

tory in the public schools. The *Standard*, in commenting upon this announcement, says :—"The aggressive spirit of historical research is merciless. Not content with damaging many characters hitherto esteemed virtuous, and white-washing a great many people who, like Nero and Crook-backed Richard, were hopelessly in the black books of the Chroniclers, it has now led to the denial of William Tell and the picturesque legend linked with his name. It is true that, for a long time past, suspicions have been mooted that there was something wrong about the tale of the marksman who, at the bidding of the wicked Gessler, shot the apple from his son's head. But scepticism regarding this time-honoured story was confined to a few graceless students of folklore. Vischer and Rocholz and Kopp and Hiseley might scoff, the learned Weiss shrug his doubting shoulders, and Hüber and Rilliett affect to treat the romance as little better than a sun-myth, but the vast body of the Swiss people no more questioned the truth of the story than does the patriotic Scot the equally unsubstantial anecdote concerning Bruce and the spider, or the good American the moral legend anent little George Washington and the cherry-tree. To the Helvetian, Tell was a real personage, Gessler a real tyrant, and the apple and the son as much matters of fact as President Ruchonnet or Mr. Consul-General Vernet. It is, therefore, melancholy to find that the archer has at last been officially sacrificed on the altar of accuracy, and that the Canton which has ordered his name

to be excluded from the school histories within its jurisdiction is Schwyz, a commonwealth whose reputation is intimately associated with his imaginary exploits. Of course this is the Schwyzers' own business. If they are pleased, it would ill-become the rest of the world to grumble, albeit Tell and Gessler have so long been the common heritage of mankind that it is difficult not to protest against being thus summarily robbed of a portion of our literary birthright. A hope, however, still remains. Uri has still to be heard from, and Unterwalden, which shares with it the glory of Tell's deeds, may not be as ready as the sister Canton to abandon the romantic narrative of the cross-bowman who fought for the three Walstadte, and by shooting the Landvogt of Albert of Austria precipitated the long war which did so much to consolidate the liberties of "High Germany." Surely the villagers around Küsnacht will cling to the ruins of Gessler's Castle, and decline to have the Hohle Gasse of Schiller's drama decreed out of print! Does not Tell's Chapel, with a painting over the door representing Gessler's death, stand to commemorate the spot on which the bold boatman sprang ashore a few hours before he cleared the Canton of its despot? And is there not a colossal statue of Tell reared on the spot in Altorf town where he aimed at the apple? While every holiday-maker knows Tell's Platte, on the Lake of Lucerne, which, with its chapel and rude frescoes from the history of the famous patriot, records the belief of Uri in the heroic tale.

NOT VERY FAR.

Not very far to happy hasting feet
 The little stretch of land between our lives
 In distance so diminutive, so sweet,
 To love that listens and to life that strides;
 To fullest rest a little pausing bar—
 Not very far!

And when my day is heavy, when all light
 Fades from the time, and life is dull and dim,
 I think how little hides you from my sight,
 And quaff a cup of joy full to the brim,
 Thankful that I am living, since you are
 Not very far! *World.*