

stitution of accent for quantity. One would not suppose that clever people like the Greeks would retain two sets of vowels if their phonetic value was the same.

"BACON AND ESSEX" is the title of Dr. Abbott's new volume, published in reply to Mr. Spedding's strictures on Dr. Abbott's essay on Bacon. Dr. Abbott had taken a similar view of Lord Bacon to that of the poet who described him as

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Whereupon Mr. Spedding, the learned editor of Bacon's works, became enraged, for he regards Bacon much as Cardinal Manning regards Pope Pius IX., and forthwith proceeded to attack Dr. Abbott in the *Contemporary*. Hence this reply. There is always some amiable enthusiast hammering at Bacon. Now that Bacon is demonstrated to have been Shakspeare, he will no doubt soon be proved to have been Queen Elizabeth.

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS HOME has published "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," and has exposed nearly all the tricks of spiritualism but his own. He traces Spiritualism through antiquity in the oracles at Dodona and Delphi, and through the mediæval miracles to the present time. He ventilates some very heterodox notions about the agency of the Scripture mir-

acles, and founds new arguments for the truth of Christianity thereon. Finally he throws a torpedo among the large class of average mediums, and explains the way in which they delude the unscientific. Not, of course, that Spiritualism is untrue in itself, but that the immense majority of its professors are humbugs. Mr. Home's testimony is valuable, but one feels disposed to extend its scope.

MR. GLADSTONE, on the occasion of the recent Royal Academy dinner, answered for Literature in a speech marked throughout with his usual insight. He dwelt upon the great literary successes of the earlier part of the present century, down to the year 1865, and showed its productiveness in original literary work. Since that time, he thought, we have entered upon a period of book making—a period of compilation, not of original authorship. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray have passed away. The public demand, and the writers supply, novels which shall not overstrain the intellectual faculties, and in which attention is kept alive by highly wrought descriptions of the personal charms of wilful and beautiful heroines. The fact is that authorship is a trade, and every one who takes to it must produce his annual or semi-annual pot-boiler.

