

It is commonly supposed that the pheasant was introduced into England in comparatively recent times. This turns out to be an error. Professor Stubbs tells us that the canons of Waltham, the abbey founded by Harold, had pheasants in the eleventh century, by their founder's ordinance, on every festival day from Michaelmas to Lent. That there were pheasants in England in the time of Edward III. we all well knew. The pheasant in those days was the bird of love, and its name was coupled with that of the lady-love in the strange vows of the factitious and extravagant chivalry of the Knights of the Garter. It is likely enough that the bird was imported from Italy to Britain, as it had been imported from the East into Italy, by Roman epicures, one of whom, who had a villa at Stonesfield, near Oxford, seems to have imported for gastronomic purposes a very large species of snail, which is still found in that neighbourhood.

JUST as we are reminded of the existence of the "Arcadia" by a literary fracas, and, while people are betraying their ignorance whether the once renowned romance is in prose or verse, Mr. J. A. Symonds' "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" appears in Macmillan's "Men of Letters" Series, and we see how great a space the man filled in the eyes of his contemporaries. To most people now he is merely the heroic soldier who, when mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, took the untasted water from his own fevered lips and sent it to the soldier who was carried past him, and who, he saw, had more need of it. But at the time the nation was literally plunged into mourning by his death. He does not seem to have been a great man, but he was a typical man, and the type to which he belonged was very high. He presented in the highest degree that union of culture with action, which is characteristic of the men of the Elizabethan era and of the generation which followed, but in our days, strange to say, has become so rare that even a moderate amount of culture is now supposed to make a man unpractical and unfit him for public life. Mrs. Hutchinson's portrait of her husband, which, though idealised, is no doubt fundamentally true, could have fitted Sir Philip Sidney, with the substitution of Courtier for Parliamentarian; a change less vital than our common notions of the antagonism between Roundhead and Cavalier would lead us to suppose. Sidney was also a type of the Protestant chivalry in England, which rose out of the grave of the chivalry of the Roman Catholic Middle Ages, of which Spenser was the poet, and among the heirs of which was the victor of Naseby; for Fairfax, like Sidney, combined the soldier and the politician with the man of letters and the poet. As a literary man, Sidney played a great part in the development of the language. But the "Arcadia," which in its day rushed through seventeen editions, and had so high a reputation that a prayer taken from it was used by Charles I. in his last hours, is now unread and unreadable.

AMONG those who paid homage to Sidney, as the star of cultivated chivalry, was the unfortunate Giordano Bruno, whose story Mr. Symonds himself has told once more in his intensely interesting volumes on the Catholic Reaction in Italy. Bruno, in the course of his wandering life, visited England, and found the people insular and rude in manner, but free in thought and speech. It would have been well for him had he remained in that asylum of liberty instead of returning to the land of Spanish ascendancy and the Inquisition. All doubts as to Bruno's fate have been dispelled. After an imprisonment of seven years in the dungeons of the Holy Office at Rome, he was led forth from them to be burned alive in the Campo di Fiora. He turned away his face from the crucifix in stern disdain, and died a real martyr to truth. "Peradventure ye pronounce this sentence on me with a greater fear than I receive it," were the last words pronounced by him in public. He had dashed himself recklessly against the dominant belief and the powers which upheld it. No other excuse for her crime had the Church which murdered him. That he would escape the Inquisitor, by professing to be passively orthodox in theology while he was actively heterodox in philosophy, was a vain hope in the period of the Catholic Reaction, though it might not have been vain in the days of the Renaissance and of Lorenzo de' Medici. In spite of his aberrations on ethical questions, which were wild enough, and his general flightiness, Bruno must rank as a memorable precursor of modern thought. He saw and proclaimed the fundamental change which the Copernican theory had made not only in astronomy but in theology, not only in our conception of the planetary system, but in our conception of the universe and of Deity. His religion was truth revealed by science, and it sustained him at the stake.

It was a good idea on the part of the publishers of the "Morley Library" [London and New York: George Routledge and Sons], to give us "Famous Pamphlets," in a cheap and accessible form. But selection was difficult. We should have hardly included Milton's "Areopagitica," which on one hand belongs to a higher class of literature than pamphlets, and on

the other produced little effect at the time. "Killing No Murder," well deserves a place by its literary ability as well as by its historical importance. Its literary ability is indeed very remarkable. The ironical dedication to the Protector is at least as good as anything in Junius, and very much in his manner. It is marred only by one departure from sustained irony. We cannot help suspecting some higher authorship than Colonel Titus. How did Colonel Titus come, not only by the style, but by the learning with which the pamphlet is rather too plentifully larded? It is easy to understand that the writer, if he was a person of consequence, would not wish, after the Restoration, to assert his claim to the authorship of a pamphlet preaching the doctrine of political assassination, which might be applied to encroaching kings as well as to usurping Protectors. Defoe's "Shortest Way with Dissenters" is also most properly included, and is, in its way, a most remarkable instance of pamphleteering skill. There is not in it a line with which the fanatical High Church clergy of that day did not thoroughly agree, or which, if it had been written by Sacheverell, they would not have us read with entire and unsuspecting approbation; yet the whole is a deadly satire on their bigotry, and drove them mad with rage. Steele's "Crisis" made a great noise, and brought upon its author expulsion from the House of Commons; but its literary claims are as small as possible. It is merely a collection of Revolution documents with a brief narrative of the great Whig administration appended. Whateley's "Historic Doubts Respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," and Copleston's "Hints to a Young Reviewer," though we are glad to have them, are literary squibs rather than pamphlets. "Historic Doubts," albeit ingenious, and at the time of its appearance highly effective, has now, by the progress of historical criticism, been deprived of all controversial force, and could be answered by a Rationalist with the greatest ease. If historical interest was to be kept in view, there should have been in the collection a pamphlet of the time of the French Revolution, and one of the time of the Reform Bill. But the great pamphlet of the Revolution period, Burke's "Thoughts," is, like the *Areopagitica*, a classic, and in everybody's hands. Of the pamphlets of the Reform Bill period, Rich's "What Will the Lords Do?" was perhaps the most successful; it brought its writer a golden reward; but we would not answer for its literary eligibility. Pamphlets belong to the past. Their place is now taken by political articles in magazines. Mr. Morley's introduction, giving the history of each of the pamphlets, will be found very helpful by the reader.

ENGLISH wheat is now 2s. 8d. per quarter dearer than at this date last year. American shippers are taking advantage of this improvement on the other side; during the month of November the shipments of wheat, barley, oats, etc., amounted to nearly thirteen million dollars' worth—five and a half millions' worth more than in November, 1885. The prospect of steady prices looks promising for a few months, after which new supplies from India, Australia, and South America, coming in competition, and the prospects of winter wheat in America, will determine values.

BUT while wheat is rising in England, meat is falling. Cattle of every class—dairy, store, and fat—are cheaper now than they have been for twenty years. The agricultural returns show an inconsiderable increase in the number of cattle in the country; but, besides this, it would seem that the country has practically reached the limits of consumption, and so only a moderate surplus or deficiency makes a material alteration in the price. At present there is a small surplus of home-grown cattle, and prices are much depressed; while, on the other hand, a marked rise in the price of mutton has followed a decrease in the number of sheep consequent on the severity of last winter. This low price of cattle reacts on Canada and America, whose dealers have lost heavily of late from the fall in prices; while the ranchmen have lost from the unusual death rate of the last winter and a deficient crop of calves.

THE bull movement in Wall Street has received a temporary check this week: there was a stampede among weak holders on Wednesday, and the bear clique had control of the market; but yet the set of prices is decidedly upward, and the opening of the New Year will probably witness a great advance. Forty-five millions in gold have been imported this year to pay for stocks absorbed by European investors, who mean to hold what they have picked up at a bargain; and this, despite relapses, must give permanent strength to any bull movement. To check the outflow of gold, the Bank of England rate has been raised to 5; and it would appear that the supply of available fund outside is getting short, for $4\frac{1}{2}$ is the rate in the open market in London. Tight money is one of the probabilities of the immediate future, and this has had its effect on our local markets, which are stagnant in consequence of that and of the uncertainties in Wall Street.