

Old age was distant—Yet—mysterious craving
Of intellectual man!—though evil their fruit,
He loathed to let his labours perish all—
On dying bed, with failing breath he whispered,
To me his daughter, many a dreadful process,
By which the occult arts appal mankind—
'Oh use them not!' he gasped, and gasping died.

BIAN. Taught, he nothing else?

URSU. Much else he taught me,
Which, with God's blessing, I may safely use.

BIAN. But that dark knowledge!—cleaves it to
you still?

URSU. Once known, alas, it ne'er can be for-
gotten!

We love to rifle nature of her secrets—
Her deadliest secrets—though we dare not use them.
Now, tell your griefs.

BIAN. Oh, name them not, good mother
Hast thou no sovereign drug, that can recall
The innocent, the unsuspecting past?
Canst thou not give the weary soul a draught
Of Lethe's blackest waters, to benumb
The memory of wrongs? Make me forget
The griefs that gnaw my heartstrings?

URSU. Take comfort, daughter. Know I can
do much

To ease your pains—perchance, to right your wrongs!

BIAN. (wildly) Men, trusting in *their strength*,
avenged *their* wrongs

With sword and lance! The dagger oft they use!
Are there no weapons fit for *woman's* hands?

URSU. There are such weapons—

BIAN. Secret? Sudden? Sure?—ow oft we
need

Defence for honour, vengeance for our wrongs,
'Gainst that strong tyrant, man!—I am in danger—
A strong oppressor—

URSU. Who?

BIAN. I dare not name him—
For I am in his power—Help, good mother,
Oh, crown your charity with this good deed!"

The most patent fault which strikes us is that the
verse is very often marred by misdivision of syllab-
les. *Power* and *hour* for example, stand as words
of two syllables, *gorgeous* as a word of three syllables,
Signiory, and worse still, *encircling*, as a word of four
syllables. These blemishes must be removed; and
so must such offences against the ordinary rules of
language as the use of *despair* and *swim* as transitive
words. Licenses may be found in Shakespeare;
but in the first place the language in Shakespeare's
time was still very confined, and in the second place
Shakespeare's prerogative is not ours. It must be
remembered, too, when discords are introduced into
the verse in supposed imitation of the Elizabethan
dramatists, that the text of the Elizabethan dramatists
is often very corrupt.

Not to close with censure we will repeat the
"The Maid of Florence" has, in our judgment, real
merit, and that we shall look with interest for other
productions by the same hand.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn that Mr. W. F. Rae's transla-
tions from the *Causeries du Lundi* of M.
Sainte-Beuve, embracing a series of criticisms
upon English writers, will be reprinted by
Messrs. H. Holt & Co., New York.

Two new and delightful volumes of fairy lore
come, with the holiday season, from the magic
pen of the Right Honourable Mr. Knatchbull-
Hugessen, M.P. They are entitled "Whispers
from Fairy-Land," and "River Legends; or
River Thames and Father Rhine." The latter
volume will doubtless be found too local in its
subjects for Canadian youth to enjoy, but they
will get rapturous over the former work. By
the way, have we no native writer who will
weave the legends of our great lakes, and the
St. Lawrence, into a garland of mystic fancies
for our "little folk," or summon from the great
lone land, or the wild north land of our own
territory, the ghouls, goblins, and necessary in-
gredients of fairydom for Canadian connois-
seurs in this branch of literature? A British
American "Hans Christian Andersen" should

be no impossibility with such material to work
with or to shape.

The author of "Friends in Council," Sir
Arthur Helps, has laid his many admirers
under further obligations by the publication of
a new book from his pen. It is said to be a
cheerful, wise, and wholesome work, and is en-
titled "Social Pressure."

A racy and entertaining volume of travel en-
titled "A Ramble Round the World, 1871,"
by M. Le Baron de Hubner, formerly ambas-
sador and minister, appears from Macmillan's
press.

Two important additions to the rapidly aug-
menting literature of African exploration have
just been issued. The first of these is Sir
Samuel Baker's "Ismailia; a narrative of the
Expedition to Central Africa for the suppres-
sion of the Slave Trade," and the second, is a
work to which a melancholy interest will attach,
viz.: "The Last Journals of David Livingstone
in Central Africa," Edited by Horace Wal-
ler, F.R.G.S. The period covered by the lat-