at once be conceived how dozens of hitherto incurable cases of deformity and disease could by this knowledge be remedied and cured. Then he condemned the usual practice in cases of the death of parts of the body, especially in old people, and I find in my *memoranda* book that his theory consisted in using mild treatment instead of the stimulating treatment of the Coopers, Hunters, Brodie, and Liston. They held that low vitality and death took place by means of a vitiated state of the circulation in the parts, and thus destruction by corruption. Syme held and showed by examples that this state was caused through an obliteration of the passages through blood-vessels, on account of their turning into a bony substance and finally closing up as if tied with a string. This view was the means of changing the treatment and, we need scarcely say, of saving many a life. He cured wry-neck by cutting the culprit muscle, and we remember how astonished the patients were at the smallness of the wound, the little pain and the wonderful change in their appearance. He was the *first* surgeon who ever executed this satisfactory work. He boldly tied *both ends* of an artery in dangerous places when it was diseased by an enlargement called aneurism. He brought to a great degree of perfection the cure of hair-lip and split-palate. He had an ingenious way of restoring the nose, and in amputation of part of the foot, (leaving the heel-bones for future usefulness,) "where," as he used to say, "you put on the straps of your spurs." Thus I might go on without stint to relate his contributions to operative surgery. I fail to recollect one other surgeon whose genius has done so much. Simpson justly immortalized himself in the practical use of chloroform. Syme has a catalogue of inventions and applications and theories attached to his name and memory, either of which would be a great memorial of which any surgeon might be proud. I can scarcely realize the fact that three such men as Syme, Simpson and Sir James Clark, have passed away within a few months of one another; but, they fought with death many a severe battle in the bodies of others and now the fell-destroyer has his revenge. Syme was a severe opponent and showed little mercy to his antagonists, but he scorned to take an undue advantage, yet he held his ground with great tenacity, and no foe ever found his theories wrong in practice. He scorned superficial investigation and had no patience with pretenders. I remember how he fought, as late as 1857, against the "blood letters." The battle had been going on for over 30 years and Syme's army of progressive medical thinkers was daily increasing, while the "fogies" were fast passing away. He told his students how he was ordered by his superiors to go to the Infirmary regularly every evening to bleed his patients.

It mattered not if the diseases were as wide as the poles apart, the panacea was bleeding. One patient in one of the wards was bled one evening to the extent of five pounds, and next morning as the unfortunate did not seem much better he was bled two pounds more. In low fevers as well as in severe injuries the same course of treatment was pursued and he did not wonder at the great mortality. He said often, in substance, if you have a diseased fruit tree in the garden you do not cut a gash in it and let the sap run out to restore it to healthy action. In bodily disease a vein is opened in the arm to reduce inflammation. and because in acute diseases the pain may happen to be allayed, therefore, the disease is being subdued. The truth is, that the *susceptibility to realize pain* is deadened by the reduction of blood in the system, as a string tied round the arm benumbs it, because of impeded circulation. At the same time nature has to make a draft upon the system to repair the mischief done the master builders have no materials to work with, and the encroachments of the enemy go on apace. The words are mine, but the argument contained is his, and the world at the present time endorse the sagacious view. Who can calculate the good such a man does to humanity? The circle of his influence ever widens and deepens, and long after his name has been forgotten, his practical discoveries will still bless frail mortals in the hands of a cloud of noble workers, who will doubtless rear a goodly superstructure on the solid foundation laid with sagacity and skill by such as honest and indefatigable Syme. Let me say in conclusion that Syme, Liston, Miller and Simpson forgave one another long before the grave closed over their remains, and left behind them only a sweet remembrance.

BEFORE THE STATUE OF A YOUNG GREEK.

(*Translated from the French.*)

BY IZODERT.

Happy and bright thy destiny
O Grecian boy with look so gay,
Sprung of a happy loving pair,
Beauty and love flow through thy veins so fair.

Funny old Pan with gentle art
Forms thy youthful voice and heart,
Teaching thy lips the flute to play
While the lesson laughs through the vales and woods away.

By sports they make thy frame robust;
By science thou becomest just—
The Gymnast gives thee muscle now,
Philosophy shall broaden thy grand brow.

Against the odious Persian hordes
I hear thee hurl the Attic words
Ere thou go forth, for thy gods
To fight; what carest thou how many odds?

SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FROM THE AUGUSTAN AGE TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

It is difficult to say when the Augustan Age begins and when it closes—to draw sharply the dividing line in either case. Who was the Augustus, too, it is not easy to determine—whether it was William the third—it could not be Queen Anne—or George the first, or George the second. One thing at least is certain, the Augustan Age was preeminently the age of Addison and of Pope. They were the Horace and the Virgil of the period. The contemporary authors of course belonged to it, were of it, so far characterized and distinguished it; but they were the lesser lights that revolved round the greater luminaries, or shone in the same hemisphere, adding to its brilliance, but not so conspicuously arresting the eye or filling the horizon. Swift perhaps possessed greater force of intellect than either Pope or Addison: he was master at least of a more vigorous style, wielded by a more savage nature, while his observation of men and manners extended over a wider survey: Defoe had more invention and greater powers of vivid and realizing description: Nicholas Rowe—author of "Jane Shore" and other well-known tragedies—and Farquhar and Vanbrugh, had more dramatic art, or excelled in comedy where Addison failed: but for the amenities of the Augustan Age—the exquisite grace and polish—the peculiar refinement—the finish of style whether in prose or verse—that we always connect in thought with that period of English Literature, we at once single out Addison and Pope as the representative names. Sir Richard Steele must always bear the honour of having originated the idea of the Spectator, while he contributed the greater number of its papers: Tickell and Hughes and Budgell share the honour of having written papers not unworthy of a literary partnership with Steele and Addison: Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, belonged to the literary fraternity of the period, exhibited both learning and wit in his writings, as "Martinus Scriblerus" must ever afford decisive testimony: still Pope and Addison are the two *effigies* that always rise up before the mind when we name the Augustan Age. If it continued to the time of Johnson, and included the conspicuous writers that perpetuate the prestige at least of the Augustan age—carry down the lineage of poets and essayists till Johnson perhaps marks a new era, we may think of the Augustan age as commencing with Steele and Addison, and ending with the great literary dictator of the time—the early years—of George the third. This is perhaps, however, an arbitrary arrangement, and may be accepted or not at the will or pleasure of our readers; but somehow or other we always think of the Augustan age till we come near to the time of Johnson, when a new era was inaugurat-

ed, new influences come upon the scene, and a new spirit is infused into our literature. Thomson, perhaps, of the different writers in the succession we have referred to, refuses to be slumped with the Augustan Age: we may make the same exception for Young, while such writers as Akenside and Collins and Gray and Chatterton caught influences of their own, and acknowledge no allegiance to Pope or Addison. Prior and Parnell, contemporary with Pope—the former a few years his senior—breathed a purer spirit perhaps of poetry—exhibited greater simplicity than the critic and moralist in verse—and partook of the general influence that moulded the age and changed it so much from the times of the Charleses. They are feeble writers, however, in comparison with Pope, and are not much known, or extensively read in our own day. Parnell's "Hermit"—his best composition—is ingenious enough, and clothed in good verse, but that is about the most that can be said of it. Greater writers fill the stage, immediately come upon the scene; and in poetry, Thomson and Young and Collins and Gray far outstrip Addison himself, while in the purest elements of poetry—the brooding spirit of imagination—the picturesque and the meditative—we think Pope cannot be named with the writer of the "Seasons" and the author of the "Elegy written in a country Churchyard."

The influence of French Literature was still felt when Addison and Pope wrote. What that influence exactly was it may be difficult to say. It is often spoken of perhaps rather vaguely, while it may not admit of very accurate discrimination. The influence of the French Court on the morals and manners of the times of the Charleses, especially of Charles the second, is a different thing, and is well understood; and how that again would affect the literature of the period, is quite intelligible. We need not wonder then at the licentiousness that characterized the compositions of the period—which was quite compatible again with the stern puritanism that survived the Commonwealth in a Baxter or an Owen, a Flavel or a Howe. What precisely was the influence extending from French intellect—French Literature—to England is what is more difficult to determine. Why should France affect England, and not England France? The reason of this obviously was the preeminence of the French nation at the time, and that again was owing to the dominating spirit of Louis Fourteenth—"le grand Monarque": while France, from causes which we stay not to enquire into at present, has always given the law to the fashions of the age. What wonder if literature followed in the same wake—also took its form and pressure from France? Still the question remains, what was that influence? What was there in the French mind to make it operate for evil—exert a detrimental effect upon the mind of a neighbouring nation? Was not that mind represented by a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Pascal, a Montesquieu? That France has always been distinguished in the logical element—in the rhetorical—perhaps even in the philosophical—that Bossuet was an eloquent divine, and Pascal a profound thinker: all this may be readily admitted—and so far therefore the influence extending from such writers must have

been only for good. But it cannot be denied at the same time that the general characteristic of the French mind is shallowness—superficiality—coldness of imagination—plenty of point and epigram, sparkling antithesis and ornament, but without true faith or solid principle:—and all this was reproduced in England, for a time moulded the English mind, and had its reflex accordingly in the writings of a Bolingbroke, a Dryden, a Pope, and even an Addison. There was a genuine English element that survived all this, and that is especially seen in the writings of Addison and Defoe: still the French influence is plainly recognisable in a certain coldness, in the absence of genuine warmth and enthusiasm; and the true English element had not yet fully asserted itself. It first asserted itself in Thomson, the author of the "Seasons"; and Scotland has the honour of giving this writer to English Literature. In Thomson the first flush of a new epoch dawned.

Thomson was born in the first year of the century into which so many of the authors of the period we have been reviewing lived, and the early part of which he illustrated. It is not surprising that the flush of a new day in English Literature broke from Scotland—that it was Scottish mind that infused the new element into England's authorship, and more especially England's poetry. Scotland had not caught the influence from the writers of France, and the Court of Louis Quatorze. This good at least her Kirk did for her, and her controversies, with which the English mind has ever shown so little sympathy. The fresh impulses of nature survived in Scotland when they had long died out in England; and the infidel spirit which has ever been the bane of the French people met with little countenance in that country whose every peasant knew his bible, and could give a reason for the faith that was in him. Infidelity—the sceptical spirit—is not favourable to poetry, or to any generous emotion. All emotion goes out in such an exhausted receiver. All that kindles enthusiasm—all that awakens the loftier energies—that inspires noble thought and purpose, and reflects itself in a literature corresponding with its source, is awanting where the mind owns no faith. Thomson did not grow up amid such influences. The religious element is the predominating one in Scotland. Its hills and valleys and streams are sacred with religious associations and memories. Higher influences than those of this world brood over the landscape. The sky opens up into regions which faith alone can penetrate—whose denizens may glance on the sight at any time, or may be waited for, are almost expected, by the devotee. The Creator is seen in his works, and a hymn to His praise is the expression of the devout mind. It is these elements that pervade Thomson's poetry. In what English poet is there so devout a spirit as in Thomson? at least till the time of Cowper? Young is rather the preacher—the sort of poetic Ecclesiastes—though he did not run the whole round of pleasure like the royal preacher. Cowper was the Christian poet: his poetry comes under altogether different rules from other compositions of the muse, while he wrote at a much later period than Thomson. The "Seasons"—and especially the "Hymn on the Sea-

sons"—are pervaded by a devotional spirit. The mind of Thomson is ever open to impressions which are not far at least from devotion. All the humanities follow upon this; and the poem is never long at any time without some reference kindled by noble enthusiasm or humane and generous emotion. Thomson sympathizes with nature in her every mood: he limns her features with a love which characterizes the true landscape painter: he dwelt amid her every scene: he had the eye of a naturalist: the habits of the lower creation, especially the feathered songsters of the grove, he had faithfully observed, and he describes them with an accuracy and an enthusiasm which no other poet equals. They are broad colours which Thomson lays on his canvas. His is not the preraphaelitism of Tennyson or Keats. No graphic word-painter ever used a bolder pencil. The exact circumstances and instances suitable to photograph the several seasons are happily selected, and as felicitously described. Every one notices the tendency, if not to verbiage, to a certain exaggeration in style, and because of an exaggeration in thought or conception. Sometimes we are inclined to ask—why all this enthusiasm? Why exalt the most familiar circumstances into ideal pictures, and describe what is so familiar in the language of exceptional cases or singular facts? The poet, especially the descriptive poet, is apt to run into this extravagance. The imaginative or ideal faculty always exalts or magnifies its object. Thomson is not exempt from the tendency. This, however, is an incidental blemish: it is not the characteristic of Thomson's writings. Generally the subject will bear up the language which is employed as its appropriate vehicle, and the aptness and felicity of description are acknowledged by all. The "Summer" is bathed in summer's sheen; it has summer's warmth: it is given with summer's inspiration. The scene in which Damon actually comes upon Musidora bathing, and *does not* run away with the clothes, offends good sense as well as good taste. The episode of Lavinia and Palemon, in the "Autumn," is a favourite with most readers, but it is obviously borrowed from the simpler Idyl of Ruth, while it partakes somewhat of that exaggeration of feeling and sentiment to which we have referred. Thomson is rich in historic and classic allusion; indeed a well-stored mind seems to furnish him with inexhaustible matter for his poem, whether in the way of illustration and embellishment, or simply in the order or connection of thought. *This is especially conspicuous in his "Winter," when, shut* in from the outer world, and feeling himself snugly housed from the storm, and sheltered from the cold, his thought is more excursive, and he is chiefly indebted for his material to his learning and his miscellaneous attainments. Born in the manse at Ednam in Roxburghshire, his native scenery was in itself the best school he could have had for a poetic mind such as his was, and no doubt the pictures he has transferred to his pages, whether of rural scenes, or rustic life, the changeful phases of outward nature, or the varying forms of indoor and domestic occupation, were etched upon his mind by what he saw and had experience of before he quitted his native country. We made a pilgrimage to Ednam for the sake of the poet who was born there. It, in itself, is

not very attractive, but the landscape of the border county of Scotland, with the Tweed dividing it from England, and the Cheviots rearing their pastoral heights, with either side to England or Scotland, is such as can hardly be surpassed. Water and woodland diversify the scene, while the holms and uplands are among the most fertile which Scotland possesses. How the eye of the youthful poet drunk in that scenery, and how his mind would revel in the association of history and song, that are so rife all around, we can better imagine than describe. We have ourselves felt enchanted by the beauty of the landscape, spreading itself like a chequered board beneath our feet, as we stood on some eminence in one of the upland parishes; while the "genius loci" added a charm or exerted a power to which we willingly did homage. The seasons would fill their round there as elsewhere, and the thought of the seasons as the subject of a poem was itself poetic. It does not seem, however, that the thought struck him at once; but having written some separate sketches of "Winter," and shown them to his friend Mallet, the latter advised him to complete them, when the "Seasons" seemed to have dawned upon his mind as a suitable subject for a connected poem. Of all the seasons the Spring strikes us as most happily treated. It has the freshness of Spring itself, and we feel as elastic among its descriptions as we would amid the actual scenes which it pourtrays. The links of connection, and the transition from thought to thought, as the poet revolves the various and varying character of the seasons, are the most simple and natural, and afford a fine illustration of what associations may be expected to rule in a poetic, and at the same time a devout and well stored mind. The "Hymn on the Seasons" is a grand winding up of a poem which is itself a hymn to the God of the seasons:

> These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God.

It is like the diapason of the organ which includes all the varying notes of the previous symphony.

The "Castle of Indolence" is far superior to the "Seasons" as a work of imagination, as it is also decidedly a work of art. It is purely an allegory, and allegory itself implies considerable invention, but to invention, in this instance, there is added the most ideal imagination, reminding one of Spenser's "Faery Queen" (it is in the Spenserian stanza,) and the poem is steeped in the same element which makes the "Faery Queen" the most purely ideal poem in the language. Written in the peculiar stanza which has been called after Spenser, who was the first to employ it, it is also so constructed, by its smooth cadence, and the trickling form of its rhythm, as peculiarly to suit the pleasing "land of drowsihead," and convey to us an image of perfect rest and repose: like Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters"—who had all partaken of the drowsy weed, and "would no longer roam."

The "Castle of Indolence" has not the rich imagination or the fertile invention of Spenser in the "Faery Queen;" but it is still pre-eminent in both of these qualities, while it has something of the

dreamy influence lying over its descriptions which might be expected in connexion with such a theme. All the circumstances of the scene, and the place fabled in the poem, are aptly chosen, with the view of enhancing the idea of indolence, and its effects upon its subjects or victims. A luxurious drowsiness lies over the valley in which the charmed castle stands; hills shut in the deeply secluded vale; waters tinkle to a drowsy measure; a soft sward invites the lazy limbs to repose; shepherds pipe to their bleating flocks; herds low along the vale; woods rustle with a sleepy sound; a "silent, solemn forest" crowns the heights:

> Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move
> As Idlesse lancied in her dreamy mood;

while "gay castles in the clouds" were

> For ever flushing round a summer sky.

At the gate of the castle, "close hid amid embowering trees," Indolence, "the most enchanting wizard," is represented as reclining,

> And to his lute, of cruel fate,
> And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

His words of plausible power, such as those with which the indolent may justify to themselves a course of "sweet inaction," and charm themselves in idlesse, have the expected effect of drawing multitudes within those charmed precincts, and under that enervating and inglorious influence. The delights—the dreams of such a place—the occupations, or want of occupation, of the idlers—the decorations of the luxurious halls—the tapestry, embodying to the eye the scenes of Arcadian or patriarchal ages, and anon the landscapes of Italian masters:

> Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'ning hue,
> Or Savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew;

these are finely given, or superbly described.

Some casual inmates of the enchanted castle, friends of the poet, who had for a time been enticed within those sleepy boundaries, are felicitously touched, while the bard himself has his portrait drawn, very happily, by the hand of the poet's noble friend, Lord Lyttelton. Thomson himself, it is well known, was somewhat under the influence of the drowsy wight whose castle he describes. The anecdote goes of the lines in praise of early rising in the Seasons having been penned by the poet when lying in bed at mid-day. This is not the solitary example of precept running before example. The poet, however, must have been an early riser sometime; and no doubt he often saw the slanting beams of the sun gilding the crests of the Cheviots, and anon reflected in the waters of the Teviot or the Tweed. The exploits of "Sir Industry," and his invasion of the "land of drowsihead," with the rescue of some of the whilome residents, and all the ills and miseries which overtake those who prefer their state of pleasant languor and sloth to freedom, are artfully described, and the poem winds up with this catastrophe.

The poem of "Liberty," written after the author's visit to the classic scenes of Italy, is not unworthy of Thomson; but it is stiff with the brocade of classic allusion and historic lore. It is rather a heavy production, though it contains noble passages. It gives ample evidence of the poet's learning, and his familiarity with all the most interesting subjects which history furnishes to the orator for his declamation, or the poet for his descriptions.

The noble Ode, as it may well be called, "Rule Britannia," which has animated so many a mariner to fight, and fanned the spirit of patriotism in so many a Briton's breast, was the production of our poet. It is set to noble music, and forms the companion Ode to the national anthem of Britain, whose thrilling strains are heard now on every shore on the face of the globe.

Thomson wrote some tragedies which are never acted, which may be worthy of him as a poet, and creditable to him as a delineator of the passions: they are characterized by much of the spirit of the drama: the actors, as the action of the piece, are well sustained and faithfully represented, while the dialo[illegible]e proceeds in approved fashion; but the whole is deficient in nature and simplicity. One cannot forget that it is an acted or a written drama: you are not for a moment beguiled into the belief that a real scene is going on before your eyes, or that actual living personages are engaged in real dialogue within your hearing. There is too much of the strut of the stage: the buskin is worn too undisguisedly: the rules of the classic drama are too rigidly adhered to. Thomson takes Racine rather than Shakspeare as his model: the French influence is still so far acknowledged; and variety and nature are sacrificed to consistency and the unities.

The minor pieces of Thomson are tame and flat in comparison with the larger productions. He has no lyrical pieces, except his "Rule Britannia," which shows what he could have done, had he condescended oftener to this style of composition. His "Seasons," however, and the "Castle of Indolence," are an enduring monument to his fame; and perhaps there is no poet to whose writings we recur with fonder pleasure, with whose enthusiasm we are so much struck, or so much sympathize, and by whose uniform moral tone our hearts are more sustained, and our sentiments may be more improved.

A very different writer demands our notice—Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts"—the great moralist and preacher in verse. His principal poem is unique in poetic composition; and there is nothing so like it as the inspired book, the Ecclesiastes of Solomon. It is more impetuous than the Ecclesiastes. It is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, or from the depths of night. The poet, become the preacher, speaks to us of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He reasons with us as Paul did with Felix. He demands our ear: he holds our attention: he will not let go our interest in him or in his theme. Himself a disappointed votary of pleasure and seeker of place: retiring from the world: donning canonical orders: marrying a lady of high rank, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield—a happy

enough union—but in his retirement reached by the great archer, Death, in the person of his beloved wife, and two of his children, one of these supposed to be the "Lorenzo" of the poem—the "Night Thoughts" is a composition of consummate power, which will always arrest the attention and retain the admiration of the reader, even the most casual. It sometimes surprises us with its unexpected thoughts: it dazzles with its epigrammatic point: it rises to a noble enthusiasm and a sublime height of moral reflection, which generally closes with some line or lines that fix themselves in the memory, and are never forgotten. Single lines of Young are oftener quoted, perhaps, than those of any other poet, saving Shakspeare, who has pointed maxims for every age, and on every subject. The titles of the "Nights" may serve to indicate the nature of the poem, and the themes with which the poet deals. They are such as "Life, Death and Immortality—Time, Friendship—The Christian Triumph—The Relapse—The Infidel Reclaimed—Virtue's Apology—The Consolation." To his latest years—and he lived till he was 84—the poet gave indications that he was not done with the world and its allurements; so that the sincerity of the poet is questioned in his gravest mood and his loftiest style; but was Solomon not sincere in his Ecclesiastes, or the book of Proverbs? As well question the sincerity of the one as the other. The poet was perhaps all the more sincere, that he came in for his own rebuke, and perhaps sat for his own picture. He could better pourtray the character of mind he was delineating, and point his moral with the force of epigram and the pungency of satire. One, however, is fain to believe that, like Solomon, the Divine and the poet had seen the error of his ways, was able to rise with the noblest flights of his muse, and felt the prophetic fervour of his inspirations. In no nobler strains is the theme of Redemption touched by any poet: the peculiarities of the theme are accurately handled: and the application of it to our immediate interest, and its claims upon our immediate acceptance, are pressed with all the fervour, and far more than the urgency, of the pulpit. Long passages, it must be confessed, are rather magniloquent than eloquent or poetic. The grand materials with which the poet has to deal allow the semblance of sublimity rather than the reality. He hurls worlds about like pellets: the elements of the sky are his playthings: the thunders reverberate at his summons: hell and judgment—eternity and its joys or its pains—give emphasis to his moral, and enforce his teaching. *Exclamation* is a familiar manner, or trick of composition, with him, and it must be allowed that sometimes it serves a good purpose, adding force and weight to the thought or the sentiment; but its too frequent employment gives the appearance of an overstrained and exaggerated style of mind, while it often has no effect but to fill up a verse, and startle the reader, like the strut and pause of an actor on the stage, or self-constituted hero of vulgar life. A great part of the effect of the poem is in the accumulation of vast images or ideas, whose vastness is not in the images or ideas themselves, but in the objects which they represent, or truths which they embody. With all these exceptions, however, the "Night Thoughts" has few parallels for the

grandeur of its conceptions and the weight of its lessons: one can hardly estimate the courage of the mind that would venture on such themes, or the moral honesty that would hold its course undaunted amid such unpalatable truths, in which nothing is sacrificed to a luxurious reticence, or a timid indulgence.

We are not familiar enough with the other compositions of Young to venture upon a criticism. His odes are poor enough; but his satires are said to be "the nearest approach we have to the polished satire of Pope." "The love of fame—the universal passion" furnishes him with his theme; while disappointments in the expectations he perhaps thought himself warranted to cherish allows him an object, or objects, at which to direct his most envenomed shafts.

Young's was one of those minds that unites great power of intellect with imagination. Albeit there is too much point and epigram: the poet is like an athlete attitudinising, or a fencer displaying his skill of fence; he perhaps overdoes every theme he touches: he overlays every subject with tawdry imagery and bizarre metaphor: he has many of the conceits of the school of Donne and Cowley: but he is earnest withall: it is a false estimate to say he feigns his moods of melancholy, or grander styles of thought: he was versatile: he could belie his own sorrow, and lay down his burden of sadness: he could be gay and even worldly, and his communion with sacred themes was not always so close or intimate; but no pretender to such moods, no assumption of such trains of reflection as pervade the "Night Thoughts," could possess the power or wield the influence of that poem. Campbell says: "Burns was a great reader of Young, as the Scotch indeed universally are." Perhaps no higher compliment could be paid to the poem; for Young and the "Night Thoughts" are the same. Burns could not be put off with unreal sentiment; and it is because there is so much true and weighty, though perhaps sombre reflection, so much to strike the mind, and improve the heart, that the Scotch, trained to reflection, and familiar with themes like these, find Young so congenial a poet. Campbell himself was of too jocund a nature to relish Young, but even Campbell concludes his acute but severe criticism—a criticism in which there is much truth wittily put, though somewhat strained to meet a point, with these words:

"The above remarks have been made with no desire to depreciate what is genuine in his (Young's) beauties. The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt that there is in him a spark of originality which is not long extinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the great mass of his poetry. Many and exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection, and of striking imagery. It is but recalling a few of these to allude to his description in the eighth book, of the man whose *thoughts are not of this world*, to his simile of the traveller at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antedeluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all to that noble and familiar image,

When final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.

It is true that he seldom, if ever, maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations; but he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts, and Experience select for her mottoes."

We subjoin a few specimens of Young's 'Night Thoughts' that the reader may form some idea of the Poet's peculiar style, and power. Campbell has said that the 'Night Thoughts' "open with a sarcasm on sleep." It was wittily said, and too good to let pass. But we are inclined to think truth was sacrificed to point. If there is a sarcasm it is a pardonable one, and by no means indicates that state of mind which the critic takes exception to as characteristic of the whole poem. The poet may be too ingenious, and willing to mar even the sacredness of his thought by some play of wit, but this does not offend, we think, to the extent that Campbell would allege. It often gives edge rather to the thought: it feathers the arrow which it is intended to be carried home to the heart or the understanding. The earnestness of the poet's mind is not interfered with: the sovereign intellect or imagination can afford to employ such instruments for its purpose, and the feeling is not the less that the intellect for the while is predominant.

Night seems to have had peculiar charms for Young. It was his bride whom he took to his heart. It is thus he apostrophises it: the bride, however, here, is rather of ancient date:

O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain, starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

Again he says:

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
The famed Athenian, he who wooed from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, *the stars in silence slide,*
And seen all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In private audience; all the live long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;*

* In allusion to an incident in the life of Socrates—the philosopher here referred to—when doing service as a hoplite in the armies of Athens, as recorded by Plato, his fellow-campaigner, (afterwards his disciple) which presents him to us as standing immovably fixed in the same attitude, in view of the camp, for twenty-four hours, wrapt in meditation.

Nor quits his theme, or posture till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stolen from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious midnight! hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders past,
Predestines future action, sees not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm,
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

Young's was not always a melancholy and sombre strain. Hear him celebrate the day of death:

Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

It is in this way that Young improves the contemplation of the starry heavens:

O let me gaze!—of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—thought too is wilder'd here;
In midway flight imagination tires;
Yet soon reprunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!
* * * * * * *
Who can satiate sight
In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.
Now, go ambition! boast thy boundless might
In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is already thine?

How much meaning is condensed in these lines! There is a ring of Shakspeare in them:

Were all men happy, revellings would cease.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bless'd,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy:
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

We have heard of the following words being adopted as an inscription on a tombstone!

Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven!

It is in these *trenchant* lines that Young takes up Lorenzo's challenge in favour of *pleasure*, and disposes of his implied argument:

Patron of pleasure! doter on delight!
I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

Young flashes truth upon the mind in such sudden jets of thought as these:

"Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise."

"A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain."

"*Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.*"

"The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace."

Referring to the low and unworthy aims of ambition, for the most part, the poet nobly says:

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies!"

We might multiply our quotations almost indefinitely: we have reluctantly refrained in the case of many passages, which are peculiar favourites, and often quoted, out of regard to the patience of our readers, who would doubtless prefer perusing the passages for themselves, in their connection. We take our leave of Young, impressed with the grandeur of his mind, the power and originality of his thought, and the vigour of his imagination; not insensible to his defects, but feeling that these are lost in the greater brilliancy which casts every fault into the shade, and makes the "Night Thoughts" one of the grandest, certainly one of the most unique, compositions in the language.

The three novelists, Richardson, Fielding and Smollett bulk largely in this period of English Literature. Fielding and Richardson are regarded as the classic novelists of England. "Tom Jones" has been pronounced "the first of English novels." It is the only novel of Fielding we have read, while "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Humphrey Clinker" constitute the amount of our acquaintance with Richardson and Smollett. We are hardly in circumstances therefore to pass a verdict on the respective merits of these great writers of fiction. We remember well the closeness to nature of "Tom Jones"—the naturalness of the plot—the ease and simplicity with which incident after incident arises out of the narrative and the perfect *vraisemblance* therefore of the whole production we cannot, however, condescend upon

particulars either in the characters or the descriptions, so imperfect is our recollection of the story. We have read "Clarissa Harlowe" more recently, and we were not aware of the power of Richardson till we had perused that novel, intended to depict a perfect female character under circumstances of the most unexampled trial and temptation. It is scarcely to be believed, however, that a female could be placed in any such situation, or could come through such experiences. The conduct of Clarissa's family to her is the most unnatural and improbable. Such a persistent course of alienation and hostility, arising out of such a cause, and pursuing such methods of annoyance and cruelty, till Clarissa is driven from the home of her youth and her affections, is ill-contrived and weakly conceived. No rake, by any power of plotting, could obtain such a power over any victim of his passion. In several of the situations in which Clarissa is introduced, it seemed to us that a cry to any of the police walking the streets of London would have delivered her from her persecutor. The different scenes, however, of the story, or rather of the drama, developed in the unprecedented form of an epistolary correspondence, are given with overwhelming power. The principal characters, Clarissa and Lovelace, are portraitures never to be forgotten. It is not at all within the bounds of probability, however, or rather it is altogether inconsistent with verisimilitude, that the victim of such systematic villainy should herself detail all the circumstances of her wrongs and sufferings, with such minute anatomy, and painful circumstantiality, in a correspondence with a friend—who, one would think, by a complaint to the nearest magistrate, could easily have had the tempter put in "durance vile," and the friend of her heart placed beyond the reach of his seductions. It was quite likely that Lovelace should write to his friends, accustomed to such scenes—although Lovelace outstrips even all their conceptions of villany—an account of the progress of his intrigue; but Clarissa's patient correspondence with Miss Howe, all the while that she was enduring such terrible wrongs, and distracted with such harassing fears, seems utterly beyond the bounds of probability. And yet the reader forgets the improbability, the want of verisimilitude, in the power of the description, and the verisimilitude of the incidents themselves as they are recorded. The style is nervous, energetic, often impassioned, and rising to eloquence of the highest order. Who would have thought that the mild and impassive master printer, the familiar of a coterie of ladies, who regaled him with their tea, and enjoyed his conversation, could have written such English, could have delineated such scenes? Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison, were each intended to point a moral to the age, and to present models of character in the different walks of life which are pourtrayed. The object of Richardson, too, was partly to supersede the vicious style of Romance which was the passion of the time. Says Sir Walter Scott: "It requires a reader to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature." "'Pamela'

became the rage of the town; ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit!"

We remember little of Humphrey Clinker but the humour. In two of his novels Smollett is the novelist of maritime life, like Marryatt of more recent times. Perhaps his "Tom Bowling," and his "Commodore Trunnion" are not surpassed by anything in modern fiction.

Laurence Sterne was another of the writers of fiction of this period: his "Tristram Shandy" can hardly be characterized as a novel. We confess not to have read "Tristram Shandy" through. We could appreciate the humour: we relished the delicate touches of sentiment, the strokes of wit, the subtlety of thought, the sudden effects produced by the quaint allusion, by the learning, even the antiquarian erudition, of the author—though this frequently is at second hand; but the mannerism of the composition becomes tiresome: you can put up with a spirt of badinage for a time; but you are not disposed to bear with nothing else; and Sterne's work is little else: everything is by indirect allusion: it is a book of suggestions: the misfortune is that the suggestions are not always the most delicate: they are frequently irresistibly ludicrous, as often infinitely witty, not seldom pathetic and tender; and thus the production is a medley of eccentricity, provoking by its very eccentricity, yet pleasing from the unmistakable element of genius and quaint humour that pervades it. Well nigh the first half of the work consists of a series of domestic scenes, and conversations arising out of these scenes, in connection with a not uncommon event in a household; and there is much humour, but often as much silliness in the way in which that particular incident is protracted. The incident alluded to is the mode and time of Master Shandy's coming into the world. The brothers Shandy hold all sorts of talk upon all conceivable subjects, arising out of this anticipated event, or in any, the remotest way, or even in no way at all connected with it. Uncle Toby is unquestionably the central figure in the group of characters introduced to our acquaintance: Corporal Trim is certainly next in importance, and he stands in much the same relation to Uncle Toby as Sancho Panza does to Don Quixote—although the Corporal is drawn with an infinitely more delicate pencil, while, again, he wants the broad but stupid humour of the Don's faithful squire. Dr. Slop, whose obstetric skill is called into requisition, Widow Wadman, and Susannah, fill up the group of characters whose individualities and idiosyncracies for the most part constitute the gist of the story. The chief element or characteristic of the performance is a sort of reckless, devil-may-care spirit, blended with a tenderness almost womanish, and a humanity that feels for every sorrow, and throbs with every distress in life, that cannot see a fly wronged, that has a purse open for every call, a hand ready to succour every woe, and a tear of sympathy when that is all that can be afforded. There is infinite humour in the way in which Uncle Toby follows the campaign of the great Marlborough in Flanders—investing every city, constructing every scarp and coun-

terscarp and ravelin, and accomplishing the defeat and discomfiture of the enemy with a precision and certainty that could not be outstripped by Marlborough himself on the actual field. The kindness of the superannuated Captain, his regard for his Corporal, the way in which they both fight their battles over again, recall the memorable incidents of their campaigns, the occasional obliviousness of the one, and the officious memory of the other—the genuine heart of both—form a sketch of exhaustless humour, and genial humanity.

The "Sentimental Journey" we have looked into. The style had an exquisite charm, while we relished little else: the reflection is often just, and the description of continental manners not, we believe, unfaithful—there is great vivacity in the description, and all Sterne's peculiar benevolence and *bon hommie* comes out in the reflections upon whatever transpires in the "Journey"; but the situations to which the English parson (for Sterne was a parson of the Church of England) sometimes introduces us, are not such as became his cloth, or would become any, not of his cloth, even amid foreign scenes. As the title indicates, the writer is always aiming at some sentimental effect—a stroke of sentiment of some kind or other. The Apostrophe to Slavery—symbolized in the caged starling which "could not get out"—is familiar to every school-boy, who has it by heart from the frequent reading of it, or its as frequent recital. The "Sermons" by Sterne have the same exquisite style of his other compositions—much of the same sentiment—the same subtle element of thought and feeling—and are not unreadable even for more serious purposes. We question, however, if ever they have done much in the way of advancing the cause which every clergyman is supposed to have at heart.

Henry Mackenzie is a combination of Sterne and Richardson. He has much of the sentiment of the one and the power of the other, but is inferior to both in their several walks. The "Man of Feeling" is the story by which he is most known, as it was the first published. This was followed by the "Man of the World." "Julia de Roubigne" was a later composition, but is not equal to the others. The story of "La Roche" was published in the "Mirror"—a serial after the manner of the Spectator, issued in Edinburgh.

Mackenzie has a pure and refined style, with something of the "Attic Salt," we are inclined to think, that was characteristic of that period of "Modern Athens." He was one of a group of Literati that adorned Edinburgh at this time, of which Hume and Robertson and Dr. Adam Smith were undoubtedly the "Dii Majores." Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," and "Jupiter Carlyle," although having their residence elsewhere, sometimes descended upon the scene. Mackenzie lived into the times of Dugald Stewart, and Alison, and almost of Jeffrey the dictator and oracle of the Edinburgh Review. He is a connecting link, therefore, with the present period of literature—with the period at all events of Scott and Jeffrey and Campbell, and all the Lake Poets. He is an elegant rather than a great writer. His stories have an exquisite finish about them, and, as we can testify, have a peculiar charm for young minds. We re-

member too little of them, however, to speak of anything more than the general impression they produced. We were greatly fascinated by them, and we know not but we might be as much at the present day. The "Man of Feeling" is a soubriquet which attached to Mackenzie himself while he lived, and has been introduced into our literature, if not into our language; like the "Man of Ross" of Pope's exquisite verse. The sketch of the infidel in "La Roche" is supposed to have been drawn from David Hume, with something of the ideal thrown into the picture. La Roche, we would fain believe, is a sketch whose type or original is not uncommon amongst the Alpine Valleys of Switzerland. The story itself is exquisitely told, and is a favourite with all the readers of Mackenzie. Henry Mackenzie is perhaps the Addison of Scotland, and will always hold a place among the classical writers in English Literature.

LOTTIE'S LAST WORDS.

By Charles Sangster.

Our darling's life was ebbing fast,
As fever-spent she lay;
The weary, dreary night crept past,
Till near the dawn of day;
As if an Angel spake with her,
She turned her aching head—
"Good bye, Mamma—good bye, Papa!"
And this was all she said,
Was all the dear lips said.

A light within her blue eyes shone,
Lit there for her sweet sake;
We knew that soon, from that dear tone,
Life's trembling chords must break.
The hush of Death filled all the room,
But ere her spirit fled—
"Good bye, Mamma—good bye, Papa!"
And this was all she said,
Was all the dear lips said.

Forever gone, the hope so sweet;
Grief brimmed our full hearts o'er;
We watched until her happy feet
Touched the eternal shore.
Faint whispers, like sad music, came
Back from the silent dead:
"Good bye, Mamma—good bye, Papa!"
Was all the spirit said,
Was all her spirit said.

1868, Ottawa.

OLD AND NEW NEWSPAPERS.

It was that ripe Irish scholar and brilliant orator Edmund Burke, who made the halls of Parliament ring with the assertion "that the newspaper is the history of the world for one day." And the cotemporary of gentle Oliver Goldsmith and of bluff, honest old Sam Johnson, was right. The newspaper as it comes to us fresh every morning from the press, redolent of printer's ink, and sometimes poor enough ink at that, or greets us smilingly at the tea-table after the labours of the day are completed, is a most agreeable and withal terse history of what is going on in the outer courts of the city, as well as the faithful chronicler of the doings within our own precincts. Its broad columns, and wide legible pages contrast strangely with the journal of a hundred or perhaps fifty years ago. Even at this day who does not experience a new delight and an unsated interest in looking over old musty papers—chronicles of the day—of the age of our fathers and forefathers? How pleasurable are the emotions certain curiously worded paragraphs stir up within our breasts! The brief announcement of the nuptials of an old friend, perhaps a relict of the good man, who in those olden days led her up to the rude oaken pulpit in the village church and there by the white-locked minister made one flesh, is a thoughtful theme. How buoyantly the age-stained little seven-by-nine print with its ill-proportioned type and typographical inelegance is conveyed to the cottage where resides that matron whose years take her past the allotted three score and ten! The old smile wreathes itself on the yellow, wrinkled visage, and *that* one day at least is fraught with joy and pleasure to all concerned. The widow, who has seen her children and her children's children grow up and prosper, who has borne tribulation upon tribulation, whose life has been one of extraordinary vicissitudes and rapid changes, now all forgotton through the lapse of time, has again revived within her memory all those things of the past, by this simple "marriage notice." Whole histories, not only of herself and family, but of other families also, many of whose members no longer tread the earth's surface, but silently sleep beneath its velvety garb, are brought to the front, and stories that would fill volumes upon volumes of closely printed matter, are told with all the vivacity and energy of one that age has made garrulous, and whose long hidden treasures of the mind have been evoked by a dim reference to a bygone epoch in her simple history. The thoughts these things awaken are cheering and delightful. We could revel in them for hours, for days, for weeks, and still our insatiable thirst would hardly be fully appeased.

To talk with those who have come before us, to mingle our little confidences with those whose years entitle them to our respect and love, is indeed a genial occupation and the subject of much pleasureable delectation. What fairer or more beautiful sight can there pos-

sibly be, than a venerable, toothless grandmother, sitting in the open doorway of a village hut, with her prattling grand-child by her knee, and the hot sun shedding all around its halo of glory as it smiles on the contrasted couple through the shady bowers, and peeps through little openings among the trees? The youthful cross-questioner puzzles his old companion o'er again with his long budget of interrogations and will not be put off with a mere general reply, but his questions must be answered and in the order delivered too. How imperishable is the link of pure love! What power is greater? Does not everything bow submissively to its will and pleasure? And yet this holy gift—for love comes from a heavenly source—is oftentimes basely prostituted by the creatures of the earth. In friendship, where true love should exist as a mutual bond, given by one friend to another, how often is the love or friendship of the one shown by after-occurrences to be a sordid, mean loathsome thing! The friendship has been a mockery, a snare. Massinger makes one of his great creations say, and contempt is marked in every lineament of his countenance as he says it, almost blurts it out, "Friend-ship is but a word." And the great bard of Avon himself, the "best interpreter of nature" and of man tells us in the exquisite "Much ado about nothing," that

> "Friendship is constant in all other things,
> Save in the office and affairs of love."

And some, with good reason perhaps, will say "gentle Will" was right in his estimate of friendship. Why is not this noble attribute of man always exemplified as in the language of Pope in his translation of the Iliad?

> "A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
> Burns with one love, with one resentment flows."

That is friendship of the right sort, and how happy and contented would the world become if man could shake the hand of his fellow-mortal and both "burn with one love."

But there is certainly a digression of some kind here that is hardly admissible. The subject is being lost sight of in the multiplicity of circumstances which crowd themselves upon us, each desiring ventilation. All in good time friends. Your turn will come soon enough.

The old newspaper is then a treasure. A single stray copy is as a jewel, and when a bound volume of perhaps six months' time or better still a year, we thank cordially the considerate one, thinking not of himself alone but a little of posterity too, who was thoughtful enough to save those printed mementoes of the world's history. This volume of papers, four or even six of any individual one, would hardly make a decently-sized paper now, is a fund of amusement such as the long winter evenings never saw before. Apart from the reading matter, usually made up from papers from abroad, the announcement of the arrival of the fast clipper ship, 120 days out, from London, with important despatches or news of the fighting in the peninsula, under that grim old soldier, but inferior statesman, the Iron Duke, the details, so modest and in striking contrast with the tales of war as told by the

great generals and admirals of our time, whose "I's" seem everywhere; the victories by sea of Britain's Captain, Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, the Nile and other undying engagements, apart from those interesting souvenirs, there are still attractions that give pleasure to the eye, if not to the heart. The "Marriages and Deaths," unique in their way, and perhaps unnecessarily verbose at times, always had some wretchedly executed emblems over their respective headings. Thus the cross-bones, grinning and hideous, formed one of these pleasant insignias, as did a weeping mother in heavy black crape, with three children accompanying her to the tomb, and there at the grave this mournful quartette strewed the ugliest looking flowers accessible for miles around. This huge work of art seems to have been in great repute in those days of our ancestors, inasmuch as it came into frequent play, with the "gentlemen of the press" as Disraeli, who cares nothing for the critics, hath it, of that time. There was another yet and this one may have been the best, as it was the most simple and had less of the filigree work upon it. A small lamp reposed in the centre of two weeping willows, and this little cut really possessed a silent yet impressive beauty. Beneath the lamp were these paraphrastical lines:

"And while the lamp holds out to burn
The greatest sinner may return."

This cut and the lines above were not often used, probably the friends of the lamented deceased, didn't appreciate the couplet.

The "Marriage Notices" had over them in most cases a very fat ugly little boy, ill-clad and shoeless; and this obese being persisted in shooting arrows from a most unpleasant looking bow at imaginary people, and then dodging behind the trunks of two old trees that, we may presume, did duty in the capacity of mourners for the defunct in some other cut, until they became "too old to work," and were then hewn down and inserted in various parts of the paper, such as in sales of orchards and farms, and as shelters for the deformed hobgoblin, with the propensity, largely developed, for shooting at human targets his shafts of love. There was another cut, displaying a trembling couple (no wonder!) standing before a grey-haired clergyman, who had a large book in his hand. There was no one else beside this trio; no father to give away the bride, no bridesmaids or "best men," with tables lined with presents. But they managed those old weddings differently then from now.

The other attractions of our old friend are the advertisements, so singularly set in such queer, big, clumsy type. There is a mulatto girl—a slave—who has escaped from her owners. A liberal reward of £25 is offered for her; gentle reader, we are in the Colonies now, and not in the once slave-holding States of America. A milch cow was lost on May 10, 1789, and the owner will give £2 to learn of her whereabouts. A druggist, whose stock has just arrived

by the London packet, 100 days coming too, sets forth his wares in a two inch advertisement. This is in full:

CALOMEL
SENNA
EPSOM SALTS, CASTOR OIL, WORMWOOD.

"only this and nothing more."

Here is a curious little sheet, "*The New England Weekly Journal,*" which a sub-heading tells us "contains the most remarkable occurrences, foreign and domestick."

This scrap was printed in Boston by S. Kneeland & F. Green, at their printing house in Queen Street, "where advertisements are taken in," and the copy before us bears date Monday, April 8th, 1728. The "printer" evidently knowing his own short-comings in paper making, tells us in a sort of engraver's italic that "there are measures concerting for rendering this Paper yet more universally esteemed and useful, in which 'tis hop'd the Publick will be gratifi'd, and by which those Gentlemen who desire to be improv'd in History, Philosophy, Poetry, etc., will be greatly advantaged."

We have in these columns several items, possessing interest even at this year of our Lord, 1870. From Jamaica, His Excellency Robert Hunter, Esq., Captain General, etc., makes a Declaration in Council, 31st January, 1727–8, and we have the Council's answer thereto. Both are very interesting in a governmental point of view.

From London these items are valuable. They are only 4½ months old and read as follows:

"On Wednesday last a Patent pass'd the Seals, constituting the Rt. Hon. the Lord St. George, Vice Admiral of the Province of Connaught in the Kingdom of Ireland."

"The Beginning of this Week, Dr. John Friend and Dr. Alexander Stewart were introduced to their Majesties, and had the Honour to Kiss their Hands on being appointed Physicians in ordinary to the Queen, October 28, 1727."

"In the Town of Boston, since our last, Burials, Five Whites, One Black. Baptiz'd in the several Churches, nine."

Coffee was then sold for 8 shillings stg. a pound, and Mr. Arthur Savage had a large supply on hand at his house in Brattle Street. A closing advertisement reads thus:

"A very likely Negro Girl, about 13 or 14 years of age, speaks good English, has been in the country some years, to be sold. Inquire of the Printer hereof."

The Ulster County Gazette of Saturday, 4th January, 1800, is a paper of nearly five times the size of the *Weekly Journal*. Every column is well filled. Indeed the "printer" tells us, "the limits of our paper are too narrow this week, for the great variety of foreign news received by the last mails." The war items will be read with interest. "French official accounts of Oct. 8, state that on the 4th the *Austro-Russians were defeated with the loss of several thousand killed*, wounded and taken."

On the 5th, the Austro-Russians were defeated at Glatus, with the loss of 1200 prisoners, besides a great number of killed—at this place there were 1400 Russians wounded, and 600 at Multen.

The French Army of the Rhine, about the 8th of October, defeated the Austrians with the loss of 3000 killed and wounded.—Their loss 1000.

Two Spanish Frigates, bound from Havanna, having on board upwards of three million and a half of dollars, besides merchandize, were taken on the 16th October by four British Frigates, and safely carried into Plymouth.

The British Frigate Lutine, of 39 guns, was lost on the 9th October, on the banks of the Outer Fly Island Passage; she had on board near half a million, £200,000, was insured, and was bound for the Texel. —She was to have proceeded to Hamburgh, to clear the commercial failures in that city,—the crew perished except two.

The *Gazette* of this issue is in heavy, deep mourning, and its whole appearance betokens grief and woe. The cause is easily explained, for upon reading the paper over, we learn that George Washington has been entombed. An account of his death is given, and the funeral obsequies which followed the 'father of his country' to the grave. The chronicler of those days says: "A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul was *gone*. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus to mortal eyes, fallen! Yes, fallen! fallen."

We have in this single No. of the *Gazette* full particulars of the funeral, the proceedings of Congress, the address to the President and President John Adams' reply; news of several engagements by land and sea between the British and French forces, besides quite a quantity of local matter, making altogether an issue of rare importance and value. The *Gazette* has its "poet's corner" too, and here is a poem or perhaps elegy would be a more fit term, on the death of Gen. Washington, written expressly for this paper, by, the journal tells us in large capitals, A YOUNG LADY. Who she was the world will never know. And how many beautiful and touching verses are annually lost, or become wanderers of the earth without owning a home or a paternity? Here are the lines:

What means that solemn dirge, that strikes my ear?
What mean those mournful sounds—why shines the tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah!—why those sighs that do my fancy sate!

Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—Yonder rueful noise!—'tis done!—'tis done!—
The Silent tomb invades our WASHINGTON!—

Must virtues so exalted, yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fall?—a glorious name!—
What then is riches, honour and true fame?

The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—Let the muse commend;
Columbia's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies enshrin'd with numbers at his side!—

There let the sigh respondent from the breast,
Heave in rich numbers!—let the glowing zest,
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love;
And sable mourning our affliction prove.

Weep!—kindred mortals—weep!—no more you'll find,
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels, hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial Spirits greet the wonder of the Age!

The advertisements fill the entire last page and part of the third, for the *Gazette* is in form similar to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, England. In fact most of the earlier papers adopted that style. There is the usual quaintness observable in the wording of the business announcements of the commercial men of that era, and until lately the poetical advertisements which now appear in our more widely circulated country papers and in some of the city ones too, were deemed by many to be a modern innovation upon the style of our staid old predecessors, who were supposed to treat business in a sort of cold-blooded style, and who frowned down, beneath bushy eyebrows, all nonsense in commercial matters. Mr. Luther Andres, dealer in oats, corn, wheat, &c., &c., of Warsink, however, thought differently and *his* "card" shines as a lump of sparkling gold in a piece of quartz. Mr. Andres in sober prose says "for such goods as he sells he is willing to take in exchange such articles as flax, raw hides, ashes, butter, buckwheat, &c. He will trade his goods for them at the Esopus prices," whatever they are, and he winds up by announcing that "CASH will not be refused," showing clearly that he would prefer to effect a mutual interchange of respective wares rather than receive money. But we will let this honest trader metrically "speak his piece," himself, only noting the singularity of Mr. Andres' use of the personal pronoun. He opens in the third person, but presently the first person, singular, looms up:

He has receiv'd near every kind,
That you in any Store can find,
And as I purchase by the Bale,
I am determined to retail,
For READY PAY a little *lower*
Than ever have been had before.

I with my brethren mean to live:
But as for credit shall not give.

I would not live to rouse your passions,
For credit here is out of fashion.
My friends and buyers one and all,
It will pay you well to give a call.
You always may find me by my sign,
A few rods from the house divine.

The determination evinced by Mr. Andres of immortal memory, after he had purchased the "Bale," is certainly highly commendable and deserving of great and unmeasured praise. How few of our merchant princes of the present day, who advertise by the column in our huge Dailies, ever think of selling a "little *lower*" than they did "before!"

The old newspaper-reader was fortunately blessed with the absence in his favourite journal of those long political harangues, denominated by the gents of the "fourth estate," "editorials." He took his morning meal in these olden times in peace. No paper kept him company. Both eyes and his expectant mouth were devoted to the total annihilation of the comestibles spread on the little old-fashioned four-legged table, before him. Now the times rule things differently. The right eye watches the breakfast and the left optic scans the matutinal print. The great Daily paper with its terrible long leaden columns, extends over four wide pages of heavy paper, with the printing so small and close that two eyes could hardly be called sufficiently powerful to encompass everything displayed before them. And yet the "man of our day" is not satisfied with one of those vehicles or movers of public opinion, but two, three and even four morning papers are not enough to satisfy his craving for news and newspaper matter, but he must take his two evening papers and one or more favourite weeklies, to say nothing of the fortnightly, monthly and quarterly publications. The world *has* advanced. And the newspaper has made great strides and new and giant reforms have been created solely by the great press of the land. In every country its power and influence are felt. At its voice Kings and Potentates quail, governments shake and the whole universe is roused to a pitch of frenzied excitement. Contrast the power of the press now with what it was twenty years ago, and mark with what terrific strides it has leapt from its then comparatively humble position among the institutions of the age! Now every person bends to its all-conquering will. Its correspondents and reporters are everywhere. No place is too sacred for them. Even the quiet chambers of the great are invaded and with pen and pencil, note-books are filled with the words of living Rulers in every walk of life. Emperors, Queens and Princes, Marshals, Generals, all bow lowly to the dust at the approach of a representative of the press. Even the mighty general of a successful campaign unfolds to the newspaper man his whole strategy and plot, and long before the world is startled by the commander's eminent military tactics, and leviathan and bloody battles are fought and won amid the dread carnage and the roar of blatant artillery from a hundred guns, the peaceful correspondent flashes along the Atlantic cable the electric tidings of the brilliant plan, days before the deed is done. The prime minister of a powerful nation tells in alarm no doubt, to the Knight of the Quill, the future of the empire to which he is attached and what he contemplates doing, and the entire world knows it all ere twenty-four hours pass over the land. No place is too holy, no home too inviolate for the newsmonger. The very talk on the streets between private individuals is eagerly noted down, the whisperings of confidentials are found in print, and the

most important personage in the town or city has but to turn round, and the excited populace find the important fact duly chronicled in all the glory of leaded type.

Still, notwithstanding that the press is, to a large extent, prostituted by certain individuals attached to its staff, who should expiate their offences on the scaffold, (for we believe in hanging in extreme cases;) we hardly know what we should do were it not for the great papers and their brilliant staff of writers. Newspaper editing is now brought to the highest possible state of perfection. The various departments are divided; and each man has his own particular work to look after, and is expected to attend to it properly, which he mostly always does to the entire satisfaction of everybody. The literary department of the best journals now, is happily in a healthy state,—good and able reviews of the principal works that fall from the pens of noted fiction writers, poets, essayists and scientists frequently appearing. Some years ago, and not many years either, it was not expected from a daily paper to find in it a fair, honest opinion on a book. This was perhaps owing to the immense deal of work that came under the hands of editors and the subs. A good review takes time, study and brains—a thorough understanding of the book and its subject; and now most, if not all, the principal journals employ on their staff gentlemen, and sometimes ladies, whose only duty is to attend to the literary department of the paper; and these editors have their hands pretty full, for the books of the year comprise many thousands, and some of them are pretty tough ones, too. In former days the review column or page, as it was then called, belonged solely to the Monthly (and not always then either,) and the Quarterly. As there were so many books, and so little space allotted for their review in the serial publications, the notices which appeared, unless of course the work was one of much magnitude, and deserving of great attention, were mostly curt and unsatisfactory to author, reader, or any one else. Now this state of things has become ameliorated, and the reviews we peruse in the newspapers would do no discredit to the great Quarterlies and kindred serials. In dramatic and musical criticism the papers have improved wonderfully; and the journal which did not now give, the morning after the performance of a new drama, a full criticism of it, would hardly rank for much, and its lack of enterprise would be severely animadverted upon by its *confreres*.

Since science has made such headway, and the electric current joins the Old World with the New, the "big guns" of the press, notwithstanding the enormous expense attendant thereon, have sprung into the breach and shown a spirit of enterprise unexampled in the world's history. Now, little can transpire in any part of the habitable globe that escapes the notice of the newspaper reader. So great has the use of the wire become, that many of the journals have their entire correspondence come by telegraph. When the unhappy Franco-Prussian War broke out, the *New York Sun* exhibited a rare degree of enterprise when it offered Dr. Russell, of the London *Times*, his own terms to join the war party in their own interest. "We want no letters,"

said the *Sun;* "cable us everything." There was a *carte blanche* given to the *New York Herald's* special to use the cable on all occasions, and to telegraph everything he could. When news was dull, or when the fighting ceased, this indefatigable "special" interviewed his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, Marshal Bazaine, Bismarck, and a host of other notables, and the entire result, embracing several closely printed columns of the *Herald*, was at once telegraphed across to New York at an immense expense. The London *Times* and *Telegraph* handsomely acknowledged the superior enterprise of the American press, and re-copied the "interviews."

The dealers in Billingsgate are still, unhappily, at the helm of some really good papers, and this is truly a thing to be deplored. When will the leading dailies discountenance these vile slanderers of their fellow-men? How long is a suffering public to swallow down, with coffee and toast, whole mouthfuls of nausea such as are served up morning after morning? Time, which has wrought so many improvements since Mr. Dickens wrote about the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and that paper's journalistic encounter, may accomplish something shortly for the better in this unhealthy particular.

We will leave our brethren of the press here. Let them go on reforming in their own way. The great men of the empire write for the newspapers. The *Times* has on its roll of contributors such names as Earl Granville, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Napier, Gladstone, and thousands of other men, rulers in their several spheres. Deans and Bishops and Archbishops have time and again laid down the mitre, and seized the pen to right a wrong; and soldiers, covered with the dust and blood of fierce battle-fields, have defended their positions from aspersion and vituperation. The humbler merchant has left his counting-room on occasions, and by his pen and mind laid bare commercial matters for a British public to ponder through the broad columns of the Thunderer. The press is a mighty power, and one that ages, as they roll on, cannot beat back if they would. When the freedom of the press was proclaimed, a hitherto locked-up influence of a wide-spreading nature burst its bonds, and now, unrestrained, it walks the world over, the conqueror of the universe.

THE LAST WISH.

BY PYTHIAS.

When life, like a sorrowful vision has past.
Then bear me hence to the much-loved shore
Where sadly I've mourned in the stormy blast,
The loss of my loved ones, now no more.

Oh bury me there in the favourite glade
Where birches and firs in beauty blend,
Where the trembling aspen throws its shade
And myrtles their spicy odours lend.

For I love not the crowded sepulchral homes
Which proud cities assign to their dead,
Where, traced upon marble or sculptured stones,
Eulogiums untruthful are read.

Far dearer to me are the grassy mounds
Where the poor of the village repose,
Where their requiem's heard in the gurgling sounds
Of the serpentine brook as it flows.

Near the church where they prayed, they peacefully lie,
O'er their graves, the chimes mournfully sound,
As homeward returning, the rooks with hoarse cry,
Seek their nests in the woodlands around.

But dearest of all is the sea-beaten shore
Where I hope, scarce remembered to rest,
When the wearisome round of existence is o'er,
And the spirit communes with the blest.

O'er the place where I lie no head-stone I crave
Of virtues or lineage to tell;
All I ask is the tear of a friend on my grave,
A prayer, or some hopeful farewell.

SAWS AND SIMILES.

By S. Irene Elder, Riverbank, N. S.

How patiently the world has taken, age after age, its bitter doses of long-established saws and similes, and with what relentless vigour they are *still held up to duty, no consideration being shown them on account* of age or long service! Wind up the machinery, march them out; all duly numbered and labelled. No friendly voice asks if they don't need rest, or hints ever so vaguely at retiring on a pension, and the unfortunate principle of galvanized vitality cuts off all hope of any of them ever dying at its post. Is it not time to interfere and prove some of them, at least, out-lawed? If any one could succeed in making a few dozen of the standard illustrations illegal, he would deserve a seat in the coming "Federation of the World." Have we not been bored long enough with them, each being made to bristle as thick with "moral" as one of T. S. Arthur's stories? There are the Olympic games, which the "rising ministry" always present to their audience, especially in rural districts where the people are not supposed to have gone as far as Grecian History. If those wretched Greeks could have known what they were doing for posterity, would they not have developed *their muscles in some other way? Then that unfortunate* over-worked Maelstrom; how many infatuated crews of gaily painted boats has it carried around and finally swallowed up! The trifling

fact established by geographical investigation that the Maelstrom "aint there," does not of course interfere with the appropriateness of the simile. So useful a servitor cannot be released on that ground; but could it not on the score of humanity, in consideration of its long service? If some philanthropist would found an asylum for aged similes and toothless saws, what a rush there would be to its doors! The poor old upas tree and dead sea fruit with hosts of other veterans would perhaps find comfort in recounting to one another the sufferings they had endured at the hands of humanity.

Some enthusiastic but misguided individual cried out long ago in gushing delight at some of his verses, "Let me make the people's ballads and I care not who makes their laws." Nobody hindered him as I know of from making ballads to his heart's content, but in the ballads and laws too it is very difficult yet to keep the peace, and when Mr. Buncome delivers his soul-stirring lecture on "The Influence of Music," the reader is very fortunate if he is not called upon to listen to the scraping of this little saw as a clinching argument in favour of the all-powerful influence of sweet sounds.

Let music sweep its circle broad and pure, touching the finest chords of our being with a power all its own, but in the name of common-sense don't dress the airy goddess up in wig and ermine.

What comfort the "unappreciated" have taken in the reflection that

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Perhaps it is just as well it don't, considering the very doubtful character of some of the "greatest" it *has* known.

Then on all occasions when we are exhorted on the impossibility of turning round without the most alarming results following, and told how our down-sittings and up-risings, our outgoings and incomings are liable to be attended with influences that will outlive time, that everlasting "pebble" is dropped into the water again. I am sure I should think it would be quite worn away by water-friction by this time. If it only could be dropped once for all below soundings, but no, however deeply it goes, it is always fished up and produced for "further illustration." And how long, O ye speakers, how long are we to eat "Alfred's cakes and Newton's apple?" Why that mischief-making female could not have stayed at home and baked her own biscuit will ever, I suppose, remain a mystery, and as the present age demands "fact," can it be proved that it was anything but laziness sent Mr. Newton out to live under the apple-trees, although it is generally set down that his motives were of the most self-denying and scientific nature, as can easily be gathered from the introductory, "If Isaac Newton had not," etc., etc., as though it were a praise-worthy effort in Isaac? Well, all one can say is, if he had not he would have saved us a great deal. I suppose in spite of all we can say the "iron horse" and "electric wires" must still be glorified by our exhausted imaginations. There is a host of other evils by which the long enduring world has been victimized, not exactly by saws and similes, but connected with them by family ties in stereotyped subjects for essays and poems and certain methods of performing certain things.

Why must every new poet squeeze himself down at that "Round Table?" By the number already sitting there it must be uncomfortably crowded, or else its an "extension table." It must be or they would all have been squeezed to death long ago.

Is there nothing, O ye poets, to whom God has given the wondrous gift of tongues, in the events of the life that is breaking its billows at your feet and echoing its deep moan in your ear, to call you back from a lifeless past? Is there no discord there you can set to harmony? No pieces of spars or shattered sail your strong hands can gather from the drift-wood and fashion again into a bonnie boat to bear some bit of home-song back to the watchers on the shore? Must all the leaves given you for the nation's healing be cast on those far-off echoless waves dying on the shadowy shore of a dim past? Give us, O ye who know so well how to touch the chords, a song for to-day. A song whose strong spirit will call the colour back to fainting lips, the light to weary eyes, and nerve the tired foot for the long journey.

We must not omit to mention the Spanish Cloak and Hat, worn as a disguise by the first persecuted young nobleman who scaled the garden-wall to get under Arminella's window, with the accompanying rope-ladder in his pocket. If ever a suit of clothes was deserving of being buried with military honours for the long line of service it has seen, it is that cloak and hat. The way it was worn is enough to make one weep with rage when he looks at his best winter overcoat and finds it "won't do." What a conscience the tailor must have had who made it, to say nothing of the materials and thread. Even Mr. Browning trots out the cloak and hat on his Earl and hangs up the rope-ladder for that gentleman to gain admittance to his lady-love's window, when there was no earthly reason why he should not have entered at the door and asked to see her in the drawing-room, the whole family being anxious for "the match." When everything might have ended in a wedding instead of the whole lot dying in a heap. Truly, minds that are supposed to soar so high might bring us down something better from the "upper ocean" than that cloak and hat. If it was on its way to obscurity why capture it and bring it back to its weary round of duties?

The same unfortunate principle dovetails itself into our Provincial literature, or I suppose one must say now, the literature of our Dominion. If a prize is offered for any bit of writing it must be "something connected with the early history of our province," etc., etc., as though the not very exciting incidents connected with our early history had not been worn thread-bare. With us, in Nova Scotia, the expulsion of the Acadians is the incident, and the number of times those unfortunate Acadians have been obliged to leave their homes is heart-rending. Longfellow has immortalized it once and forever, for as long as men strive and women love, Evangeline will be a household word. But some of the reproductions of it are painful to contemplate. I have in my mind the recollection of one that came under my notice some years ago, for which, I think, there was a prize given when it first appeared. The impression left upon my mind by it is, that it was

always twilight in the village where those happy, loving Acadians lived; that there was always a cow-bell being rung in the distance, and the peasants were perpetually dancing on the green. A feeling of sympathy for the peasant's ankles has clung about my recollections of the work. How nobly they discharged their duty and danced vigorously away through the entire volume patiently wiping their perspiring brows and energetically shaking their aching feet in order to be pretty and picturesque. But we forbear. Now I am sure every incident connected with our early history has been hashed and rehashed until one turns sick at the sight of the oft-served dish. Let us all unite in chanting "Requiescat in pace," over the grave of "historic incident." Let the grave be dug broad and deep, and hopefully, thankfully, tumble them in. We can never have a literature that will be even recognized abroad if we perpetually paddle around our own shores. Let us strike out into the waters beyond, where the heart of humanity throbs and burns and suffers. There are depths there that have never been sounded, waiting the dropping of the explorer's plummit. Jewels are burning in unnoticed beauty there that would well repay for the richest setting. The prize-givers generally seem to think that this is the grand method of attracting the attention of the world, and of developing "native talent." But the world goes on being stupid. It hardly knows where we live. There are names among us that are winning laurels by their pens, but they do *not* harness up those over-worked "incidents," and trot them around the uncultivated acres of the "happy past" when the high-minded savage scalps his white brother, and the energetic "daughter of the pale face" splits open the red eagle's head, much to the amazement and disgust of that hero. Have we not all had enough of those "thrilling adventures?" Life is before us with its many voices. The deep low minor of pain ever underlying the pæan of victory. There was never an age of the world when the life of humanity burned with such intenseness as the present. While a dozen people dwell on as many acres, any who have the author's gift need not want for incidents to group in light and shade. The tamest village will furnish more character, more romance, more tragedy, if life only be turned, as Mr. Archer has it, "the seamy side out," than could be written in a life-time.

Shall we say a word for the man who became the greatest individual power in the world simply by laying his finger on human pulses? He whose loss has "darkened the world like an eclipse." Great, large-hearted humanity-loving Boz; the mighty disturber of humbugs who waged such noble warfare for the rights of man, as man descending, lighted by the torch of his own noble nature, into the darkest caverns of the human soul, and there alone and patiently he worked, turning over and over some putrid mass, until at last he found the jewel, Christ's hand, dropped there when a soul was born. How his eye brightened as he polished it and set it in a ring of gold to wear on the strong hand with which he points the world where they may find its sister pearls. He wore no badge to tell us he was set apart for the fullest interpretation of the grand "Ecce Homo" of humanity, and

yet many a starved heart that had waited in vain for food, while learned creeds and long established formulas were being aired over their heads, can testify that this man brought Christ's message of "good will toward men" nearer than them all. Shall we ever have his like again? Is there a sufficient number of "good men and true" among his numerous disciples to keep the ground he won inch by inch in his hand-to-hand encounter with official absurdity and legalized and social wrong? Will not humbug, now that its wasteful enemy is under the turf arise, and smoothing out its sadly crumpled garments, shake its head in wise fashion and say "all very well to an extent, but there is something wrong here." The cry has already gone out. Because he measured longer than some tape-man's little yard-stick, there is something (?) wrong forsooth. How long shall the child ask for bread and receive a stone, and how long before all who claim a right to direct others, will recognize the fact that the man whose dealings with his brother man is most in accordance with the broad teachings of the New Testament, is the christian man while the so-called veteran who has all his life shouted his little creed and thrust the little flag of his regiment in every comer's face, and whom Boards and Synods delight to honour, may enter the Kingdom of Heaven far behind many he has condemned.

MISFORTUNATE.

BY IZOBERT.

Many a weary day
We have wandered on our way;
Many a dreary night,
We have waited for the light.

Quiet resting spot
We have sought in lowly cot,
But to each pleasant vale
Followed dark and dreary bale.

But after each dark sorrow
Rose the sun of hope to-morrow,
And in coldest winter-day
Love cheered us with his ray.

With my hand in thine
Shall we despair or pine?
With our eyes of love,
We can want the stars above.

Rest for me and you,
For the loving and the true,
Waiteth evermore
On the wide eternal shore.

THOUGHTS, FACTS AND FANCIES.

By Rev. M. Harvey, St. John's, Nfld.

SCIENCE *versus* DISEASE.

At the late meeting of the *British Association for the Advancement of Science*, a discussion took place on Professor Tyndal's recent discovery of a method by which those poisonous germs that propagate zymotic diseases, may be filtered from the air before it enters the lungs, and thus risk from contagion be immensely lessened. Tyndal's contrivance for effecting this is beautifully simple. All that is necessary is, that the air, before entering the lungs, should pass through cotton wool, which completely strains out the deadly animal poisons with which it may be charged. Should we have to visit a cholera or fever hospital, or any sick-room or tainted locality, it is only necessary to wear a respirator having a pad of cotton wool so arranged that the air will pass through it before inhalation; and though we move in the midst of deadly poisons, like the miner with the safety-lamp in his hand, we are secure from danger. Even the simple matter of a thick woollen comforter, drawn over the mouth and nostrils, will go far to secure the same immunity from infection.

Should this discovery be verified, on further trial, as is confidently anticipated by some of our foremost scientific men, it may prove to be, when thoroughly applied, a greater boon to humanity than even the discovery of chloroform. Its far-reaching consequences are very obvious. Physicians need no longer incur deadly perils when visiting those sick of contagious diseases. Nurses in public hospitals will not, in future, find their profession as deadly as a battle-field. Relatives will no longer have to gratify their affections at the peril of their lives, in soothing the dying moments of their connections. The patients themselves may, in many cases, be completely isolated; so that the radiation of infection will be impossible. Lung diseases, that now sweep off so many thousands annually, may be averted or greatly mitigated. It is even within the bounds of possibility, that the deadly pestilence may yet be brought under human control, deprived of its sting, or arrested in its march.

Here, then, we have another illustration of the beneficent tendency of science, which is simply knowledge rightly applied, and which has already taught us to elude so many destructive forces of nature. In this way does nature reward those who courageously and fearlessly look into her beautiful face, and question her, lovingly and reverently, regarding her secrets. In order to pass through this wonderful world safely and happily, we must endeavour to understand nature, and know what she would be at. To the cowardly and superstitious she is always terrible; but to those who look her in the face with unquailing, trusting glance, she is gracious and communicative. To tell us that we are not to pry into the secrets of the universe, is to tell us that we are not to provide for our own life and well-being, or for the happiness and improvement of our children after us. We may not be able to annihilate physical evil, but

we can turn it aside, and render it comparatively harmless. Through the investigations of science, the lightning's stroke is now warded off, the approaching storm is announced, and the virus of small pox is disarmed of its power to hurt. We cannot say to the sea, "be dried up," or to the river, "stand thou still;" but we can glide safely over the bosom of the one in our steam-driven ocean rangers, and we can build an iron highway over the other. All these, and a thousand other ameliorations of human conditions, are the results of brave and patient investigations of the physical facts of the universe. If, under the influence of cowardly fear, we shrink from intercourse with nature, she will whisper none of her secrets; and, from ignorance, we shall come into collision with her relentless laws, and most assuredly get the worst of it. But if we patiently seek we shall find, if we ask it shall be given unto us.

The discovery of permanent order, of unswerving law in the universe, is at once "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It tells us that nature is not demonish, but divine; not a collection of blind forces grinding on relentlessly, but the result of a beneficent ordinance, the source of which is the Infinite Love. There is joy, not dread, in such a disclosure. It is cheering, and breathes hope and courage and love into the heart. Moreover, it shows us how precious and desirable is that habit of mind which forbids us to fear facts, and leads us ever to face them hopefully and courageously. Can anything be more cheering than to find that man can know truth, and that the more of it he acquires, the more dignified and beautiful his life becomes? The steps by which Tyndall tells us he was led to his great discovery, and the series of rigid experiments by which he verified it, are most instructive, and illustrate, beautifully and strikingly, that profound reverence for facts which ever characterizes the highest intellect. The love of truth, *for its own sake*, is indispensable in all original investigators of nature's secrets, and is one of the noblest results of intellectual and moral culture in any man.

HAVE WE NOT ALL ONE HUMAN HEART?

That was a striking saying of German Heine,—"If we only reflect on it, we are all naked under our clothes." Under all our outside wrappings, we carry within the same human heart, having substantially the same wants, longings and aspirations—the same hopes and fears; and we are all encompassed with the same dread mysteries. Our cosmological conceptions, or theories of the universe may differ very widely. The working theory of the world, possessed by a Greek or a Roman, was very different from that mental image of the totality of things, that now sways the actings of an Englishman or an American. And yet, when you search down to the roots of their being, they are one. Stripped of the *toga* and the *surtout* they are substantially the same; "under their clothes" they are morally identical. The emotions, passions, longings, bounding and billowing in the heart of man and shaping his destiny, were the same two thousand years before as two thousand years after the Christian era. Does any one doubt this? Let him open Homer, and there, as face answers to face in a glass, he finds his own experiences, joys and sorrows represented, and his heart responds as delightedly to the song of "the

Father of Poetry" as to that of Wordsworth, Tennyson or Bryant. In this great epic, amid the clash of arms, the shouts of the warriors, and the rush of battle-steeds, we ever and anon light on some little trait of humanity, some tender scene, some "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," some genuine utterance of the universal heart, all showing that man's nature was the same then as it is now, and that Homer had the same human soul to mirror forth as that whose workings have been depicted by Danté, Shakspeare and Burns. We are at once thrown back on our own familiar experiences, often borne away to the scenes of childhood. Take the parting of Hector and Andromache—at the close of the sixth Book of the Iliad—what pathos in the pleadings of the fond wife—what noble courage and patriotism blended with tenderness, in Hector's utterances! But when

> "As he spoke great Hector stretch'd his arms
> To take his child; but back the infant shrank,
> Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
> Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
> That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
> Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
> Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
> All glitt'ring on the ground; then kiss'd his child,
> And danced him in his arms."

As we look back on a scene like this, the curtains that shroud the long-buried past are drawn aside, the partition wall of three thousand years melt away, and a father and mother of the nineteenth century are before us. Even in higher and deeper matters, on the eternal laws by which the world is governed, the vast facts of God and Providence, the relation of man to God, we find in Homer that where these come into action, the difference between man and man melts away, and the oldest bard speaks as deeply and truly as the youngest, as definitely too, though not so elaborately. The dependence of man on a heavenly King and providential guide was, in Homeric men, a clear and calm conviction. Questionings of destiny too, that remind us of the lofty argument of the Book of Job, meet us not unfrequently—utterances of scepticism and of faith commingle; and visions of avenging justice in the spirit-realms, to set right the wrongs of earth, are shadowed forth. The tomb is not twined wholly with the dark cypress-wreath;—a gleam of glory lights up the shadowy hereafter;—and we get a glimpse of "the far-off Elysian fields, where dwells Rhadamanthus with the golden hair, where life is ever sweet, and sorrow is not, nor winter, nor any rain or storm, and the never-dying zephyrs blow soft and cool from off the ocean." Truly these men of three thousand years ago were our brothers. They had our poor joys and woes, loves and hates; and the some dreary entanglements and strangling doubts and weary contradictions, with which we are fighting, formed a part of their lot. Tears and laughter from the same fountains as our own moistened their cheeks, and brightened their eyes. We draw back the curtains of night, and as we gaze, we are brought close to them in beautiful human sympathy. Like Chamarmour, our poor humanity is linked together. We are indeed children of one family, with the same work to

do, the same trials, passions, difficulties, the same souls to save. "The wrath of Achilles" is repeated to-day; and over the trials of Penelope, the woes of Andomache, and the agony of the aged Priam, our tears fall, for they have their counterparts in the battle of life as it rages around us at this very hour, and their sorrows are felt to be our own.

THE DECAY OF FAITH.

Every one conversant with the higher literature of the day must be struck with the tone of doubt, in regard to matters of faith, with which it is pervaded. Dogma is now rarely cited as an authority; or, if it be, the attempt is smiled at in contemptuous silence. "Truth," we are told, "is what each man troweth" Every man is regarded as a law unto himself. More and more a personal standard of belief is set up, and the question is not what do the church and tradition think, but what do you think yourself? The same spirit shews itself in politics and social science. The moorings that bind men to the past are everywhere loosened or cut. Rather than be content with the creeds that sufficed for their fathers, and remain quietly in the harbour, the boldest thinkers prefer to "launch their Mayflower," and push out on the wintry sea of doubt. The sceptical stand-point is openly seized and avowed. Tennyson tells us that

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

While he urges tenderness towards the faith that is sincerely held, yet he feels himself looking down upon it from a loftier region and a purer air:—

> "O thou that after toil and storm
> May'st seem to have reach'd a purer air,
> Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself to form,
>
> Leave thou thy sister; when she prays,
> Her early Heaven, her happy views;
> Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.
>
> Her faith, thro' form is pure as thine,
> Her hands are quicker unto good:
> O, sacred be the flesh and blood
> To which she links a truth divine."

Nor is this doubting spirit confined to matters non-essential; it ventures into the most sacred regions, and rudely handles even fundamental truths. What were once regarded as matters of certainty are now freely criticised or keenly debated. It is startling to find a man like the great and good Bunsen saying as Dr. McCosh reports him, "I am not sure about allowing that God is a Being and cannot admit that God is a Person." But it is re-assuring to find the same man on his death-bed saying "I see Christ and in Christ God. The highest and best is to have known Christ. Have you any doubts? I have none. It is sweet to die. I am in the Kingdom of God." But in other men, who are not possessed of the "God-consciousness," as he named faith in a divine moral order in the world, or the deep moral nature of the great German, doubt is purely destructive and becomes a sneering acquiescence in the world as it is; or as

Thackeray puts it, "a belief qualified with scorn, in all things extant," the received creeds being pronounced "mythuses enveloped in enormous tradition." In other cases, this sadducean spirit that accepts things as they are, with no heavier protest than a scoff or a laugh, enjoying itself meanwhile in easy self-indulgence in sight of a groaning world, is flung aside, and developes into fierce rebellion against moral order and open advocacy of epicurean sensuality.

Among the finer spirits, however, who cannot acquiesce in the creed that man's career on earth is "from a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust," one can detect a deep undertone of sadness, at times amounting to despondency, amid their doubts. These are the honest doubters towards whom our tenderest sympathies should go out. They deeply feel that no true man can live in doubt, and that if, as they think, their lot has been cast in an age when dead creeds, "through which the spirit breathes no more" are awaiting burial, and no new lights have appeared, then this must be to all noble spirits, a sad and depressing time. Their pathetic cry is for "more light." The fond regret with which they cast backward glances at their early faith, which they believe, can never be restored, is touching and sadly significant. All such honest doubters, if they persevere, will reach the firm ground of faith. On the chaff of doubt their souls cannot live. But in their stern determination to put aside all quackery, in their passionate love of truth and their determination to follow it at all hazards, we see an infinite hope for their future. The old truth, which is as imperishable as its author, will gradually disintangle itself for them from the mere dead form, and robe itself in new and brighter shapes; and faith, without which man's life would be a waste, and all his achievements pyramids of ashes, will yet, as a beautiful rainbow, over-arch their heavens. They will see that God's world is no mere "cattle stall," no "vanity fair," but a solemn temple, "a hall of doom," a spiritual training ground, with bright vistas opening into "the land of the hereafter." For all honest doubters, therefore, there is hope that in time they will leave behind the quagmires of doubt, and plant their feet on the firm rock of faith.

We should never dread the spirit of honest inquiry, if we have confidence in the might of truth. A blindly credulous age is one prolific of superstition and all its baleful offspring. Invariably faith degenerates into falsehood, when the spirit of inquiry is forcibly suppressed or denounced as impious. Pious frauds, the most detestable of all dishonesties, abound when unreasoning credulity holds sway. For the creed that is held without the courage to look into its evidences, we can have no respect. There is a sense in which the poet's utterance is true that "there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds,"—if those creeds be acquiesced in blindly or in sheer terror lest on examination they should be found false, and if the "honest doubt" is determined to press on till it has found solid footing of some kind. Faith itself, beautiful and fruitful though it be, requires the purifying spirit of inquiry to keep it from perilous abuse and wild imaginings.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

What an awkward, ungainly, clumsy-looking creature is the lobster,

with its sprawling legs and heavy plated armour! And yet, of all the denizens of the great deep, who live

> "A cold, sweet silver life, wrapped in round waves,
> Quicken'd with touches of transporting fear,"

none is more wonderful, in structure and habits, than this commonplace, despicable lobster. What can be more remarkable than a creature that carries its stomach in its head, and changes it every year for a new one, which new one begins its life by digesting the old? We all know some "humans" who resemble the lobster in having their stomachs in their heads, their existence being mainly digestive, and themselves "digesters;" but many a poor dyspeptic would give the world to be able to imitate the lobster by growing a new stomach annually, and discarding the old troublesome, faulty organ. This absurd fellow, besides, carries what little hair he has got *inside* his breast, for greater security perhaps; and when his legs are injured, or not working properly, he kicks them off, and goes to bed until new ones are grown. How our gouty, rheumatic human subjects might envy such a privilege. How it would tend to lessen the miseries of war, if the poor mutilated soldier had only to retire for a few days into the hospital, and there grow arms and legs, as vigorous as those that had been carried off by shot or shell! Once a year too, this odd crustacean puts off his shell-clothing, finding, like the growing school-boy, with his jacket, that it has become too tight for his expanding bulk. Indeed so rapid is his growth that, during his first year, he requires a new suit every six weeks. When thus unclothed, he modestly retires from society into some convenient hole, till the new crust is grown. Other fishes carry their flesh decently wrapped round their framework, but this "otherwise minded" creature carries his only in his legs and tail. The "hen-lobster" retains her eggs within her body till they become fruitful, and then partly hatches them outwardly, under her tail, and finally commits them to the sand or water, where they come to life in forty-eight hours. To crown all, this absurd fellow-mortal has a pair of staring eyes, like a policeman's "bull's eye," placed in movable horns. Surely we may regard the lobster as the standing romance of the sea!

Exceedingly clever too is the lobster. It loves the clear water at the base of rocks overhanging the sea. While it is able to creep along the bottom with considerable speed, it has also in its broad tail-plates a propeller superior to that of the finest Cunarder in its mechanism, and from which engineers might get many a valuable hint. With a single stroke of this propeller, it can throw itself directly into its hole, from a distance of twenty to thirty feet, or it can project itself forward with as great ease, almost as rapidly as a bird on the wing. The ability it displays in loosening and throwing off its shelly armour has awakened the wonder and admiration of the ablest naturalists, especially in its achievement of withdrawing the large muscles from the claws.

The lobster, moreover, plays an important part in the great scheme of creation. As an article of food it is in high demand, and many

thousands of families obtain their bread by capturing and disposing of this favourite crustacean. It is calculated that for the commissariat of London alone there are required annually two millions and a half of crabs and lobsters. Other large towns require a supply proportionately great. From all parts of the Scottish shores lobsters are collected and sent to London and other great cities. They are kept alive at the place of capture, in perforated chests floating in water, till called for by the welled smacks that carry them to market. Lobsters taken on the north-east coast of Scotland and at Orkney are now packed in sea-weed and sent in boxes to London by railway. Artificial store-ponds are now constructed near the large towns for their reception till wanted for the market. Near Southampton one of these ponds is to be seen, fifty yards square, excavated at a cost of £1200. It will store with ease 50,000 lobsters, and the animals may remain in the pond as long as six weeks, with little chance of being damaged. From the west and north-west coasts of Ireland immense quantities of lobsters are sent to the London market; and it is said that 10,000 a week are easily obtained. A very large share of the lobsters used in Britain are derived from Norway, as many as 30,000 sometimes arriving from the fiords in one day. The Norwegians draw £20,000 a year from English lobster eaters for this single article of commerce.

So prolific is the lobster that there is little fear of extermination notwithstanding the immense and increasing number of its captors. A good-sized lobster will yield about 20,000 eggs, and these are hatched, being so nearly ripe before they are abandoned by the mother, with great rapidity—it is said in forty-eight hours—and grow quickly. It is supposed that the animal becomes reproductive at the age of five years. In France, the lobster fishery is to some extent "regulated." A "close time" exists, and size is the one element of capture that is most studied. All the small lobsters are thrown back into the water. When the "hen" is in process of depositing her eggs she is not good for food, the flesh being poor, watery, and destitute of flavour.

BACH AND HAENDEL.

III.

(Concluding Paper.)

BY E. PEILER.

We have now reviewed the lives of the two great masters, and will conclude with a description of their characters and works.

Their leading characteristics, and the elevated aim and the depth of their creative powers, we have learned to know; and also how much similarity there was between the two men, in spite of the different sources whence they drew inspiration. What strikes us most

forcibly is their *individual and personal* weight; and this is impressed upon their works, and connects itself inseparably with them. It is this strongly marked *personality* which makes them appear like giants among a generation of dwarfs; and while contemplating them, they seem to grow larger and more important in comparison with the littleness and insipidity of the spirit of their age. The political life of those days had begun to lose consistency under the influence of revolutionary elements; and the firm steps of advancing change caused a yet almost imperceptible tremor in hitherto stable foundations: religion gathered her warriors around her, reason drew her shining sword against gloomy orthodoxy, and freedom of thought began the battle with pietistic darkness and mysticism; earnest morality opposed itself with dignity to light-minded grace and frivolousness, but could unfortunately meet their bold and attractive temptations with only affected pathos. Artists sacrificed too frequently to the prevailing taste for trifling and insignificant productions; and manly strength and seriousness looked in vain for acknowledgment. And in the same measure that irreconcilable contrasts went side by side in society, so individuals held completely incongruous opinions, and frequently made their minds abiding places for the most opposite elements. The historian looks in vain for that singleness of purpose, which can be arrived at only after opposing principles have settled their boundaries in the domain of thought; and wherever he believes to see, as it were, the embryo of a settled purpose, it proves, upon nearer inspection, to be but a fragment; individual healthy and organic growth is nowhere perceptible.

In the midst of such times and circumstances, men like *Bach* and *Haendel* inspire the beholder with admiration which is due to individuals who, surrounded by universal perplexity and weakness, show manly strength, firmness of character, and nobility of thought and feeling. Both appear protected by the bright shield of faith, armed with the consciousness of pure intentions, God in their hearts, and their art ever before their eyes. And yet, in spite of this great similarity, we see, upon nearer approach, a considerable contrast—still, a contrast which serves to unite the two likenesses, as it were, into one imposing picture.

Let us contemplate *Bach's* life; how plain and simple, and still how dignified! How completely he fulfils his duties—how self-sacrificing and faithful he is in his work, in spite of ill-treatment and abuse; *how modest and humble, although fully conscious of his powers; how* contented with his lowly and circumscribed lot; how full of love and care for his large family, whom, nevertheless, he rules with fatherly earnestness. And throughout all this hard and sorrowful life, we never lose sight of the shining thread of a steadfast faith in God and reliance upon His goodness. Thus his life presents the picture of *patriarchal dignity.*

Haendel's life—how different! In early youth, already we see him surrounded by the world. Pleasure, honour and fame accompany his steps, but cannot tempt him to be unfaithful to himself. Applause

does not make him swerve from his path, or lead him to do homage to the multitude or flatter his admirers; honourable distinctions, laurel wreaths showered upon him by temporal and spiritual princes, never cause him to bend his proud head; and love tries in vain to subdue his heart. Leaning upon his mighty genius, he accepts the battle with wealth and worldly powers, and defeat itself adds to his strength. And at the very moment when fortune turns her back upon him, when the world considers him a ruined man—ruined in health and wealth—he accomplishes the last round on the ladder of greatness, and enters the realms of eternal fame. Haendel appears like a brave knight and warrior, who, in God's service, battles with thousands, whose strength increases in the fight, against whom the waves of life dash, to be themselves scattered without moving him. In contrast to Bach, Haendel's life presents the picture of *heroic grandeur*.

Not only the lives, but also the natures of our two masters show many points of contrast. Both are essentially God-fearing men. *Bach's* world is within himself; his faithful heart finds in all occurrences material for its own use. Joy or trouble, hope or sorrow, find him ever strong and dignified, for he never fails to see God's hand in all these things; thus the fruits of faith and trust are nourished and perfected within him by all that occurs without, and his immortal works become the living representatives of a life of faith.

Haendel's religious nature, on the other hand, although quite as deeply seated, proves its existence by stepping out of itself. His mind loves to dwell upon the deeds of God's elect people, and the heroes of Israel become the representatives of his ideas and sentiments. *Bach* gives himself directly, therefore he selects his subjects with the view of expressing feelings. *Haendel* expresses himself indirectly, and changes, so to speak, into another personality, which is made to speak for him. *Bach* is subjective: *Haendel*, objective; the former turns his attention from necessity and nature to the musical service of the church, the latter to the oratorio.

There is a difference, even, in the *faith* of Bach and Haendel. *Bach* moves in a clearly defined circle contained within himself, and quite separated from the outside world. The mysteries of religion are the stones wherewith he builds—mysteries which can be understood by those only who approach them in purity and faith. He is a protestant from conviction, his thoughts and feelings do not overstep the boundaries of this confession, but move in the circle of acknowledged dogmas.

Haendel's inner life extends farther. His attention, not being confined to a contemplation of his own emotions, but turned to historical truths connected with religion, gives him more extended views, and represents his character under more varied aspects. He also is a protestant; but his faith is not founded upon conviction so much as upon reverence. We know the reply which he gave during his stay in Rome, when asked to go over to the Roman Church: "I am neither able nor inclined to inquire into matters of this kind, and therefore resolved to die a member of that church in which I was born and

educated, no matter if her dogmata be true or false." Nothing could serve better to characterize his position with reference to his church. His spirit stands unconsciously *above* confessional prejudices, and has reached that sphere where the light of freedom shines, and human views and institutions have lost their significance. Franz Brendel, in speaking of his *Messiah*, says very correctly: "In this work he oversteps strictly dogmatic boundaries, and reaches a height of contemplation which can be reached only by breaking the fetters of simply confessional views." In the domain of music, *Haendel* is the first prophet of *humanism*, while *Bach* is the last of *essentially protestant faith*; in the latter the courage, the inspiration and fiery zeal of the reformation are once more embodied at a time entirely opposed to appearances of this kind, and his works preach the peculiar dogma with irresistible force; while *Haendel* is the first to sound the mighty trumpet of *unfettered spirituality*.

Protestantism and humanism are the respective centres of Bach's and Haendel's creations. However great and powerful Bach may be, however unsurpassed in his own domain, the effects of his subjective and confessional limitations are easily perceptible.

The worship of protestantism being of a spiritual and inward nature and appearing but rarely in outward manifestations, leads easily to self-contemplation and abstraction, not unfrequently completely ignoring natural causes. Humanism on the other hand is a connecting link between inner life and outer world and unites the two powers with a loving hand. In art it contrasts spirituality and depth of feeling with beauty and completeness of form, and blends the two into a lovely and expressive unity.

Bach lives entirely within himself and his connection with matters outside is slight; to bring forth what exists within his breast is the one great object of his art, and the form in which he clothes his meaning, is of secondary importance. Rachel calls him, and we think not unjustly, the metaphysician among musicians and compares him to the great philosopher Kant.

Haendel on the other hand, never ignores effect as completely as Bach does, although in his works also, meaning is always superior to form. Still with him both conjointly create the desired impression, while *Bach* first and foremost impresses through the power of thought and meaning. With this we do not desire to convey the idea that Bach was not completely master of form; on the contrary, in one direction at least, he reached a perfection which Haendel never accomplished; we mean the artistic and polyphonous conduct and weaving together of parts, in which no cotemporary, predecessor or successor ever nearly approached him. The endeavour to comprehend the deepest sense of his subject drives him to represent musically the contents not only of each single sentence, but of every individual word in all its varied meanings, while the warmth and depth of his feelings and the wealth of his imagination preserves him from shipwreck on the dangerous rock of empty formality and cold calculation.

Haendel's nature prompts him to find different subjects of a kind.

Heroes at war with circumstances of life and society, yea with the deity himself, are the objects to whom he surrenders his own individuality, and from choice he bears fetters, from which *Bach* is entirely free. Bach illustrates the lyric side of God's word, while Haendel represents the epic aspect. Characteristic representation of persons and actions is the latter's problem, and for this field the opera was his best school of preparation. His choruses are massive, mighty and full of life, his melodies manly and bold, nevertheless often lovely and graceful, although not as varied as *Bach's*, for the latter expands in the endeavour to represent feeling, while Haendel concentrates his efforts to produce dramatic effect *Haendel's* form is clear and simple, short and comprehensive and therefore more immediately effective, while *Bach* impresses more indirectly by means of the depth and meaning of his creations; his form is principally attractive on account of its contents.

Bach's inclination to give himself, led him naturally to an extensive cultivation of instrumental music. Here he found entire freedom from circumscribing fetters and could give free vent to the play of his vigorous imagination. Of all instrumerts it is first the organ which receives his attention. One and the same spirit lives in his organ compositions and his sacred vocal works, still the difference produced by the media of representation, is unmistakable. The human voice, being limited in extent and motive power, prevents that free and boundless play of the imagination, for which the organ is such an unequalled medium. Here he had an opportunity of giving himself unreservedly and completely, absolutely and without hinderance. Therefore free play of feeling and imagination characterize his organ compositions in contrast to his vocal productions. Here it is especially the fugue which from his hands receives the most perfect development, and the fire, the deep-seated excitement and the mighty wealth of thought contained in those compositions have never again been reached by a mortal. Inexhaustible flow of themes, everlasting originality of fancy and feeling cause one to forget the purely technical outer garment and elevate it to a pure representation of inner life; his fugues breathe the charm of ever-blooming flowers.

Upon the violin and piano also he has bestowed rich treasures, and it is astonishing to contemplate the well-nigh inexhaustible flow of productions in the shape of concertos, sonatas, fugues, fantasias, variations and suites which he wrote for these instruments. In these compositions of Bach we find more particularly a clear and complete expression of his personality; they are characterized by naiveté, joyousness, fervour and grace, and give the impression of a preeminently lovable, charming and captivating individuality.

With *Haendel* it was less of a necessity to write for instruments; his imagination was more easily satisfied with concrete life, and therefore his instrumental works have not the same artistic value as those of Bach; at the same time they are none the less outwardly effective and often even surpass the latter's works in that particular. While *Bach's* compositions develope to complete perfection and, as it were,

close the contrapuntal labours of past centuries, *Haendel's* prepare the way for later efforts and mark the beginning of a new era.

We will now, in conclusion, review the historical position of the two masters. It was a twofold mission which both were called to fulfil; to bring to perfection the labours of past centuries with regard to form and contents, and to open new paths for future efforts.

From the time of the Reformation to the middle of the last century the church and her life were the centre of all artistic efforts. On the one hand faith itself, and on the other deeds of religious heroes are the store from which musicians took their subjects. *Bach* drew his inspirations from the former, Haendel from the latter source.

At the same time *Bach* represents the specifically German and national tendency of mind, while *Haendel* unites with this Italian forms and is therefore a more cosmopolitan character.

Bach perfects the efforts of *Johannes Eccard*, *Haendel* those of *Heinrich Schutz*.

Both masters belong to a time when the media of musical expression were yet limited; but the known was by them brought to the highest perfection. Both used instruments, and especially the orchestra, in the proper manner and put it in the right relationship to vocal music. Still the limited means did not permit either Bach fully to express individual inner life, or Haendel dramatic action and character. The spirit of their works towers far above their forms; hence we perceive in them a grandeur which remains unexpressed, and from that cause we feel the divine sublimity of their productions. In fact, the two masters close the epoch of the sublime style of writing.

Withal they reach into the epoch of the absolutely beautiful style. *Bach* elevates instrumental music and becomes the forerunner of his son *Emanuel*, while *Haendel's* dramatic efforts are brought to perfection and fully developed by *Gluck*.

Bach and *Haendel!* Two great names, whose possessors tower above the art-life of the last century like two brazen pillars of fame. Mighty and powerful, in sublime majesty they stand, unmoved, unaltered, in everlasting grandeur, while the hurricane of time rushes past and cannot shake or change them. Embodying the spiritual efforts of past centuries in the domain of music, their works will ring with a mighty sound into all future ages.

ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

THE first Napoleon was in the very zenith of his power; proud kingdoms and noble empires crumbled to the dust before the Corsican conqueror, and brave warriors from almost every country in Europe fell back at successive charges of the brilliant old guard of the first Empire of France; Bonaparte had just successfully concluded the terms of the Treaty of Amiens with England in 1802, and comparative quiet

reigned in the senatorial halls of European legislatures, when, a few months afterwards, in the genial summer of 1803, on the 24th of July, was born at Villers-Cotterets, Alexandre Davy Dumas. Peace dwelt *o'er the land when the novelist and dramatist* was ushered into existence; but it was a short-lived blessing. New homes were destined to be made desolate. Bloody battles by land and sea were yet to be fought; and the cries and groans of countless thousands were to break the still night air from maimed and wounded ones, on many a sanguinary field and gory ocean. The terrible battle of Jena was but two and a half years into the future, when the dark-skinned *litterateur* first beheld the light of day. Singularly enough, born in the midst of war, his sun has gone down during the enactment of just such another bloody duel between two of the foremost nations of the earth. He was alive when Jena was fought, and he lived long enough to suffer the humiliation of a lost Sedan.

The father of the great French author was a celebrated general in the service of Napoleon the first, and he bore the same name as that of his gifted son. This noted soldier was the natural offspring of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, and an African negro girl. In the year 1786, he entered the service of France as a dragoon; and step by step, by distinguished service, by brilliant deeds in battle, and marked bravery in many a skirmish with the enemy, he rapidly attained deserved promotion, and 1793 saw him a General of Division. The campaigns of Egypt and of Italy were the fields of his exploits. While in Egypt, not being of a very robust constitution, his health became shattered by the rough life of a marching soldier, and he returned to France to recruit his energies. His vessel was ploughing her way homewards, when a violent storm swept over the sea. All hands were at the pumps; the sails were shortened, and the seething white-caps flew over the deck and filled the cabin. Wild confusion reigned on board; but the hardy mariners worked and toiled for their lives. Every moment seemed their last. The ship, at the mercy of the waves, rocked uneasily in her troubled bed. The storm was at its height, and the loosened thunderbolts of heaven mingled with the raging elements below. Still the ill-starred craft, with her tangled rigging, and the tri-colour of France flaunting in the breeze at the mast-head, strove to continue her journey. At last the end came, and the torn wreck was forced into Taranto. The general was immediately recognized by the Sicilian government. He was taken before the tribunal, and without even so much as a trial, the fact of his being a French officer being deemed sufficient, he was thrown into one of the strongest dungeons of Sicily. Here, for two long years, he remained, without once seeing the light of heaven. His numerous and bloody wounds festered, and his broken heart wept. He was then released; but, being entirely unfit for further service, he retired to Villers-Cotterets, and remained for a few years, dragging out the end of a suffering, languishing life, and when the year of 1807 arrived, that life-battle was over. The heroic general died, regretted by everybody alike for his nobleness of character and daring deeds. The

whole army felt the loss keenly; and his family being left destitute, was at one time actually upon an almost starvation-diet.

The younger Dumas was therefore brought into the world under rather unfavourable circumstances. An orphan at the early age of three years, and a poor one at that, he had not the advantages so necessary to one in his position. It seems strange that the Emperor, in whose welfare the romancer's father took such interest, and who contributed so much to the success of the "Little Corporal" in his conquering expeditions—who lost his life, in fact, for it was from wounds and a broken-down constitution that he died—should not have provided in some way for the family of one of his bravest "right-hand men." The Emperor did nothing for young Dumas and his mother at this time, however much he may have done afterwards; and the early education of the dramatist was, in consequence of being in poor circumstances, and lacking influential friends, sadly neglected. The love that the mother bore her son, and the strong attachment that sprung up between young Alexandre and his two sisters, inseparably connected this poor and proud family. The idea of a separation never entered their heads, and the four loving hearts struggled on together. The parish priest gave what little time he could spare in instructing the son, for whom he had formed a liking, in latin; and to this good father belongs the credit of having instilled into the youthful mind the love and ambition of authorship. He it was who first taught Dumas the beauties of poesy. The influence which the verses of the poets of the heroic age, and the poems of the French bards, had upon the eager, enquiring brain, soon made the fiery youngster long to spin out poetic scraps for himself. In a little time, and by the old priest's generous aid, Dumas wrote a few poems, distinguished more for their crude thoughts than felicity of expression. But what more could be expected of a mere boy? Coleridge and Bryant are exceptions; and liberal educational advantages materially assisted those great geniuses in framing the poetic gems which their muse has thrown off.

As an arithmetician, the peasant was a complete failure, and this assertion may be believed as being perfectly correct. His knowledge of figures and their value was at variance with the commonly accepted theories *anent* them. Witness, for instance, the immense wealth with which the novelist invariably clothes his characters. "Monte Cristo" reckons his "Napoleons" and francs by millions, and his famous Island was a perfect treasury of diamonds, precious stones and golden coins. He himself says, *apropos* of his inability to master the arithmetic, in an autobiography in one of the prefaces to one of his own works: "As for arithmetic, three schoolmasters had successively abandoned the attempt to put the first four rules into my head." As an offset to this, he could ride gracefully on horseback, play tennis, was a capital shot with either pistol or rifle, a skilful fencer; and in the matter of walking, dancing or running, he had few equals, superiors being out of the question.

The years flew on apace. Napoleon had been dethroned and an exile at St. Helena, and all France had recovered from the convulsive

shock the news of the Imperial captive's death had given it, when Dumas, now at the age of twenty, received from his sobbing mother the harrowing intelligence that, after all their goods and chattels were disposed of under the hammer, but two hundred and fifty francs remained. This sum was all they had. Alexandre, *perforce*, could not longer remain and eat up this trifling amount. The old lady's silver locks told the story of the onward march of time, and her wrinkled visage and tottering steps dismally warned the fond son of her rapidly declining years. He must leave the little home of his boyhood—leave behind him his early companions, his gentle sisters, and his "sweetheart smiling through her tears,"—leave behind him that patient mother, who every morning bade her idolized son good-bye at the village garden-gate—leave forever, perhaps, these cares and privations which he had learned to endure in patience, and sally out to seek his fortune in the wide, wide world. The thought of departure well-nigh broke him down: it struck deep into his heart; but to the inevitable he was forced to submit. To Paris, then, he must go. Paris! how electrically the name fell upon his ear! He would now see the dream of his life reach a consummation. Every Frenchman had been taught that Paris was the acme of perfection. The city of the gay, the vast repository of everything beautiful in art, in painting, and in sculpture, the home of royalty, the city of magnificent streets and thoroughfares, the palaces and theatres, the authors and composers, the abode of great men and women,—how the heart of the young romancer beat as these thoughts flashed across his brain. He would be rich, and then he would return and make his mother and sisters happy.

That blooming morning, then, on the day of his departure, he bade an affectionate *adieu* to all; and with the hot kiss of his venerable parent yet burning upon his brow, he leapt lightly into the diligence with fifty-two francs—his whole fortune—into his pocket, and Parisward the horses' heads were directed. Previous to starting, however, he played—some faithful chronicler tells us—a game of billiards with the conductor, which he won, and with the means got in this way he paid his fare and incidental expenses. He arrived, therefore, in the great capital just as rich in money as he was when he left Villers-Cotterets.

He soon sought out the friends and acquaintances of his deceased father; but so many years had gone by since the general's death, that but few of those companions-in-arms of the old man remained on earth; and the few who were alive were either wholly indifferent when the young man presented himself, or were, like himself, in not very flourishing circumstances. Poor Alexandre's little stock of funds was by this time pretty much exhausted; and these reverses did not tend to lighten the *ennui* or dissipate the shadowy spirit of despondency into which he had sunk. He became home-sick, too, from utter helplessness and the lack of something to do. He knew nothing, as we have remarked, regarding mathematics; of the physical sciences, of the languages, he was a mere tyro; of greek he knew very little, and latin shared the same fate. One thing he could do, however, and it was mainly through

this accomplishment that he at all succeeded in procuring employment: he wrote a very neat hand. The letters were evenly formed, and his pen flew over the paper with marvellous rapidity. Here was, then, the basis of his future career. A man of considerable influence in Dumas' native town had given the young gentleman, on his departure, a letter of introduction to General Foy, who was at that period the deputy of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, in the office of one of the Secretaries of State for France. The general soon got him an appointment. His penmanship pleased the Duke, and he was in a short time regularly installed as copying clerk, with a salary of 1200 francs per annum. He then sent for his mother and she came.

At his desk all through the day, Alexandre Dumas laboured in behalf of his country at his occupation. He wrote eight hours of the day, and very frequently the time was extended; and for several months he returned to the office in the evening, and plied his pen from seven o'clock until the hour of ten rolled out. The rest of the night he devoted to study, barely taking time to seek repose in the sleep he so much needed.

Three years he spent in this way, and hard work and intense study began to tell for the worse on the young copying clerk. He wrote very many *feuilletons* during that time; but, beyond one or two, these never saw the honour of type. They were hastily written, and betrayed a certain flighty kind of composition—a want of force and character; and as they were nearly of this ilk in the end, the waste-paper basket as readily received them as fast as they came from the pen of the *feuilletonist*. But though the young author considered that he produced nothing in these three years, and that the time thus spent was lost to him, it cannot be denied that these essays, which constantly covered paper as regularly as the hour hand travels round the dial, did not, from their frequent occurrence alone, give him a freedom and liveliness of style, making his short papers readable, at all events, if they possessed even no more merit. And though Dumas worked far into the night, and wrote much which he never published, he yet contrived to spare time for convivial sociality; and the life he led displayed a degree of "fastness" quite common among voluptuaries of his day.

We first hear of Dumas as a dramatist. His passion for the theatre was intense, and when a company of actors from England arrived in Paris, he occupied a prominent seat on every available opportunity. He seemed to make studies of the performers and the plays they enacted. His attention was close, and he followed the drama and its delineators through every scene, and when the play was over, sought his home, and long before he threw himself upon his couch for a few moment's repose, he sat down near a little table and wrote the impressions which the events of the night left upon his mind. And then he retired, only to dream of the drama, the actors, and the fascinations of the theatre. Some theatrical *artistes* had crossed the channel in 1827 and at once entered upon a series of Shakspearian representations. "Macbeth" gave a new wonder to the lad who, prior to this,

had only seen vaudevilles and farces. He had witnessed to be sure, now and then, a Classical tragedy, and had even written one himself called "Christine;" but these were all stiff affairs, too full of classical allusion to be popular and possessing little, if any, real dramatic effect. He had presented "Christine" to the Théâtre Français one year before; but as a tragedy. it was never acted, indeed several years passed and it was only when Dumas had acquired a name and a reputation, that he transformed his early tragedy into a romantic drama, and in this latter capacity it was a success. "Henry III." however, is the first play of our author that drew him into notice. Its initial appearance in 1829, attracted universal attention and admiration. All France went into raptures over it, and yet it is but a very indifferent piece of workmanship: it is barren of plot: but there are several "exciting situations" and the dialogue is sprightly and very "fairish." The novelty of "Henry III." and the fact of its being the first thing of the kind placed upon the boards of the French Theatre, may be the reason why it so soon attained so universal a popularity.

It was a proud night for Alexandre Davy Dumas when "Henry III" was announced, after much preparation, for representation, and when he beheld seat after seat of the great theatre filling up with the nobles of the land. Princes of the household, Dukes, Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses all came, headed by the great Duke of Orleans, himself, to pay homage to the gifted young author of only 26 years of age. What a triumph he achieved! How his soul must have swelled as cheer after cheer rung along the corridors, and plaudits resounded on every side! How he must have burned with proud emotion at his first gigantic success! All the other theatres were forced to close and the Théâtre Français was nightly thronged. The dramatist cleared 30,000 francs by this play alone, and then set in an extraordinary career of dissipation. He was invited to the tables of the great, and he in turn entertained his entertainers. He was the most popular and famous man of his day, and his society was courted by everybody.

As fast as he wrote his dramas, melo-dramas, tragedies and plays, they were largely sought after by managers, and he soon found his pen in constant practice. The receipts came pouring in and he began to get quite wealthy, but his old expensive habits crept on him and he as quickly spent the money he so rapidly earned. Dumas has founded a school of dramatic writing peculiarly his own. No one but Dumas could have written as he has done. His style is the romantic and in all his productions that element is the basis. Startling events following quickly upon each other are also distinguishing features of his dramas, and the conversational parts are lively and volatile. The characters are very unevenly drawn. With Dumas they are of secondary importance.

In 1847, assisted by the Duke of Montpensier, Dumas built a theatre of his own, and all the plays which were performed on its stage were written by the founder of the theatre. Here it was where "La Reine Margot" was produced, which occupied three whole nights in its representation, and when original dramas were exhausted, the novelist

cut up some of his stories and patched them up into plays. These but whetted the Parisian appetite, and they were followed in quick succession by others.

Alexandre Dumas was a marvellous worker. He was never wholly idle. His dramas may be numbered by scores, his operas by dozens, and his vaudevilles and comedies by hundreds. Then in pamphlets and prefaces to works the list alone would swell to many pages. As a novelist he has been most voluminous. Some 200 volumes comprise his works. He wrote rapidly, and often by the aid of an amanuensis he composed his novels. A story is related of him that one day he had three secretaries at work, and he dictated to them as rapidly as they could severally write, a novel, a play, and an essay. He was quick, impatient and easily excited. In person he was rather stout and large, his skin dark and his hair curly. His head was large and his forehead low.

Perhaps in the capacity of a romancer his chief reputation will rest. His novels are read everywhere and in France he has attained fame far surpassing Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, George Sand and Victor Hugo. His vivacity charms and delights, and the rapidity with which the most romantic and unheard of events follow one another, is fitted to keep the reader into a perpetual state of excitement until the close of the romance is reached, and even then he finds that a sequel to the book must be purchased in order to complete the history of the hero. Dumas' novels do not breathe a very exalted moral. There is an attractiveness about them all, and an irresistible desire to read the whole set is soon evinced when one or two books are perused. Dumas is very fascinating. He possesses a power, not held by any other French novelist. His efforts are always successful and his egotism is pardonable because it is so provokingly sublime. You tolerate conceit in him while it would be frowned down in any-one else. He is the Dickens and the Thackeray of France. His books have been translated in almost every tongue, and firesides all round the world are cheered by the fruits of his wonderful imagination. A latent fire springs up here and there which is quite delicious, and without being self-opinionated to an absurd extent, Dumas is very graceful and elegant in introducing in some of his works his own particular views and ideas. He has ever courted notoriety and fame. It is questionable whether his books will be known a hundred years hence. He has written nothing of a lasting nature, if we except "Monte Cristo," and the "Three Musketeers." The latter was written in 1845, and the former came out a few months afterwards. *Isabel de Baviere* was the great author's first long story (he had written and published a collection of tales which had a considerable run in 1826) and it appeared in 1835. It was rather crude and rough in style; but this was forgotten in the multiplicity of situations and sparkling dialogue and word painting. This story was very much liked and brought Dumas, besides a large sum of money, a sort of hold on the public. In a word his fame was established, and after this book he had no trouble in gaining the ear of the populace ever after. He has held that proud position up to the very hour of his death.

"Monte Cristo," with its sequel,—for Dumas understood his readers well and has added a sequel to nearly every one of his vast number of books,—"Edmund Dantes," is his greatest production. It abounds in the most incredible stories; the plot is good and ably drawn, the pictures are finely painted, and though the moral is hardly good, it is not very bad which is more than can be said of many of his other tales. The chief charm about this work is its liveliness and graphic description. The hair-breadth escapes of the Sailor-count and his wonderful adventures, are themes on which the imaginative reader loves to dwell. The Chateau D'If, the gloomy prison of Dantes is to this day shudderingly gazed at by the voyageur. And then the Island of "Monte Cristo," with its vast treasures, the Count's return and the fearful punishment he inflicted on all who did him wrong in his early days, are chapters of interest and enchant the reader, while the chapter wherein is described the death of the old prisoner and the enveloping of Dantes in the sack prior to his being thrown into the raging billows, is calculated to fill one with horror, which is quickly dissipated to that of joy, when the supposed dead man cuts his bonds and swims ashore, saved.

The "Three Musketeers" is a history, or we may say a poetic annual of French history. The adventures of D'Artagnan, the outcast, are well told and the peculiarities of the three friends in the guard are evenly and delightfully sketched. Richelieu, the wily Cardinal-minister, and Lady DeWinter figure to advantage. The book is full of interest from beginning to end, and the sequel to it, "Twenty years after," is just as replete with graphic incidents as the story itself. "Margaret of Anjou" and the "Memoirs of a Physician," are two more of his most world-wide known books. They are finely written and betray more force than even "Monte Cristo." The former is full of history; but the history which M. Dumas dishes up to his readers must always be taken with a good many grains of allowance. He is so apt to make history to suit himself or the times, that one is disposed to look gingerly upon everything he attempts in this line. True, his "Joan of Arc" and "Louis XIV" are reliable; but these are especially histories and it is even a question if in the narrative of the "Maid of Orleans," he has not drawn too finely the "long bow" in many portions of it. True or not true, it is very agreeable reading, and a pleasant hour is whiled away in its perusal. To recapitulate the number of novels which this author has sent out, we find that they foot up the respectable total of thirty, and these make in all two hundred volumes. Besides these M. Dumas has written many political essays and edited various papers, "La Liberté" and "Le Mousquetaire" being the most famous. The latter he almost wholly wrote.

While residing at Marly, M. Dumas wrote most of his romances. So eager were the newspaper publishers to get him to write for their journals that he was deluged with orders and terms almost every day of his life. He made contract after contract, some of them he knew when he made them that it would be physically impossible for him to complete them. At one time he commenced five different stories for

five separate newspapers and every one of these he completed in instalments. He was offered by the proprietors of "La Presse" 63,000 *francs, per annum, for eleven volumes of novels yearly for five years.* He was to agree that he should write for no other paper after the eighty volumes he contemplated writing had left the press. He was unable physically to complete this contract, and he was sued by the "La Presse" folks. Every day "a man, a railroad engine and two horses" came up at a slashing pace to Dumas' home at Marly, and returned with his MSS. for the different journals for which he wrote. His home and grounds at Marly were laid out in precisely the same manner as his ideal, the Island of "Monte Cristo." He had springs in every part of it and some of the rooms of the house were like those of an enchanted castle. But this splendid domain was not destined to remain long in the possession of so extravagant a man as M. Alexandre Davy Dumas. It was sold by auction some four years after its erection to pay the debts of the luxuriant occupant of the fairy abode.

Dumas' memory was perfectly astounding. He knew every scrap of history off by heart, and he was seldom known to refer to his library for information. He hadn't time to pore over books. History came natural to him, and whenever it happened that he forgot some historical circumstance, rather than lose time in referring to works bearing on the subject, he made facts for himself, and more than one "fact" of Dumas' has gone into history and is quoted as orthodox.

On the 14th of December, 1870, at the age of 67, all that was mortal of the great Frenchman sank to rise no more. He was ailing for some time back, and along with direful news from the seat of war, the telegraph daily brought bulletins of his health. He died at Dieppe surrounded by his immediate neighbours: for France is too busy with the Invader of her soil to mourn the loss of her great men. She has lost many in every walk of life, in the fierce war now going on, and not until it is over will she have time to weep over the losses which death has made. Dumas leaves a son who bears the name Alexandre, and he has already attained some celebrity as a novelist and dramatist. He was born in 1824 at Paris.

A DREAM OF RAGS.

BY DEMOCRITUS, THE YOUNGER.

RAGS! rags!—were the like ever seen? Tattered cotton gowns, red, blue and green bombasin, chales faded, silks bemired, satins besmirched, repps all ripped, pale dirty ribands, dingy dimity, crape rumpled, net bewildered, torn clouds, tags, and buttons, and beads, all, and a hundred other things, mixed up, forming the most conglomerate wardrobe in which pale beggary might flaunt, met my vision, as, re-

turning from a journey, I opened my library door, where half a dozen women were all sitting with rags around them, my wife among the number. What on earth could have possessed them? "Oh! feminine ragamuffins," said I, "what is all this masquerade of poverty? Whence this accumulation of the cast-off vanity of many generations, and for what purpose this shew of the dead fripperies of pride?" A chorus of laughter greeted me, inducing the thought that the asylum was a proper place for them, one and all. Taking advantage of my silent astonishment, they, still laughing, began to stitch away at their tawdry finery, putting piece to piece, and joining the most out-of-sorts materials, as if to make the ragged assemblage as ridiculous as possible. The floor was strewn with ten thousand chips and shavings of the bedizenning trumpery. The colours which they mated were various as the leaves of autumn. The effect on my eye was a phantasmagoria such as I had never seen. "But what on earth, ladies," I again appealed, "are you doing?" The reply was, I dare say, very satisfactory from a little minx: "Pa, we are making quilts."

I suppose this had something to do with a strange dream I had that night. A number of scare-crow women and men came into my study while I was trying to eliminate the doctrine of the "unconditioned." They were dressed up in the most fantastic conglomerate of tatters, showing off their wan faces and their angular forms. Behind them crept in a poor limping fiddler, with his instrument of sound beneath his projecting chin, with garments fluttering and torn like ragfair after a hurricane. With hollow voice he called on the company to dance "The Requiem of Philosophy." I perceived that there were five men and six women, and felt that I was fated to take part in the mimic display. The most miserable looking creature of the lot came up to me and solicited my partnership in the dance. I felt I could not refuse, and rising up found myself arrayed in tattered robes like the rest of them. My boots were toeless and broken at the edge. My socks did not prevent the great digit of my right foot from showing its uncut nail. My inexpressibles of dingy black hung in ribbons, and exhibited a sad breach across the left knee. My shirt was rent, and my dress-coat wanted one tail; while my elbows, unsheathed by a shirt, protruded their sharp nodules. My partner had on an immense supply of hoop; about fifty pieces of old ribbon floated from various parts of a ravelled dress, and about her head; and a broken brooch held together pieces of dingy chemisette. Her shoe-leather had once been red morocco—now a dark brick hue; and her stockings were of an indefinable colour, though they had once been blue. The rest, in various guise, I need not describe.

The old dwarf fiddler screwed up his instrument, and then began a movement which partook of every shred of music that I had ever heard. It was a very tatterdemalion of melody. It screamed, sighed, laughed, giggled, wailed. It was slow, fast, loud, low, without mode,—like sounds from the land of chaos, without any order, where discord is melody and the light itself is darkness.

Our dance corresponded, or rather did not correspond. There was

the same confusion of step as that displayed by the music. It was a wild disorder like the *disjecta membra* of a maniac's dream.

"Pray what dance is this?" I said to my partner.

"You have heard," said she "what our fiddler called it—'The Requiem of Philosophy.' I call it, 'The Return to the Unconditioned.'"

"Ha!" said I, "you are philosophers, then."

"Surely," said she, "that is our vocation. We have given ourselves to sound the depths of discord, and out of that to gain the knowledge of the absolute."

"But how," said I, "do you propose to do this?"

"Do you not see," said she, "that this world is utterly disordered? and how shall we ever come to the knowledge of it but by coming into harmony with it? It is by the study of the melody of discords that we shall arrive at the contrasted harmonies of the universe."

"Good; but how do these rags of ours help to this end?"

"Do you not see that, as they are on their way to their original state, each particle seeking freedom from the conditions into which the laws of nature had attracted them, they are just emblems of our thinking which is trying to free itself from the bondages of reason, and remount to its original spheres?"

"Very true," I said; "philosophy, ragged and tattered, may soon expect to find the ultimate reasons of things in that chaos to which all are tending."

All this seeming to my mind a sort of exposition of my favourite metaphysical studies, passed between us while the dance went forward. Feeling weary, I said:

"Are you not tired? Let us have a rest."

She assented, and I led her to a seat. I almost fell through a rickety cane chair; but recovering my balance, I sat on the edge, gaining thus a little ease, when she remarked:

"The philosopher's rest is unquiet; but who would not rejoice who is privileged to wear the divine garbs of Socrates, Plato, Diogenes and Anaximander?"

"Oh, ho!" said I, "then these rags are the remnants of the robes of ancient philosophers which we are to suppose ourselves happy in wearing, though extremely wretched."

"Surely," said she, "there is not one of the wise men of the present day who does not glory in these garments which were woven by Minerva and were worn by the sages of Attica. What though they were afterwards used by the Latins, and did much service to the monks of the middle ages, as well as heathens, they are still fashionable in Germany and are worn by French, English and American sages. Why there is a scholar of Schleiermacher, and there is one who has decorated himself in rags which were woven some time ago by Kant, another dresses in Schelling's strange coat and there you see the only man who understands Hegel thoroughly and who comprehends his quantity and quality, his negative and positive. I would have you to note that disciple of Sir W. Hamilton, who is dressed in rags from his philosophy

of the 'unconditioned.' I am dressed in some of the finest clothing which was worn by Hypatia, and you see we are about to abolish christianity and bring in paganism again. The old gods and godesses were not so bad after all."

"I have given you," she continued, "by means of the magic mirror which you see opposite, a true view of the adaptation of the old philosophy by the present generation. But we do not so appear to ourselves or others. I will give you a change of scene."

So saying she rose, turned the mirror round, when quickly the rags all vanished and we became as nicely a dressed company as need be. Broadcloth and white cravats, silks and satins of the finest constituted our wardrobes. My mean room became of the most splendid proportions and elegance. Rich wines and choicest fruits invited the taste, and spread an agreeable fragrance around. If Aladdin had been there with his lamp a more wonderful transformation could not have been effected.

"This," said my companion smiling, "is what we appear to ourselves and admirers. It is all done through the magic mirror with the two faces. The side formerly presented was truth, this one is seeming. We are not what we seem; it, even without the glass, you will steadily consider this dress, you will see that there is a peculiarity about it."

I looked intently at the dresses—first at my own and then at the others—and although seemingly beautiful and new, they had yet the unmistakable hue and texture of shoddy.

"By what means fair lady," I said, "is this result brought about?"

"By the literary art," said she. "We have by this admirable science of letters managed to beat together the ancient thinkings, and by the acid of wit, by the colourings of the fancy, by the compressions of style, to render serviceable and beautiful, the worn-out rags of wisdom and philosophy. There is a great saving in this process; most brains are too poor to purchase the clothing of original thought so—and is it not admirable—they are dressed in this shoddy? It does quite well and answers all the purposes of scientific reputation and respectability. Your thinkings my knowledge, the learned tomes of the press are all shoddy. These wines even are acid though sparkling, and these fruits are ashes however beautiful."

"It does not seem the right thing to go about in this bizarre finery though," I said. "Should the rags of tattered systems not be put to honester uses?"

"Well yes," said my informant, "there is a use to which it would be better to put them. Taste a little of this wine and you shall know."

I drank and a dark stupor came over me. I found myself sinking down in a dim chamber. I saw the others too—all reposing in their apartments, through the partitions of which my eyes could see dimly. There all slumbered under a fantastic array of the rags and shoddy in which we had been previously dressed. I listened for some explanation, when from the deep cavity of silence uprose the word

"QUILTS."

and the dome of heaven rung

"QUILTS."

and the halls of learning resounded

"Quilts."

and a great chorus was heard as of instruments of music racked with pain, and of angels with a bad cold:

Quilts, literature and wit,
Whatever has been writ,
While through the sleepy ages
We snore beneath the pages,
Quilts.
Quilts science out of sayings,
Old philosophic brayings
Of all the weary ages,
Echoes from the sages,
Quilts.
Quilts, where in sleep reposes,
Snoring through their noses,
The stupid generations
Of all the reading nations,
Quilts.

As I awoke still the refrain Quilts sounded about my ear—Oh Rags oh Quilts.

MOHAMMED.

(*From the French of Voltaire.*)

By John Reade, Montreal.

I am ambitious: so is every man.
But king or pontiff, chief or citizen
Never conceived a scheme so vast as mine.

Each race, in turn, has flourished on the earth
By laws, by arts, and, above all, by war,—
And now Arabia's day has come at last.

This noble nation—far too long unknown—
Buried its glory in the desert sands.
Lo! now its hour of triumph has arrived.

From North to South the world is desolate.
The Persian bleeds; his throne is overturned;
The Indian is a slave; Egypt has fallen;
The splendour of Byzantium is eclipsed;
The Roman Empire totters to its fall:—
Its giant body torn, its scattered limbs
Languishing without honour, without life.

Arabia on the world's wreck let me raise,
Found a new worship and new fetters forge,
To the blind universe give a new God.

Zerdusht in Asia, by the Nile Osiris,
Minos in Crete, Numa in Italy,
To races without manners, gods or kings,
Gave rule and rude laws fitted to their state,—
A thousand years ago. These boorish laws
I'll change and to the nations of the world
Bring a more noble thraldom. The false gods
I will abolish, for my purer faith
Is of my new-born greatness the first step.
Say not that thus my country I betray!
I but destroy its weakness and its errors;
Under one King, one God, I re-unite it;
And make it great by glorious servitude.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SPAIN.

By Judge Prowse, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Quien dice Espana dice todo.

Spain, once the greatest country in Europe, the smiling Bœtica of the Romans, the domain of the Moslem, the discoverer and conqueror of America, once almost the mistress of the world, must always be a country of peculiar interest to the student of history; and especially is she so now in these latter days, when she has fallen upon evil times—when her ruler, General Prim, has to go round, hat in hand, soliciting petty German princes and Italian princelings to accept the throne of Charles the Fifth—when the candidature for her crown has been made the nominal cause of the greatest war of the nineteenth century. But over this general interest there is a special interest for us Transatlantic colonists in the country that sent out Columbus to discover our New World; and for us British Americans there ever will be, I trust, an undying interest in those seas which reflect the glories of Drake, Rooke, Blake and Nelson, in those Peninsular plains which are hallowed by the victories of the Black Prince, Stanhope and Wellington. Nowhere in Europe is there a prouder monument to the heroism of our forefathers than in that Peninsula, where, since the days of the Armada, the peasant has been taught by British heroism the truth of his ancient proverb:

"Con todo al mundo guerra,
Mas paz con Inglaterra."

—"war with all the world, but peace with England."

The history of modern Spanish politics is neither very interesting nor edifying. It is the unvarying record of successive bad governments—of bad governments so chronic that the Spaniard, who, like his *Moorish progenitors, is a fatalist, but who, unlike them, is a devout* son of the church, tells you with characteristic humour and good faith that bad government is a thing of Spain. "Cosa de Espana,"

my friend, it must be so. Did you never hear how Ferdinand, the Saint who was in special favour with Heaven, prayed to the Holy Virgin that Spain might have the finest climate, and be the most fertile country in Europe? "Granted, my son," said the Holy Mother. "That her sons might be the bravest, and her daughters the most bewitching." "Granted, my son." "And now, Holy Mother," said Ferdinand, "I have only one more petition to make: let Spain have the best government in Europe." "Ah! Ferdinand, my son," said the Virgin, "I can't do it. If I were to give Spain a good government, I could not keep an angel in heaven a day longer!" If some of my heretic readers won't accept Pepe's simple explanation, all I can say is that I can't help it. To trace Spanish history for the origin and causes of this bad government, would be beyond the limits of this short article; to describe even the defects of the Spanish government of to-day, would be a long and wearisome task. Spanish politics are so complicated, Spanish politicians are so divided, and Spanish parties so split up into little contemptible knots, that it would puzzle even the man who had posted himself up in American politics, and who could nicely discriminate between the rival claims of soft shells and hard shells, Barnburners, Locofocos, Copperheads and Negropholists, to carefully estimate the relative merits of the Spanish Moderados, Progresistas, Carlists, Liberales, Isabellinos, Montpensierists and Esparterists. The study of American politics, however, and the observations of the political student on the office-seekers of Washington, would qualify him to give an opinion on the pretendientes, as the place-hunters are called in Madrid. The same fatal defect in the American political system, the general turn-out of every officer in the United States, from an ambassador down to a tide-waiter, which takes place on a change of government, exists in the Spanish political system, the only difference being that Spanish politicians have an amiable way of shooting and exiling political opponents, instead of merely abusing them. Much about the same general results are arrived at under both systems. General *public robbery and official corruption, the whiskey frauds of our American* neighbours and the bribery of the Erie judge, may be done on a more gigantic scale than the pettifogging robberies of the Spanish collectors and dispensers of justice; but for wholesale systematic corruption and bribery, always excepting the matter of army contracts in war, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs and its employés at Washington and elsewhere, commend me to the country where, from the Captain General of Cuba, who will pass your "niggers" for so many onzas down to the Adnanero, who will put through your contraband luggage for so many pesetas, there is one complete, systematic, general and universal system of public robbery. The New York city government may rival it, but never can equal its systematic iniquity.

In order rightly to understand the present position of affairs in Spain, it is necessary for me to say a few words about the events which preceded and caused the last revolution. Don't imagine, gentle reader, that I am going to serve up to you in detail a record of preceding Spanish revolutions. Berryer, the great French advocate, spoke of

the fifteen governments he had lived under in France. Talleyrand used to count up to thirteen the oaths of allegiance he had taken; but who shall count up the pronunciamientos or revolutions of Spain? Verily their name is legion All have been headed by military leaders; all have been managed in much the same way. The general has a quarrel with the government, he makes himself popular with the army, he gives money and instructions to the sergeants, the sergeants stir up the soldiers and the soldiers pronounce. All begin in the same way, all are caused by military sedition, a curse which has disappeared from almost every country in Europe for centuries, but which to-day is a thing of Spain just the same as it was forty years ago when, Ferdinand VII., to please his fourth wife Maria Christina mother of Queen Isabella, broke the Salic Law and declared his daughter his successor, thus depriving his brother Carlos of his birthright, that brother who had been the friend of his youth, the companion of his captivity in France, and who, in 1827, had refused to assist in his downfall. From this treacherous act arose the Carlist war, which begun in 1833, did not terminate until 1840, and deluged Spain with blood. Christina was regent from 1833 to 1840, when she was driven out for an attempt to destroy the Ayuntamientos, the cherished municipal institutions of Spain. During her regency, she exhibited to her dutiful and loyal subjects the edifying spectacle of being the mother of ten children by one of her royal guardsmen, Muiroz, with whom her marriage was publicly solemnized ten years after her eldest child was born. Christina, who was hated throughout Spain for her profligacy, her robberies, her notorious stock-jobbing, and who is even credited with having laid sacrilegious hands on the golden gridiron of San Lorenzo, at the Escorial, and of replacing it with a gilt one, is detested still more for her political intrigues. In 1846, she planned with Louis Philippe that most nefarious scheme known as the Spanish marriages. Under this iniquitous arrangement, Isabella was married at 16 to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, a prince whom she neither knew nor liked, and who was wholly unsuited to her in every respect; whilst, at the same time, it was arranged with the citizen king to marry his son, Montpensier, to Isabella's sister, the infanta. Political justice appears to have been meted out to all parties connected with the rascally plot; for all are now in exile—Christina having fled as far back as 1854. From this marriage of Isabella's flowed most disastrous results, both to herself and the unfortunate country over which she ruled. Her married life was wretched; her amours commencing with Serrano, and ending with Marfori, the Pastalero or pastry cook, as he is called in Madrid, were open and scandalous. For a time she was very popular, principally owing to her devotion to the Virgin of the Atocha Patroness of Madrid, and protectress of the royal family; and for whom her father, when in exile, is said to have embroidered a petticoat. At last, however, the nation became wearied of her boundless extravagance, of her alternate sinning and repenting, of the endless palace intrigues to which she gave rise; and the plots and counterplots of Narvaez, O'Donnell, Espartero, Serrano and Prim at last culminated in the revolution of 1868, which drove her into exile.

Queen Isabella, who was kind-hearted and pious, after a fashion of her own, might, with a different mother, and under a happier marriage, have made a good sovereign and a virtuous wife. As it is, however, she has long lost all popular love and respect amongst the great bulk of her subjects; and neither she nor her son, the tender infant Alfonzo, have any more chance of being restored to the throne of their ancestors than you, my patient reader, have of being made the Emperor of China.

The last revolution of 1868 is too recent and too well known to need any very particular description. It was brought about by a combination between Prim, Serrano and Admiral Topete. Prim is a brave soldier, if not a great general: he fought well in Morocco. At the commencement of the Crimean war he joined the Turkish army, and distinguished himself at Ottenitya, and the famous siege of Silistria. He is, perhaps, at the present time, the most capable man in Spain to hold the reins of government. Judged by a British standard, his former political career has neither been very consistent nor creditable; but, in comparison with other Spanish politicians, he is a very Spanish Hampden. However, such as he is, he is now the virtual ruler of Spain; and the acceptance of the crown by his candidate, Prince Amadeus, of Savoy, will increase rather than diminish his power. During the "interindad," as the Spaniards call the inter-regnum, he has managed to maintain order, and to govern with moderation and firmness. He has wisely kept Spain from a republic; for no country in Europe is less suited for such a form of government. Monarchical institutions are so deeply and firmly rooted in the prejudices of the people, and so interwoven with the very texture of the national life, that a republic would never do in Spain. Whether he has shown equal wisdom in choosing a king from the House of Savoy, yet remains to be seen. It may be that Victor Emanuel's son will associate himself with the national life as thoroughly as Bernadotte's descendants have done in Sweden, or the German Leopold in Belgium. For my own part, I think there would have been a better prospect of a permanent, settled peace for the distracted peninsula, if he had selected a liberal, enlightened German Catholic prince like Leopold of Hohenzollern, in place of the son of a profligate monarch like the Re-galantuomo. Amadeus will be looked upon as an enemy of the Church, and from this cause he will naturally at first have the opposition of the clergy and a large proportion of the peasantry, who, like their Irish brethren, are fervently attached to their ancient faith. The reactionary organs of Madrid are already attacking their new king on this score. However, no one can predict anything certain of Spanish politics; and no one can judge anything of Spain from comparison with other European countries. She is a land *sui generis;* and despite of bad governments, despite of foreign and domestic wars, the plots of Carlists and Christinos, republicans, agitators, and demagogues of every political character and creed, she is progressing, and I believe will progress. The Spanish peasant may be ground down by tyranny, fettered by ignorance and a narrow belief, he has still a noble independence of character. Though the

government may be corrupt and the governing classes degraded, the noble people who conquered a New World who, side by side with Britain, fought Napoleon when all Europe succumbed to him, will yet again, I think, hold a high place in Europe. Steam, the electric telegraph, free institutions, liberty of speech, religious freedom and a free press, are only just commencing their enlightening influence in Spain; but already she has made giant strides in the paths of progress. While her population only increased 7 millions in 100 years, from '60 to '64 it increased a million, and her population is now about 17 millions, including the Canary Islands.

It was only in October, 1848, that the first railway was laid in Spain, 18 miles from Barcelona to Mataro; by 1863 there were upwards of 2000 miles of railway in actual operation. There are now 3500 miles of railway either in operation or in course of construction. Her foreign commerce increased from 10 millions stg. in '49, to over 28 millions stg. in '63.

Whilst these few figures will best illustrate the recent progress of Spain, there are other items of her commerce peculiarly important to us British colonists. She is a heavy importer of coal and lumber, and the largest importer in the world of dried codfish, consuming annually 900,000 quintals. Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and, principally, Newfoundland, are specially interested in this trade, we British Americans being, for our population, the largest shipowners and the most extensive exporters of fish on the globe. At the beginning of this century, Spain received all her dried fish from British America—of course, chiefly from Newfoundland. For a long time after the whole importations from Northern Europe into Spain did not exceed 10,000 quintals; now, Spain receives over 550,000 quintals from Norway alone. To show how rapidly this Norwegian trade has prospered, I quote from the pamphlet of a Spanish fish merchant, who is thoroughly acquainted with the trade, on the fish imports at one Spanish port alone—Bilbao:

The average passage of the Steamers employed in the Fish Trade between Norway and Bilbao is about seven days; and their cargoes are generally landed, packed in bundles, and distributed throughout Spain within a fortnight after their departure from the Norwegian ports.

Bilbao is now the first and largest fish market in Europe. The *Imports* of fish for the twelve months, '67-'68, by Steamers, amounted to 176,360 quintals.

The whole imports at Bilbao from 1st June, 1867, to 1st June, 1868 amounted to 275,050 quintals.

There are four houses engaged in the fish trade at Bilbao. One of these is a Norwegian house, and has caused a beneficial competition. They all work with such a great interest, and give so much attention to this branch of business, at the same time displaying so much skilful management in the dispatch and the disposal of fish, that the cargoes disappear from their spacious stores, and are sent into the shops all over the country just as fast as they can be packed, never allowing any large stocks to accumulate in their hands.

Not many years back the Imports of Dry Codfish at Bilbao barely reached one hundred thousand quintals, and from one-third to one-half of this quantity was *Newfoundland cure;—now the latter has been completely shut out of this market!*

The carriage charges by railway favour the transmission of Fish from Bilbao

into the interior, as the want of sufficient traffic on the different lines of railways in Spain cause the charges to be moderate, and about the same is charged for a distance of two hundred miles as for three or four hundred—the different Companies having amalgamated their charges, so as to compete with the steam coasting trade around the peninsula.

In the season of 1867–68, the whole imports of fish into Spain from Newfoundland amounted to 147,314 qtls. Norway, where the fisheries are carried on in a thoroughly scientific manner, where the telegraph is used along the coast to inform the fishermen of the points where the herring and cod strike in, is beating us out of the European markets as completely as the scientific, steady, disciplined Germans have routed the French in this war. Bacalao will always be wanted in Spain; it has been a national dish since the days of Cervantes; in Don Quixote, if my readers will remember, Maritornes is described as smelling of bacalao, in that queer scene between her, the Don and the arriero; and as increased railway communication means cheap carriage and consequently increased consumption, it is most important for us in British America, whether we are to supply her with salt fish or to be beaten by the Norwegians. Our codfish is superior to theirs, though not so white and clean looking, it is a thicker and finer fish. Why should not the Dominion have her representative at Madrid to look after our British American interests, and make commercial treaties with Spain as well as Sweden and Holland? The interests of these two countries are like our own, purely commercial, so much so that the Spanish officials at Madrid have nick-named the Swedish Ambassador the bacalao man, and the Dutch Minister the cheese-man; the freer importation of cheese and fish being the two important international questions which these enlightened representatives were continually dinning into the ears of the Spanish ministry, and with what good results the trade statistics I have quoted best show. Now that a liberal government is in power, it would be a golden opportunity for us to endeavour to secure greater facilities for our trade with Spain and her South American colonies, especially with Cuba, whose increase in material prosperity has even excelled Spain itself. Notwithstanding the preferential duties called "derechos de bandera," in favour of Spanish flour, and almost everything imported in Spanish bottoms into Cuba, the trade of the United States equals, if not exceeds, that of Spain with her colony. Three of the most important imports—flour, lumber and dried fish—can be produced in British America as cheap, if not cheaper than anywhere else; and if the Canadian rulers are wise, and take advantage of the present opportunity to urge upon the Spanish government, and to point out to them the advantages of mutual trade and intercourse, our trade with Spain and her colonies ought to be materially increased. In order to do this, our diplomatic agent must be a man well versed in the things of Spain, and must add to his knowledge the indomitable perseverance of the Dutch cheese-man and the bacalao man I have spoken of; for the Spaniard is a true oriental, and it is always "manana, pasado manana"—to-morrow, the day after to-morrow,—unless wearied out and driven into action, like

the unjust judge, by Anglo-Saxon importunity and Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, he must also thoroughly understand Spanish politics; how the cotton manufacturers of Catalonia, fighting for protection for their calicos, combine with the shipping interest to secure deferential duties in favour of Spanish ships; how all the rest of Spain is taxed to support these greedy monopolists. But already there is the dawn of a more enlightened commercial policy. Figuerola, appointed in November last finance minister, though a Catalan, has reduced the deferential duties under foreign flags. We are very apt to associate with the idea of Spain, a fertile, pleasant clime, a European land of Goshen, a land of oil, olive and vineyards overflowing with milk and honey. Such, however is not the prevailing characteristic either of Spanish scenery or the Spanish country. It is rather bold and rugged, largely interspersed with vast desert tracts, than generally fertile and luxurious. Strange as it may appear, this old historical classic land has but a small fraction of its soil under the dominion of the plough. More than half the provinces of Andalusia, Murcia and Valencia, on its southern and eastern coasts, are deserts, and vast tracts in the provinces of Estremadura, on the western side, and the Castiles in the centre of the peninsula, are Saharas in miniature. So strongly was this barbaric deserted characteristic impressed upon the mind of Alexandre Dumas, the great French novelist, that he wittily remarks in his work on Spain and Barbary, "Africa commences at the Pyrenees." As the traveller, in the comfortable diligence or more romantically, perched extremely near the tail of some huge Spanish mule, traverses league after league of these parched-up plains and tawny sunburnt hills, his eye is at length delighted with the distant view of ruined battlements, or some lofty tower perched on a rugged crag, if it be through the Castiles, on la Mancha, that our donkey-riding friend is going, most probably the banner of the cross once waved over it, and christian bands held it against the fiery Saracen; but if, in the southern provinces, the chances are that the war-like skilful hands of the Moslems, built it of yore as an aerie whence to sweep, as the eagle over the plains below, or as an out-post to maintain the supremacy of the Crescent against the advancing power of the cross; perchance, too, as the traveller approaches nearer the castellated hill he will find a luxuriant vegetation spreading for miles around it, fields of waving wheat, the stately golden maize, straggling vineyards and the very tawny hill-side itself, darkened by the dusky olive tree, all produced by the scanty supply of some trickling rivulet from the mountain side where its influence ceases, again the desert commences. As the stranger passes through this oasis, he will naturally ask where are the hands which cultivated all this, and where are their dwellings; true to their ancient manners and traditions, they still remain on the spot where their fathers crowded together secure in their peaceful dwellings whilst protected by the pennon of the bold knight and his retainers, who kept watch and ward in the old tower above, and though that tower is now a shapeless ruin and the knight, his pennon, warder and retainers have long since been buried amongst

the records of a by-gone age, the peasant, a true conservative in his way, still clings to the homes of his fathers and marches a couple of unnecessary leagues every day to his labour.

I should be giving you, however, a very incorrect general view of the peninsula, by only thus exhibiting the nakedness of the land, the green hills, and well-watered valleys. The vegetation and the orchards in the Basque provinces rival Devonshire, whilst the graceful palm trees, the luxuriant verdure, the tropical plants, and the elegant, graceful edifices which adorn and beautify some of the valleys of the South, such as Seville, the Vega of Granada and Huertas of Murcia and Valencia, are not surpassed even by far-famed Damascus itself in the zenith of its glory. In short, as respects her geographical position, her lovely temperate climate and her mineral and agricultural wealth, there is, perhaps, no finer country in Europe. She is a mine of unexplored treasure to the geologist, the artist and the antiquary, whilst the general traveller, sated with Italy, over-run with John Bull, finds in Spanish travel an interest, an excitement, and a sensation he would fail in procuring amongst the pleasant scenes of voluptuous Italy or amid the degenerate cut-throat sons of modern Greece.

Spain, as it looks on the map, is one square compact kingdom and it suits the purposes of politicians to consider her so, but practically, she is no more one and undivided than Germany was before this war one united empire. In the two Castiles, Murcia, Estremadura, Navarre, Leon and Andalusia, the sonorous Castilian is the language in general use with little more difference in pronunciation than what we can detect ourselves in the familiar dialects of our English, Scotch and Irish peasants. I do not know whether it has been noticed by philologists, that as you gradually approach the milder climates of the tropics, so the language or dialect spoken by the nations, becomes softer and smoother. In Andalusia, for instance, the softest and glibbest Spanish is spoken, and Andalusia, as we well know, is the most southern part of the peninsula; but this peculiarly soft accent, removed to the more tropical Cuba or Manilla, becomes still more effeminate and luxurious in its tone, and so again in the north-eastern part of the peninsula, the Gallegos, in the province which they delight to style the Kingdom of Galicia. The Asturians, in their principality bordering on the southern shores of the stormy Bay of Biscay and the Basques in their united provinces of Alava, Vizcaya and Guipuscoa, though differing each from the other alike, agree in speaking a harsh, unintelligible language. Indeed, so much so is this the case with reference to the Basque dialect spoken in these last named provinces, which lie at the foot of the Spanish Pyrenees, that it is a proverb throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula that Satan, himself, after studying for three years at the Bilbaos, only learned seven words of this unintelligible gibberish. Turning again to the south-east, we find in the Mediterranean side of Spain another dialect differing alike from the lofty sonorous Castilian, the rugged Galician or the unintelligible Basque; a dialect, too, unlike the French but approaching the patois of Genoa, musical in sound, but harsh and

stiffly pronounced, as becomes the most industrious, plain-spoken go-a-head character of the Catalans, who are by far the most prosperous business-like people of Spain. Next, as we proceed down the coast towards where our time-honoured flag floats defiantly between two Continents, comes Valencia; between it, the Valencian and the Catalonian dialect, there is a slight resemblance, but the great admixture of French in the Valencian dialect, derived from the French Volunteers, and that pronounced much the same as Spanish, only in a slovenly slip-shod way, makes it, of all the dialects spoken in this polyglot land, the most uninviting. The deliberate spoken Castilian, with his distinct utterance and grand sonorous words, looks with somewhat of contempt on the Murcian with his "icos" and "iquios" as diminutives. The Estremenos from Estremadura on the west, and the Aragonese, from their memorable Zaragoza on the east, are more or less barbarians in his sight. He looks, too, with disdain on the gay butterfly Andalusian, with his *ceceo* in speech and bull-fighter's slang; but his utter contempt and scorn are reserved for the Valencian patois. So much does a true Castilian dislike and despise this vile dialect, that not one in fifty of the Castilians resident in the province, will ever attempt to speak the jerga, or jargon as he calls it.

Having thus given, in a summary way, a general view of the varied picture of Spanish scenery, the diversity of language in the different Provinces,—once independent States, but now loosely bound together by a golden hoop, the Crown of Castile—it will be necessary to explain, as briefly as possible, the cause of this exceeding variety. The nature of the country has in some degree been the cause of it, as it has been well said by Ford, "mountains and rivers have dislocated, walled and moated the land-clouds, snow and suns have deversified the heaven, hence, soil, sky and people in each of the provinces, have their own particular character; the climate and productions vary no less than do language, custom and manners, and as each item has a tendency to repel rather than attract its neighbour, isolation, division and localism have, from time immemorial down to the present, formed a marked national feature," and disunion has been one of the most potent causes of Spanish decay. Spaniards have no real fatherland; the very word used by them to denote a countryman, means one born in the same province, and the "Vaisano" is an endearing word, it breathes rather local attachment than high-minded patriotism. It is, however, in the past history of Spain that we must look for the chief cause of this separation and of the local unamalgamating character of the Spaniard. Spain was well known to the ancient Phœnicians under the name of Tarshish; was partly settled by the Carthagenians, afterwards successively overrun and inhabited by Romans, Goths and Arabs. The Roman conquest was thorough and complete, the greatest nation of all antiquity. The conquerors, colonizers and civilizers of the world did their work well; but not until there were many bloody battles fought with the rude inhabitants and with the Carthagenians in the second Punic war, did Rome subdue the country. Though the Roman conquest of Spain commenced in 220, B. C., it was not until the reign of

Augustus, in 25 B. C., that it was finally reduced to subjection; it was divided into three Provinces: Tarraconensis embracing the northern and eastern provinces; Bœtica, the modern Andalusia, and Lusitania, Portugal. Spain became Rome's richest province; great towns, aqueducts, theatres and bridges were built, the remains of which now excite the admiration of the traveller, until A. D., 337, she was less a Roman colony than any other of their possessions in Europe except Italy. The latin tongue was generally spoken. Spaniards held high positions in the Roman army and were enrolled in the Roman legions. Some of the latin poets, such as Martial, were Spaniards, and wrote and sung and lived here. Spain was the scene of some of the grandest events in the history of the Roman republic: the early victories of Scipio Africanus, the siege of Numantia and Saguntime, the taking of Carthago Nova, the modern Carthagena. But no better proof can be given of the lasting effect of Roman civilization, than the similarity between modern Spanish and Latin; as Italian is the daughter, so Spanish, a nobler, grander tongue, is the son of the old Roman dialect. A glorious language is Castilian, as Charles the fifth once said, the most fitting language in which to pray to God.

The primitive Iberian or Celtic element, though brought into subjection by the resistless power of the Romans, was never eradicated, especially in the north-western corner of the peninsula. Amidst the mountains of Galicia, in the adjoining province of Asturias, and in the Basque provinces, the Gallegos are distinguishable for their harsh patois, their honesty and industry;—like our Terries and Mickies from the Green Isle, they are mighty handy with the pick and shovel. In Portugal, they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, When asking for a porter in Lisbon, the phrase is, "send for a Gallego." The Asturians, though descendants from Iberians, differ somewhat from the Galicians: they are more polished in manner, gayer in dress, and speak more like Castilians. The ancient inhabitants of this province amalgamated more with the Goths. Asturias gives the title of prince to the heir of the Spanish throne, which was done in professed imitation of our Prince of Wales, and at the desire of the Duke of Lancaster in 1388, when his daughter Constance married Enrique, eldest son of Juan I. From the mountains of Asturias, brave Don Pelayo and his followers sallied forth to win back the rest of Spain from the usurping hand of the Moslem. The Asturians are the small shopkeepers and grocers throughout the northern and central provinces; and being industrious and frugal, they are often enabled to retire to their native hills with a store for old age, whilst their wives are the universal grannies and nurses for the children of the Madrilenian ladies. In the Basque provinces, the primitive Iberian element has remained more unchanged than anywhere else in Spain. In Alava, Vizcaya and Guipuscoa, which, united, form the provinces, the old Iberian tongue—the modern Basque—is still spoken. Modern philologists are not agreed as to its origin;—it is not Celtic, but is somewhat like it in character; and the Basque himself is as fond of dancing—using the shillelah, and blazing away at weddings—as any true born milesian. The Basques were invaded in the ninth century by a fair-haired Scotchman

named Zuria, who, with the well-known tendency of his countrymen, travelled south. From him they derived their strong love of freedom, representative institutions, auburn hair, and light complexions. The Queen of Spain, thanks to Scotch Zuria, was not their queen, but merely the countess of the Basque provinces. Their alcalde or mayor is their sheikh, and their cure or priest is their pope. The "fueros," or federal rights of the Basques have been in existence for nearly a thousand years. They were regularly digested in 1526, and form one of the most interesting subjects for the student of constitutional history. Espartero, to punish the Basques for their adherence to Don Carlos, abolished the fueros almost entirely;—they were, however, restored by Isabella in 1844. Following the decline of Rome, and the gradual loosening of the ties between Hispania and the central power, in A. D. 409 hordes of Alans, Vandals and Suevi swept over and desolated the peninsula, to be in their turn subdued and expelled by the Goths. The settlement of these predatory bands—the Goths—in Spain, was more like a peaceful colonization than an inroad of fierce marauders. Though their influence was most permanent in the ancient kingdoms of Castile, Leon and Aragon, still they have left the impress of their peculiar character on the laws, the political institutions, and the national character of all the provinces where Castilian is spoken. It is from the Goth that the Spaniard derives his love of war and his dislike to commerce, and the proudest boast of the peasant Spaniard of to-day is that he is a Goth, a descendant of old Christians, without taint of Moor, Jew or heretic It is the Arab conquest of Spain, however, and more particularly their subjugation of the southern provinces of Andalusia, Murcia and Valencia, which has given a peculiar local character to these districts. It is the Arab dominion of the peninsula that has distinguished Spain from all the other christian countries of Europe, and has thrown over the land a halo of romance and interest. "The Moors," says Washington Irving, "deserved this beautiful country: they won it bravely, they enjoyed it generously and kindly. No lover ever delighted more to cherish and adore a mistress, to heighten and illustrate her charms, and to vindicate and defend her against all the world, than did the Moors to embellish and enrich, elevate and defend their beloved Spain. Everywhere I meet traces of their sagacity, courage, urbanity, high poetical feeling, and elegant taste. The noblest institutions in this part of Spain (Andalusia), the best inventions for agreeable and comfortable living, and all those habitudes and customs which throw a peculiar and oriental charm over the Andalusian mode of living, may be traced to the Moors." The Spaniard of to-day may boast of the purity of his race, and of his being uncontaminated with Moslem blood;—it is not true. Like the cry of the Manchegan wine seller—"ann esta Moro"—it is still Moorish that is not baptized or mixed with water. The reverse is generally the truth. It could not possibly be otherwise; for, from the first landing of Mahomet's one-eyed lieutenant, Tarik, in 711, until 1492, when Granada was captured, nearly eight centuries elapsed—nearly as long a period as from the battle of Hastings to our own times. This conquest of the peninsula is without a parallel in the history of invasions. The Moors came like a mighty wave, and rolled, with scarcely

an interruption, from the pillars of Hercules to the gates of Tours. Here they received their first check; and had it not been for the success obtained at this battle in France by the christians, the crescent might have adorned minarets in Paris as long as it did the mosque of Cordova. Providence, however, ordained that the domain of the Moslem should be confined within the limits of the Pyrenees; and within these bounds, for nearly eight hundred years, flourished an empire whose revenue far exceeded the whole present revenue of modern Spain. In one town alone —Cordova—there were in the tenth century one million of inhabitants, six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred baths, six hundred inns, and a library of 600,000 volumes. She was wealthy and renowned when London was a poor cluster of houses, when all Paris was contained in the Ile St. Louis, the centre of European civilization, the successful rival of Bagdad and Byzantium. The Moor has left us permanent remembrances of his grandeur in the beautiful alhambra, the stately mosque of Cordova, the tower of the Giralda, chief ornament of magnificent Seville; but far more than his stately buildings, his magnificent system of irrigation, used to this day in Granada, Valencia and Murcia, the Moorish costumes, the oriental vices, the semi-oriental dress, the common household words in southern Spain, bear testimony to the mighty influence of the followers of Mahomet. The year 1492, that witnessed the fall of Granada, beheld also the discovery of America. And now that Spain had become united and consolidated into one empire, and a splendid continent teeming with riches had been opened up for Spanish adventure and enterprise, one would have supposed that Spain would have become and remained the greatest empire in the world; and so doubtless she would have been but for the bigotry and ambition of Spanish rulers. The bigotry which drove out the Moors and Jews after the capture of Granada, ruined the commerce, industry and agriculture of Spain. The emigration to America drained her of her manhood, and left her soil untilled. The great wars of Philip II. and Philip III., the war of the Spanish succession, and finally the war of 1802 with England, and the later wars with Napoleon, all helped to bring down the magnificent empire of Charles V. to the distracted, impoverished Spain of Ferdinand VII. and Maria Christina.

Having thus briefly glanced at the peculiar characteristics of Spanish history, and the causes of her present divisions, I will now say a few words on the Spain of to-day, the peculiar character of her sons, and her social and literary position amongst the nations. Like a true oriental, the southern Spaniard, as our own Irishman, is fond of metaphor and bold, striking images. Paddy says, "there is a hole in my heart you might aisy rowl a turnip in;" and Pepe says of a crack matadore, a prince of bull-fighters, "amid the noise and excitement of the ring, my heart expands as big as a man-of-war of one hundred guns." Like his Moorish forefathers, the modern Spaniard, too, is fond of personal splendour, and gets himself up regardless of expense. Some of the provincial dresses, such as the majo and maja of Andalusia, are superb. The wearer's whole capital is often carried on his back, and in the silver buttons of his waistcoat. The gay wearers, too, are mostly fine figures,

and well set off their picturesque finery. The majo rejoices in a round velvet called a calanes. He wears besides a short jacket, profusely adorned with buttons and filigaree, and unmentionables reaching to the knees, whilst his nether man is encased in a pair of elegantly embroidered gaiters, open at the side to show his stocking, and his well-shaped foot is set off by a neat pair of russet leather shoes. The invariable faha of some bright-coloured silk encircles his waist, and his neckhandkerchief, after the fashion of our modern swells, is passed through a ring given him by some dark-eyed beauty.

The maja, too, is worthy of her mate; and in her mantilla of silk, with its broad band of velvet in front to set off her brown complexion, her eyes and magnificent hair, she looks like a gipsy queen. It is her easy, graceful walk, however, that distinguishes her. Of late years I have noticed that this Andalusian calanes has been converted into the ladies' little turban hat, and the embroidered jacket of the majo has been quite the height of fashion. Whether this is due to the example of the ex-Empress Eugenie, in remembrance of her beloved Andalusia, or merely the work of the Parisian milliners, compassing all lands to find something new in dress, I know not.

Every province in Spain has its costume. You will find broad brimmed hats, skull caps and fez ones worn by the men; whilst the women rejoice in every kind of head gear, from the hat of the Swiss to the mantilla of the maja, and from the grey coverall of the Murcian to the ugly hood of the Basque women.

The cloak is the most generally used garment throughout the country. It is the real Roman toga, and when worn by a Spaniard is exceedingly graceful and becoming. An old proverb says, "la capa todo lo tapa"—the cloak covers everything; and amongst the poor, proud Spaniards, a good cloak often conceals exceedingly seedy under-garments, as well as the secret purchases of the lordly Don.

The real Spanish lady in all the provinces wears the mantilla of black lace, so becoming to the brunette, and which sets off her complexion. Her splendid eyes and magnificent hair, adorned with a single moss rose, which gleams like a diamond amid its raven tresses; and, as if to make the gay wearer still more killing, her basquina or silk dress is made a little short, to display a dear little foot encased in a sweet little shoe. This basquina, too, which, by the way, is invariably black, has neither the limp, flabby, curtailed look of the ancient damsel's gown, nor is it so expanded as the swelling garments of the modern fair ones who indulge in the breadth of fashion, but rather a happy medium between the two. We should, however, have a very incorrect view of the attractions of a Spanish damsel if we omitted to mention her fan. Handling it forms an important part in her education, which, by the way, does not extend beyond reading and writing, dancing the foreign dances, and rarely, very rarely, a tune on the piano; but the management of her fan is generally an accomplishment she has well learned. It has a language of its own, and serves to correct the impudent and presuming, to encourage the modest and retiring, and generally to do an active part in every well sustained flirtation. I am afraid the woman's rights question has not made much

progress in Spain. The Spaniard, not being generally well educated himself, dreads a blue stocking; and this very gallant nation has a very ungallant proverb on learned ladies:

"Mula que hace hin hin,
Mujer que sabe latin,
Nunca tienen buen fin."

"The she mule given to neigh,
The wench who in latin can chatter away,
Never have a good end they say."

The Spaniards have another proverb which says, "in every place they boil beans,"—meaning thereby that the common affairs of life are conducted much the same everywhere. This is not all the case, however. With reference to the matter of love-making, which in Spain is conducted in a manner altogether different from other nations, the unfortunate Spaniard is condemned by tom to do the out-and-out romantic all through the affair. No little suppers, garnished with papa's best port or mamma's preserves, are ever furnished for him; in fact, he has none of those tête-à-têtes, family dinners, or private interviews, which form such interesting and pleasing items in an English courtship. On the contrary, when he has come to some understanding with the lady of his choice in the best way he can, either by signs, a look, a killing look in chapel or on the promenade, he has to carry on the siege to her affections by standing, muffled in his cloak, every evening after dark, under her balcony or the lower balcony of the house, generally railed across, called la reja. Here he has to stretch up his neck to whisper soft nothings to the fair one above. I once heard of a case where a clever mother prompted replies for a handsome but stupid daughter, to the rich lover's words from below. Altogether, it is a cheap and romantic plan, well suited to the Spanish character.

As regards religion in Spain, I cannot say much Spain is now, as she has ever been, devoted to the Roman Catholic church. The Spaniard generally knows of no other christian creed but his own, and classes Jews, Turks, Infidels and Protestants all together. The Spaniard of the middle class is either a Roman Catholic, more or less devout, or he is nothing. However enthusiastic missionaries may write about it, so far there have been few conversions to Protestantism; and I am afraid it will be long before there are many little Bethels in Spain—long before the great bulk of these spectacle-loving, gay southerners will prefer Protestantism in a simple, bare, barn-like building, to the grand and imposing ceremonies of the Holy Week in their splendid cathedrals. The Spaniard is fond of grand ceremonies, profuse in grand titles and pompous phrases; he loves the greetings in the market place, and is punctilious about all politeness and social observances.

In Spain, emphatically "manners make the man." When a Spaniard says a man is without education, he does not mean that he is unlettered, but simply that he has no manners. If there is one thing above another that delights the foreigner in the peninsula, it is the kindly reception given to him,—the easy, pleasant sociability of the tertulias

or reunions, the hospitality and exquisite politeness of all classes. Their sociability does not take the heavy, ponderous form of our English dinners and substantial suppers; but though roast beef, port wine, plum pudding, beef steaks, and brandy and water are almost unknown things in this sunny land, and the Spanish parties are conducted on the most economical plan as regards expense, the stranger finds them uncommonly pleasant. There wont, however, be much literary conversation. As a general rule the modern Spanish gentleman is not literary, and modern Spanish literature is very poor stuff. The great country that produced Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca and Quevedo amongst dramatists, and Cervantes amongst novelists, now produces mere mediocrities both in literature and art. You go through the museo at Madrid, and see Velasquez, Murillo, Juanes, Ribera and Alonzo Cano in all their glory;—they are side by side with Raphael, Titian and Rubens. Charles V., Philip II. and Philip IV. were the leading sovereigns of Europe in the bright period of the *Renaissance*, and as magnificent patrons of art, they made this splendid collection of paintings, perhaps the finest in the world; and after seeing the masterpieces of these grand old Spanish limners, especially the glories of Velasquez, prince of Spanish painters, you will naturally ask yourself where are their modern successors? So far, the mantle of Velasquez has fallen upon no Spaniard of our day; and no new Cervantes has arisen to delight the world, and make Spanish literature as famous as it was in the days of Philip II. This splendid museo and the royal armoury form the chief attractions of Madrid to the intellectual foreigner. Assuredly, Madrid is the least emphatically Spanish town in the peninsula. As a capital, it is far inferior to either Paris or London. There is too much apeing of the foreigner—too many bell-toppers, bonnets and umbrellas, things which are not, as the natives say, *cosas de Espana*. The Madrilena, too, looks awkward in her foreign bonnet; and my Lord Duke of Firebras,on the long-necked, weedy animal, which he thinks an English thorough-bred, looks still more out of place. There is one feature, however, of Madrid—the "prado," or public promenade—which is thoroughly national. Every town, large or small, in Spain has its paseo or alameda. Here, of a winter's afternoon, the respectability of the place turns out to take the sun; for the Spaniard loves the orb of day as much as your cat, whose delight is to repose himself on the inside of the window-ledge, and bask in its delightful rays in the summer. However, the Spaniard goes out after sundown to take the cool, as he calls it; and the sight on the prado, or prow, as it is pronounced, on a fine afternoon, is something to be remembered. Here may be seen the picturesque costumes of the Spanish provinces side by side with the latest fashions from Paris; English horses and English saddles in contrast with Andalusian barbs, apparelled as in the days of the Moors.

And now I must bring this hasty, imperfect sketch to a close. Spain, in her history and in her every-day life of to-day, is a land of contrasts: the earliest country in Europe to have a free parliament, the last civilized country where military sedition and military despotism

bears rule. Once the wealthiest country in Europe, now Spanish bonds are synonymous with the most shadowy of securities; but fallen as she is from her high estate, low as she has sunk amongst the nations, compared with the position she once held, I believe she will rise again. Her material progress within even the last twenty years has been so rapid and so marvellous, that now, as the iron road traverses La Mancha, as the smoke of the steam-engine flies over those plains, and by those wind-mills which Cervantes has rendered famous, may we not hope that brighter days are y ' in store for her, and that she may yet again become, as she was of yore, the garden and the granary of Europe.

NOTES FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

It has been related of a celebrated clergyman, famous as a popularizer of dry subjects, and talented as an eloquent lecturer, that whenever, in the course of his reading, whether the matter under perusal were newspaper editorial, essay or sermon, he came across three or more words elegantly joined together, he at once jotted them down in a little book which he termed his "common-place manual." These words, or portions of a sentence, were, like the coffin of Mr. Toodles, "very handy to have in the house:" and, in the composition of this gentleman's orations and sermons, the common-place manual was ever before his eyes, and without much trouble his composition was greatly facilitated. This mode of writing can hardly be called plagiarism, and yet, in the main, it does not look altogether unlike it. Some men steal the thoughts of others. "Owen Meredith," for instance, in his beautiful "Lucile," is a wholesale plagiarist. And even, if the whole truth be told, Algernon C. Swinburne, a classic poet of this century, is largely indebted for many *ideas* in his smoothly-formed verses to the crude, ungainly Walt Whitman, of "Leaves of Grass" notoriety. Mr. Whitman believes, and he is earnestly sincere in this belief, that it is perfectly proper, and in strict conformity with all rules of decency, for the poet or essayist to view every member of the human frame in precisely the same light. If it be correct for bards to grow eloquent over long tresses of hair that shimmer down alabaster shoulders, it is equally right for them to dilate rapturously upon symmetrically formed beings, finely pencilled eyebrows, lustrous eyes, and dainty feet "bathed in silver nakedness," *et hos genus omne*. The careful student of Swinburne, who has also read some of the works of the rough American poet, will readily perceive *stolen ideas* in abundance. Mr. Whitman makes the balls and his cotemporary fires them. The latter dresses up in glowing language the vulgar crudities of the former, and in that garb the British and American public read the works of both, though

but one man gets the credit of writing. It is like the joint production of music composer and song writer: like Dion Boucicault and Chas. Reade; only in these latter cases, both authors share alike the approbation or condemnation of their audience.

We have said some men, and women, too, steal *thoughts* from others. In the case of our clerical friend, *words*, not *ideas*, make up the bill of indictment in the petty larceny cause. In his defence, he may plead that the dictionary or glossary is common property, and no one can claim the exclusive right to use these works of reference. Granted that this view is the correct one, it cannot be denied that these few elegantly arranged words which are copied from time to time in the common-place manual, cost their originators considerable labour and study; and out of a spirit of fairness, to say the least, credit should be given every time these sentences or parts of sentences are used by others than the one who first put them together. And, by the way, it would be proper to remark here, that this habit is a very bad one for a lecturer or a writer to get into. It is like having a "crib" or "key" to a school text-book. It prevents the "cribber" attaining any originality in composition to speak of, and the detection sure to follow is very humiliating. The jotting down in this little book, irksome at first, soon reduces itself to a system, and takes the place of a diary; —in fact it is a diary of the words and works of other men. A man keeps the *ideas* and *words* of others, instead of keeping his own.

Our scrap-book is somewhat different from the common-place manual. Within its heavy, broad covers and red leather back are many literary treasures, the compilation of which cost the writer much time and thought. In this huge book are harboured short poems from friends, and from those persons who are not friends at all, but who write merely from the fact that they fancy themselves poets. And these verses, and in most cases they are but meagre attempts at versification, possess severally a little history by themselves. They are all huddled up here in the order received, good, bad and indifferent, and a motley lot they are. Some are pencilled on that greasy, unpleasant blue paper; others shine in violet ink, from the jewelled pens of fair hands and weak intellects, on delicate pink note, with gilt edges and aromatic odour; and others again, in coarse round-hand, cover large sheets of unruled foolscap: and so they go. As these ponderous epics came pouring into our Sanctum, we opened wide the repository of scraps, or melancholy vaporings, and after a sufficient degree of attention had been bestowed upon them, the scissors, the editor's sheet anchor, were brought into requisition; and when the sides of the papers containing those effusions were evenly cut to fit their new apartments, they were turned over, and their backs became anointed with a solution of Tragacanth and Acacia gum; and immediately thereafter they occupied their respective positions. None of those inserted were worthy of publication. None of them were very bad; but all betrayed more or less weakness of mind on the part of the several benevolent ladies and gentlemen who so kindly and so considerately forwarded them to us, at sundry times during the year just closed. In some few instances, a

poem obtained in this way possessed a few grains of merit; but there was always something about it, either in its beginning or at its close, that gave offence. A want of harmony, an entire absence of felicitous expression, and a total disregard for the rules of poetic composition, were the gross faults that too often were apparent. And yet these pieces, that no doubt cost their authors much study and thought, which really should have been devoted to something else, were not quite bad enough for the waste-paper basket, nor good enough for publication; and so we improvised an intermediate place for them.

Our scrap-book, be it understood, is not wholly, in its contents, confined to poetry, nor yet to pieces totally devoid of merit. In it are many, very many prose articles, too curt to form papers of sufficient length for this magazine, and as they arrived we inserted them in our book, until this fitting opportunity came about when we could group them together and make one article of the whole. This unique collection comprises portions of stories, poems, brief essays, literary titbits, and anecdotes of local and other characters. Were this book published just as it is, it would form such a contribution to the "Curiosities of Literature" as would make even the late Mr. Disraeli turn in his grave; so, in view of such a calamitous proceeding, we won't publish it in its entirety, but give choice selections instead.

The reader may perhaps wonder how it is that unfinished stories and tales have found their way into our possession. "It happened in this wise," as George Silverman would say: very many of our *litterateurs* who fancied themselves competent to write a story, at once sat down to the herculean task, resolving within their own minds to have the thrilling tale, of three volumes and some nine hundred pages, finished and complete in about a week. On Monday morning the romancer sat at his desk and began to pen his ideas. Prior to this, however, the canary bird, particularly musical on that very morning above all others, was removed to a respectable distance beyond ear-shot of the fever-stricken "author;" the blinds were then lowered, for authors are mysterious characters and shun observation, and the door securely locked. Then the future Scott or Dickens ran his long fingers through his poetic hair, and spent just two hours and a half trying to think of a title for his tale, and at the expiration of that time concluded to write the story first, and let the facts as they developed themselves furnish the name. It was now dinner-time; and as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer never wrote on an empty stomach, our author went down to his mid-day meal, and ate it in moody silence. After this feat, he sought his study and wrote a chapter or two. This was comparatively easy. He sketched his characters rather fairly. There was the villain, who always plays so important a part in every story, there the handsome young lover, then the stony-hearted father and the flexible matron, here was the raven-haired maiden with kindling eyes and glowing temples, and here the rival, hated by the fair girl and loved by the obdurate father. We say the author had written two chapters, and in these thirty-two pages which were required to spin out both chapters, he succeeded so admirably in getting all his personages in so

inextricable a snarl, that even Chas. Reade, who delights in difficulties, could not undo them again were he to work a year at it. The author sent the story to us, nameless and all just as it was, and asked our opinion. We pasted it in our book, christened it "In a fix: a tale without an end; or, he would if he could," and wrote him a long and affectionate letter, and sorrowfully pleaded with him to abandon literature, mend his ways, and send us no more stories. He thankfully acknowledged our letter, was gratefully obliged to us for our disinterested efforts in his behalf, and, in order to show his friendship and regard, forwarded us a beautiful poem of thirty-nine verses, no two alike in measure or connexion, and each ending with the refrain, "Excelsior," which, he added for our edification, "was something like the poem by either Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Tennyson, called 'Excelsior,'" he could not tell which. Thus was benevolence rewarded. We get regularly by the weekly mail plenty of poems, but no more stories, from this young "Gifted Hopkins;" and we believe we are speaking the truth when we say we have his complete works in our scrap-book.

An "Old Bachelor," one, we feel certain, of a sour, "vinegar" aspect, whose hey-day of youth passed away long ago, whose veneration and respect for the opposite sex went out, with that unfortunate little blue-eyed girl who saw fit to "jilt" him years gone by, "speaks his piece" in a brief paper, or rather a couple of sheets of paper; and doubtless he thinks himself pretty smart. Was ever so terrific an onslaught made upon poor defenceless woman before? Shame on thee! Oh, ingrate that thou art! But the Old Bachelor speaketh:

"Women of the present day, Mr. Editor, are a gross fraud. They excel in nothing. Take them as poets,—I am right in saying poets; there is no such thing as poetesses, and I quote Gould's "Good English" as my authority. Look at Jean Ingelow: what trashy stuff she throws to the world and calls it by the name of poetry! 'Divided' and 'Seven times seven,' I'll admit, are pretty fair; but the 'Story of Doom' is arrant nonsense. Her stories in prose are the veriest twaddle, and may suit a Sunday school library; but who else would spend time reading them?—who'd bother about 'em, eh? George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" is a mere jumble of incoherencies, full of foolishness and mad-cap ideas,—bah! there are no ideas in it at all. Pablo's song is devoid of both rhyme and reason;—it isn't even poetry. Christina Rossetti's sonnets are the only passable things she has written, and I would not give two buttons for a book-full of them. 'Fanny Fern's' 'Ginger-Snaps' are feeble attempts at over-cuteness—*dreadfully* smart and *awfully* funny. One would think she'd been fed on razors all her life. Gail Hamilton had to steal even the title of her latest book from Swift, "The battle of the books," and a pretty mess she made of it. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has not yet cleared her skirts of the dirt she hurled at the memory of the departed Byron in her wonderfully "true story." Ugh, my heart grows sick! When will women learn wisdom? Miss Braddon's "Circe" soon shewed the world in the mythical *Mr. Babbington Whyte*, to what ex-

tent lady-plagiarists will sometimes go, when their weak brains refuse to assist them. Out upon the whole lot, sir. "Pepper Whitcomb" was right when he denounced them all as a "delusion and a snare."

Witness the contemptible manner in which they play at hide and seek with one's affections. They'll keep a young man running at their heels from morning till night, and when the time comes for him to "pop," he gets a red mitten in a homœopathic phial for his pains. No sir; I speak from experience, no I don't mean that, I speak as a man understanding them thoroughly. The man who pronounced them the frail creatures of humanity, formed a true and just estimate. Listen to their conversation. What namby-pamby stuff they do hurl out from their false row of beautiful teeth, to be sure! Their ideas are all second-hand, everything is "perfectly mag" and "sweetly pretty," they talk slang like a native of Billingsgate; or if one ventures a compliment, more out of derision than in truth, they raise their dexter hand and flourishing it in the air lisp an affected "Shoo-fly." If you are a judge of music and happen unfortunately to get near one of them, or venture to speak in laudatory terms of the brilliancy of the performance, in nine cases out of ten you will be told by the self-appointed autocrat, who knows no more about music than the man in the moon does about green cheese, that it is 'perfectly horrid.' In a word their conversation is monotonous. And when they ape the literary their true worth is fearfully apparent. I once knew one of these ladies at a ball, and being a peruser of all the current literature of the day she fancied herself, as she elegantly expressed it "some pumpkins." This maiden invariably took delight in talking literature to those young gentlemen friends of her's, who knew nothing whatever about her favourite subject, and as may be inferred she always enjoyed their discomfiture. She was taken down one evening, however, and like the unfortunate king in English history was "never known to smile afterwards." She asked this gentleman when he had scarcely been in the room five minutes, and before his hands were quite warm from the effects of the cold without, "what book he had been reading last?" The answer came quick and to the point, "Kit Carson the Rocky-Mountain Trapper." The young lady tried to hide her blushes and swallowed the rebuke as the general titter ran round the room. No, Sir. I hate women and shall gladly go in for a law to abolish marriages altogether, and would suggest that all female children born during the next twenty years be strangled at their birth. There are too many women, Sir, on this earth. They're nothing but a lot of street-gadders at best of times. Fudge!"

Whew! Well after that tirade from this old reprobate, we breathe freer. What a blessing it is that he rules not the destinies of the world. The poor women he so unmercifully derides would fair badly in his old hands. There must be some cause for all this wild vituperation. No doubt the "old bachelor" loved and lost, and feels it keenly, though the poet tells us, "T'were better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

In his estimate of the lady poets he has named, he is wofully below

the mark. In our opinion, "The Story of Doom" is a fine, rich poem. He strangely enough omits to mention any of Miss Ingelow's sonnets, and here we think the "O. B." very unfair. As a writer of sonnets this lady takes high rank. They are the sweetest and most musical we have ever read, not excepting Wordsworth's or Tennyson's, and as for Rossetti's poems and sonnets, the immense popularity they have attained is perhaps the best answer that can be given to our irate friend's hostile criticism. We differ in almost every respect from the opinion our woman-hating contributor forms of the gentler sex. And the whole civilized world will sustain this position. In every walk of life where women have been allowed access they have reached the very pinnacle of success. Even in surgery and in medicine they have furnished prominent lights who in little time have surpassed their male rivals for medical honours. In law and in letters too, our fair friends have taken the very highest places. So it is on the stage, in full glare of the footlights, the queen of the legitimate drama rises far above her dramatic compeers. We are are not quite aware that the pulpit has ever yet been adorned by a female preacher; but judging from the strides in that direction which the last few years have developed it would surprise nobody were lady ministers announced. The platform has its lady lecturers, why not the pulpit?

Even the field of battle, and the army hospitals have not been wholly without bright eyes. A Florence Nightingale cheered many a poor wounded soldier, and her little hand smoothed the pillow of many a dying one. Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, Madame LaTour and Boadicea hurried in proud legions in the midst of bloody carnage and covered their heroic names with undying glory and honour.

It is true the conversational powers of many ladies of our acquaintance is very much limited. But we can readily grant wide latitude to that idea, when it is said that the reason why converse with ladies is of such a weak, ephemeral order, is because the gentlemen insist upon dinning into their ears the stuff which passes for talk. We can vouch for the truth of this. It is an insult for the "nice young man for an evening party" to underrate the abilities of his lady friends in the manner he does. And what else can be expected of ladies when nearly every individual they meet indulges in the same species of small talk; but that they must as a consequence, fall into that style; and they do. To make a reform here falls to the lot of the gentlemen, and it is about time a beginning was made.

Some of our readers may remember reading some months ago in one of our daily papers a short poem from our contributor "ENYLLA ALLYNE" entitled "The Cricket that harps of the Fall." It is very beautiful in idea, in language and in its construction. The author has made many changes in it since its first appearance, and now it almost reads like an entirely new poem. "ENYLLA ALLYNE" handed this amended version to us a few days ago. We at once placed it in our Scrap-book and now draw it out from its seclusion for the public gaze. In its present corrected form it has never been before published, so

there is no impropriety in our doing so at this time, in this place. Here it is from the original manuscript :—

THE CRICKET THAT HARPS OF THE FALL.

Hither and thither the pendulum swings,
And the shadow journeys along the wall;
Dreaming, to me the robin sings
Of flowery meadow, of mossy springs,
Of a thousand, thousand beautiful things;
But, waking, I hear the cricket only,
The black-robed cricket, sedate and lonely,
That by the hearth-stone harps of the Fall.

Hither and thither the sun-beams glance,
Roses blossom around my feet,
White clouds float through the blue expanse,
And the winds are freighted with odours sweet:
For a moment only, the blissful trance—
Waking, I see the hours advance,
And the shadow creeping along the wall,
And I hear the chirp of the cricket only,
The black-robed cricket, sedate and lonely,
That by the hearth-stone harps of the Fall.

A "Church-goer" sent us a letter about a year ago. He seems to rank magazines and newspapers together in precisely the same light. They are both printed matter and according to him both the same. We presume he intended us to publish his communication at the time it was received; but we stuck it on one of the leaves of our book instead, and there it has remained ever since. It is still fresh and though a year old none of its force is impaired. Emerson, the thinker says that no book should be read until it has been published a year. At the expiration of that time, if the work be good for anything it will be still in the market and purchaseable. If on the contrary it be a poor affair, it will have passed over to the paper-mill, and being of no use, no harm will be done if it is not read at all. Emerson is quite right. Our letter has stood the test, and we unearth it after twelve month's interment It will be observed that some pretty good points are made by our correspondent, and he handles his subject as though he were tolerably familiar with it :—

"Don't you think Sir, that the present style of preaching in our churches is decidedly flat? We have no sermons now like those of Dr. Chalmers or Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, and what's the reason? There are many clever clergymen both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. We have on this side Henry Ward Beecher, W. H. H. Murray, W. R. Alger, Dr. Thomson, Edward E. Hale, Dr. Chapin, Dr. Irvine and some others, while in England, Scotland and Ireland they swell to pretty respectable proportions so far as numbers are concerned. There are Caird, Guthrie, Norman McLeod, Newman Hall, Spurgeon, Manning, Dr. Tait, Dr. Cumming and hosts of others. And yet these "giants" in their profession content themselves with giving us Sabbath after Sabbath, a rehash of their former productions. That

magnificent originality which was once so marked and which brought their respective authors into fame at once, seems to be in abeyance, and no reason can be assigned why it is so, unless it be sheer laziness. Clergymen of these degenerate days forsake the pulpit for the office and your really talented minister seeks literary labour in preference to preaching. Thus we find Mr. Hale seated at the editorial table of "Old and New," Mr. Beecher, editing the "Christian Union," Dr. McLeod writing up the great English magazine "Good Words" and so on. Literature is the more congenial labour and it certainly *pays* better. The result is that the sermon is whisked off, or forgotten time and again, until the very last minute, and then we have a hastily put together thing that very often sends to sleep one half of the drowsy auditors who honour the church with their presence. And can any one blame the pastor for thus making the most of his time and his talents? No, I feel sure, no one can. It is melancholy though, to contemplate the sad deterioration of sermons in our churches. Congregations have wofully fallen off, and it is only the "big gun" who now "draws" full houses.

But there is another class of ministers which is quite unbearable. I mean those flowery individuals who stand up in the pulpit and quote very bad poetry in notoriously bad style. I have no patience with these gentry at all, and were it not a little out of order in so sacred a place as the church, I feel sometimes very much in the humour of throwing a book at the head of the preacher. And then these feeble curates drawl along at a snail's pace the veriest twaddle which they in their simplicity dub a sermon. And this nauseating stuff, over-burdened with biblical quotations and showing no reasoning qualities, or fair average ability on the part of the divine who composed it, is what we poor church-goers are subject to, twice a week. There is considerable reform needed here Mr. Editor. Why don't you stir up some of your clerical contributors a bit? It might do some good.

Please understand that I am saying nothing against the teachings or interests of christianity in this connection. I am perfectly conscientious when I speak of the great lack of enthusiasm which clergymen ought to inspire in their several congregations. That interest which ministers should take in the welfare of their hearers is painfully absent.

I am opposed to too much *form* in religious exercises and always look with some suspicion upon the clergyman who will so far display his supreme ignorance and want of sense, in giving directions to his flock as to how it shall comport itself during service. At prayer time the eyes must be cast down towards the feet, and the hands must come together in front, with the thumbs up, forming a sort of penny-savings bank doorway. Surely people of common-sense need not be told how to fold their hands. Why not allow them to worship in their own way?

It seems, too, that the time has come when Elders and Trustees will cease to pass round the plate to catch stray cents and half-pence. It looks very ridiculous at the completion of the sermon, such as it generally is, to have a green bag at the end of a long pole, or a mahogany

round box, thrust into your face, redolent of copper, by a benevolent-looking old gentlemen who smilingly waits at your pew door until he hears the click of the small coin as it leaves your fingers and drops among its fellows. The owners and renters of the pews should pay enough for their seats and thus obviate the necessity of cent-gathering, which is certainly a relic of barbarism.

But the worst feature in some churches I wot of is in the freedom with which certain ministers of the gospel of my acquaintance, systematically abuse the peculiar beliefs of all those members of other religious than their own. According to these self-styled judges, who, as the divine command tells us, should not judge lest they be themselves judged, none are sure of Heaven and a blessed immortality beyond the grave, but those christians professing the particular religious belief of the eloquent pastor, at that moment addressing his hearers. This is another relic which should be done away with by every right-thinking man. Running down the religion of fellow mortals is never commendable."

We close this correspondence here. It is a few pages longer; but this is all that really touches upon the subject in hand. We do not quite agree altogether with the whole tenor of the above candid and plain letter. In the matter of collecting cents, which "A Church-goer" hits off with some degree of humour, we quite coincide. The pew-holders should pay enough for the entire support of the church, or, if that will not suffice, let each member of the congregation pay so much per annum to make up such deficiencies as occur, and do away altogether with this nuisance. It does look ridiculous certainly, and we are glad our correspondent has thought fit to bring the matter up before our readers. "A Church-goer" is wrong as respects the discourses of Mr. Beecher, Mr. Alger, Mr. Hale and Mr. Murray. We have, and at a very recent date too, heard each one of the above eloquent clergymen preach, and for originality and terseness they far surpassed anything in the sermon-line, that we ever read in either the published sermons of Chalmers or Robertson. Dr. Chapin of New York, has preached many a sermon that equals in point of logical reasoning and clear melodious diction, the great "City and its Sorrows" of Dr. Guthrie And so on. These celebrated divines, in addition to editing magazines and newspapers find time to dash off a work or t o during the year, besides preaching two sermons of much power and beauty every week of their lives. Of the ministers of the other side we can say little. and we hope our correspondent is fully able to judge from *personal experience* whether Dr. McLeod and Mr. Spurgeon cannot preach sermons of equal merit as those of the two great men he places at the head of sermon writers with such a flourish of trumpets. So far as *form* in worship is concerned, we hope no clergyman within our recollection is foolish enough to attempt to "educate" his congregation to acquire so much *show* in their exercises. Surely some one has been trying to hoax our "Church-goer."

Here is too good a story to remain untold. It is literally true and

a lady forwards it, on a sheet of fine thick unruled note paper, with her monogram neatly embossed thereon. She was stopping at the house of a lady friend and after the tea things had been removed, and the "table cleared off," the ladies took up their sewing, and as Mr. Pepy's would remark, were that prime old gossip living—"fell to converse." The conversation soon turned to literature, as it invariably does whenever there is a particularly *smart* poetaster in the company. This young lady read Tennyson and Longfellow because it was fashionable to do so, and though she hardly understood what she read, as it was the custom she sat every day near her open window with a copy of the Laureate in her right hand, and in her left she held a volume of the author of "Evangeline." In course of conversation our fair informant casually asked the literary lady whether she had ever read Petofi, meaning the great Hungarian poet who died fighting in the defence of his country. Her surprise was very great when her learned companion turned round hastily and breathlessly enquired whether Petofi was one of Longfellow's or Tennyson's poems. This story is true, every word of it.

"Will you please tell me," asks a young miss, not very young either, for she's twenty if she's a day, "why it is that mostly all our young gentlemen acquaintances agree with us in everything we say? I sometimes try and make them bite their own noses off, just for fun, and they do it every time. To me they seem just like so many jumping-jacks. You pull the string and off they go, pull it again and they immediately throw out their arms and kick up their heels. Why will they persist in arguing against their convictions? I wouldn't give a tooth-pick for a man who hadn't an opinion of his own. Oh, how I do hate to have the knot of grinning coxcombs agreeing with me in everything I say. Man loses all the little dignity the creature ever possessed. It is very lowering and does not give us girls a very high idea of man's perfections. Why, they are no better than we, no how you can fix it. There, you may say that's 'regular girl,' but I can't help it. I aint a 'complete letter writer,' neither am I a Chesterfield, though I have read something about him. P. S.—I forgot to say that I am sick and tired of the translations you are forever publishing, who reads them I should like to know? I don't."

We have ourselves "many a time and oft," seen these same nimcompoops hanging round piano-stools on which were seated beauties with long taper fingers, going over the ivory keys of the instrument with the rapidity of magic. And these "nice young men," with limited capacity and heads filled to overflowing with ignorance are the invariable *beau ideal* of this period! The hair-brains trip through the mazy waltz with the handsomest partners and the best dancers. And what is the purport of their conversation! It all amounts to a round O. Yet these "affairs" *take* and are adored by the fair sex! "Don't let all the fools run out" cried Josh Billings. Oh what *would we do* if there were no fools.

About the translations, dear Miss ———, we are sincerely sorry

you don't like them. They are all very good, and strictly literal. Our "Anacreontica" far surpass Tom Moore's translations from the old Greek, and you would say so yourself did you understand that ancient language. Read them over prètty often and you will soon learn to love them A taste for translations can be *acquired*. Regarding our own private opinion, we quite sympathize with our little letter-writer, who is not a Chesterfield, we don't care particularly for translations, never did and don't ever intend to. That don't prevent them being good, however, and very many people quite as estimable as our correspondent and ourselves delight in such things, and it is for their benefit that we publish them.

A kind-hearted matter-of-fact matron speaks thus of the bashful man:—

"Whenever I see a young man timidly enter a crowded room I set him down at once as a bashful man. See, now look at him. He scarcely raises his eyes. No one is looking at him. He needn't be afraid. Then he makes directly for the centre-table. He has found his rescuer—a photographic album—this is as good as a gold mine to him. He straitway proceeds to a chair and turns over the ponderous leaves very slowly, fearful lest the book would not last him until the hour for going home arrives. As he turns the leaf and looks long and earnestly at each particular picture as though he were a *connoisseur*, and then jerks up his eyes to one side and peers softly out of the tail of one of them on the company, I feel real sorry for him, and all my womanly nature wells up within me and I feel very much as if I wished to rush to the relief of that young man, and save him from the terrible state of unpleasantness under which I know he is labouring. Some writer, I cannot recall who it is just now, pronounces bashfulness to be no more nor no less than a species of sublime conceit and inordinate vanity. He tells the young man not to be so vain as to think for a moment that he is the bright particular star of the whole company. He is by no means the centre of attraction. Come out boldly from behind that album and face the music, Sir. And perhaps the man is correct after all, though I must differ with him essentially. It is not vanity. Vanity is a blustering fellow who has a word to put in no matter who is talking or no matter what the subject is. He is smart. He knows it. He is vain. He doesn't know it. He is like an overcharged steam-engine. Were his utterances stopped short, he would most assuredly burst. The bashful man is not conceited. He has nothing to make him conceited. He knows his short-comings in society. He strives to conceal them by not mingling with the brilliant conversationalists, and forthwith proceeds to hide his light under a bushel. I would love to go right up to that young fellow and seat myself by his side. A few words kindly spoken so as not to discompose him will accomplish wonders in bringing to life the dormant abilities of the momentarily tongue-tied individual. Try it mothers. Try it ye who have sons and daughters "out." Make the new rough-road soft and grateful to the feet, banish the thorns and hard stones from the path

and render it a way of pleasantness. Believe me the one you thus befriend will never forget it, never. I've tried it, and I know all about it."

This lady is a boon to those sensitive individuals who cannot see a pair of bright eyes without going into hysterics; who cannot walk across the room without cutting a figure strongly pregnant with the recollection of a drunken man trying to walk a crack in a kitchen floor, in short she is a perfect blessing to the bashful man. Bashfulness is an evil that is fostered, nursed and caressed, it grows upon one rapidly and to an alarming extent, and there seems to be no radical cure for it. This generous lady seems to have discovered a remedy for the disease, and it is certainly to be hoped that her cure is a "safe and effectual" one as the medicine bottles tell us. We are glad our contributor is opposed to the vanity theory. We have ever held the opinion, that vanity had nothing whatever to do with it.

We cannot accommodate all our friends in this number of the QUARTERLY, and we may therefore return to the subject at some future time. We haven't unfolded a tithe of the good things which our scrap-book contains: but of this more anon.

SOME GOSSIP ON A SOCIAL SUBJECT.

BY N. E. S.

The fashion books—I do not mean those ever-changing publications by which ladies of fashion try to cut their garments, but those which describe the "habits of good society"—usually begin with an apology for their own existence. But, surely this is unnecessary. Who cannot recall to his memory an almost countless number of instances in which youth has entered upon the pathway to fortune and to greatness, simply by being polite? The rich old miser has had the key to his heart and to his treasures rubbed of its rust and fitted to duty by a graceful bow from a graceful youth. The rich merchant, wrapped in self, has been aroused to benevolence by a kind act of some virtuous lad. He takes the little fellow by the hand, befriends him, and just as every other house has gone down in that tremendous financial crash which is so convenient in the modern novel, the little boy, grown to be a rich merchant himself, unexpectedly steps on the stage, and helps his benefactor to weather the storm. Then he marries the old gentleman's daughter and so good manners are rewarded. There are many variations of this story. Occasionally it is the golden-haired daughter of the rich merchant who sees the little boy, ragged and dirty, sitting upon her father's marble doorstep. Instead of driving him away, she

sends him, or what is much more artistic, brings him out a large piece of bread buttered on both sides. He gratefully remembers the vision of golden sunlight; and, years after, when her father has gone to the wall in that same financial crash, he finds her a seamstress, singing the song of the shirt, or in a picture store trying to sell, at half its value, an elaborate work of art, rivalling Rubens or Titian, or acting as governess in a family, where the hulking boys and angular girls are wearing out her life, and marries her on the spot. As the story varies, so do the circumstances under which politeness and good manners secure for youth and poverty their first step in the direction of advancement. Sometimes it is a soldier, who takes his king's eye, by his graceful bearing. Sometimes it is a page who secures the interest of a great lady by his engaging manners. Numerous, indeed, are the instances of politeness and good manners laying the foundation of future greatness for their fortunate possessor. Nobody should, therefore, dispute the value of the guide-books which instruct in these useful arts. Perhaps it is the very essence of politeness that compels them to ask forgiveness for troubling us with their existence. But it is worthy of notice that the financial and worldly successes which result from the exercise of politeness fall upon the head of youth or beauty, or both. Who has ever heard of an old maid of fifty-seven or sixty-four—I presume no one will question that unmarried ladies who have reached either of these periods of life may be considered to be in a fair way to be old maids—getting a husband by the politeness of her behaviour or the courtesy of her manners? Yet, do not many of us know several—I will not say plenty—unmarried ladies approaching those ages, who are far more kind hearted, far more considerate of others, far more even in their tempers than the most lovely Miss to whom we pay our respects on New Year's Day? Who has ever heard of an old clerk, over thirty years in the employ of the house of Cash, Ledger & Co., being invited to a partnership, simply because in his politest manner, he loaned Miss Ledger his umbrella the day she was caught in a shower, and went home in the wet himself? Who has ever heard of an old, grim veteran, who had gone through sieges and battles innumerable and had received scores of wounds, getting promoted to a colonelcy, because he picked up the King's embroidered glove when he dropped it at the review? Ah! it is ever youth that wins—in romance; though in real life its struggles are severe enough and success often comes only when age prevents its thorough enjoyment. Perhaps the real meaning of all these little stories is, to impress upon the young man the value of politeness, by holding before his vision a state of future reward. Politeness does not seem to be natural. It must be acquired like other grades of goodness. And, although we all declare that virtue is its own reward; yet very few of us believe this. We expect, hereafter, to be well rewarded for having left some evil undone that our hearts prompted us to. So, too, if we are polite, we may be more successful in our every-day life struggles.

There is no doubt that politeness is of great benefit to its possessor. Of what value it is to the politician, who, after you have worked for

him and voted for him, and, perhaps, done violence to your political convictions because of your personal predilections, is compelled to refuse you the office you so much desire, and which you think you have fairly won, to be able to so refuse you, that you are more firmly his friend than ever. There are your tailors, who make your clothes no better than any other member of that ancient calling, and who charge you fifty per cent. more than others would, yet who are so polite and courteous, and who trouble you for money in such a self-deprecatory way, only when they have a "note to pay,"—think what a valuable portion of stock-in-trade politeness is to them. Who would not rather buy his groceries from Skipweight, the polite and affable, though he is suspected of sanding his sugar and mixing his teas, than of Grim, whose wares are beyond suspicion, but who is so tart and sour as to always leave you in doubt as to whether you have offended him by putting him to the trouble of selling to you? It gratifies our vanity and self-love to be treated with politeness and consideration; and, we are often willing to be cheated, provided the operation is pleasantly performed. What better instance of this is wanted than the ceremony of "calling" affords. In the performance of her duty to society a lady calls upon another. If she were told by the maid who answers the door-bell that the mistress was "engaged," or did not wish to see her friends this afternoon, the visitor would withdraw offended, her self-love wounded, and, as she would express it herself, "dreadfully mortified." But, the previously-informed maid, with a significant smile, answers "not at home," and the visitor goes away conscious that she is deceived, yet it is done so pleasingly and so much according to rule, that she is perfectly satisfied. The fashion is one of the polite usages of society, practised by the "very best people," who often wonder why their maid servants have no regard for truth! Chesterfield puts forward the Great Duke of Marlborough as an illustration of the value of engaging manners. And, although the habits of society in the times in which the Duke lived would not now be tolerated, yet the great warrior unquestionably made his mark at the courts of Europe. It was no light thing to hold together the great Alliance with its mean jealousies, petty heart-burnings and shrewd suspicions, yet Marlborough's achievements in this respect were often quite as great as his victories on the battle-field. This was due to his personal politeness, for he was not, Chesterfield says, a shining genius, nor a writer of good English, nor a man of great parts, but his "manners were irresistible by either man or woman." Indeed, in many respects, Marlborough was a man for whom we cannot have other than a feeling of great contempt, but the way in which he won upon the regards of many of his contemporaries, and, in fact, his whole personal career, shows that politeness, in a worldly point of view, may be made to cover a multitude of sins.

Lord Lytton says that "the essence of all fine breeding is the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never with-

out dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others." But the doctrine here laid down should be reciprocal. The "gift of conciliation" should not be exercised at the expense of truth. If my friend or neighbour, who is a plain-spoken man, talks to me in honest, homely phrase, speaking of a spade as a spade, should I wound his dignity by letting him see that he has offended me because he has not rounded his conversation with the courtly white lies, which are the offspring of the amenities of polite society? If he has dignity enough to tell me the truth, in a conciliatory way, what manner of man am I who cannot with equal dignity receive his truth in the conciliatory way in which he presents it? Perhaps it wounds my self-respect, and so he must abase himself, and lessen his own self-respect, to minister unto me. The golden rule is to do to others as we desire them to do to us.

Morals and manners are very nearly associated, though an immoral age might be a very polished one. But, if this were the case, the polished manners must necessarily be based upon deception and they would be false and insincere. In so far as Scott's novels and poetry are valuable as re-creating a past age, what do they show? Knights and gentlefolk who met each other with the most courtly phrases; but who, on the slightest disagreement, drew their swords or placed their lances in rest, to defend their speech. The "gift of conciliation," that essence of good-breeding, is not a prominent characteristic of their natures. His pictures are by no means isolated or without their prototypes in actual life. A few years ago, in some of the Southern States, the traveller was courteously and politely invited to drink, but if he as courteously and politely declined, he risked his life, for the inviter at once drew his pistol or bowie knife to sustain the request. We get a very good idea of Southern morals from such an exhibition of Southern manners. And we can easily understand why assassination in a community adapted to such practices would not be a very serious crime. Who can read Mr. Thackeray's description of the manners of people of quality in the reign of Queen Anne without at once associating those manners with their morals? In one of his lectures he tells us on the authority of Swift, of a dinner party at which Lady Smart, finds a skewer in a dish, and sends it down to be cooked and dressed for the cook's own dinner; of Lady Match, who sends her footman of an errand and warns him to follow his nose, of Miss Notable who says that she loves Tom Neverout "like pie;" of the dinner for eight Christians, at which was served a shoulder of veal, a sirloin of beef, fish, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings and ham, with almond pudding, brandy, claret, cider, ale, and Burgundy, and which ended by the noble host calling out to one of the servants, "Hang expense, bring us a ha'porth of cheese." We need only to peruse that graphic description of the great ladies and gentlemen who frequented White's Chocolate House in those days, to be ready to agree with the great humorist, that "you could no more suffer in a British drawing room under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman, or fine lady, of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you could receive an ancient Briton." Indeed, if compelled to make

choice you would prefer the heathen to the Christian savage. The one might be overawed into quietness; nothing could enhance the rudeness or loudness of the other. It would be an interesting enquiry, but it is not within the scope of the present paper, to endeavour to ascertain the relations between manners and morals. Do the morals of an age originate its manners? Or, do the manners inspire and adorn the practice of morals? The first impulse, of course, is to give the precedence to morals. But, a little reflection will show that the relations of the two are so intimate, and that they so operate upon each other, that it is a very difficult task to decide between them. It is true that in regard to individuals the golden rule at once furnishes the ground-work to the most complete code, both of morals and manners, that can be laid down, yet, as I have previously said, in an immoral age the manners might be of the most polite and ceremonious kind. China is admittedly one of the most polite and ceremonious of countries; and all intercourse among the people is regulated by a formal code of ceremonial rites, but the immorality and insincerity of the people are rarely questioned. I do not see, however, that their manners could improve their morals.

The spread of democratic feeling and democratic habits of thought has had a very great influence upon manners, and particularly, upon that portion of personal manners which may be considered under the head of politeness. Rich and influential persons, men holding positions of importance, are much more considerate and careful of the feelings of others, than they were years ago. The rich have recognized the common ties that unite them to all mankind; the poor have endeavoured to imitate the habits of the rich, and both have, in consequence, been brought nearer together. The democratic spirit has had no coadjutor more useful in this respect than literature; but it is not very long since literature began to break down the barriers that surrounded it. Some "dedications" of popular books, a hundred and fifty years ago, are abject pieces of composition enough. In the comedy of "Not So Bad As We Seem," David Grub compresses a very significant piece of general literary history into a very small space, when he complains of the Duke of Middlesex: "Sir, years ago, when a kind word from his Grace, a nod of his head, a touch of his hand, would have turned my foes into flatterers, I had the meanness to make him my patron—inscribed to him a work—took it to his house, and waited in his hall among porters and lacqueys—till, sweeping by in his carriage, he said, 'Oh! you are the poet? but take this,' and extended his arms as if to a beggar. 'You look very thin, sir, stay and dine with my people.'—People!—his servants!" Things have changed materially since the period which produced such literary grubs. Just as there appears to be a mediocrity of knowledge because it is now so generally diffused, so the commingling and intermingling of the people have made a mediocrity of politeness. One or two hundred years ago it was a great condescension on the part of any man to address his inferior—that is one beneath him in station or position—without either by manner or by language pointing out the difference that existed between them. Now, when two men meet, no matter what their

worldly differences, they meet upon an equality, and the man of position who would attempt, because of that position, to assume to himself any superiority, would at once proclaim his want of the first principles of politeness. It is, perhaps, not improper to say that while this is true of men, it is not true of women. It is yet very difficult, indeed, owing to the straits put upon them by fashion, for two women, occupying different stations in life, to meet each other without one exhibiting the consciousness that she is not so much of a woman as the other. Indeed, it is worthy of observation and note, as an important and interesting phase of the manners of the times, how very difficult it is for women to meet each other at all; how circumscribed the topics that are common to them; how laborious the effort to maintain an easy and dignified position, without disturbing the social equilibrium. Outside of the social circle in which she is at home, and in which she is known, woman so far as my observation goes is an awkward creature; not because of her own mental inferiority, but because of the toils with which habit and the usages of society surround her. She will break these toils only when she is admitted to a wider participation than she is now allowed in the work of life.

Politeness is an art to be acquired. There are some instincts of the human heart which make its acquirement easy. It is a natural and almost an involuntary act to give the right of way to a stranger whom we meet in a narrow path. It requires a great deal of experience to enable us to . it composedly in a crowded horse car in which a lady is standing. I doubt if it is ever done without the man feeling conscious that he is doing violence to himself. But, the superstructure that is built on the rudimentary feelings are the higher branches of polite education that can only be acquired by practice and study. There are many good people with sound hearts who *will* put their knives into their mouths at dinner, without the slightest feeling of wrong doing. I lately attended a public party, given by a prominent society, where was a young lady who had graduated with all the honours, for she was arrayed in purple with a collar of gold about her neck. She put her knife into her mouth, and yet laughed and chatted with those about her, and was as self-conscious and self-possessed, as if she were not every moment endangering the ruby lips which were such an attraction. I dare say she is as courteous and obliging as she is dexterous in handling the ugly weapon in her hand, and, no doubt, she will be as good a wife and a mother as any of her sex. Now, by this little violation of the rules of society she did no injury—she violated no natural feeling, but simply an arbitrary law. The story of that burly old Hanoverian king who went to sup with some ladies is well known. They, long away from the court and unacquainted with the laws of fashion, poured out the tea into the saucers; the courtiers outwardly acquainted with polite laws, but destitute of the inner feelings which give force and vitality to those laws, immediately commenced to titter, but the king at once poured out his tea also, and thus made the fashion of the court to correspond with that of the ladies. The act was a very simple one, but it proved that the natural kindness of the heart could

shine through all artificial polish. So with many of the other rules of polite society. There are some, the violation of which do no harm to any but the individual who violates them. There are others that cannot be placed in this list. It is no uncommon thing for young gentlemen of my acquaintance, who go out to evening parties, to spend at least a quarter of their time in the dressing-room, or some other retired place, smoking pipes or cigars, and filling their clothes, and the rooms with the odour which is so obnoxious—the odour of stale smoke. They render themselves disagreeable to everybody but themselves, and they act unfairly to their hostess and the other guests, by this solitary enjoyment, when they are expected to contribute to the common fund. That was a shrewd answer and to the point of old Blowser, at whose house was a large and fashionable party lately. "Where," said an old-young man about five feet two inches high, to the portly old gentleman, "where are we to smoke?" "I don't know," was the bluff response. "None of the ladies have expressed a wish to smoke this evening."

Many of the rules laid down by polite society for its government are the result of extreme refinement, but many others are made in the interests of morals, or for the purpose of protecting the rights of individuals. They all are the necessary consequence of an artificial mode of life. The practice and observance of such of them as are founded in justice and common-sense, and are not the offspring of folly, need not be left to the fashionable world alone. On this continent, where the sharp lines that divide society in Europe are unknown, good manners ought to be as common as good language. In England, where the dress, the outward manner, the very form of speech, vary according to the class to which a man belongs, an uniform code and system of politeness are impossible. Here, where a more democratic system prevails, where, in theory at least, one man is as good as another, every man should show his belief in this, not in the limited sense in which it is too often meant, but by bearing himself in such a way as to leave no doubt of the purity of his morals and the goodness of his manners.

THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN AND OTHER POEMS.*

The "Idyls of the King" is the series of poems on which Mr. Alfred Tennyson stakes his reputation. His hopes and aspirations are all centred in these golden drops of poesy, and the Arthurian Legends with the Knightly Table Round, rendered immortal by the master hand of the great art poet of England, might well call forth the author's praises and admiration. "Guinevere" is full of new delights, and as

*THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN AND OTHER POEMS by JOHN READE, Montreal: Dawson Bros.

one reads this marvellous gem he feels as if he were bathing in the softened waters of a silver dew. "In Memoriam" is a great work, full of fine passages and touching incidents. "Dora" is a charming simple story, charmingly and simply told, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the daughter of a hundred Earls, is highly coloured and breathes in a classic atmosphere, the very air is high born and aristocratic, but withal it is a story of the passions and of the heart, and our sympathies are aroused to a sudden pitch by its fine, metrical lines. "Enoch Arden" is "sweetly pretty," and there our criticism of this effort of the muse ends; but for artistic and elegant workmanship, for rich and heaven-born ideas, beautifully and evenly expressed, the "Idyls of the King" stand far ahead in no matter what light we view them, either as art-pictures from the pencil of a great painter, or as legendary romances with a tinge of history told at the firesides of admiring thousands by a brilliant story-teller in verse. Unquestionably this book, for it is succinct by itself, possesses a charm unsurpassed by anything which has ever emanated from the pens and minds of the laureates of England from the days of King James to the present time. We never tire of reading it, and when last year the final touch to this great triumph, in the "Holy Grail" was issued from the hands of Mr. Tennyson, an inward feeling of combined sorrow and grief filled our hearts. The story is ended, the work of a life-time is completed, and the poet, as he views his finished production is glad and sorry at the same time, that the romance of King Arthur and his knights has come to a close.

Mr. John Reade of Montreal, known to the readers of the QUARTERLY by the faithful translations he has furnished for their delectation from the poets of the Heroic Age, has just placed into the hands of the public a volume of poems bearing the title at the head of this paper. Our readers will recognize an old friend in "Merlin." They have been accustomed to read of him in Tennyson's Idyls, and the passion for perusing his further history, has been whetted by a past love. The present poem is the one with which the book under notice, opens, and there are several portions of it that would do no discredit to the laureate himself. This high praise is not given after a hasty or trifling reading: but it is the result of a careful perusal and study. The student of poetry will recognize an echo of the bard of England, not merely an echo only, but a certain degree of *sameness* in metre and idea; and though this form of writing poetry in which most poetasters indulge, that is copying the *style* and *manner* of great bards who have preceded them in this walk of literature, such for instance as Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Pope, Poe, Burns, and many others whose peculiarities are known at once; yet in the present case Mr. Reade is justified in falling into the footsteps of the master, whose story he takes up, and with which he goes on. We have always, be it understood, expressed in terms that would admit of no misunderstanding, our entire disapproval of following in the wake of any predecessor. It betrays a gross want of originiality, a weakness of diction and a lack of power, strength or beauty, and although it gives us

pain to say it, notwithstanding it is the truth, most of our Canadian poets, have taken some great man as their model, and have copied him with a closeness that perhaps in that respect, gives them credit. Who wants to read a namby-pamby poem, redolent of the battle-fields of Canada, written in the identical metre of the "Battle of Blenheim" or that more famous duel at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, when one can get the original, much more felicitously rendered, and a hundred others for a few cents. That, perhaps, is the main reason why our poets do not succeed. That is why ponderous ballads in the Macaulay measure, and warlike lyrics of the rhythm of Sir Walter Scott and Alfred Tennyson, do not attain that world-wide popularity so ardently prayed for by the Canadian poet of our day. We have a wide field. Our backwoods abound in trees and shrubs, each leaf of which contains a hundred tales of interest, our ground is red with the blood of thousands slain in the great fight for liberty, and historic incidents abound on every side. Our early annals open up a wide range of thought, and deeds of bravery on well-contested fields are fraught with stirring chronicles, yet unwritten. Why then are these materials not taken up and weaved in a new measure, in undying song? Here are the fields, who is the coming poet? Who is the *inventor*, not the copyist. who will use those fine, eloquent, though they speak not, tributes left us by the brilliant array of ancestors whose bones lie bleaching in the Canadian sun? Will the hint be acted upon, or are our people too dull of comprehension and want a further elucidation of the subject? Thackeray, with admirable *naivete* tells the story of a man who gave hints of a rather forcible character before he was thoroughly understood, thus he kicked his groom down stairs one day. which was a *hint* to that menial to quit his service. We trust that there is no necessity to apply our hint with such force.

But to return to Mr. Reade, who is in no way amenable to us for anything contained in the above remarks. He is not a copyist in any sense of the word. His "Merlin" is Tennysonian certainly, but the exigencies of the case merit his treading the same pathway as much as possible else the illusion that we are reading the laureate, when we are perusing John Reade would be dispelled. Merlin, on pages 6 and 7, tells us of himself, and to show the reader how Mr. Reade treats his subject, the fine language he uses and the simplicity and poetic fervency which mark the effort, we quote, at random, a passage; nor is this the best one in the poem:

* * * "Hid from eyes of common men
Is that which is to be in after days;
And only those can see it in whose souls
A heavenly brightness has dissolved the mist
That darkens mortal sight. And even these
Can see but dimly, as a far-off hill
Appears at even when the stars surprise
The lingering kisses of the parting sun.
But I, thou knowest well, Sir Bedivere,
Am not of mortal race, nor was I born
Of human mother nor of human sire,

Mine is the blazonry of prophet souls
Whose lineage finds in God its kingly head.
To me what was and that which is to come
Are ever present, and I grow not old
With time, but have the gift of endless youth.
As one who stands beside a placid stream,
Watching the white sails passing slowly down,
And knows a fatal whirlpool waits them all,
And yet, the while, is powerless to save,—
So watch I all the ages passing by
Adown the stream of time into the gulf
From which is no return. Alas! alas!
How oft have I, who ever love the good,
The pure, the brave and wise, wept bitter tears,
As they have passed me, joyous in their course,
And we have held sweet converse, as I thought
How soon their faces would be seen no more!
Sad, sad, Sir Bedivere, the prophet's gift,
Who sees the evil which he cannot heal!"

There are several finely conceived thoughts in this passage, and the the last couplet is especially original and smooth.

Our poet is happy, very happy in marking out the history of the fourth Queen, our own beloved Victoria, who rises to the sceptre and the crown, after many years have rolled away and the third queen has slept in consecrated ground. Here, too, is the brilliant future of the sea-girt Isles, and their dependencies:

* * * "The earth and air
Shall yield strange secrets for the use of men,—
The planets, in their courses, shall draw near,
And men shall see their marvels, as the flowers
That grace the meads of summer,—time and space
Shall know new laws, and history shall walk
Abreast with fact o'er all the peopled world,—
For words shall flash like light from shore to shore,
And light itself, shall chronicle men's deeds.
Great ships shall plough the ocean without sail,
And steedless chariots shoot with arrowy speed,
O'er hill and dale and river, and beneath
The solid floor we tread,—the silent rocks
Shall tell the story of the infant world,—
The falling leaf shall shew the cause of things
Sages have sought in vain—and the whole vast
Of sight and sound shall be to men a shool
Where they may learn strange lessons; and great truths
That long have slept in the deep heart of God
Shall waken and come forth and dwell with men,
As in the elder days the tented lord
Of countless herds was taught by Angel-guests,
And this fair land of Britain then shall be
Engrailed with stately cities,—and by streams
Where now the greedy wolf roams shall be heard
The multitudinous voice of Industry,—
And Labour, incense-crowned, shall hold her court
Where now the sun scarce touches with his beams
The scattered seeds of future argosies,
That to the furthest limit of the world

Shall bear the glory of the British name.
And where a Grecian victor never trod,
And where a Roman banner never waved,
East, west, and north, and south, and to those isles,
Happy and rich, of which the poets dreamed
But never saw, set far in western seas,
Beyond the pillars of the heathen god—
Shall Arthur's realm extend, and dusky kings
Shall yield obeisance to his conquering fame.
And she, the fourth fair tenant of the throne,
Heir to the ripe fruit of long centuries,
Shall reign o'er such an empire, and her name,
Clasping the trophies of all ages, won
By knightly deeds in every land and sea,
Shall be VICTORIA."

The references to steam, the Electric telegraph, the cable which joins the old world to the new, the steam-ship and other marked wonders of recent years are gracefully made, and the whole-souled admiration and love which the poet feels for Her Majesty who reigns contentedly over those portions of the Empire, in the east, the west the north and in the south are worthy of his head and heart, and kindly nature. The poem as it moves along brings up another personage, the blameless prince, the consort of the Queen, and his life and love are fittingly pourtrayed. How beautiful are these lines, how glowingly written and what a spirit of noble fervency they breathe:

"When all men shall be like him, good and wise,
Shall, when his work is finished, pass away;
And the dark shade of sorrow's wings shall blot
The sky, and all the widowed land shall mourn;
And chiefly she, his other self, the Queen,
Shall weep long years in lonely palace-halls,
Missing the music of a silent voice.
But, though his voice be silent, in men's hearts
Shall sink the fruitful memory of his life,
And take deep root, and grow to glorious deeds.
And she will write the story of his life
Who loved him, and though tears may blot the page,
Even as they fall, the rainbow hues of hope
Shall bless them with Christ's promise of the time
When they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Before taking leave of this gem, so gorgeously set in the crown of poesy, this simple story delightfully told, we must make one more extract, and this is excusable as the passage below refers more particularly to our own land—Canada:

"In a far land beneath the setting sun,
Now and long hence undreamed of (save by me
Who, in my soul's eye, see the great round world
Whirled by the lightning touches of the sun
Through time and space),—a land of stately woods,
Of swift broad rivers, and of ocean lakes,—
The name of Arthur,—him that is to be,—
(Son of the good Queen and the blameless Prince),
Shall shed new glories upon him we loved."

Mr. Reade's very creditable contribution to our national poetic literature occupies but 25 pages, in telling the whole story, and he has certainly performed his task very handsomely. We feel a conscious pride in Merlin, and so will those of our readers who take up this pleasant little companion of an evening. It affords agreeable reading after the labours of the day are over, when the evening meal has been discussed and with a blazing fire and a bright light for companions, the reader's happiness will be complete. In the mood in which these surroundings will place him. the seeker after new delights, will relish the pretty little love story of "Natalie." What an exquisite verse is this, charming in its very quaintness!

"One day, after years had flown,
Something came to me,
'Twas a portrait of my own
Playmate, Natalie,—
Natalie,—but not my own,
Never mine to be!"

But though the charmer of the swain's youthful affections proved faithless, he (as is the case of every man, woman's love to the contrary notwithstanding) never forgot his first love, for he tells us in the last stanza, half sorrowfully, half playfully: but with a fluttering heart-broken cadence withal,

"In my heart there is a place
Still for Natalie!
For the pret y, Siren face,
For the sweetly, winning ways,
That were dear to me,
In those happy far-off days,
When her heart was free."

Of course as every poet of note and of no note as well has written verses entitled "In Memoriam," Mr. Reade uniocks the portals of some family vault and with the keys in his hand he stands upon the threshold and spins out sixteen verses. The subject is, to say the least, about as thread-bare as the well-worn outer garment of the easily found gentleman of seedy and rusty appearance. But what of that, Mr. Reade hasn't "done" it yet, why may he not try his hand at the obituary business? How many country bards have not sung their sweet lays and rung the changes in "dove" and "love" and "die" and "sigh" and "wildwood" and "childhood" and the hundred other choice words which fit? Still notwithstanding that the subject is hackneyed, trite, and of questionable taste, Mr. Reade contrives to compose some very pretty, if not very forcible verses:

But ah! earth's brightest joys are bought with pain;
Meeting with parting,—smiles with bitter tears,—
Hope ends in sorrow,—loss succeeds to gain,—
And youth's gay spring-time leads to wintry years;
Nought lives that dies not in the world's wide range,
And nothing is unchangeable but change.

* * * * * *

That, too, was but a dream. What startled me?
The winds are making havoc 'mong the leaves
Of summer-time, and each once happy tree
For its lost darlings, rocks itself and grieves.
The night is dark, the sky is thick with clouds—
Kind frost-nymphs make the little leaves their shrouds!"

Mr. Reade's translations are his best productions. They take a very high rank and a wide range. The author is equally felicitous in his renderings of the Latin and Greek bards' immortal creations into English verse as he is with the French. Horace, Homer, Voltaire and many others could they rise from their earthen pillows, would acknowledge Mr. Reade's supremacy in this department of poesy. He does these things with a certain grace and ease that at once gives us a true conception of the dead poet's meaning, and many rough passages, hitherto baffling the most astute, in intricacy and hidden meaning, are laid bare to the public eye by this translator. Beyond doubt then, the author of "Merlin's Prophecy" stands at the very head of this class of his *confreres*. Matthew Arnold, the ripe scholar and terse essayist of this century awarded the palm to Mr. Reade upon seeing the lament of Andromache for Hector, and Priam and Helen. Bellerophon, which we published about a year ago, too won high encomiums abroad, and it was well deserving of them. Lamartine's "Lake" is prettily translated, and though the charm of the original is apparently lost, as it invariably is when it loses its French tone, there is yet much to admire in it.

In the handsomely gotten up Canadian book before us, (and here we would bestow some praise upon the Messrs. Dawson of Montreal, the printers and binders, though the form of it might be altered just a little so as to take away that very "Sunday-school-library" look which it possesses) there are here and there scattered like the plums in a boarding-school pudding, some sonnets. Unless a sonnet is something somewhat extraordinary, we care very little for that form of poetic composition. The sonnets in this volume are nothing out of the beaten track, and to make a long story short, we don't like them.

"Vashti," founded on a verse in the Book of Esther, is very effectively done. A kindly feeling that goes directly to the heart, is aroused, our sympathies are touched and its influence strikes upon our better nature with much commendable vim. It is not strained in the least, neither is "Balaam" These religious poems, for they clas under this head glow with true Christianity, and the perusal of them is fraught with benefit to the reader. They should be read, there tone is high; they are beautiful.

If Mr. Reade has lacked anything in this compilation of his works, it is that there is an almost entire absence of anything that would lead us to suppose the book was the production of a Canadian poet. Not the slighest tittle of anything Canadian is touched upon. No references, save the rather obscure one we mentioned in the forepart of this review are given. Here it is where the poet is to be censured. It is the sin of omission, goodness knows he has enough to answer for among

the sins of commission, the poem on "Shakspeare" for example. We felt this want while going through the 237 pages just let loose upon the public. Mr. Reade's pen is capable of turning some very interesting Canadian incidents into very pretty legends, stories and lyrics or even allegories.

Mr. Chas. Mair who gave us his "Dreamland" a couple of years ago, dealt almost entirely in Canadian subjects. He walked into Canadian fields and forests and sung the songs of the pines, and of the waters of our own land. He listened in wrapp'd attention to the moanings of the north wind, and he heard the dismal story, and a very pretty but sad story it is too, and his "Dreamland" in itself, though a trifle weak, possesses some fine points. Mr. Reade knows of all these treasures and yet he sits down and dashes off his poems, lyrics and blank verse as though he were not sitting in the vicinity of a perfect treasury of poetic lore. Mr. Mair appeals directly to our *hearts* and *sympathies*, while Mr Reade, so full of the influence of the classics, gives us the result of his well-stored mind, in a somewhat unfeeling, cold-blooded manner. His pen does not flow untrammelled, whipped in by the chords of the heart, and the sweet sighs of nature: but it is sluggish at times, elegantly so, and on it moves, in the slow, indolent style of the man teeming over with education and the influence wrought upon his mind by the dead bards of ancient history. In his desire to do something very brilliant, Mr. Reade forgets simplicity, and he fails entirely to catch our heart. We read his poetry with a certain pleasure and a sufficient amount of admiration, but when we lay the book down, and throw ourselves into our grateful arm-chair, we only think of the melodious diction, the classic allusion and the rare beauty of certain passages. Our eyes do not fill with tears, neither do we feel that choking sensation which deep sorrow invariably arouses, when he tells us a sad story, and all this is because he stands with his easel and brush in his hand at too great a distance from the painting itself. He uses no warm colours; and neutral tints alone fall from his brush as he embellishes the canvas.

Still there is much to admire in Mr. Reade's poetry. We like to read it. It is a *relief* after the countless things which, now-a-days pass for poetry. And when we want to have a real good cry let us take up Goldsmith, and Keats and Burns and Wordsworth and others of that ilk, or if we want to do both there are Hood and Holmes and Lowell and that rare old book the Ingoldsby Legends. Mr. Reade uses a pure and correct English, and occasionally words now out of use, which will have the effect, no doubt, of new editions of Johnson's, Walker's and Barclay's Dictionaries being published.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The new year dawns propitiously for the serials. The most prominent ones are gaily decked out in their fresh and neat "bib and tucker," while those of less pretension lag just a trifle in the rear, striving hard to keep up with the leaders in the great race for public favour. Our best and most popular writers are in eager demand to gratify the enterprise of the magazinists and the tastes of the readers. Our own Professor James DeMill has no less than four stories underway, and marvellous tales are told of his great rapidity in dashing off these productions. And so the world moves. The popular novelist who, by a lucky chance, hits the peculiar taste of his fickle audience, enjoys in these latter days of the century now passing away, a halcyon period in literature. With some this proud position is the labour of a lifetime. Thackeray used to smile, according to his friend Mr. Fields, at the prodigious sums the *Times* offered him for his writings when he had made a name for himself in literature, as the noble humourist contrasted it with the pitiful small change the great "Thunderer" paid him for much better articles when he was a younger man just "coming out." The publishers of newspapers have a reputation to keep up. The Thinkers and Essayists furnish the fruits of their brain first to the serial now, and latterly to the printer and binder. It was different years ago, but the march of civilization has wrought wonderful changes, and the popular serial is the best and most reliable exponent of great ideas and deep thoughts. Heavy sums are annually paid to the brilliant names in fiction, and the competition among publishers to possess these writers is something enormous.

The prospectuses of the different publications across the border are out, and exhibit a tempting bill of fare. The ATLANTIC promises much during the coming year, and its No. for January fully sustains a portion of that promise at least. What magazine in the world can boast of articles in prose and verse from such a galaxy of talent as Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Thos. W. Higginson, James T. Fields, W. D. Howells, John Hay and H. W. Williams? And this is only a tithe of what the readers of this New England magazine may expect during the twelve months now upon us. Mr. Longfellow's "Fugitive" is a Tartar song from Chodzko, and it is as beautifully rendered as the most fond admirer of the gentle author of "Evangeline" would wish. Dr. Holmes' "Dorothy Q" is charming. We must quote one verse in order to shew the reader the power and beauty of the language the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" employs. It cannot fail to strike the heart and the emotions.

"Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!

> There were tones in the voice that whispered then,
> You may hear to-day in a hundred men!"

Mr. Whittier's "Sisters" is of the "Maud Muller" measure. It is more delicious and smooth than profound. It is not an epic nor yet a ponderous ode; but it is a simple touch of nature; a sweet idea sweetly expressed, and one that leaves a pleasant, thoughtful feeling behind it. An artist would enjoy the task of illustrating this poem. It is as natural as Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and that is saying a good deal.

The "Whispering Gallery," No. 1, is a new feature in the *Atlantic* and the sketch which serves as the first instalment is anent W. M. Thackeray. Mr. James T. Fields, the principal editor of the *Monthly*, is the author. He has for many years enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the most noted authors and artists in the Old and New World. Mr. Thackeray was an especial friend of his, and the sketch he gives us is full of quaint and amusing anecdotes. It is finely written and abounds in good and effective points. Mr. Field's articles will be much read. Every one likes to hear all the gossip afloat about great men and the author of the "Whispering Gallery" is just the man calculated to gratify that love. Nathaniel Hawthorne is spoken of as being the subject of No 2. Mr. Hay, who was at one time Secretary to the late President Lincoln, and for a time attached to the Spanish Legation, gives a sketchy paper called "Castilian Days." General Prim, Admiral Topete and M. Castelar, the great Spanish orator, are described most eloquently. The paper will be continued in future numbers of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Howells' "Year in a Venetian Palace" is very interesting and lively withal. Some literary notices conclude this really capital issue. Of course there are stories both serial and short; but these we have not read. Mr. Aldrich is to have an interesting paper in the February No. Mr. Fields has retired from the firm of Fields, Osgood & Co, but still retains the editorship of the magazine. Mr. James R. Osgood is now the head of the firm. This gentleman was originally intended for the bar; indeed he studied Blackstone for some six or eight months. But he had no love for poring over musty old law books and he left the legal firm of Shepley & Dana, of Portland, Maine, and came to Boston. He applied to the head of the late firm, Mr. Fields, and like Dumas, *pere*, he wrote a very beautiful hand; that enterprising gentleman at once engaged him, and through never shirking work but applying himself diligently, he worked his way up, step by step, until now he is the veritable head of the principal publishing house in the United States. "Our Young Folks" was his own idea and he was largely instrumental in the establishment of the popular weekly, "Every Saturday." When Mr. W. D. Ticknor died, in 1864, Mr. Osgood was admitted a member of the firm, which he had served so long and so faithfully, and in 1868, when Mr. Howard M. Ticknor resigned his position and left the firm, a change in the "name and style" which for nearly a quarter of a century had remained the same, took place. The honest old imprint of Ticknor & Fields fell back, and the golden letters on the sign in Tremont Street, proclaimed to the world that Fields, Osgood & Co., would hereafter adorn the backs of the many choice volumes issuing from that house. Mr. Osgood is always

courteous and obliging. To strangers he is especially attentive and that the full measure of abundant prosperity may be meted out to him is the earnest wish of all who have the honour of his acquaintance. The firm will for the future be known as James R. Osgood & Co.

EVERY SATURDAY has been enlarged and its elegant engravings and carefully prepared letter-press are the admiration of everybody Steps are now being taken to give weekly some "home" sketches, and a *corps* of America's best artists are at work. This will greatly enhance the value of "Every Saturday," and taken in connection with the other illustrations it will be the most handsome pictorial paper on this side of the Channel

"Old and New" in its January number opens well. The little two or three page preface with its curious title Old and New, which every month greets us upon cutting open the beautifully printed pages of this serial, is always well written and delightful in its way. It sometimes is merely an *epitome* of what is to follow, at other times it is an article by itself. Mr. Hale has brought out, certainly, a new vein in his title-page essay. It is like the curtain or drop-scene of a Temple of Thespis; like the man outside of the circus tent who dilates on the wonders within to the gaping audience without. William Morris who wrote the "Earthly Paradise" has a pretty little seasonable poem on "January," and "H. H." who has in press a volume of poetry, and an "old offender" in poesy, fills an odd page with "Love's Rich and Poor." It reads very well; but for all that it sounds rather tame and commonplace. "The Man in Man," by Mr. Weeden, is a short philosophic paper, fairly written and evenly composed, though nothing new is developed. Mr. Owen's "Looking Across the War-gulf" is a powerfully written paper and abounds in facts and some logical reasonings This article is very valuable at this time and eminently practical. Its preparation has cost its author considerable time and labour. The books of reference alone used, comprise many volumes. It will have many readers of the thinking order. Lulu Gray Noble's poem of "Evelyn" is Whittierish but good and very musical. Young ladies and young gentlemen who feel what a celebrated man calls "vealy" will be delighted with "Evelyn." Walter McLeod furnishes the second part of "The Hidden Hemisphere," and takes up the adventures of the party after the first night's sleep in the Satellite. "Madame Simple's Investment" is a short humorous story "The Examiner" is very interesting this month. The books reviewed are all of the better class and they are ably noticed by the erudite editor who seems equal to almost any occasion. *Old and New* is fast rising into public favour, it presents a handsome and "taking" appearance and its popular editor and his able staff of assistants cannot fail to place this serial in the front rank of American Monthlies. Messrs. Roberts Bros, of Boston are the publishers.

Lippincott's Magazine has ever maintained the character of being the best printed and handsomest magazine in America. The January or Holiday number is illustrated and this adds considerably to its attractiveness. The "Red Fox" a story of the New Year is interesting and does Clara F. Guernsey credit. The story is well told and the

events develope themselves with tact and skill. Edgar Fawcett tells very prettily in verse the decline of the old year and the dawn of the new one. It is a good deal out of the beaten track of this hackneyed subject, which we presume must be revived every time a new year comes round. The essay on "Boys" is a clever paper, and its writer, Mr. A. G. Penn (is the name a myth?) makes us feel quite young again. Young and old can peruse this article with profit and amusement to themselves. There is a quiet humour lurking through it, and this only adds to its zest. "Our Monthly Gossip" is entertaining, useful and amusing. "Young Russia," "Thackeray," "Christian IX of Denmark" and several other men and things are laid under tribute to the chroniclers. The paper on Thackeray pleases us most. It is decidedly racy. "Literature of the Day" and the "Monthly Bulletin of new publications" complete this No. "Scribbles about Rio" by R. M. Walsh is gossipy, and "An American's Christmas in Paris" is a good story, skilfully served up. This magazine is published at Philadelphia

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January is in nowise behind-hand in novelties. The old veteran is to the fore with a full budget of good things, and a fine, healthful feast he dishes up too. The old contributors and a large *corps* of new ones furnish the reading matter, and *Harper's* fine staff of artists and engravers prepare the elegant embellishments. The "Old Christmas carol" with its handsome border, is a rich glowing poem, highly appropriate at this festal season. A. H. Guernsey's "Folk-life in Sweden," illustrated by seven engravings, is an accurate description of how the Swedes live and move. It is graphic and full of incidents calculated to inspire the reader. Mr. Abbott continues his "Frederick the Great," important at this time. Mrs. Zadel B. Buddington's "Voice of Christmas Past," with its eighteen illustrations, is the finest thing in the whole No. It is beautiful in thought and idea, and modest in design and form. The grave of Charles Dickens is lightly passed over and gentle flowers fall from fair hands on his stony farewell couch. His memory and his glorious creations are seen in every line of this article. Poor "Tiny Tim," old "Scrooge" and the hundred other types of mankind which Dickens has rendered immortal in Christmas stories appear on the canvas and enact once more their little part in the life-drama. This paper is charming. S. S. Conant's "Young Naturalist in Mexico" will be perused with interest by naturalists and others. It is ably and sketchingly written. Mr. Stoddard is very happy in the poem "Blind." Here is a fine verse:

> "A city is the world in miniature;
> Those hives of men contain the worst and best;
> And thither swarm the drones, the helpless poor—
> The blind among the rest.
> Here sits a woman in a tattered shawl,
> Hugging the babe she shelters from the wind;
> There stands a man, unshaven against the wall,
> Both labeled "*I am blind!*"

"Justin McCarthy's Daughter of Music" is very good, and about

equal to everything that popular magazinist writes in point of merit. The usual departments devoted to the use of the Editor are as cleverly attended to as ever, and the "Drawer," especially so. Harper and Bros., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY under the editorship of Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") which has swallowed up "Putnam," the "Riverside" and one or two others, illustrated, is a creditable serial. The first number is a perfect model of typography, and the reading matter is of very high calibre, Dr. Holland's poem is delightfully extravagant. It is full of humorous incidents and laughter-provoking similes. The sketches and stories are all good, and the illustrations are first-class.

THE "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY" sustains in its January issue its high character. The literary department is well managed: the articles are tersely written and show intimate knowledge of a variety of interesting subjects, and the Phrenological matter this publication contains is very valuable to lovers of that wonderful science. A handsome present would be a year's subscription to this journal. Fowler & Wells, New York.

Messrs. Geo. P Rowell & Co. of New York, have begun the publication of a new weekly paper, called "The Newspaper Reporter and Advertiser's Gazette." It makes a handsome appearance, and the contents are worthy of perusal. The form and general "get up" are eminently prepossessing.

HOLIDAY LITERATURE.

The appearance of the long white shroud nestling in its purity on the bosom of old mother earth, warns us that the reading season, with the long evenings, has arrived; and in these days and nights of mince-pies, jellies, doughnuts, and cakes with plums and cakes without plums, fitting harbingers of troubled dreams and broken slumbers, the reading matter supplied by those kind-hearted fellows, the publishers, is generally, if not invariably, of the lighter sort. Who wants to read Mr. Froude's "Short studies on great subjects," or Mr. Gladstone's valuable contribution to the classics, "Juventus Mundi," at this merry season of the year, when everybody is out buying presents, or plowing through a perfect sea of feathers behind a pair of noble horses, crowned with a garland of joyous tinkling bells—when good cheer reigns within our domestic hearths, and groups of little, happy minors sit round the blazing yule, or listen to their elders' marvellous tales of the legendary St. Nicholas and his prancing ponies? The mind of every one is borne unresistingly away to brighter realms, and the heart glows with a kindlier feeling, and stolid, stern faces are redolent with warm smiles as greetings are interchanged, and one grows happy when the New

Year gallops in close behind the old veteran, who limps out of the way just in time to save his weary old legs from danger, and merry, genial Christmas throws its magic charm all round the cheerful family circle. And though the times have changed, and we in America no longer hear the little knots of boys and girls in their warm caps and hoods, and their little pink cheeks and blue hands, singing cheerily their roundelays and carols as of old, yet we cannot altogether banish the thoughts which the holidays bring to mind. We don't make the welkin ring with our shouts now on Christmas Eve, as was done years ago when the old Snap-dragon held the boards. And what good fun it was, too, as the laughing groups ran round the table and tried over and over again to snatch the plump raisin from the blazing flames that leaped and danced in delightful excitement. And then old Snap's song, too, was full of the season's influences:

"Here he comes with flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

For he snaps at all that comes
Snatching at his feast of plums,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

But Old Christmas makes him come,
Though he looks so fee! fa! fum!
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

Don't 'ee fear him, be but bold—
Out he goes, his flames are cold.
Snip! Snap! Dragon!"

As all the lights in the room are extinguished, save the blue flames in the centre dish, quite a weird halo is thrown round, and one could almost fancy himself among the ancient Druids attending fire-worship.

But why need we recapitulate the many, many Christmas festivities of the past (but few remain to delight the present generation)? Why need we go back to our childhood's days and speak of the Mummers, the Christmas tree weighty with good things from famous "Santa Claus," (Why will mothers and fathers, and that family nuisance, the elder brother, break this glorious delusion? What delight was experienced the night before Christmas, when the pendant stocking stolidly gazed on our infantile head through the little hole in the toe of that garment, wrapped in admiration of Santa Claus and what he was going to give us! It's a grievous shame.) the burning of the "famous log for Yule," the Waits, and the countless games and sports which this day conjured up from the smoky olden time.

Our literature at this period is therefore necessarily light—very much so, in fact. The mind has a month's holiday; and free from

the profound study of abstruse subjects and matters of great moment, we delve with some inward pleasure into Christmas stories, Christmas poetry, and into Christmas essays. We never tire of these, either; and annual after annual is devoured, and we appear, ladle and bowl in hand, like poor Oliver Twist before the overseers, and ask "for more." But the publishers are equal to the occasion, and our pathway is strewed liberally with these stories of a day. Many of the tales and sketches are trashy enough, and we feel annoyed with ourselves for wasting so much time in their perusal; but what's the use of being angry?—all perons at this season read them; and though they know before-hand that they are about to read the veriest twaddle and nonsense, they go through the same performance as regularly every year as our old-fashioned Dutch clock tolls out, in a very melancholic tone, the hour twenty-four times a day.

Tom Hood's famous "Song of the Shirt" was first given to the London public through the medium of one of these annuals. If we are not mistaken, the great punster was the originator of this style of literature. Tom Hood's Comic Annual was a rare book, and every year, though the last one contained some sorry ... mour, for poor Tom was dying, and he wrote his fun from between propped-up pillows at the back of his head, and the tears of his weeping, heart-broken wife before him, it was loaded with puns and wit in prose and poetry. There is a Tom Hood's Comic Annual now published in London by the late poet's son, and though scarcely quite up to the old one, there is always something pretty good in its pages, and the price is only a shilling.

Then, besides the several "Annuals," we have the Christmas or extra numbers of the Magazines. "London Society" prints a very beautiful one. The reading matter is generally weak; but the illustrations, large and small, are superb. Christmas poetry is not the most exalted poetry in the world; but sometimes something unusual comes to the surface, and as we read everything Christmas times, we cannot fail to see and appreciate it; so there is no danger of its sinking quite into oblivion. "Cassell's Magazine" usually sends out a fine *brochure*, and every one remembers Mr. Dickens' stories of Christmas. The charming "Christmas Carol," with little "Tiny Tim" and old "Scrooge," was issued at this season; so were "Mugby Junction," "Mrs. Lirripper's Lodgings," and "No Thoroughfare." The "Belgravia Annual" is the extra number of the *Belgravia Magazine*, over whose destinies Miss Braddon, of "Aurora Floyd" memory, presides, and this high type of sensationalism does her work very well. Her staff of writers is a very good one: Mr. Justin McCarthy, a clever essayist, but too great a lover of scandal to suit our tastes, Mr. George Augustus Sala, who can write about anything in a very easy, gossipy way, and to every one's entire satisfaction, and the mythical Mr. Babbington Whyte, about whom such a stir was made in literary circles some years back, and who was charged with plagiarism, when the story entitled "Circe" came out under his name, all write regularly, or did write, for "Belgravia," and "Belgravia" is "taken in" by the better class of the London public: the aristocracy read it always.

"St. Paul's"—Anthony Trollope's serial—is very sprightly about Christmas times, and its pages fairly groan in the multitudinous array of tales of the season. The type performs fantastic feats, and the initial letters smile through icicles and whirls of blustering snow. Even staid *Good Words* has its thirteenth number, and the "good cheer" it dispensed last year will no doubt be as fresh and original this time, when Dr. McLeod places it upon the globe. *Temple Bar* and *Cornhill* strive hard to weather the storm which the lighter monthlies stir up; but their attempts prove futile in the end: for their readers demand short holiday stories, and they get them, too. *Blackwood* and the *Quarterlies* alone keep the peace; and on more than one occasion "Old Ebony" has descended in mock humility from his high perch, and has laughed the loudest and told the most ridiculous stories of the whole pack, and no one scolded him for it, either. And the stiff old tory was right. There is a time for laughter and play, and the couplet of antique date—

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men,"—

is not always out of place. It is a real pleasure to see it acted upon by gray-haired sires and comely matrons, lovable for their years, their goodness and their wisdom. How heartily the "old boys" romp and play with the "young boys;"—why, it's enough to make us old-fashioned fellows young again. And we shiver at the bare idea of our ever being again young. It's absurd!

The good old English system has just come into vogue in the United States. Our favourite monthly, *Old and New*—Mr. E. E. Hale's magazine—is this year to have a Christmas number, and the talented author of the very truthful "John Whopper" has entitled the coming child of a new era in literature, for this country at least, "The Christmas Locket." It is to contain the usual reading matter customary on these festive occasions; and the very popular "Scribner's Monthly"—"the four in one," as a western critic dubs it—is to make a great spread in its January issue. It is to be a holiday number, and the *corps* of brilliant writers on this new candidate are busy with their pens and brains, and the artists and engravers also are actively engaged in the art department, for *Scribner's* is an illustrated periodical. The representative of all that is great and good in Massachusetts, in a literary point, *The Atlantic*, has its annual, and a very handsome one it is. The *Atlantic Almanac* is the most beautiful annual ever published in the United States: in some respects it surpasses its celebrated English prototype, the *Illustrated London Almanac*. The present issue contains well-executed portraits of the Queen of Great Britain, Napoleon III., Eugenie and the Prince Imperial, King William of Prussia, Bismarck, Chas. Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, H. W. Longfellow, M'lle Patti, M'lle Nilsson, Thos. Carlyle, and several *illustrated ideas*, which are very fine. The letter-press is well attended to, Chas. Lamb, Sir Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, J. T. Trowbridge, Bayard Taylor, Chas. Dickens, and other delightful authors, being the contributors. The book presents an elegant appearance, and is quite an addition to the

library table. While on the subject of almanacs, we might mention two or three others which the times have brought about. *Cassell's*, of London, and the *Illustrated London* are of superior workmanship and finish, more particularly the latter. *Nast's Almanac*, published at New York, is a very fair specimen The cuts are, upon the whole, above the average, and the reading matter is cleverly written. *Frank Leslie's Almanac* is hurled at the public with considerable pretension, and, it is almost superfluous to add, goes beyond the mark rather awkwardly. The engravings, which are fairly done in some individual instances, are not of that wholesome modesty which is always commendable. There is too much nackedness exhibited to please the taste of right-thinking people; but it would not be Frank Leslie, were his figures clad as ordinary mortals usually are. He delights in the somewhat scant garb of our first parents, and as he prints his own almanac, we presume he has a perfect right to put just as much clothing as he likes on his figures.

Josh Billings comes to the front again this year with his "Alminax for 1871," and a most woful attempt at wit the whole thing is. Beyond the want of refinement exhibited in the blasphemous allusions which greet the eye on nearly every page of this remarkable work, there is little harm in it The jokes are stale and flat, most of them have done duty time and again, and the notoriously bad spelling with which "Josh" always clothes his inelegant remarks is not calculated to raise the spirits or induce our risibles to become facetious. Billings has written frequently some very clever and witty things, and despite the bad spelling which really possesses no humour, very little if any to the reader, and certainly none to the listener, we have noticed some eminently pointed efforts in his quaint sayings, quips and cranks; but J. B.'s present "launch" is a poor one, and the lamest thing of its kind we have ever seen.

Holiday Book literature usually consists in stories for the young, and the American publishers of these volumes turn out some very good books, in elegant cloth and leather bindings, which make them pleasant to read, even if the matter contained within the covers is not of a very brilliant or interesting nature, but who reads anything at this season of the year, from which he expects to reap any real advantages, either in science, art of the other branches of education? Surely no one. Then the books are good enough and let them be read, as they certainly will be, whether we said so or not.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Republishing in Canada.—Messrs. Hunter and Rose of Ottawa, have made arrangements with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, to republish such of his works as they consider best adapted to the Canadian market. The Epic of "King Arthur," now being proceeded with, will be

first on the list, to be followed by Sir Edward's new novel as soon as it issues from the London Press. These will be followed by others of the great novelist's works as occasion may demand, the above firm having obtained the right from the author of being sole Canadian publishers of his works. A large edition of the "Woman in White" found a ready sale, as well as other re-publications from the same house; and this has induced them to make use of their extensive facilities for electro-typing which they possess in their Toronto branch, for the re-production of such Foreign and Canadian volumes as it may be found advisable to issue new editions of. Hunter and Rose are now employed in getting up a new work by the celebrated Dr. Mary E. Walker, who has been induced to cross the line 45° to get her printing done at a reasonable figure.

THE DARK HUNTSMAN.—A revised edition of this powerful poem by Mr. Charles Heavysege has been published, apparently for private distribution. It bears traces of the author of "Saul" throughout, and is written under the similitude of a dream. It is evening, and in vision the dreamer, a "grim Goblin," sees one mounted on a fleet courser driving through the gloom; his visage dark, and still darker growing, as he flies fast and still faster over the dim receding landscape:

> "I dreamed still my dream, and beheld him career,
> Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer,—
> Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,
> Or avalanche urging from regions of snow;
> Or star that is shot by the gods from its sphere;
> He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear;
> His eyes were as coals—that in frost fiercely glow,
> Or diamonds of darkness."

The Goblin cries for the Dark Huntsman to stop, but he cannot stay, he has his tens of thousands of victims to slay ere night; but on the morrow he will return,—which he does, taking the Goblin with him to his infernal abode. The return of the "Dark Huntsman" is very grand; seeing as he does "half angel, half demon of doom," preceded by his pack of "Horror-tongued "Hadean hounds:"

> "The Ghosts of Gehenna seemed breaking their bounds;
> And aft, as from Scylla's
> Vexed kennel of billows,
> Sprang upwards the horror-tongued Hadean hounds;
> More loud than tornado outswelled the huge roar;
> The horrible hubbub could gather no more;
> The pack gloomy howling went close sweeping by,
> As might the loud whirlwind hoarse rave through the sky;
> The Huntsman came after, full fleet as the wind,
> Anent me a moment, tall, tarried behind;
> Regarding me, sat with his long, levelled spear,
> Loud cried, "Thou didst call me, and, lo! I am here."

A rather unpleasant fact for the Goblin, who is "taken in and done for" *Sans Ceremonie.*