

CABLE despatches from London give some details concerning the political activities of Mr. Augustine Birrell, whose clever volume of essays and criticisms, "Obiter Dicta," gave him an introduction in this country. Under the patronage of Mr. John Morley he has appeared in public and has been made the Liberal candidate for Parliament in the West Fife district of Scotland.

In London, next month, will be sold at auction the library of the late Frederick Perkins, which contains the first, second, third and fourth Shakspeare folios, between twenty and thirty of the plays in quarto, including first editions of "Love's Labor Lost," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Pericles," and "Othello," and the exceedingly scarce "Lucrece" of 1594. A large number of original editions of plays of seventeenth century authors is included in the sale.

An article on "The Wastes of Modern Civilization," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, will appear in the August *Popular Science Monthly*. "Mr. Mallock on Optimism," a critical article by W. D. Le Sueur, in the same number, repels the assertions of Mr. Mallock that there is not sufficient reason for being gratified with the prospects of the human race, and that no meaning in life can be seen without the light of theological faith. Mr. Le Sueur is a Canadian, and identified with all that is vigorous and progressive in modern thought.

THOMAS HUGHES has been requested to revise his well-known book "Tom Brown's School Days," by an American publisher, who demands that certain passages should be omitted or altered so that the book might be brought into accord with the moral atmosphere of America, especially in the matter of temperance. This request, made some time ago, Mr. Hughes politely but firmly refused to grant. It is impossible, in this connection, to forget the *cult* of Mr. Jefferson Brick and his colleagues: "We air a moral country, Sir."

A MR. MACKAY gives this account of the condition of De Quincey's grave: The mural tablet is not weather-stained, and his grave is not utterly neglected, but well cared for by some loving hand or other. When in Edinburgh I almost always visit his grave, and only on Thursday, May 23rd last, I was there, and as the birds sang about in the grounds, the trees rustled, and the sun shone, I could hardly think of him sleeping in a more lovely spot, save it might be along with Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge in the churchyard at Grasmere.

ROBERT GRANT, the author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," has written the third article in *Scribner's Fishing series* for the August issue, entitled "Tarpon Fishing in Florida." Mr. Grant, during the past winter, made a special trip to St. James City, Fla., to gather material for this article, and had the good fortune during the second day's fishing to capture an enormous tarpon, six feet long and weighing 132 pounds. His description of his three hours' fight with this tremendous fish is one of the most graphic pieces of sportsman's literature of recent years. The article is fully illustrated from photographs made at the time, which have been carefully redrawn by Burns, Woodward, and others.

At the recent *Conversazione* in the Albert Hall, of the Royal Colonial Institute, a very large number of Australians were present. The Canadians included Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius R. O'Brien, Mr. John Dewe, Mr. Blackader and others. The bands of the Royal Artillery, Royal Horse Guards, Coldstream Guards and Scot Guards were all in attendance, and played among other selections several colonial compositions. The guests were received by the Marquis of Lorne, and were over 2,400 in number. The Albert Hall was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, and the flag of the Institute, with its well-known motto of "The Queen and United Empire," was conspicuously displayed in front of the great organ.

*Queries* for July contains a bright article on "The Publishing House of Murray." The present John Murray is the fourth of that name. In his drawing-room, at 50 Albemarle Street, are paintings and souvenirs of Charles Lamb, Walter Scott, Byron and Mrs. Browning. A portrait of Mary Somerville is conspicuous, also a silver urn presented by Lord Byron, and filled with hemlock gathered by himself near Athens. The annual trade dinner at "The Albion" is still kept up, when, after coffee, Mr. Murray yields his place to the auctioneer of the evening, who then receives bids for the number of books each bookseller will take. The special advantage is the discount on large purchases and long time, the amount usually exceeding £20,000.

THE "Aldine" is the name of a new literary club in New York, situated at No. 20 Lafayette Place. The premises are historically interesting, the appointments luxurious, and the conditions of membership not startlingly or cruelly exacting. "Old English" and not young American, seem to survive in its decoration. Sydney Smith's line "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day," artistically lettered in gilt runs around the walls of the dining-room. The grill-room is unctuously comfortable, with a sanded floor, and every facility for "a steak, a brace of chops, or a Welsh-rabbit, a mug of ale or a bottle of beer." Where are the baked beans of New England and the clam chowder of the coast? The cutlery is embellished with the device of Manutius Aldus, the patron saint of the club—a dolphin entwined about an anchor, typifying the motto of the famous printing-house, *Festina lente*. The club president is Mr. Wm. W. Appleton; the vice-president, Henry C. Bunner, and Mr. W. D. Howells is one of the commit-

tee on literature and art. It is to be supposed that the library, in that case, will include no romancists, and if an illiterate club member wishes to look into his Scott, or his Dickens, or his Goldsmith, or his Bulwer Lytton, he must step across the way to where the great Astor library contains—uncensored and uncensored—the innocent objects of his search.

It is also impossible to forgive Robert Browning, his most unfortunate twelve-liner in a recent *Athenæum*, entitled "To Edward Fitzgerald." Fitzgerald was the translator of Omar Khayyam, and has been dead six years. In his "Life and Letters," only now published, occurs a passage in which he "thanks God" that there will be no more "Aurora Leighs," Mrs. Browning's death having been a relief to him. Here is Browning's revenge, and a petty and undignified one it is. But it is—doubtless—the sensation of the hour:

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I chanced upon a new book yesterday,  
I opened it, and where my finger lay  
Twixt page and uncut page these words I read—  
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby  
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye  
She never knew, thanked God my wife was dead.  
Ay, dead, and were yourself alive, good Fitz.,  
How to return you thanks would task my wits.  
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,  
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:  
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—  
Spitting—from lips once sanctified by hers.

The real delinquent in this Fitzgerald-Browning matter, is, of course, the person to whom the fatal passage was addressed. People should destroy letters, or else put them beyond reach of biographers—not careful enough in their choice of material.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ON THE TOP OF ATLAS.

LOOKING westward, we were chiefly struck by the unexpected sight of a magnificently rugged peak towering above the surrounding heights to an elevation of quite 2,000 feet above our point of view. This, we were informed, was the Tizi-n-Tamjurt. Taking into consideration the altitude we ourselves had attained, and what still lay above us, we had no hesitation in concluding that the Tizi-n-Tamjurt was the highest elevation in the Atlas—certainly not less than 15,000 feet, and possibly more.

As we looked around and noted the bewildering and awe-inspiring assemblage of snow-streaked elevations, sharp jagged ridges, and deep glens and gorges, and remarked also the geological formation, we felt assured that we were on the oldest part of the range. The predominance of metamorphic and igneous rocks, with their gradual replacement by sedimentary formations to east and west, clearly indicated to my mind that here had been the nucleus of all, and, in a sense, the focus of elevation. When all else had been submerged under water, the highest part, say some five thousand feet, had stood out as an island in a cretaceous sea. Around it had been deposited the limestones, the shales, and the sandstones which now flank it on every hand. Then in a later period had come the great earth movements which had raised the Tizi to its present proud elevation, and tilted and folded the horizontal cretaceous rocks to their position on its sides.—  
*From Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco.*

BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO.

WHEN from dawn till noon seems one long day  
And from noon till night another,  
O then should a little boy come from play  
And creep into the arms of his mother.  
Snugly creep and fall asleep,  
O come, my baby, do,  
Creep into my lap, and with a sleep  
We'll break the day in two.

When the shadows slant for afternoon  
When the mid-day meal is over,  
When the winds have sung themselves into a swoon  
And the bees drone in the clover,  
Then hie to me, hie for a lullaby—  
Come, my baby, do,  
Creep into my lap, and with a nap  
We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two, with a crooning song  
With a soft and soothing number,  
For the day has no right to be so long  
And keep my baby from slumber.  
Then rock-a-by, rock while white dreams flock  
Like angels over you;  
Baby's gone—and the deed is done—  
We've broken the day in two.

—E. W. Wilcox, in *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PICNIC.

It is hard to tell when this form of entertainment first came into popular favour, but there is extant an account of a distinguished picnic which took place in the early part of the seventeenth century, upon the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. of England. Mainwaring, in a letter to the Earl of Arundel, bearing date November 22, 1618, alludes to this picnic, and says, "The prince his birthday has been solemnized here by the few marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and

bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their own choice what to bring: some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."—*Lippincott for August*.

"MARGARITE SORORI."

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

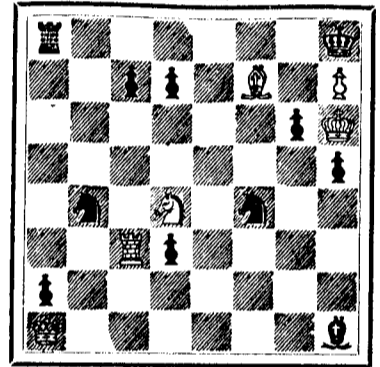
The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night, with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

—W. E. Henley.

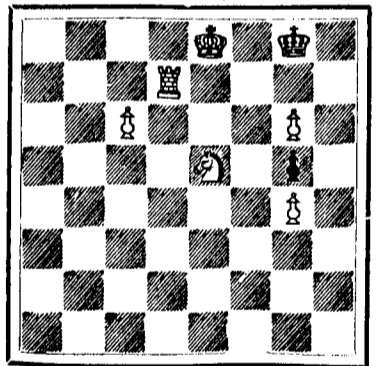
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 377.  
By H. E. KIDSON.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 378.  
By M. FR. DISCART.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

|             |        |                  |                        |
|-------------|--------|------------------|------------------------|
| No. 371.    |        | No. 372.         |                        |
| White.      | Black. | White.           | Black.                 |
| 1. Kt-Kt 1  | B-R 4  | 1. R-Q R 8       | K-B 3                  |
| 2. Q-R 8    | moves  | 2. B x P         | K moves                |
| 3. Q mates. |        | 3. B mates.      |                        |
|             |        |                  | If 1. K-K 4            |
|             |        | 2. B-K Kt 2      | K-B 5                  |
|             |        | 3. B-Q B 7 mate. |                        |
|             |        |                  | With other variations. |

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. S.—Correct answers received to Problems No. 365, 366, 367, 368, 369 and 370.

GAME PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE MATCH.

Between C. A. Mills, Cleveland, and W. H. Judd, Hamilton.

RUY LOPEZ.

|             |           |              |           |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|-----------|
| White.      | Black.    | White.       | Black.    |
| MR. MILLS.  | MR. JUDD. | MR. MILLS.   | MR. JUDD. |
| 1. P-K 4    | P-K 4     | 19. K-Q 1    | Castles   |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3  | 20. B-K 3    | R-Q 1     |
| 3. B-Kt 5   | B-B 4     | 21. K-B 2    | B-Kt 4    |
| 4. P-Q B 3  | P-Q 3     | 22. Kt-Q 4   | B-R 5 +   |
| 5. P-Q 4    | P x P     | 23. P-Q Kt 3 | R-B 4 +   |
| 6. P x P    | B-Kt 5 +  | 24. K-Q 3    | B x B P   |
| 7. K-B 1    | Q-Q 4     | 25. Kt x B   | R x Kt    |
| 8. P x P    | Q x P     | 26. K-K 2    | R-B 7 +   |
| 9. Q-K 2 +  | Kt-K 2    | 27. K-B 3    | R-Kt 7    |
| 10. P-Q R 3 | B-Q 3     | 28. P-Q Kt 4 | R-R 1     |
| 11. Kt-B 3  | Q-K 3     | 29. K R-Q 1  | R-Kt 6    |
| 12. P-Q 5   | Q x Q     | 30. K-K 4    | P-Kt 3    |
| 13. K x Q   | P-Q R 3   | 31. P-Kt 3   | P-R 4     |
| 14. B-R 4   | P-Q Kt 4  | 32. B-B 5    | B x B     |
| 15. Kt x P  | P x Kt    | 33. P x B    | Q R x P   |
| 16. B x P   | P-R 4     | 34. R x R    | R x R     |
| 17. B x Kt  | Kt x B    | 35. R-Q 2    | R-R 3     |
| 18. P x Kt  | B-R 3 +   | 36. R-Q 7    | R-K B 3   |

Drawn.