

few authors who have creative powers and a knowledge of the human heart, together with the ability to represent real life and customs. Dickens, on the other hand, while he may bring out the finer feelings and instincts, deals less with the 'matter of fact.' Thackery is a great admirer of beauty and grace, and pays it tribute as only an artist can. He understands his own nature and seems to take pride in encouraging the idea that he believes himself incapable of entertaining and pleasing. It is true he is less polished than some other writers, but he has real qualities to recommend him. He seems to be able to look into the very souls of people and to perceive all the artifices with which they try to hide their real characters, and show how visible such affectation is. He writes of childhood most beautifully and truthfully, showing how fully he appreciated the ideas, and feelings of children. His women all belong to one of two classes: Those who are the obedient slaves of their husbands, and those who are very independent, and will take advice from no one.

Dickens has wonderful powers as a painter. He brings scenes so vividly before the mind that we must feel something of his excitement while we read. His descriptions are not always accurate or even taken from the beautiful, yet he sees something wonderful where others would see nothing. His descriptions are very minute, but never tiresome. His metaphors often weird and grotesque.

Originality is a merit worthy of great effort, and both of these authors certainly possessed it. It has often been said of Thackery that his stories have no plot; that they are nearly all introduction. In these lie his originality although they may be called defects. "Vanity Fair" is by some thought to be his best work, but all acknowledge it to be the most original.

Rebecca Sharp is certainly one of the most wonderful characters of modern fiction. There is a vein of sarcasm, and rebuke through the whole book, but the

kindly feelings of the author are perceptible throughout. In 'Esmond,' the best of his works, he reproduces the style of 100 years ago with wonderful exactness. In the "Newcomes" his object seems to be to show the misery produced by ill-assorted marriages.

Dickens characters show how heartily he enters into what he writes. For instance his description of *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, the murderer. As he tells of it, we can see the murdered man in the forest, and later almost imagine how the murderer feels, as he reviews the scenes again and again. *Mr. Dick* in "David Copperfield," while he amuses us with his odd sayings, causes us to feel sad, as it is made evident how crushed and broken he is. We all admire *Miss Trotwood*, with her queer ways, and kind heart, and despise *Mrs Skewton*, in "Dombey and Son," a disgusting coquet, whose highest desire was rose colored curtains to the last hours of her life.

"Dickens represents the ideal. Thackery the real." The ideal may deal with natural subjects; but he is constantly going beyond nature, and treating of higher possibilities. In trying to show the good or evil of some practice, he makes it better or worse than it really is, that the reasoning may be more clearly seen. With the real the object is resemblance, and the ideal is placed in the background.

Thackery has no patience with "venerable shams," wrongs and abuses, but assails them mercilessly, while Dickens deals less with things as he finds them. Dickens does good in one way, and Thackery in another, but it is impossible to place one above the other. H. H.

NOSES.

FROM time remote, down to the present, man has ever been on the alert to know more of the knowable. Having gleaned the desired information, he is equally anxious to impart it to his fellow