

QUESTIONS.

Were I a bird to fly into thee
In the wild weather, the wind and rain,
Beating my wings at the window-pane,
Wouldst thou thy casement open to me?
In thy soft hands were I nestled warm,
I should forget the cold and the storm,
Sheltered with thee.

Or wouldst thou cold and unbreeding be,
Tearing to leave me affrighted there,
Fluttering, throbbing, in mute despair?
Then, thou no pity showing to me,
Fainting I'd fall in the stormy night,
Dead 'neath the assassin's mocking light,
Driven from thee.

Were I a leaflet to float to thee,
Drenched with the dew of the morning sweet,
Lying in sunshine, low, at thy feet,
Wouldst thou not, tenderly lifting me,
Keep me to prove to the winter snows
That the dead summer had her rose,
Cherished by thee?

Or wouldst thou, finding no joy to me,
Leave me to perish beside the way,
A little heart unremembered to be—
O my heart, remembered to be:
There in the sunlight mouldering to lie,
Crushed by thy feet as they hurried by,
Forgotten by thee!

—Julia H. S. Bugie, in the Californian.

PRIZE ESSAY ON SCOTCHMEN.

Scotchmen is people who comes to London to make money, which they call lawbeek. Sometimes, too, they call it siller. Scotchmen either make money, or they don't, and they are either very shabby or very extravagant. They all say as how they speaks the English language better than the English themselves, which the Lord help the English language, and have mercy on it—for ever and ever. Amen.

Scotchmen drink Scotch whiskey, and says they like it; which I don't believe them. They continually says as how Irish whiskey is filthy stuff, but they never let on that most of the filthy Irish stuff is manufactured in Scotland, from raw grain, and sent over to Ireland to be doctored and coloured; which is then sent to England and called "Irish whiskey!" That is what Scotchmen calls fair dealing; which I call very unfair, and I fondly trust the Government will step in and put a stopper on such a reprehensible practice.

Scotchmen is very religious when they is at home. They pray loud on the housetops, and gets drunk in the cellars. They puts sand in the sugar, and then they sings hymns; which there is always a lot of adultery among Scotch grocers. They has many kids, and a traces of their descent back to William the Conqueror. One Highlander, named Macdonald, said as how his forefather was in the ark with Noah; when another Highlander, named Mackay, said, "Noah, be——! the Mackays had a boat o' their ain."

Scotchmen goes regular to the kirk. When the sermon is over the elder goes round with the plate, an' makes a collection; which very one puts in a penny and takes out a ha'penny o' change. One Scotchman he calls out, "Elder, I want back a ha'penny;" which the elder bein' religious, he answers and says, "Go to the devil!" But the Scotchman he don't go, seein' as how next day he cheats his chum o' far more than a ha'penny.

Scotch boys is all brought up in kilts, seein' as their mothers says that it saves the patchin' o' the knees o' their trousers; which in course if Scotch boys break their own knees the knees heals o' their own accord. Kilts is considered a healthy dress, which it lets in the air and lets o' the vermin.

Scotchmen scratches themselves again posts. There is so many Scotchmen agoin' to join the Reporter's Gallery that the Speaker have arranged to put up a post for them; which in time they will require two or three postesses. A Scotch reporter he once dined with his friend Jock, and didn't he drink a dolop o' his friend's whiskey! Next day the Scotchman he were very thirsty; and says he, "If I had a' known that I would be so dry this mornin', I would has drank more o' Jock's whiskey last night." Which if a Scotchman asks you to have a drink, you see as how he pays for it.

Scotchmen they jines their hands together, and they says,

"And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine."

But if you doesn't stand your pint stoup he will see you very much teetotal afore he stands his. Which if you wishes to drink fair with a Scotchman you see that you get the first drinks. But if you wishes to have fair play, and wants to lead a happy and comfortable life, and want your name to go down to posterity, don't you have nothing at all to do wi' Scotchmen.

In conclusion, as Scotchmen themselves solemnly says—"Let us prey."—*London Sporting Times.*

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

"Much Ado About Nothing" would be a more suitable title for Mr. Henry James' "Washington Square," which comes to us in the daintiest of apparel from Harper's. (1) We cannot but think that there is too much of this sort of writing now-a-days. It is not so very long ago that a young New York poet and novelist gave the writer his opinion upon a MS. story, which was afterwards published in one of the magazines, that it would not be acceptable, because it con-

tained "none of the careful analysis of character which modern readers on this continent demand." The criticism was honest and, probably, in part, at least, true. Our younger writers of fiction are making their plot entirely secondary to so-called study of character, and in doing so are neglecting the substance for the shadow. It is true, no doubt, that George Eliot's writings, which seem to be the standard by which they wish to be judged, abound in careful character pictures; but it is not too much to say that such analysis is made a part of, and in every sense secondary to, the main purpose of the story. The characters develop themselves in order that they may develop the plot, and the end is kept steadily in view. It is otherwise when such studies are plainly the first, if not the only object. In the work before us, the story proper might be told in the space of this notice, and there are but four persons discussed in detail throughout its 300 pages, three others being occasionally alluded to. Slender material this for a story, and the result is commensurate. Judged even by his own standard, Mr. James must be convicted of many inconsistencies and contradictions—in this respect the book is inferior to other work from the same pen—but it is chiefly as the representative of a school that the book is faulty, and necessarily lacks interest for the ordinary novel reader.

"Duty" (1) is the title of the fourth and last of the so-called "Self Help" Series, which commenced with the publication, in 1859, of the book after which they were named. Since that date the name of Dr. Smiles, though not otherwise unknown to literature, has been associated mainly with a class of didactic teaching which has a special feature of its own, and has gained a well-deserved popularity on this continent, even more than at home. The idea, which originally was suggested to the author by the practical benefit which his Leeds lectures appeared to have produced, and which is carried out in the series of works alluded to, has for its main object the assistance of young men in the performance of that individual duty which is set before each on his entrance into life. The plan followed after consideration was chiefly noticeable for the substitution of anecdote for theory, and example for precept. The stories of men deserving of imitation, told so as to illustrate the virtues under discussion, and for the purpose of inducing imitation, rather than self-instruction, in the business of life. Such is the principle adopted with so much success in these works. The present book deals with "Duty" under its various aspects—Courage, Perseverance, Honesty, Truth, and is not only healthy and helpful in its maxims, but withal most readable. It is a pity that a somewhat careless revision of the sheets has left typographical errors easy of avoidance, and in some cases grammatical slips, which a careful reading could not have passed over. But so small a blemish detracts not at all from the value of the work, and is easy of remedy in a fresh edition.

The latest additions to the Franklin Square Library are "The Posh Ring," by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt; "The Rebel of the Family," by E. Lynn Linton; "Better than Gold," a story for girls, by Annie E. Ridley; and "Little Pansy," by Mrs. Randolph.

RECENT MAGAZINE ISSUES.

The February number of the "North American Review" contains an article by General Grant, endorsing the Nicaragua canal scheme. The history of the pulpit in New England is pleasantly discussed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Jas. Freeman Clarke's article on the Shakespearian authorship question will be found attended to in another column. A slightly unintelligible effusion of Walt Whitman's on the Poetry of the Future ranks with the other prose works of that remarkable man.

The "Art Amateur" for this month is chiefly remarkable for the really exquisite sketches of the American Water-colour Society Exhibition, and of the collection of Mr. W. T. Walters. There is also even more than usual an abundance of pleasing designs for painting and needlework, and some charming valentine cards. The letter-press, also, is readable and interesting, especially the musical article, on which the journal deserves to be congratulated.

The "Canadian Monthly" for February maintains the former standard of this interesting publication. A historical review of the intellectual development of the Canadian people, by J. G. Bourinot, is perhaps the most noticeable feature of the present issue, which contains also several essays and short stories, and some fair poetry, particularly a sonnet in Memory of Edward Irving, by Chas. Pellam Mulvaney.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THOMAS CARLYLE is dead.

HANLAN has returned to Putney, the Thames now being entirely clear of ice.

THE Central American Telegraph Company has issued its circular in Paris.

(2) Duty, by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

THE rise in the Sacramento river has caused damage estimated at \$1,000,000.

TENANTS on the estates of Lord Mayo and Lord Lurgan have been paying their rents.

THE Home Rule member for Longford County has seceded from the Parnell body.

A VIENNA despatch reports the discovery of a conspiracy against Prince Milan.

THE case against Carroll, one of the prisoners under trial for participation in the Biddulph tragedy, terminated recently in a verdict of not guilty.

AMUSEMENTS.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL.—On Monday night, January 31st, the Company which bears the name of M^{me}. DONALDI, but the interest of which centres in Mr. LEVY, appeared before a rather slim audience, a fact with which the counter attraction of the St. George's Snow-Shoe Club had a good deal to do. Of Mr. LEVY's really wonderful playing so much has been said that it is enough to add that he was rapturously encoined in his numbers, and good-humouredly as usual, complied, on the second occasion even responding to a further call. The "Last Adieu," which was specially composed for him by Sig. FILOTEO GRECO, was a really charming piece of music, especially adapted to the instrument for which it was written. If I may be allowed to make a suggestion to Mr. LEVY, it would be that the *Serenade Boreuse* of GOSNOD's, which formed his second number, loses much of its characteristic beauty, when taken as fast as he played it, especially be it said in the rallentando passage at the end of each verse. Miss SHEPARDSON, who appears here for the first time, left a very pleasing impression with us. Her simple, unaffected playing, especially in the well-known *Träumerei*, which she gave as an *encore*, had a charm of its own, and she lacks only what all lady violinists must lack, the force and power necessary to the interpretation of such music as the MENDELSSOHN *Concerto*, which she played charmingly but inadequately in this respect. Of M^{me}. DONALDI's singing, perhaps the least said is the soonest mended. She may be a "great artist," but she was not to me at least a "sweet singer of Israel," or of any other country. And why is it, or how is it that so many professional singers will persist in singing "Italian" words (pardon me, ye shades of Dante) without having sufficed the rudiments of the pronunciation of that language. Will they ever learn, I wonder, that the most beautiful of modern tongues may be easily transformed into one of the most hideous, and that such a transformation destroys much of the illusion intended to be produced. The same criticism, I fear, must be extended to Mr. BONNEY, who in other respects may make a fair performer, though his singing at present is distinctly amateurish. Mr. WHITELEY's playing is so well known in Montreal that I only need to record his appearance in place of M^{me}. CHATTERTON BOHRER, who armed with a Doctor's certificate retired from the programme.

THE ST. GEORGE'S SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—Being, unfortunately, unable to be in two places at once, I missed, as I understand, a treat at the St. George's Concert. The affair was a decided success, and the production of an original drama by Mr. F. COLSON is a fact worthy to be chronicled. It is rumoured that the Club may repeat their frolics, and when that event occurs "may I be there to see."

CARRENO AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.—To say that M^{lle}. CARRENO's playing on Thursday last was almost perfect of its kind, is to say that she was CARRENO. There is little ever to criticize in her performances, now so well known in Montreal, except the music itself. The *Sonata Appassionata* with which the Concert opened offers remarkable scope for the display of her peculiar talents, especially in the *Allegro non troppo*, which was rendered most exquisitely. The *Barcarolle* of CHOPIN's which formed part of the second number lost none of its characteristic beauty at her hands, but in the *Adagio and Finale* from WEBER's C Major Sonata, she added, if possible, to the laurels she has already earned. M^{me}. CARRENO was assisted by Sig. TAGLIAPIETRA, whose refined singing won him an enthusiastic encore in GOSNOD's "La Wierch," and later, in the beautiful Torredor's song from the "CARMEN." By an oversight the piano was not closed during his numbers, and he suffered greatly from over-accompaniment in the pianissimo passages which he so excels in. A brief notice must suffice of this concert, but we are to have the pleasure of hearing M^{me}. CARRENO again on the 15th, when I shall hope to have more to say. If I may make a suggestion to the management, it would be to introduce, if possible, a little greater variety into the next performance. The last suffered in the eyes of many present from a suspicion of monotony.

MUSICS.

VARIETIES.

A YOUNG man in Vermont received a curious wedding present from the æsthetic young lady to whom he is engaged to be married. She had a marble model of her foot made, and gave it to him for a paper-weight.

HERBERT SPENCER is preparing his autobiography. This is as it ought to be with a man of his mark. He will have much to tell us from a psychological point of view which no biographer would be able to tell us. It is to be re-

gretted that his health is declining, and that we may not have another of those able but somewhat interminable dissertations on sociology which make Herbert Spencer to psychology what Browning is to poetry—a wonder and a confusion in one.

THE GRAVITY OF ENGLAND.—Mark Twain had some idea of writing a book about England lately, but he found that he could not get any fun out of that part of the world. "It is too grave a country," he says, "and its gravity soaks into the stranger and makes him as serious as anybody else. When I was there, I couldn't seem to think of anything but deep problems of government, taxes, free-trade, finance; and every night I went to bed drunk with statistics."

MR. GOUGH made the following sensible and telling reply to a spiritualist who wanted Mr. Gough to attend a meeting to converse with his mother:—"If my mother who knows I love her dearly, and treasure every little relic she left behind her, and who knows that I would be glad to see her and hear her speak, will not communicate with me except through mediums, and seances, and table-rapping by a parcel of people who know nothing about her and care as little, I do not wish to hear anything; for I think my mother must be deteriorated to descend to such tricks to communicate with one who loves her as well as I do."

A CLERGYMAN LOSES HIS EDUCATION.—One of the strangest cases known in medical history—in fact, there are but about one half-dozen such cases reported in the world—has just been presented by the Rev. Marcus Ormond, of Pennsylvania, who is among friends in Rushville. He was, a few months ago, among the most eloquent and profound exponents of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church, and on returning to his town in Pennsylvania one day he found that his house, library, and everything he had had been consumed by fire. A day or so afterward he was stricken with brain fever. He recovered his health, but his memory was literally wiped out. His Greek, Latin and English were all gone. He had no language, and didn't even know his letters. His wife at once began to teach him the alphabet, and he can now read a little. He seems to be cheerful and contented, lacking nothing but what he once learned at school. He is, in appearance, a gentleman of intelligence. He hopes to again get back to where he jumped off so suddenly.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THAT study should be made as pleasant as possible for the pupil, no one will dispute, but that all training can be made mere amusement is an idle dream. Mr. A. Ains, in his excellent paper read at Chautauqua, while not directly asserting that all study can be made play, tells us that the boy learns to skate or to play ball "with infinite skill" without instruction, yet with all his painstaking fails to learn to write. Watch the boys as they play. There is as much diversity in the attainments on the playground as in the school-room, and in either place the one who gains a love nine y per cent. gains it by patient effort. I have seen boys continue for an hour at a time doing what Mr. A. Ains thinks they never do—running imaginary courses, "pitching" and catching. They do this not for the present amusement but for the hope of future honor. When a picked eleven are expecting a "match game" of football they play a "scrub game" for practice. The pupil has many scrub games to play before the real contest comes; if they can be made pleasant so much the better, but in any event the practice must be had. I have heard the captain of a nine as sharply reprove one of his men for inattention as ever did a pedagogue who abstains from blows. On the playground as in the school-room the natural laziness of mankind, the enemy of all labour, whether physical or mental, must be met and overcome.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE "Partisan," the new opera by Count d'Osmond, is shortly to be performed at Nice.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has signed a contract to sing in Paris, after her Russian engagement, for twenty nights, at a salary of sixty thousand francs.

MR. E. LANGTRY writes saying that there is no foundation whatever for the rumour that his wife is tending appearing on the stage.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, who has not for a long time been heard on this continent, is announced to sing next Monday night at Steinway Hall, New York.

ALL manuscripts intended for competition for the \$1,000 prize at the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association, must be in the hands of the Committee on Prize Composition, Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, on or before September 1st, 1881.

MR. HERMANN HELMER, in a lecture recently delivered in Vienna, said that the Opera House in that city cost six million gulden, and would seat 2,000 persons.

AMONG the New Year's gifts received by M^{lle}. Marie Van Zandt was a star in diamonds and pearls sent to her by the Swedish Minister as a token of admiration for her genius.

BENEFACTORS.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical, but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubts and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honoured and blessed by all as benefactors.