

no longer forced into them from ignorance as they used to be, but are wide awake and have the privilege of choosing for themselves. True, our newspapers are overflowed and our library shelves crowded with this kind of nonsense, but these heretics are getting few and are struggling desperately in the last throes of their ambition against reason, and must soon succumb to the overwhelming odds. A happy event indeed!

You will say, no doubt, that this is a free country, and you have the right to circulate whatever kind of literature you please. With this we perfectly agree, so long as it portrays sense, and does not ramble over the same ground and turn out old and wise sayings of our forefathers, that are embodied in a hundred other different volumes on our shelves. It makes no difference how much reading matter we have, provided it is always pleasing and instructive. Yet, in our wanderings around this "mundane sphere" of ours, it would be exceedingly monotonous were we not to come into collision occasionally with some "old style" pedestrian, who would try to persuade you into the belief that young and growing minds should read only such literature as bears upon their particular line of study. They are opposed to the youth's reading light literature of any kind, in the form of "daily papers," "telegraph news," and "flashy novels." Amazing intelligence! yet, blissful ignorance! They insinuate that the mind is incapable of that elasticity which it requires to forget or remember at will. Still they say the mind is immortal, and upon this very principal of immortality, the mind, in a common sense view of the matter, is capable of exercising itself to the fullest extent. By our telegraph reports, we get daily all that occurs of importance all over our land. If weary, restless and agitated in mind and body, an interesting and absorbing novel is no doubt a good cure; it takes the mind from the labors of the day and wraps the imagination in a shroud of mystery and pleasure, that drives "dull care" away.

Indeed, great men in this field of life, who are looked upon as commanders over us common rankers, often sway the scepter of deception in a graceful manner, and rush blindly into the fray, where they find to their amazement, that some of their well-drilled disciples stand quietly back, with their arms calmly folded, eagerly waiting to see the enemy overcome their vociferous leaders.

Why hold that the works of Plato or Julius Caesar are so far superior to anything produced in modern times? This, it seems to me, is another whim that learned men love to prate upon, and that too many educators try to stamp so indelibly upon the memory of the student. The reason for this, we think, is because their education is so chaste and classic; and, because they have been over the same ground so many times that each sentence and word is studied in all of its meanings until they have delved out the beauties and grandeur of the language. By the side of Demosthenes we will place Clay and Webster; and thus in the annals of modern literature we find men who are not to be surpassed by their predecessors. And why should they be outstripped in the race by men who have lived and died centuries ago? Certainly they have the ice already broken, and they need not hesitate to plunge into the chilly current, and at last bear away in triumph the laurels plucked from dame Ancient's brow.

With what awestricken amazement do

we gaze upon these old relics of ancient splendor, when pointed out to us by our venerable instructors. Such daring deeds of barbarism are set forth in Grecian and Roman characters, on which the student may while away a few idle hours and be no wiser for his trouble. Still we give our wise ancestors credit for what they have done. They laid the vast foundation for literature, and upon it we are erecting a monument, almost without dimensions. Occasionally a gilded dome towers majestically heavenward, piercing the flaky clouds with its glistening spires that in coming ages can scarcely be surpassed. Yet we live in a progressive age, and are still laying down maxims for future generations to make their beginning point. And as the world rolls on, and succeeding centuries swiftly chase each other by on the wings of time, the people make steady strides in advance of the past, and build higher and higher the huge structure already planned, until eternity itself shall crown our undertakings. W. H. N.

Scraps from my Note Book.

VIII.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LEON.

Of all kings, ancient or modern, perhaps the most interesting was Richard Cœur de Leon. He was not great, nor wise, nor good; but he was emphatically a character, and a character to inspire universal interest. The meditative mind goes back to him with mingled feelings of amusement at his habits, and of generous respect for his personal courage, chivalry, and barbaric mental grace. He was a valuable friend, but a terrible foe. Had he lived in a later age of the world, and been moulded by a firm civilization, his name might have been as famous for state-craft, and for high literary cultivation and performance, as it is for war.

In *Ivanhoe*, Walter Scott has painted Cœur de Leon at his best. In his *Troubadour*, Præd has touched up the "noble savage" in this fashion:

"In sooth it was a glorious day
For vassal and for lord,
When Cœur de Lion had the sway
In battle and at board:
He was indeed a royal one,
A prince of Paladins;
Hero of triumph and of tun,
Of noisy fray and noisy fun.
Broad shoulders and broad grins;
You might have looked from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never found an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth,
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.
A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran,
Where'er he set his foot.
So adding here and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarrelling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin the Soldan said,
Where'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Alas! he held his breath for dread
And burst his sides for laughing!

"At court, the humor of a king
Is always voted 'quite the thing';
Morals and cloaks are loosed or laced
According to the Sovereign's taste,
And belles and banquets both are drest
Just as his majesty thinks best.
Of course in that delightful age,
When Richard ruled the roast,
Cracking of craniums was the rage
And beauty was the toast;

Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;
And lips and shrines were kissed;
And vows were ventured in the grove,
And lances in the list;
And boys romped out in sunny weather
To weave a wreath and rhyme together;
While dames, in silence, and in satin
Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,
And flung their sashes and their sighs
From odor-breathing balconies."

It would be hard to tell a story in a vein of more elegant fun than that. Præd was a master in his line, and he wrote before Hood had made his reputation.

IX.

TARDY ATTENDANCE.

In his first book, Livy tells a tale of rebuke for tardy attendance, that has always moved my admiration. In ancient time, at the institution of a religious rite in honor of Hercules, on the spot where Rome now stands, all the inhabitants of the neighborhood were invited to be present. The most distinguished families of those parts were then the Potitii and the Pinarii. Of these, the Potitii arrived "on time," and the masses of the people, unwilling to wait upon the tedious, fashionable, and more presuming movements of the Pinarii, clamored for the sacrifice and feast to go on. Their wishes were complied with, and, as a mark of proper honor, the entrails were set before the Potitii, who "fell to," and consumed them all. Subsequently, the Pinarii arrived; but the very last entrail had been devoured, and their chagrin may be conceived, if not adequately expressed, when they found themselves set down to such second rate fare as porter-house steak, and sirloin roast. But, even this was not enough for the people. So disgusted were they with the lack of prompt attendance on the part of the Pinarii, that they went into an examination of the matter, and established an infallible decree, that "*donec Pinarium genus fuit, nec extis sollemnius vescerentur*"—while the Pinarian family existed, they should not eat of the entrails of the sacrifices. This was indeed a severe rebuke.

X.

THE PERFECT HUMAN FIGURE.

A writer says "The proportions of the perfect human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. * * * * The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. * * * * From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the point where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. * * * * The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of one hand to the extremity of the other when the arms are extended."

These are general rules of art, and, as such, worthy of the art student's attention. But they are liable to special modifications, for special effects, and perhaps very few people reach the Greek standard of perfect proportion.

XI.

ISMAEL PASHA.

The gift of magnificent diamonds by the Pasha of Egypt to a daughter of Gen-Sherman, calls to mind the following scrap, which appeared some years since in the *London Punch*:

A LOW FELLAH'S PRAYER TO MOHAMMED.

From Pashas like Ismael Pasha deliver us,
His hand is so heavy, his look so Kediv-erous;
He has bottomless pockets, and stomach omniv-erous;
While his guests, fed and feted, his praise sing vo-ciferous,
We've scarce tentils to eat, and scarce tatters to kiver us.

The Egyptian fellah has to pay for Mrs. Fitch's diamonds, as well as for all the other needless extravagances of the magnificent Ismael; and probably no other man living is more needlessly extravagant and more "magnificent" than he of the "Khediv-erous look." O. C. D.

Vacation Rambles.

II.

One and a half miles from the ancient village of Eisenach is the famous castle of Wartburg. It is situated on an elevated piece of territory, and furnishes an admirable view of the surrounding country. Nature fortifies the place and it could easily contest the rivaling hosts of the mediæval epoch; the upper portion being so steep that parties are obliged to make the tiresome ascent afoot. At the summit is a restaurant, where excursionists refresh themselves before entering the castle. A jolly looking proprietor smiles at your breathless state and hastens to know your wants. Once ready, the guide conducts our party of five through corridors and open passage ways until we reach the chapel; with uncovered heads we enter this little place of worship—still in a good state of preservation. It is here that Luther came for daily prayers during the long months of confinement in Wartburg. We pass into the banquet hall, which retains a portion of its early decorations. The guide notices our anxiety to see the chief attraction of the place, and he hastens through the minor apartments. We stop for a moment in the armory to see the accoutrements worn by the knight who captured Luther; another set of enormous size is shown, which none but a giant could have ever worn. It was of such magnitude that we doubted if the person ever existed who could fit himself with such apparel. After considerable unbolting and unbolting, our guide opens a door and announces, in a low tone, *Luther's zimmer*. It is a small apartment nearly empty of all sleeping-room comforts. Light is admitted at one window and discloses an old stove, bedstead frame and a chair, which formed part of the room furniture when Luther occupied it. Our guide points out the ink mark on the wall, where Luther dashed his ink bottle and its contents, while imagining himself aiming a blow at the head of his Satanic Majesty. The deeds of this remarkable man are too well known for any notice in this, and here shall close our short account of *shlosh* Wartburg and of the peasant who went forth to face monarch and priest and to proclaim his religious doctrines.

At Frankfort.—This famous city, rich in its historical associations, is one of the principal business centres of the Rhine provinces, unlike many old places that have not the life to follow the course of Time, it shows the commercial activity of a large western city. During our stay of twenty-four hours, we were able to see the beautiful *Palmengarten*—which is to Frankfort what the *Conversationshaus* is to Baden-Baden, to visit the old Goethe residence—the place where the poet was born, married, and where he composed some of his earlier works. The house is now entirely vacated and in the hands of an association. All that is on exhibition are letters to Goethe from eminent literary men of his time. The old Romer is frequently visited by those in search of historical haunts. In this rusty-looking institution kings and princes held their royal festivities for many years; on the frail balcony in front, the newly elected ruler came out to show himself to his subjects. From Frankfort our course is down the right bank of the Rhine. We stop at Heidelberg to see the finest ruins in Germany, at Baden-Baden to see the famous Conversation house. In a few hours more we cross the Rhine at Bale and rejoice to find ourselves in glorious Switzerland. C. M. C.