

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, it is said, takes but two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—Shakespeare and Molière.

EDNA LYALL, the novelist, has been obliged to give up all literary labour on account of poor health, and is spending the summer in the lake districts of Italy.

No doubt encouraged by her great literary success, the authoress of the now famous "Mademoiselle Ixe" is engaged in writing a volume of short stories, which are to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

MR. BENJ. R. TUCKER, of Boston, will publish very shortly Grant Allen's latest novel, "What's Bred in the Bone," which took the \$5,000 prize awarded by London *Tu-Bits* for the best work of fiction.

THE July number of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will contain a translation into English of the Constitution of Mexico, by Professor Bernard Moses of the University of California.

W. W. STORY has finished the monument and medalion which are to be placed on Theodore Parker's grave at Florence. The ceremony will take place August 24. F. B. Sanborn of Concord and Moncure D. Conway promise to contribute to the literary ceremonial.

THE interest in Canadian romance is practically shown by the success of such writers as Mrs. Catherwood, Miss McLeod and Miss Machar, who make Canadian romance both motive and theme. A new edition of Miss Machar's "Stories of New France" has just been issued by D. Lothrop Company.

"BROWNING as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," by Prof. Jones, of the University College, which Messrs. Macmillan and Company are going to publish, deals with Browning not simply as a poet, but as the exponent of a system of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which may fairly be called a philosophy.

LADY DUFFUS HARDY, one of the multitude of English women who write novels, has just died. She was the wife of the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, keeper of the records, and was well known in some circles of society in New York and Boston. Her daughter, Iza Duffus Hardy, is much better known as a novelist than her mother ever was.

THE hold that George MacDonald has on the popular heart and the popular taste is shown in the immediate success of his new romance "There and Back," which D. Lothrop Company have just issued. Its sale has already run well up into the thousands, and six editions have already been necessary to supply the steady demand.

THE REV. PROFESSOR CLARK, M.A., of Trinity College, Toronto, was, on motion of Principal Grant, seconded by Dr. Withrow, unanimously elected one of the twenty members of the Royal Society of Canada. Professor Clark has attained distinction as an author, and is one of the most accomplished scholars in Canada, and, we are confident, will prove a decided acquisition even to our Royal Society.

MR. E. W. THOMSON has, in response to an invitation from the proprietor of the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, accepted a position on its editorial staff. This journal is well and widely known as the most successful and popular of its kind in the world. It has a subscription list of over half a million, and among its contributors are many of the most celebrated men of the time, such as the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Lord Wolseley. Mr. Thomson has for years been a favourite writer to its columns. The literary brotherhood of Canada will rejoice at his success, but will at the same time sincerely regret the loss, which they and their country have sustained, of by far the ablest short story writer that Canada has yet produced. Not only in literature has this gifted and genial knight of the pen made his mark, but in journalism as well as in short story—some of our ablest judges deem that he stood without a peer in the Dominion. A robust man, in the full vigour of youth, with a profound and far-reaching knowledge of public affairs at home and abroad; with great natural ability and wide culture; an honourable and upright character, and a warm-hearted and genial disposition, Canada can ill-afford to lose such a man as E. W. Thomson. But the inevitable law of compensation which leads men to accept from others the just rewards of genius, industry and excellence which they are denied at home will assert its sway.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Allen, Grant. What is Bred in the Bone. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.  
Cusack, M. F. What Rome Teaches. \$1.25. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.  
Grant, Jno. B. Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Pres. News Co.  
Huntington, Wm. Reed. The Peace of the Church. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Pres. News Co.  
Jerome, K. Jerome. On the Stage, and Off. 25 cents. New York: Henry Holt & Co.  
Ogilvy, Maude. The Keeper of Bic Lighthouse. Montreal: E. M. Renouf.  
Stockton, Frank. The Rudder Grangers Abroad. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia; Vol. XXVIII. New York: Jno. B. Alden.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## NOT IN VAIN.

I SOMETIMES think, belov'd, if you could know  
Just what you are to me, how all my life has changed  
Since first I saw your face; how it has wider grown,  
And risen to new heights; then might you dimly see  
Some reason that should set you thus apart.  
You know you are to me as saint is unto shrine;  
You cannot, standing far above me there, so near to  
heaven,  
And shedding light around—you cannot see what lessons  
you have taught,  
How high ideals may be loftier grown, ceasing to be mere  
visions;  
Nay, may change, and with the change may beautify all  
life.

I know that I shall never stand beside you there,  
I am not worthy to come nigh to you.  
I may not touch your life. Nearer and dearer ones press  
closely round.

There is no room for me.  
Yet, as the furthest planet in its distant path  
Obeys the mighty law which bids that he must still  
revolve

Round the great source of heat,  
And yet forever in far outward space must turn  
For all his warmth and light to the same sun,  
Even as the nearer, brighter planets do,  
So must I turn to you; you showed me light  
Where else had still been darkness. Love given to you  
Has warmed my life although you heed it not.  
Why should you stoop to care for it who have all love?  
The best, the brightest, wrapped around you close.  
And mine seeks no return, knowing that it must be laid  
at your feet;

Not gathered near your heart, but resting there,  
It wins the highest place this side the gates of Heaven.

—A. Z., in the *Academy*.

## RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

A SORT of "Golden Age" for archaeologists appears to be setting in. Whilst traces of mediæval Europe are being fast obliterated from the surface of the soil, the spade of the excavator is continually bringing to light all manner of memorials of a remoter antiquity. It was but the other day that the learned world was thrown into a flutter of excitement by news of the discovery of an important treatise attributed to Aristotle. The British Museum authorities have other treasures still in store for us, not quite so precious as this, but interesting enough in their way—a speech of Hyperides, the Attic orator, and a treatise by the grammarian, Tryphon. Then we have news of an interesting "find" at Rome. The precise nature of this is still uncertain, as the Roman municipal authorities observe a reticence in the matter which must excite the admiration of Scotland Yard. But this at least seems clear—that a marble slab has been discovered containing the official record of those famous games of B. C. 17, for which Horace composed his "Secular Hymn," and mentioning the fact that the poet composed a song for the occasion. The discovery forms an interesting comment on Horace's boast that he had reared in his poetry "a monument more durable than brass." He was justified in his claim; it has not been the monument of marble, but the poetry, that has kept his memory green for nigh two thousand years, and now that the monument has been brought to light it is for the sake of the poetry that we value it. From Asia comes word of another classical discovery—certain inscriptions bearing on the war between Rome and the great Mithridates. In our own island, the excavations recently undertaken at Chester have revealed some interesting traces of the Roman occupation of Britain. But Egypt is, of all parts of the world, the country to which the eyes of the classical archaeologist turn most longingly just now. What other surprises may she not have in waiting? A complete archaeological survey of Egypt is in contemplation, and it is much to be hoped that lack of funds will not cripple the intentions of the explorers.—*Manchester Examiner*.

## HARVEY'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

IN 1628, twelve years after his first statement of it in his lectures, he published at Frankfurt, through William Fitzer, his discovery of the circulation of the blood. The book is a small quarto, entitled "Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus," and contains seventy-two pages and two plates of diagrams. The printers evidently had difficulty in reading the author's handwriting, and there are many misprints. There is a dedication to Charles I., in which the king in his kingdom is compared to the heart in the body, and this is followed by a modest address to Dr. Argent, the president, and to the fellows of the College of Physicians of London. An introduction then states the existing opinions on the structure of the heart and great vessels, on the blood and its movement, for that it moved had of course been observed from the earliest times. Seventeen chapters follow, in which the whole subject is made clear from the beginning and incontestably demonstrated. He begins by modestly stating how the difficulties of the subject had gradually become clear to him, and by expressing with a quotation from the "Andria" of Terence, the hope that his discovery might help others to still further knowledge. He then describes

the motions of arteries, of the ventricles of the heart, and of its auricles, as seen in living animals, and the use of these movements. He shows that the blood coming into the right auricle from the vena cava, and passing then to the right ventricle, is pumped out to the lungs to the pulmonary artery, passes through the parenchyma of the lungs, and comes thence by the pulmonary veins to the left ventricle. This same blood, he shows, is then pumped out into the body. It is carried out by arteries and comes back by veins, performing a complete circulation. He shows that, in a live snake, when the great veins are tied some way from the heart, the piece of vein between the ligature and the heart is empty, and further, that blood coming from the heart is checked in an artery by a ligature, so that there is blood between the heart and the ligature and no blood beyond the ligature. He then shows how the blood comes back to the heart by the veins, and demonstrates their valves. These had before been described by Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente, but before Harvey no exact explanation of their function had been given. He gives diagrams showing the results of obstructing veins, and that these valves may thus be seen to prevent the flow of blood in the veins in any direction except towards the heart. After a summary of a few lines in the fourteenth chapter, he further illustrates the perpetual circuit of the blood, and points out how morbid materials are carried from the heart all over the body. The last chapter gives a masterly account of the structure of the heart in men and animals, and points out that the right ventricle is thinner than the left, because it has only to send the blood a short way into the lungs, while the left ventricle has to pump it all over the body.—*Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXV.

## THE GENESIS OF AN ANECDOTE.

THE process of affiliation, as I venture to call it, is necessarily cognate to that of corruption. The emigrant tale, whether from one part of the world, or from one book, to another, is bound to undergo a change of garb or one in the *dramatis personæ*. I shall proceed to exemplify this: "In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after she died in reality, and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, 'Not too near the hedge—not too near the hedge, neighbours.'" This is not the version of the incident usually current, for that substitutes a hearse for the bearers, a coffin for the sheet, and a tree against which the carriage was run, overturning the supposed corpse and causing her to revive. But, first removing this latter superincumbent *stratum*, or ignoring it, let us examine the particulars, as I have just printed them. Have we not before us a mode of sepulture unknown to Western Europe in the conveyance of the woman to her grave simply enveloped in a cloth? That is, of course, Mohammedan, and is precisely the method pursued in India by the disciples of that creed at the present moment. One doubt begets another, and the presence of a hedge appears to betray the revising touch of one of my own countrymen, as it is so infinitely more characteristic of the narrow, gorge-like lanes of rural England than of the route which a similar procession would be likely to have followed on the other side of the channel. So it seems as if we had before us an Oriental tradition or invention, first introduced into French literature at a period when the languages and learning of the East were more cultivated in that country than among ourselves, and finally Anglicized, first with the hedge and secondly with the bearers and the coffin, as novel and improving ingredients.—*Studies in Jocular Literature*, by William Carew Hazlitt.

## A CANINE HERO.

I RECENTLY witnessed the following little incident on the Thames, near Twickenham, when the river was full of land-water and therefore very swift and dangerous: Two dogs—one a large animal, the other a little terrier—were enjoying a swim near the bank; but soon the little one was carried out some distance and was unable to get to shore. By this time the big dog had regained the shore, and, seeing what was happening to his companion, began running backwards and forwards in the most excited manner, at the same time whimpering and barking, and evidently not knowing for the moment what to do. The terrier was fast losing strength, and, although swimming hard, was being rapidly carried down stream. The big dog could contain himself no longer. Running some yards ahead of his struggling friend, he plunged into the water and swam vigorously straight out until he got in a line with the little head just appearing behind him. Then he allowed himself to be carried down, tail first, until he got next to the terrier, this being accomplished in the cleverest manner, and began to swim hard, gradually pushing the little one nearer and nearer to the shore, which was gained after a most exciting time. The fact of this canine hero going so far ahead to allow for the strong current, and the judgment shown in getting alongside, and then the pushing, certainly seemed to me to betoken instinct of a very high order.—*Cor. Pall Mall Gazette*.