

other which of the lakes had most pleased him. "Oh, Keswick, certainly," was the answer. "Well, for my part," said the first speaker, "I don't think nearly so much of that as Derwentwater." "But the two are identical," said his companion. "I know they are," returned the other, testily, "but one is much more identical than the other."

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & Co. have in press a complete edition of the poetical works, in English, of Mr. Evan MacColl. It contains "The Mountain Minstrel," or poems of early life, and Mr. MacColl's later volume of "Poems, Songs and Sonnets," written in Canada. The complete edition is in one handsome 8vo volume of about 400 pages. Mr. MacColl is also bringing out, through the same firm, a third edition of his "Clarsack Nam Beann," or poems and songs in Gaelic. Hugh Miller has said of Mr. MacColl's verse—"In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song."

It is said by a writer in the Boston *Transcript* that Mr. G. W. Cable forfeited his first literary position (on the New Orleans *Picayune*) through conscientious scruples against attending a theatre and critically reporting the performance. "It seems, too, he had conscientious scruples against putting his thought into stories till a perusal of George MacDonald's work converted him without injuring him as a good member of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which he still belongs." Mr. Whittier has written a cordial congratulatory letter to Mr. Cable, whom he thinks to be the writer long expected and desired from the South.

"THE GOSSIP" does not offer the following extract as being in the smallest degree connected with literature, but for the purpose of calling attention to its sacriligious freedom of tone. It is taken from the New York *Independent*. "Queen Victoria's particular vanity in comestibles is the baked apple, of which healthful dish she eats almost daily. To English walnuts, prepared in a particularly delicate style, Her Majesty is also partial. So far as we recollect, the Queen has never yet had a photograph taken of herself while regaling the inner sovereign with either a fresh baked apple or a large walnut. Undoubtedly such a picture would give great delight to her loving subjects and a royal excuse for a sitting."

MR. CHARLES E. PASCOE, writing of London publishers, in a late number of the *New York Critic*, thus outlines the present possessor of the famous name of Murray:—"Every one who has read Byron knows of Mr. Murray. The present gentleman of that name is a very great personage in the London publishing trade. For some years he has managed to hold so completely aloof from his fellows in the same business that he now enjoys a splendid reputation. The majority of the publishers of London have never set eyes on Mr. Murray, nor he on the majority of London publishers. In manner he is polite and dignified, in appearance exceedingly correct and gentlemanlike, and in speech a man who never says two words when one will do. If not exactly by the will of his rivals, at least by their tacit consent, he is chief of the London publishers. He governs from afar, taking no part in the occasional petty warfares of his tribe, and discovering no more interest in the welfare of London publishers than if such persons never existed."

"R. KEMBLE, of London," in a letter to *Harper's Weekly*, laughs at the blunder, which was certainly rather rich, of a writer in a recent English review, who argued the superiority of Browning over Tennyson from the beauty of Tennyson's lines beginning "Flower in the crannied wall," etc., under the impression that the lines were by Browning, and he adds:—"I only remember two examples of such a complete fiasco as this; a notice in *The Quarterly*, by Hallam, of some rival scholar's book, in which there was some Greek poem, of which, taking it for the author's own, he fell foul most unmercifully: 'a bit of modern stucco,' etc., when, unfortunately, the poem was Pindar's. Then in comparatively late times, I recollect, in another quarterly, a notice of 'In Memoriam,'—written, let us hope, in haste, and 'as we were going to press'—in which the book is described as a volume of verse written by a widow to her deceased husband; the poem beginning

Strong son of God, immortal Love,
was set down as 'an invocation to Cupid'!"

"THE GOSSIP" thinks that Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion of Academies of Literature may be of some interest to Canadian writers, especially those who have not been admitted to the august circle of the Royal Society of Canada. Mr. Lang declares that he is made uncomfortable by the very mention of an English Academy of Literature. He has no faith in Sir Henry Taylor's plea that an Academy giving salaries to members should be instituted to save men of letters from meddling with journalism, which, as that venerable author asserts, "injures the moral dispositions and debilitates the understanding" more than most professions. Mr. Lang scouts this idea and conjures up a harrowing picture of the possible English Academy. "As Dr. Johnson said, speaking of Swift's vision of an English Academy,

everyone would make it a duty to break its decrees. Yet, withal, everyone would pine and pant to be of the sacred number, and so long as he failed, would eat his own heart, like Bellerophon, in anguish and envy. How the Scotch members would stand shoulder to shoulder, and help each other in! How the Kensington members would make up one set and the Hampstead members another! How doubly edged and doubly venomous would be the weapon of literary criticism, how rich the 'mutual tubs' of literary 'butter,' how keen the feuds of literature and science! In clubs of a purely social character it is found, I have been told, that (when it comes to an election) the literary members have never even heard of scientific gentlemen of European reputation. And the scientific members remain equally ignorant of the names of literary candidates whose fame is in all literary societies, and who are mickle of might in the circulating libraries."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—Montreal has had a \$100,000 fire.—The usual post-election dissatisfaction has arisen in Lennox, and a recount of the ballots will be demanded.—The Provincial Alliance held its meeting on Saturday.—Part of the escheated Mercer property has been sold by the Ontario Government. It will be remembered that the Canadian Supreme Court awarded this property to the Dominion Government, but the law officers of the Imperial Privy Council declared that it belonged to Ontario.—A local Alumni Association has formed itself at Toronto University.—The Welland Canal has been closed to navigation since Wednesday last.—The Hudson Bay Company have made mutual compromises, and difficulties are at an end.—A lad named Wilson died from the stroke of a file on the head by a woman.—Measures are on foot in British Columbia to restrict Chinese immigration.—The commissioners have formally located the site of the international park at Niagara.—Picton had a \$2,500 fire on Monday, the 10th inst.—On Monday last the *Enterprise* foundered on Lake Huron, and seven men perished. It appears that the *Enterprise* four weeks ago had gone ashore near Cockburn Island, and that a wrecking outfit on the tug *Balize* left Detroit to release her. The steamer was lightered and pulled off, and extra care was taken by placing two large canvas jackets under her bottom. This being done the boat did not leak enough to keep one of the two steam pumps going. All went well until the *Balize*, towing the *Enterprise*, arrived off Point au Barques light, when Capt. J. J. Rardon, who had charge of the outfit, heard the steam whistle from the pumps blowing. He answered the call, and had the mate of the *Balize* stop the tug. All hands were called to get the boat down; the towline was cut from the tug, and every effort made to get alongside of the wreck before she went down. Just before they could get around the barge sunk from sight. Every line on the tug was made ready to throw to the men clinging to parts of the wreck floating. Pat Quinn, of Detroit, well-known on the lakes, was first to reach the side of the tug. The poor fellow had been at work on the steam pump, and had grease on his clothes and hands. The rope slipped through his fingers twice; the third time one of the crew of the *Balize* reached down to pull him up, Quinn holding to the rope with his teeth until he was in the hands of this man who had hold of his jacket, when a sea struck Quinn and he slipped through his grasp, fell back into the lake, and was seen no more.—Montreal is now engaged testing underground telegraph wires.—Millais, it is said, is painting a head of Lord Lorne.—A rag vendor in Montreal was found carrying dynamite cartridges.—Efforts are on foot to establish a ladies' coffee house in Toronto.—The establishment of a Canadian National Athletic Association is spoken of.—A sail boat containing the dead bodies of Capt. Zeneas Quick and his son, of Pelee Island, has been found floating on Lake Erie.—Dr. Wilson, curate of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, has been notified of his dismissal, which is to take place on the 28th of February.—Four young tourist huntsmen, late from Germany, and travelling over the continent, were drowned in Niagara River on Monday last by the capsizing of their boat.—Mr. J. G. Ross, of Quebec, has been elevated to the Senate.—Pressure is being brought to bear on Sir Leonard Tilley to increase the duty on steel.—The election of M. Belleau, M.P. for Levis, has been protested.—Montreal is being sued for \$470,000 for expropriated land.—The Bishop of Algoma names a successor to Bishop Baldwin at Christ Church, Montreal.—The Guelph Fat Stock Show opened on Wednesday last.—Nearly three thousand Canada Pacific Railway hands have struck in Winnipeg.—January 23rd is set for the hearing of the Langtry-Dumoulin case.—Another charge of bribery against M. Senecal comes from Vercheres.—The Agricultural Council of Quebec recommends the establishment of an agricultural college.—The Women's Medical College, Toronto, has made formal application for affiliation with Trinity College.—M. Senecal has entered two suits