

listen: he, in addition, had praised some of our little effusions, for which we record our thanks. We don't know what he said when he saw our criticism, we dare not conjecture what he thought, but what he did, was a month or so later to call us to time. The paragraph in which he did so is so obscure, that we have been scratching our head since in curosimy as to what Demosthenes, jr., (to give him one of his boastful titles) meant to say.

An article in our Jan. issue, entitled "Criticisms," gives about the right measure of the *Index* clown and some others. Generally it is some "greenhorn" of a phrase-mixer, who assumes the role of advising others to wipe their chins before he has formed the habit of keeping his own swabbed. These kinds of harpies (they are not critics) entirely lose sight of the subject-matter of a publication and train their blinking optics towards empty spaces, overjoyed if they find nothing. They diseant endlessly about missing pieces of bric-a-brac, and have not a comment to make about the good things, few or many, that may be present. Still the REVIEW tried to muddle along, carefully cherishing its own secrets, packing its pages as best it could, convinced that on the whole "it was nobody else's funeral", and content if its feeble efforts had not been utterly futile.

For all dry and stupid criticisms (one is about as bad as the other) we here make meek apology. Our will appears in our next issue. Our epitaph must be left to the charity of our successor.

