

The former writes of "Marlborough," and the latter of "Frederick Denison Maurice," in this number of the *Contemporary*.

In the June *Fortnightly* the Prince of Monaco points out some of the many, apparently insuperable, obstacles to the proposed channel bridge to connect England and France. Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P., in considering the future of parties holds that "on its own plane, the practical and organizing intellect is too many for a visionary sentimentalism whose main weapons are dialectic activity and emotional appeal." Then follow two papers of artistic interest treating of "The Royal Academy" and "The Two Salons." A pleasant sporting paper is that by G. A. Scott, on "Rype-Shooting without Dogs;" for the uninitiated we may add that Rype stands for grouse, and the venue is laid in Norway. There are other able papers, making a total of 13 in this number, which ends with two pages of gossip on "Silver and the Tariff at Washington."

We have already referred editorially to the leading article in the *Canadian Magazine* for June. The number has two notable papers on Canadian exploration and discovery, a department in which this periodical is doing excellent work: Mr. J. W. Tyrrell begins a series of illustrated articles under the caption, "Three years among the Eskimos." Mr. Tyrrell at once puts himself on good terms with his readers by a simple yet most interesting anecdote in proof of the marvellous eyesight of the Eskimo. Many instructive details are given as to the mode of life, habits and customs of our brethren of the Arctic regions. Mr. Ogilvie ably continues his series of contributions on exploration in the great Mackenzie River basin. The mysteries of our vast northern territories are gradually being revealed by the dauntless courage and scientific ardour and skill of our own explorers. There are papers on Japanese and Chinese subjects, a sketch of Mr. W. R. Meredith and much other interesting matter in this number.

Timely and valuable papers will be found in recent issues of *Littell's Living Age*. Among the best that have appeared in recent English periodical literature we would call particular attention to "Kossuth and the Hungarian War of Liberation," by Sidney J. Low; "A Visit to the Tennysons in 1839," by Bartle Teeling; "Mr. Gladstone," by Richard Holt Hutton; "The Queen and Her Permanent Minister," by Reginald B. Brett; "A Note on Walt Whitman," by Edmund Gosse; "A Russian View of the American Press," by Professor I. I. Yonjoul. The papers on Kossuth, Tennyson and Gladstone are full of interest. The publishers, Messrs. Littell & Co., Boston, offer to send the 13 numbers of the magazine, forming the first quarterly volume of the new series (Jan. to March, 1894) free to any one remitting six dollars in payment for the nine months April to Dec., inclusive, 1894. This offer will be kept open through June. The subscription price is \$8.00 a year. Specimen copies 15c. each.

The *Nineteenth Century* for June is a strong number. The Hon. Reginald Brett writes most readably of "The Queen and Lord Palmerston." The well-known London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, Mr. G. W. Smalley, writes with thought and special knowledge of "Checks on Democracy in America." "In Mr. Goldwin Smith's 'Outline of the Political History of the United States,' there is," says Mr. Smalley, "a brief sketch of the constitution, in which the essence of its political meaning may be found. That book, as a whole, though not the work of a lawyer (the italics are ours) is a masterpiece, and the wayfaring man, . . . will find in it such a lesson on politics as he may seek in vain elsewhere." This is high praise from a competent source. Mr. Smalley will pardon us for a minor correction. Mr. Goldwin Smith was called to the English Bar, and on one occasion held a brief, successfully, for his historic University, Oxford. But we are digressing. The thirteen articles in this number are well varied, and

excellently well written, on such subjects as Politics in India, Art at the Salons, Pedigrees of British and American Horses, noticeable books, etc., etc. The contributors are well known to review readers.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

In the July number of *The Century* Mr. Crawford begins a novelette depicting Bar Harbour Life, "Love in Idleness," which will run through the summer.

Agnes Repplier, the essayist, expresses some very definite views on the woman question in an essay in the July *Scribner*, entitled "Aut Cesar, aut Nihil."

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is said to be the owner of the smallest book in the world. It is an edition of the sacred book of Sikhs, and is only half the size of a postage stamp.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore's "Perlycross" is spoken well of. The author of "Lorna Doone" has won for himself a host of admirers. No doubt his latest work will be well received.

The Scribners have in press for early publication a new book by Hon. W. E. Gladstone, consisting of metrical translations of the Odes of Horace. A few of these translations have appeared at various times in the magazines.

A new book by John Ruskin, illustrated by drawings of the author, is now being published by Macmillan & Co. It is called "Verona, and other lectures," and includes "The Story of Arachne," "The Tortoise of Ægina," "Candida Cosa," with an appendix on Saxon money; and "Mending the Sieve," with addenda on the foundation of Cluny.

The removal of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons from their old address at 743-745 Broadway, New York, to their new building at 153-155 Fifth Avenue, has finally been effected, and the whole stock, numbering over 300,000 volumes, has been shifted without damage and without any interruption of business. The building they now occupy is a handsome six-story structure of white limestone erected by the firm exclusively for their own use.

In the death of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal, one of the original members of the syndicate which built the Canada Pacific Railway has passed away. It will be remembered that Baron Mount-Stephen, Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. McIntyre, by their exceptional business and financial ability, energy and enterprise, mainly contributed to the successful building of the great Canadian road. Mr. McIntyre has been ill for some time and his death was not unexpected.

Count Leo Tolstoi, in a recent interview with a Russian journalist, is said to have given some information as to a new book which he has in hand. It will treat of, or at least is based on, the late Franco-Russian fetes at Paris and Toulon. Tolstoi will develop in it his well-known views of the incompatibility of Christianity with patriotism, and will point out, not for the first time, how "the people, in spite of frontiers and diversity of manners and intelligence and language, draw towards each other, moved by an instinctive love."

The *Canadian Gazette*, in a recent issue, says that "Lord Aberdeen is fortunate in

the possession of three degrees of LL.D. The first, that of the University of Aberdeen, was conferred upon him in 1883, and the second and third were conferred upon him last month by Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and McGill University, Montreal." We are almost disposed to think that the warmth of esteem in which Lord Aberdeen and the gracious and benevolent Countess of Aberdeen are held by our people will after exhausting the degrees of the old universities lead to the founding of a new one for the especial purpose of conferring yet other degrees upon such worthy recipients.

From the Boston *Home Journal* we learn that W. Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, after having been for many years a bird of passage, has finally found for himself and family a home amid congenial surroundings in the Island of Thanet. The house in which Mr. Russell lives is large and inviting, and from the garden which surrounds it one can see before him the waters known to all sailors as the Downs; to the right the jutting foreland overlooking Deal, a picturesque old town, redolent of the memory of Van Tromp and Nelson and other naval heroes, while to the left pitches and tosses the turbulent North Sea. On a clear summer day half a hundred craft of all sizes and descriptions are always in sight. "A beautiful view," Mr. Russell calls it, and such in truth it is, a constant and moving inspiration to work that will endure.

The London *Literary World* has the following interesting reference to the well-known American writer, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose novel, "The Adventures of a Widow," it may be remembered was the first serial story published in THE WEEK: Mr. Edgar Fawcett, two of whose books we announced in these columns last week, is the son of an Englishman who made a considerable fortune in New York, in business as a tanner, we believe. He has the *entrée* of the most exclusive houses in New York, and is in appearance and costume one of the most English-looking men in American clubland, which is nothing if it is not Anglo-maniac. Mr. Fawcett is a bachelor, and his pleasant rooms just off Madison Square receive quite a little *salon* one night every week. No *salon* in New York is so literary. Mr. Fawcett is a strongly-built man of medium height, with a heavy black moustache, and very remarkable blue eyes. He is even better known as a poet than a novelist.

The following obituary notices of two notable Englishmen—one in letters and the other in law—have recently been published: "The sudden death of Edmund Yates, which occurred while he was attending a play at the Garrick Theatre, in London, . . . removes one of the few literary men who belonged to the era of Dickens and Thackeray. Mr. Yates was one of the principal contributors to Charles Dickens' 'All the Year Round,' and his novel 'Black Sheep,' which was first published as a serial in that magazine, was praised by its illustrious editor as one of the strong works of modern fiction. Mr. Yates was, however, best known to the present generation as the inventor of the society journal. In this domain the London weekly, *The World*, which he founded in 1874, has never had a serious rival, with the exception of Henry Labouchere's *Truth*. The dispute between Edmund Yates and Thack-