

answer a further inquiry as to whether "anybody else employed him as a surgeon." Yet to the very first rank both in letters and medicine no Englishman can be said to have attained. The Muse of Jenner hardly achieved more than a neat epigram or two; while the utmost that can be said for "Dr. Locke" is, that he did not disgrace the author of the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding."—*St. James's Gazette*.

In a lecture which he delivered at Edinburgh before an audience of 2,000 persons, over whom the Earl of Rosebery presided, Lieutenant Greely, of the United States Navy, whose disastrous expedition to the Arctic regions is fresh in the minds of all, gave his matured opinion that the theory which placed the Garden of Eden at the Pole appeared to rest on sound scientific grounds. This is the right sort of topsy-turvydom; far better than mincing matters, and suggesting that the Garden of Eden was in the Regent's Park, or somewhere out Wapping way. How Adam must have enjoyed himself when on a cold frosty morning he swarmed up the Pole, and felt himself the monarch of all he surveyed. How delighted he must have been when Eve came to town. No wonder our first parents fell, for they could hardly do otherwise in such a slippery region. The serpent that tempted them was probably a seal, and any visitor to the Zoo or the Brighton Aquarium may perceive that this creature goes "on its belly" to this very day. Perhaps Eve had an eye to a sealskin jacket, a garment much beloved by many of her frail daughters. No doubt Adam admired his wife with the Frigid Zone round her waist. The chilly pair were doubtless delighted when they received notice to quit this inhospitable spot, and were despatched to a warmer climate, and glad indeed must they have been to say good-bye to Paradise.—*Modern Society*.

POLITICAL differences frequently lead to strained relations in family circles. They are, however, occasionally not without compensating effects. This is illustrated by an official arrangement which took place the other day at Berlin, Langannon County, Illinois, where it has excited much interest. Postmaster Parker at that place is "a real old-fashioned stalwart Black Republican." He is represented as being "the most zealous, rancorous, offensive partisan conceivable, and fairly lives to spend his voice and dollars in the cause." Mrs. Parker, his wife, is, on the other hand, a Democrat of almost ferocious zeal. She hates all Black Republicans except her husband, and during the campaign she keeps even him on short commons, so that she can save money to contribute to the Democratic funds. Complaints have for some time been made to First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson of Mr. Parker's rabid partisanship, and it was at last decided to remove him from his office. The next question was the selection of his successor; and, after due deliberation, the Assistant Postmaster-General came to the conclusion that no more uncompromising and worthy Democrat in Berlin could be found than Mrs. Parker. That lady was accordingly, on the 29th ult., formally appointed postmaster in the place of Mr. Parker, removed—to her great delight and to the satisfaction of her numerous friends and admirers.—*St. James's Gazette*.

"As I had the honour of living in the same house, 142 Strand, with George Eliot for about two years, between 1851 and 1854, I may perhaps be allowed to correct an impression which Mr. Cross's book may possibly produce on its readers. To put it very briefly I think he has made her too 'respectable.' She was really one of the most sceptical, unusual creatures I ever knew, and it was this side of her character which to me was the most attractive. She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labour of learning French if it resulted in nothing more than reading one book—Rousseau's 'Confessions.' That saying was perfectly symbolical of her, and reveals more completely what she was, at any rate in 1851-54, than page after page of attempt on my part at critical analysis. I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms, and a proof in her hands, in that dark room at the back of No. 142, and I confess I hardly recognize her in the pages of Mr. Cross's—on many accounts—most interesting volume. I do hope that in some future edition, or in some future work, the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Eliot's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands she has not had full justice done to her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call it—of the Insurgents, to one more genteel, but certainly not so interesting."—*Hale White, in the Athenæum*.

For a "dead language," Hebrew shows remarkable vitality. It is little known that even in this country a good deal of pure Hebrew is spoken, and that one at least of the many dialects descended from it is the mother-tongue of a considerable number of British citizens. The Judeo-German dialect, a mixture of archaic German and pure Hebrew, may be heard at every street corner in the East of London, where it is spoken by the lower class of foreign Jews; and at the present moment not a few election handbills, couched in this dialect and printed in orthodox Hebrew characters, are circulating among the enfranchised Jewish denizens of the Tower Hamlets, Whitechapel, Mile-end, Stepney, and St. George's-in-the-East. One of these documents, issued by Mr. J. C. Durant, Liberal candidate for Stepney, makes an appeal for a solid Hebrew vote by reminding the Jews, in the language of David and Solomon, that "Kol Yisroel Chaberim" ("All Israel are comrades"). It is curious to notice that Judeo-German, while continuing to be written and printed in Hebrew characters, is daily losing more and more of its pure Hebrew elements. *En revanche*, it appears to be adopting English expressions in this country and America. Thus a circular recently issued by the Liberal party in Whitechapel strongly animadverts on "die tricks von die Tories." The earliest Jewish settlers in England in the reign of Charles II. spoke a kind of Judeo-Spanish called "Ladino;" but this jargon has almost entirely disappeared from the West of Europe.—*St. James's Gazette*.

BOOK NOTICES.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES FROM BALZAC. Done into English by Myndart Verelst. With an Introduction by Edgar Saltus. New York: George J. Coombes.

English admirers of Balzac will welcome this volume as containing four of his shortest stories, now for the first time presented to English readers. They are characteristic of the author; the translator has succeeded admirably in conveying the spirit of the originals; and, being accompanied with an excellent memoir, they will doubtless be eagerly read.

SONGS OF OLD CANADA. Translated by William McLennan. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This pleasant booklet contains a few of the old French songs one occasionally hears in the Province of Quebec. The object of the translator has been to preserve them in an English dress and in a form that will admit of their being sung to the airs we are familiar with; and he has succeeded admirably in his design. The spirit of the old French is not lost by his transference to our language of "*A la Claire Fontaine*," the terrible story of Marianson, and some eight or ten others.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF MONTREAL. By Rev. Samuel Massey. Illustrated with Photographs by W. Notman and Son. Montreal: Witness Printing House.

This is the first number of a series of brief sketches of the Protestant churches of Montreal, and contains some "Sunday Morning Notes" of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. It is illustrated by two very good photographic views of the church and a portrait of the pastor. The work is well designed to be a lasting memorial of its subject.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE. A legend of the Ottawa. By James D. Edgar. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

An Indian legend told in the simple metre adopted by Longfellow. The tale is interesting, and the poetic dress extremely good. It is illustrated by W. D. Blatchly, and as this and the whole of the typographical and mechanical work is Canadian, the book is entirely a home-production, very suitable for a holiday gift-book.

THE *Globe* Christmas Number contains twenty-four stories selected out of four hundred and seven submitted for the *Globe* Prize Story Competition. These, presumably of the best, display in general a good degree of literary ability in the writers: so creditable a degree, indeed, that we fancy a difficulty will be experienced in settling upon five for the prizes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following books and publications:—

- LITERARY LIFE. December. Chicago: Elder Publishing Company.
- SONGS OF OLD CANADA. Translated by William McLennan. Montréal: Dawson Brothers.
- THE *Globe* CHRISTMAS NUMBER.
- HARPER'S MAGAZINE. January.
- ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 1885-86. Boston: Lee and Shepard.
- ELECTRA. A Magazine of pure literature. December. Louisville, Ky.
- ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
- MAN. December. Ottawa.
- ART INTERCHANGE. December 17th. With Christmas card supplement. New York, 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.
- MARIUS THE EPIQUIREAN: His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Peter, M.A. Second Edition. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
- TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Lord Tennyson. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
- FIAMMETTA: A Summer Idyl. By William Wetmore Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- POEMS. By William Wetmore Story. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- A MORTAL ANTIPATHY: First opening of the New Portfolio. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- BONNYBOROUGH. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.
- THE WHITE STONE CANOE. A Legend of the Ottawa. By James D. Edgar. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.
- WHAT TOMMY DID. By Emily Huntington Miller. New York: John B. Alden.
- HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF MONTREAL. By Rev. Samuel Massey. Montreal: Witness Printing House.
- ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. January. New York: E. R. Pelton.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. December. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

M. RENAN's new book, "The Priest of Nemi," purports on its face to be a drama of ancient Rome, but is in reality one of contemporary life. In his preface M. Renan thus sets forth the object of his work: "My desire is to develop my idea, that is, my belief in the final triumph of religious and moral progress, notwithstanding the reported victories of folly and evil. I have attempted to show the good causes gaining ground in spite of all the faults and feeblenesses of its apostles and its martyrs. I have aimed, in short, to render evident a network of truths, all tending to the iron law which decrees that crime is often rewarded and virtue punished."