

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY will issue a new story, entitled "Broken Chords," by Hartford Fleming. "Gleams and Echoes," a book of poems by A. R. G.; "I Married a Soldier," by Lydia Spencer Lane; "Mother and Child," by Drs. E. P. Davis and John M. Keating; Mr. A. Conan Doyle's detective story, "A Study in Scarlet," an illustrated edition; M. B. M. Toland's "Atina, the Queen of the Floating Isle," handsomely illustrated.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce the following books: Green's "Short History of the English People," Illustrated Edition, Volume I.; "Abraham Lincoln," by Charles Carleton Coffin; "Armies of To-day," by eminent military officers; "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott," edited by W. Minto, and illustrated from sketches by Mr. Scott and his friends; "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," by James Ford Rhodes; "Moltke: His Life and Character," sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, etc., translated by Mary Herms.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following books: "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited with an Introductory Memoir by George E. Woodberry, Professor of English in Columbia College, with a new portrait of Shelley; "The Chosen Valley," a novel, by Mary Hallock Foote; "Historical and Political Essays," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Prose Idyls," by John Albee; and "The Army of North Virginia in 1862," by William Allan, Colonel in the Confederate Army, with a preface by John C. Ropes.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S forthcoming volume of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," consists of a selection of little essays on eighteenth century worthies and subjects. "Steele's Letters," "Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon," "A Garret in Gough Square," "A Day at Strawberry Hill," "Old Vauxhall Gardens," these—and such as these, are the titles of the essays. A very quaint print of the old Vauxhall Gardens is to be included, and in a special paper edition to be issued there will be several copperplates. Most of the two hundred and fifty copies in this edition have already been sold.

THE "Lounger," in the New York Critic, has the following interesting item: "A friend of mine who has visited both poets in their own homes said that he could not but contrast the personality of Lord Tennyson and Victor Hugo: the one all simplicity, the other all ostentation and insincerity. Tennyson lived as any man should in his own family, while with Hugo it was all show and posing. Tennyson's manner was almost brusque at times, while Hugo was all form and ceremony. 'But then,' added my friend, 'it was a good deal the difference between the French and English temperament. Hugo was as unmistakably French as Tennyson was English.'"

AN interesting feature of the December number of Harper's Magazine will be the publication for the first time, of a series of drawings by W. M. Thackeray, illustrating the ballad of Lord Bateman. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in some words of comment on the drawings, explains how they were discovered and how they came into the possession of the Magazine. "I never knew," she says, "that my father had made pictures to the familiar ballad, nor was it until the other day, when Mrs. Leslie Stephen sent them to me, that I ever saw the sketches. This lady happened to be nursing her children through some infantile illness, and in their nursery stood a table which had also stood in my own sister's nursery before. By some accident the table went over with a crash, and an unsuspected drawer fell out, all stuffed full of papers and odds and ends. Among them were these present pictures, which had emerged into the daylight after over a quarter of a century of seclusion."

IF none but a poet should make an anthology be a good rule, it has not been violated in the latest edition to the Golden Treasury Series, a volume entitled "Lyric Love," which consists of "the best love lyrics scattered over English literature," edited by Mr. William Watson. In his preface Mr. Watson alludes to "the artificial woe of the ancient amourest, whose days were a perpetual honeyed despair, and his nights one long lachrymose vigil," and calls it an extinct literary tradition, in place of which we have "the modern world-sadness, the Weltschmerz, which infects all we do and are, not excepting our love-making." It is a question, he thinks, "whether the rhythmic speech of the latter-day lover has gained in depth what it has lost in limpidness." But surely that "world-sadness" is no modern invention, says the London Literary World.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Clement, W. H. P., B.A. LL.B. The Law of the Canadian Constitution, Toronto: The Carswell Co. (Ltd.)
- Emerson, C. Wesley, M.D., LL.D. Evolution of Expression. Vol. I. Boston: C. H. Huff.
- Eschenbach, Von Ebner, Maire. Beyond Atonement. 75c. New York: Worthington Co.
- McGaffey, Ernest. Poems of Gun and Rod. \$1.75. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Page, Thos. Nelson. Marse Chan. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Palmer, Fanny Purdy. A Dead Level. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton.
- Tennyson, Lord. The Death of Ænone. Toronto: Williamson & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.
- Plato's Dialogues. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN ELEGY FOR WHITTIER.

IN vain for him the buds shall burst their shield,
And chestnut leaves their tiny tents unfold;
In vain the early violets dot the field:
His heart is cold.

The rose no more shall meet his ardent gaze,
Like tender blushes of the maiden June,
Nor summer birds repeat for him their lays—
He hears no tune.

Full-breasted Autumn, for the lusty throng
The harvest feast shall spread with liberal hand;
But he no more shall join their harvest song,
Nor understand.

When the faint pulsings of the earth shall cease,
And on her naked form the shroud be spread,
He, like the snow-bound world, shall rest in peace,
For he is dead.

Walter Storrs Bigelow, in American Gardening

DEPRAVITY OF A HEDGEHOG.

A CORRESPONDENT of Land and Water writes: I notice a paragraph relating how a hedgehog was discovered in the act of killing and eating a chicken. As it is probably not generally known that these animals are carnivorous in their habits, it may interest some of your readers to know that the writer has witnessed many instances of their bloodthirsty and voracious nature. On one occasion we missed a number of young pheasants daily from the coops, where they were established with their foster-mothers—game hens. Upon keeping a close watch I found out that the depredators were hedgehogs, which I detected in the act of pillage. The course was then clear; we obtained a dead chick and some freshly-killed fowls' garbage, impregnated them with strychnine, and placed them in position at nightfall. In the morning the result was three hedgehogs and four rats dead. We repeated the process for several days, and finally cleared the ground of the intruders. On another occasion I kept three fully-fledged young blackbirds in cages in the stable, when one day we heard a scrimmage in the adjoining harness room, and, upon going to look for the cause, found that one of the birds had escaped and had been killed by a hedgehog, which was also kept in the room. When caught, "piggy" had already committed the murder and was busily engaged in devouring his victim. Hedgehogs are said to devour blackbeetles, and are sometimes kept in the kitchen for that purpose. I will only say I have never seen them fulfilling the purpose for which they were domesticated; all that I have ever possessed seemed much to prefer a diet of meat, chop bones, or other animal matter, while they did not disdain a "tuck out" at a basin of fresh bread and milk. All my hedgehogs invariably escaped at some time or other, no garden wall seemingly steep or smooth enough to prevent their scaling it. I cannot say that I was ever prepossessed in favour of the hedgehog, and should advise their being ruthlessly killed down as vermin wherever they have access to hen-roosts, pheasantries, or land where partridges are nesting.

ARCHIBALD FORBES IN PARIS.

"FOR another hour or more my neighbours the Communists, who had been reinforced, gave pause to the Versailles effort to descend the Boulevard Haussmann, and were holding their own against the Versailles fire from the church of the Trinity and the barricade on the rise of the Rue Lafayette. The house at the right-hand corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Lafayette—the house whose projecting gable was my shelter—had caught fire, to my disquietude and discomfort; but before the fire should seriously trouble me the impending crisis would probably be over. Furious and more furious waxed the firing all around. About the Opera House it was especially fierce. I had glimpses of fighting at close quarters in the open space before its rear front, and I could discern men shuffling along behind the low parapet of its roof. They carried packs, but I could not see their breeches, and was not therefore wholly certain that they were Versailles. A woman had joined me in my position behind the gable, —a woman who seemed to have a charmed life. Over and over again she walked out into the fire, looked deliberately about her, and came back to recount to me with excited volubility the particulars of what she had seen. She was convinced the soldiers on the roof were Versailles; yet, as I pointed out to her, the drapeau rouge still waved above the statue on the summit of the lofty building. The people of the hotel in our rear clearly shared her belief. Gathered timidly in the porte cochère, they were crying 'Bravo!' and clapping their hands, because they hoped and believed the Versailles were winning. The woman was right; they were Versailles linesmen whom we saw on the parapet of the Opera House. There was a cheer; the people of the hotel ran out into the fire, waving handkerchiefs and clapping their hands. The tricolour was waving above the hither portico. The red flag waved still on the farther elevation. 'A ladder! a ladder to reach it!' was the excited cry from the group behind me; but for the moment no ladder was procurable. As we waited, there darted down the boulevard to the corner of the Rue Halévy

a little grig of a fellow in red breeches—one of the old French linesmen breed. He was all alone, and appeared to enjoy the loneliness as he took up his post behind a tree, and fired his first shot at a Communist dodging about the intersection of the Rue Taibout. When is a Frenchman not dramatic? He fired with an air; he reloaded with an air; he fired again with a flourish, and was greeted with cheering and handclapping from the 'gallery' behind me, to which the little fellow was playing. Then he beckoned us back dramatically, for his next shot was to be sped up the Rue Lafayette, at a little knot of Communists who, from a fragment of shelter at the intersection of the Rue Lafitte, were taking him for their target. Then he faced about and waved his comrades on with exaggerated gestures which recalled those one sees in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, the Communist bullets all the while cutting the bark and branches of the tree which was his cover. Ah! he was down! Well, he had enjoyed his flash of recklessness. The woman by my side and I darted across and carried him in. We might have spared ourselves the trouble and risk; he was dead, with a bullet through his head."—The Century.

THE PORSON OF SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM.

THE fate of Lewis Theobald is without parallel in literary history. It may be said with simple truth that no poet in our own or any other language has ever owed so great a debt to an editor as Shakespeare owes to this man. To most people, indeed, Theobald is known only as he was known to Joseph Warton, as the hero of the first editions of the "Dunciad," as "a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who, with great propriety, was chosen, on the death of Settle, by the Goddess of Dulness to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem." Gibbeted in couplets which have passed into proverbs wherever the English language is read, and which every man with any tincture of letters has by heart, his very name has become a synonym for creeping pedantry. Pre-eminent among the victims of Pope's satire stands Theobald, and his fate has assuredly been harder than that of any other of his fellow-sufferers. For, in his case, injustice has been cumulative, and it has been his lot to be conspicuous. The truth about Theobald is that he is not only the father of Shakespearean criticism, but the critic to whom our great poet is most deeply indebted. To speak of any of the eighteenth-century editors in the same breath is absurd. He had what none of them possessed—a fine ear for the rhythm of blank verses, and the nicest sense of the nuances of language, as well in relation to single words as to words in combination—faculties which, it is needless to say, are indispensable to an emendator of Shakespeare, or, indeed, of any other poet. In every department, indeed, of textual criticism he excelled. In its humbler offices, in collation, in transcription, in the correction of clerical errors, he was, as even his enemies have frankly admitted, the most patient and conscientious of drudges. To the elucidation of obscurities in expression or allusion he brought a stock of learning such as has perhaps never been found united in any other commentator on Shakespeare. The proper monument of Theobald is not that cairn of dishonour which the sensitive vanity of Pope, the ignoble and impudent devices of Warburton to build his own reputation on the ruin of another, the careless injustice of Johnson, the mean stratagems of Malone, and the obsequious parrotry of tradition on the part of subsequent writers, have succeeded in accumulating. That monument is the text of Shakespeare, and should be the gratitude of all to whom the text is of importance, the gratitude of civilized mankind.—Quarterly Review.

BJÖRNSSON'S POLITICAL CAREER.

LIKE Henrik Ibsen, Björnson has been a stage manager, but at last he left his position at the Kristiania Theatre, because he was not allowed to have his own way. It is said that afterward some of his conservative opponents regretted that they did not let him have free scope of the boards. For then they might have been spared the annoyance of seeing him, at every critical moment, burst forth as the manager of the political stage. The theatre might have served as a social safety-valve, as it had often done before. Only think what would have happened if those impetuous, combative instincts of his had not, from his early youth, been diverted in the channels of fiction, and enlisted into fighting over again the old heroic battles, which are at least harmless to those now living! Well, enlisted only up to a certain degree. For even as a young stage manager at Bergen he had not been quite absorbed by his Saga plays, nor contented to be the leader of phantoms of the stage. During a political crisis he had, by his vigorous press articles, greatly helped to decide the elections of the Bergen representatives to the Storting. And from this time he has been, in an increasing degree, a driving force in Norwegian politics, being not only an eloquent interpreter, but often a maker, of public opinion. The amount of strong language spent upon him by the opposite party is a fairly good dynamometer of his influence. I cannot here enter into an account of his many political campaigns, but as a popular orator he towers above all the speakers of his country, fascinating alike the urban and the rustic mind by the undulating rhythm of his eloquence.—From Professor Chr. Collin's sketch of Björnson, in Review of Reviews.