

of server and a graphic writer. He says, "The island is certainly remarkably good ground for bird study; species are many, and individuals numerous. The combination of ocean, bay, inland lake, both salt and fresh, forest, and mountain is one which favors diversity and stimulates abundance." Susan Coolidge has a most interesting contribution entitled, "The Girlhood of an Autocrat." The autocrat was the Russian Empress, Catherine II. Sidney Lanier is paying tribute to the letter-publishing mania. W. R. Thayer is in his case the editor. "Professional Horsemen" arouses curiosity, which is well catered to by H. C. Merwin. A. H. Washburn discusses "Some Evils of Our Consular Service," and Theodore Roosevelt "The College Graduate and Public Life." "A Dumas of the Hour" is a review article on Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's books, which is critical and yet not at all ungenerous or unfair.

If one runs one's eye down the table of contents of the August number of *Harper's Magazine* the names of the contributors alone are pleasantly suggestive of good things within. Take some of them and what pleasant expectancy at once arises: Julian Ralph, Richard Harding Davis, George Du Maurier, Owen Wister, W. Hamilton Gibson, Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Smalley, William Dean Howells, Frederic Remington, Brander Matthews and Charles G. D. Roberts. Here is an array of brilliant literary ability—a promise of rich variety in subject and treatment. This is indeed a captivating number. He who does not enjoy it is in immediate need of medical aid or, better still, a trip to Muskoka for, probably, a liver out of joint. "Trilby" ends—alas! there must be an end to everything. But the Golden House most auspiciously has begun and progresses. Short story, descriptive and departmental writing, poetry and miscellaneous matter meet and commingle most charmingly in this excellent number of *Harper's*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL

The *Literary Digest* reports that:—Editors of newspapers throughout England have been appealed to, through a circular signed by 105 members of the House of Commons, asking them to cease to demoralize the people by reporting sensational cases of immorality or brutality, and in other ways appealing to the sensual nature of man.

Some one says of Paul Bourget, the new Academician: "No one ever unravelled the mysterious complexity of the female heart better than he. No one ever showed such acumen in searching the unconsciousness, the intuitiveness of fair humanity. No one ever showed so much delicate refinement in picturing the little things that make the life of the heroine."

M. Francisque Sarcey, in a recent *feuilleton*, tells this story: Blumenthal, the great theatre-manager of Berlin, was talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" Tolstoi replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

Archibald Forbes tells this story at Stanley's expense: Stanley had delivered an unsuccessful lecture. When his manager came to call on him about it, he heard an unearthly noise going on below. "What's that?" asked the manager. "That's my black boy; he always makes that noise when he is cleaning my boots." "All right," said the manager. "You divide to-night's lecture in half, and at the end of the first part have your black boy on to make

that noise." The experiment was a triumphant success—such a success that the audience would not hear of his leaving off for Mr. Stanley to resume.

On November 1 will be published at Paris the first number of *Le Monde Moderne*, an illustrated monthly magazine on the lines of the *Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Each number will contain 160 pages, with about one hundred illustrations, and will be sold at 1.50f. M. Quantin, who retired from the well known publishing house that bears his name some time ago, will publish it, and M. Octave Uzanne will be one of its principal editors.

The *Publishers' Circular* reports the sale at auction, at Berlin, on May 21, of a holograph letter from Raphael to Giuliano Leno, the Treasurer of St. Peter's, dated January 16, 1515, never yet printed, and, indeed, previously unknown, accompanied by a legal document referring to its contents. It fetched 3,500 marks (\$875). The only known relics of the artist's handwriting are some receipts for moneys paid to him, and a few lines on the back of one of his sketches preserved in the Museum at Lille.

It is said of Max Muller, the most eminent living Oriental scholar, that if all the medals and decorations his immense labors have brought him should be pinned upon his coat, he would stagger beneath the weight. Merely to enumerate the initials of his various degrees and dignities would fill forty or fifty lines of a newspaper. He is now, at seventy years of age, still busily engaged in translating from the ancient Sanscrit and preparing the treasures of ancient wisdom for presentation to the modern world.

The *Library* of London says that:—M. Delisle, the principal librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, warns us that our modern literature is destined to perish. Old-fashioned paper made from rags has stood the test for hundreds of years, as the many fine specimens of Fifteenth Century printing show; to say nothing of still earlier books in manuscript. Nowadays, however, paper is made of more perishable material. In particular, as M. Delisle points out, paper made from wood-pulp soon decays. At first, the pages are covered with yellow spots, and these in turn are replaced by holes. Mr. Delisle makes no reference to the destruction of books by wear and tear in public libraries, although this is something enormous, as may be inferred from the fact that the ordinary life of a popular book is only from four to five years. The remedies are the constant multiplication of editions by publishers, and the conservation of books by libraries.

The *Boston Home Journal* has this note on two well-known English authoresses' homes: Miss Braddon, whose works have brought her the best monetary returns of any English woman who writes, lives at Lichfield House, on Richmond Hill, London, a home bought twenty years and more ago with the proceeds of "Lady Audley's Secret." Lichfield House, a roomy brick structure, built in the early part of the present century, commands one of the loveliest of the London suburbs, and on the whole is as inviting and delightful a dwelling place as one could wish for. Miss Braddon also has a country villa in the New Forest, a sylvan retreat whose charms were known and written about as long ago as Shakespeare's time. Jean Ingelow's home is in Kensington, an old stone house over-

grown with ivy and half hidden among trees. In summer the spacious garden which surrounds it is always radiant with flowers. Besides her English home Jean Ingelow has a cottage in the South of France, within sight of the Mediterranean, where she spends her winters.

The *Quebec Chronicle* recently referred to the summer movements of the Ministry in the following paragraph: The Cabinet Ministers are mostly still busy rounding up Parliamentary work, and getting clear of such departmental details as would interfere with their vacations. Only a few, as yet, have made definite plans for the summer. Sir John Thompson will go to the Muskoka lakes next week for a few days. Beyond that his plans are undecided. Hon. Mr. Foster is at Apohaqui, Kings County, New Brunswick. Sir Adolphe Caron and Hon. W. B. Ives will leave for Europe on Saturday. Hon. Clarke Wallace is in Ireland. Hon. Mr. Wood, Controller of Inland Revenue, is looking after Mr. Wallace's department. Later on he will probably take a trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, possibly in company with the Minister of Militia, Hon. Mr. Patterson. Hon. Mr. Curran is in Montreal. Hon. Mr. Costigan will shortly leave for his New Brunswick constituency. The other Ministers, Sir Charles H. Tupper and Messrs. Angers, Ouimet and Bowell have made no plans yet.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BOB-O'-LINCOLN.

Lightly tilting,
Gayly tilting,

Bob-o'-Lincoln swings and sings.
Liquid strain of melting sadness,
Drowned in sudden burst of gladness,
Bob-o'-Lincoln sings and swings.
Jolly rogue in priestly gown!
Down and up, and up and down,
With the wind-tossed meadow daisies
Lightly tilting,
To the listening meadow daisies
Gayly tilting,
Love-note clear, but rippling after,
Saucy, happy, bubbling laughter.
Merry heart, both brave and tender,
I to thee my homage render.
Swing and sing among the daisies,
To the sunny June thy praises!
Joy and thou should mate together,
In the fragrant, fair June weather.
—Celia A. Hayward, in *July Lippincott's*.

CRITICISM: ITS ROLE IN LITERATURE.

"Criticism has but one right," said Victor Hugo, "the right to be silent." This has never been the opinion of the critics, and it must be confessed that it does not seem to be the opinion of any one else. The truth is that if things continue in their present condition, criticism alone will have the right to speak. It already receives more attention than anything else. A fine account of the most beautiful article or romance, provided it is serious, copious and sufficiently provided with general ideas, is preferred to the original. Literature is becoming the servant of criticism. It provides its subjects, materials, and is its source. It prepares the dishes, but it is criticism which feeds on them. But criticism will soon be reduced to serving itself; for the moment seems to be approaching when its ammunition will be wanting. Among twenty young people, who have made their debut in letters, scarcely one poet or novelist is to be found. Criticism