

original spelling (of the folio), as Hales has done in the specimens given in his masterly "Longer English Poets." But as these editions appeal to other besides scholastic readers, the editor is perhaps wise in printing a modernized text. In the notes to the first of the two plays we are glad to find liberal extracts from the earlier play, said to have been written by, or, at least, to contain passages from, Marlowe. To both plays Mr. Rolfe has appended a "Time-Analysis," taken Mr. P. A. Daniel's paper before the New Shakspere Society. Both editions may be safely recommended alike to scholars and to the general reader.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Very little fresh information about Carlyle has found its way into the reviews since his death. Most people already knew something of his life, and had made up their mind about his opinions. His *Reminiscences*, edited by J. A. Froude, have been published and will be noticed next month. It is to be hoped that some one will give us a collection of his *Table Talk*. A few specimens have been given, such as his denouncing a friend, who humorously affected a tone of moral indifference, as fit to be President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society. When some one was praising an eminent economist, as it seemed to him, in excess, he interrupted the eulogy by declaring that he was "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millenium." The *Bystander* was far from happy in its notice of Carlyle's death. After ignoring George Eliot, it took upon itself to denounce Carlyle, conceding however his merits as a humorist and an historical painter. We must all admire his graphic power and insight into character, still there is much truth in the remark made by the London *Spectator* that, "his interest seems to us always to have been in figuring the human mind as representing some flying colour or type of the Infinite Mind at work behind the Universe, and so presenting this idea as to make it palpable to his fellow-men." In fact, Carlyle was too much of a Teacher to be anything else in perfection.

A collection of the letters of John Ruskin, published in the newspapers from 1840 to 1880, has lately appeared under the capital title of "Arrows of the Chace." Boomerangs of the Chace, some one has maliciously suggested, would have been more appropriate. The edition is excellently edited with full indices of all kinds by an Oxford Pupil. To the volume, with which I have otherwise nothing to do, Mr. Ruskin contributes a Preface and Epilogue. There are few writers who could say as he does:—"Here are a series of letters ranging over a period of, broadly, forty years of my life; most of them written hastily, and all in hours snatched from heavier work: and in the entire mass of them there is not one word I wish to change, not a statement I have to retract, and, I believe, few pieces of advice, which the reader will not find it for his good to act upon.... Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's