

The Story of a Dream Excursion, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, is a clever rhapsody.

Many of the articles of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* are especially directed towards illustrating the ancient customs, churches, and eminent prelates of the Church of England. The illustrations are very good in general, but in the present number, *Conscience* is too harsh in delineation of feature to convey the impression the artist had in view.

CORNHILL—OCTOBER.

The House of Commons from the Ladies' Gallery.—The ladies' gallery is really a very comfortable and neatly arranged wire cage where lady visitors to the House of Commons may see without being seen. A retiring room and tea room is attached in which refreshments can be procured. The ominous words "Silence is requested," are inscribed in every available position. The lady visitor and writer was especially struck with the great latitude with which M.P.s abuse and insult one another. Anything short of giving the actual lie is quite "parliamentary." But at the close of the debate all are gentlemen, courteous and smooth. The lady visitor heard Sir George Bowyer deliver a speech, and heard, too, Mr. Gladstone's reply. She says:—"But this man, my orator, the nearest approach to that ideal which we most of us have, and never expect to see realized, does not attempt to wile. He scarcely even condescends to persuade. He appeals simply to your reason, or, rather, without any direct appeal, he lays before you what your reason at once acknowledges to be the truth, thereby, if he has any victory to gain, making yourself, not himself, your conqueror." He smote Sir George Bowyer—hip and thigh—with great slaughter, but quite impersonally, the man being the mere embodiment of the cause—but he did it. What a lesson this might be to some of our M.P.P.s? Well does this lady writer describe the effect of Gladstone's eloquence. "How we listened—we in the ladies' gallery—those present will long remember and rejoice. *When he ended, the sudden silence felt like an actual pain.*" "The pause of silence, however, was broken by a naïve exclamation near us: 'Only look! Sir George has actually crossed the house, and put his arm upon his shoulder.' And so it was! 'He,' the great orator, and evidently the one 'he' in the world to his affectionate listener, sat in amiable confabulation with his late enemy, who had come over and laid his hand upon him—in amicable, not inimical intent. There they were, chatting and smiling together as if they had not been all this time at open warfare, tearing one another to pieces in the most gentlemanly manner—which manner long may they and the whole House retain! No harm shall come if each valorous M.P. keeps up a true Briton's hearty respect for another equally true Briton who happens to hold a different opinion from himself."

The Miseries of a Dramatic Author.—These are manifold and trying. First you have to get your piece read by the manager. Suppose it is accepted as a whole; it is certain to require numerous alterations to adapt it to the stage—to render it "practicable." These made to suit the manager, then