

was solicited to insert anything of the kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stage-coach, in which any one who would pay has a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately, if desired, and the author could have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now, many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity, even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighbouring States, and even on the conduct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course of conduct will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION. By Th. Ribot. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1890. 75 cents.

In spite of the late Professor Ferrier and the whole army of metaphysicians, there are many who will still persist in the study of Psychology; and if psychologists are wrong in sneering at the students of the real and the absolute, metaphysicians might do better, if they recognized the importance of the careful study of the powers of the human mind, and of its relation to the body. It may, perhaps, be said that M. Ribot holds a second place to no European psychologist of this century, if, perhaps, we except Wundt. He has distinguished himself both as a critic and as an investigator. Among ourselves, perhaps, he is best known as the historian of English and German Psychology, his works on these subjects having been translated into English. The subject of Attention is of the greatest importance in Psychology. Readers of Sir William Hamilton's lectures in Metaphysics will remember the stress he laid upon it in its general bearing. M. Ribot's treatise has a narrower scope. He does not treat of the Philosophy of Attention, but of the Psychology of Attention, and especially of one department of this subject. "Psychologists," he says, "have given much study to the effects of attention, but very little to its mechanism. The latter point is the only one which I propose to investigate in the following work. Yet even within these limits the question is important, for it is, as we shall see further on, the counterpart, the necessary complement of the theory of association." The writer divides his treatise into three main parts, in which he considers first spontaneous or natural attention, the mechanism of which is a mechanism of motion, a motion of the muscles. Attention, he says, is, in this respect, only the subjective aspect of the physical manifestations expressing it. He next considers Voluntary and Artificial Attention, the formation of which he considers to be a product of art, and he discovers three principal periods of its genesis: actions of simple feelings, actions of complex feelings and actions of habit. The analysis of Attention under this head is remarkably acute. In the third division of the book, he considers the morbid states of attention, and here his discussions and illustrations will probably be of more interest to the general reader than any other part, since this section is devoted to such subjects as Hypochondria, Fixed Ideas, Ecstasy, Mania, Idiocy and the like. In some acute concluding remarks, M. Ribot points out that Attention is dependent upon emotional states, and arrives at general conclusions respecting the conditions of Attention. It will be granted by those who are acquainted with the past history of Psychology, that M. Ribot has made a real contribution to this interesting study.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALPHONSE DAUDET is at work upon a new novel, called "The Caravan."

WILLIAM MORRIS is busy with a poem of some length, to be called "St. Adrian."

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's new novel, "The New Prince Fortunatus," was promised for the 13th inst.

WILLIAM SHARP has undertaken to write the volume on Browning for the "Great Writers" series.

"FOLLOWING THE GUIDON" is the title of a story of army life on the plains which Mrs. General Custer has just completed.

MR. LOUIS STEVENSON's stepson, who collaborated in "The Wrong Box," is assisting him in the writing of his South Sea book.

MR. ARLO BATES feels that, "in a somewhat provincial and clumsy fashion, we have still managed to retain in Boston more of the old-time respect for literature *per se* than obtains elsewhere."

THE death is announced of Percy Greg, son of the pessimistic English social philosopher. Mr. Greg was the champion of the Southern Confederacy, and published a history of the United States "to the reconstruction of the Union."

ALL of Charles Kingsley's writings are now on the list of Macmillan and Co., his "All Saints' Day, and other Sermons," "True Words for Brave Men," and the "Letters and Memories" being the most recent additions.

At a recent autograph sale in London, the signature of Voltaire brought only two guineas, while that of Isaac Watts sold for three; and while ten pounds were given for a Boswell letter, one by Johnson brought only nine.

MR. WEMYSS REID expects to have his biography of Lord Houghton ready during the coming spring. It will be more a record of friendships with men of note than a regular biography. Lord Houghton played a large part also as the helper of the writers of more than one generation.

A RECENT death was that of Keats' sister, Fanny Keats, who married Senor Valentin Llanos, a Spanish gentleman of considerable accomplishment, who distinguished himself both in the diplomatic service of his country, and in literature as the author of "Don Esteban" and "San Doval, the Freemason." There are two sons and two daughters, children of this marriage.

A MEETING is likely to be convened in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, at an early date, to consider the question of a memorial to Robert Browning. The primary object of such a memorial will of course be the erection of a bust or other monument in the Abbey. The gathering at the funeral showed sufficiently how influential and representative the memorial committee is likely to be.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. entered suit in the Federal Court at Indianapolis, last Saturday, against J. E. Sherrill, of Danville, and William P. Hart, of Osgood, Ind., for infringement of copyright. The alleged infringement consists in the publication by Sherrill of a book entitled "American Poets," of which Hart is named as the editor. Among the poems in litigation are Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie," "The Courtin'," of Lowell, and Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp."

MR. EDWARD CLIFFORD, the biographer of Father Damien, who stopped in Boston last spring on his way from Molokai to England, returned to the Hub in November, and remained until last week, painting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thrope (the parents of Mrs. Ole Bull), Mrs. Chapman, and Mrs. Seabury. He also made, for himself, a drawing of Dr. Phillips Brooks, which is said to be a fine likeness, and an example of strong and sympathetic portraiture. Mr. Clifford sailed for England last Saturday on the *Umbria*.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in a speech at a dinner of the Holland Society in New York recently, said of the Dutch who form the pillars of Manhattan Island's institutions: "The Yankees conquered them in New York. The Irish rule them. The Germans, the Italians, the French, the Scandinavians, and the Hebrews crowd them; but here we are." This statement elicited cheers from the assembly. No wonder there were cheers. It is much to have survived Irish rule for so many decades, not to speak of the crowd ing from other sources.

MME. CARNOT, the wife of the French President, ought to be a very popular woman. On Christmas Day she entertained four hundred of the poor children at the Elysée Palace at her own expense. These children were selected by the mayor of each district, twenty from each of the twenty districts being sent to her for an entertainment, spread, and Christmas tree. They were conveyed to the palace by special omnibuses, and taken home in the same way. Mme. Carnot has been reputed a most charitable soul, but no act of charity was probably more productive of good than this.

ACCORDING to the English probate returns for 1889, the estates of those engaged in literary labours, who died during the year, show that literature continues in most cases to be its own reward. Witness the following table of "literature and its offshoots," published in the *Pall Mall Budget*:

Warren de la Rue	£307,142
Robert K. Burt, publisher	22,000
William Leighton, publisher	15,992
Wilkie Collins	10,881
Eliza Cook	5,057
W. R. S. Ralston	3,471
Lawrence Oliphant	1,445
E. L. Blanchard	442

"WHEN she recovers from the effects of her recent accident," says a Philadelphia *Press* contributor, "Mrs. Burnett will begin work at once upon her first promised novel, which is sold to a New York weekly for \$10,000—this including only the serial rights, I believe. When this is finished a second novel will be commenced, the rights to which have been sold to a magazine for even a larger price. Neither of these amounts represents the English rights, which Mrs. Burnett will sell independently. She is also pledged for two plays, I understand, and between all these are sandwiched lesser contracts for smaller pieces of work, but at proportionate prices."

MR. RUSKIN is, it is feared, hopelessly insane. In July last, while Miss Kate Greenaway, who was visiting him at Brentwood, was painting, he "suddenly seized her colours and a large brush and angrily daubed paints of all kinds over her sketches." Since that time Mr. Ruskin has necessarily been confined to his own house, and no one outside of the Brentwood people has seen him since August. In November reports reached London of his having had a violent paroxysm, during which he broke all the windows in his room. Since that time he has laid in bed continuously. He refuses all except liquid food, and manifests no desire to get up. He is steadily growing weaker, and the probability is that if he ever leaves his bed he, at all events, will never go out of his house again.

A RECENT English letter says, speaking of Browning's funeral:—"It was a grey, grim morning, with the yellow fog enveloping all things in its melancholy folds. A pall without and pall within. The venerable Abbey was wrapt in the yellow mists; the statues on Palace-green were but spectres, and the streets seemed peopled with ghosts. Truly a fit morning for death. Crowd, in the common acceptance of the term, there was none; only the crowd of sombre mourners who were gathered from all corners of the kingdom to pay the last tribute to the dead poet. By 11.30 the portion of the Abbey reserved for ticket-holders was well filled, and wreaths were brought in from all sides to be laid around the poet's grave. Indeed, the Poet's Corner was for a time turned into a garden of flowers, the scent of which hung heavy in the fog-laden air. Violets were very plentiful, but white hot-house flowers and ferns predominated—a specially pretty wreath, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Whistler, was of pink carnations and ivy. The cards attached to these wreaths bore the names of many of the most distinguished men and women of the day—'certain people of importance' with whom the dead poet had been on terms of friendship. Among these were Lord Tennyson, Sir John and Lady Millais, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Henry Irving, Mrs. Jeune, Countess Brownlow, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir Henry Thompson, Lady Goldsmid, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Mme. Le Quaire, Miss F. P. Cobbe, the Browning Society, the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection, Lady Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, the Misses Montalba. Conspicuous above all the flowers was the handsome wreath hanging on Cowley's tomb, presented by the Municipality of Venice."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ARE TIGERS AND SNAKES DECREASING IN INDIA?

ARE tigers and snakes gradually being exterminated in India? The question is often asked, but the most authentic answer is in the negative. This view is supported by an official statement bearing the title, "Results of the Measures adopted in British India with the view of Exterminating Wild Animals and Venomous Snakes during 1888." To judge from these statements the measures adopted cannot be said to have proved very efficient. Thus we find the total number of persons killed in 1887 was 22,348, and in 1888, 22,970; the cattle killed in 1887 amounted to 68,840, and in 1888 to 76,271. There was an increase in the number of wild animals killed from 18,901 to 20,709; but as regards the snakes, the number fell from 562,221 to 511,948, while the rewards shrank from 165,423 rupees to 159,253 rupees.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

A SONG OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

FOR the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabbable I die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far-unobtainable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The unobtainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-on-to to his lair.

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

WHY LINCOLN DID NOT FEAR ASSASSINATION.

FROM the "History of Lincoln," now drawing to a close in *The Century*, we quote the following:—"From the very beginning of his presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vapourings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drollings of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined, proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly, even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, 'Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin,' the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief."