

Mr. Froude's hatred of Mary Stuart, which, though always at work, is generally concealed with a good deal of art, breaks out with what most people have felt to be unworthy and almost unmanly virulence in the death-scene. Here, also, if Mr. Meline's citation is accurate, Mr. Froude grossly falsifies a quotation, to make an eye-witness represent Mary's bearing as theatrical, whereas, the sense of the passage, when fairly cited, is quite the reverse. The falsification is effected by substituting a period for a comma, and suppressing the latter half of the passage. He concludes with a venomous allusion to her false hair, as though it had been peculiar to her, and typical of her falsehood of character, whereas, it was the regular fashion of the ladies of that time in general, and of Queen Elizabeth in particular.

It was natural that Mr. Meline's indignation at the artful calumnies which he was exposing, should sometimes disturb the calmness of his critical style, which, however, he had better have preserved. In one instance, he allows his emotion to disturb not only his style but his moral judgment. The Regent Murray may have been, and probably was, a scoundrel; but this does not palliate the crime of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, not because he was a scoundrel, but because he was the great enemy of the Hamiltons. These, however, are but slight deductions from the debt due to one who, by a laborious investigation, for which no meed of popularity can be hoped, sweeps history clear of a mass of slanderous falsehoods. To us the exposure of Mr. Froude's character is no new revelation, for we have long regarded him as one of the most unconscientious and untrustworthy writers who ever tampered with the calling of an historian. We propose, in an early number, to give some of the reasons for our opinion.

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—

By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If the reader of this volume looks for a connected and organic history of English literature during three centuries he will be disappointed. The work is merely a course of short biographies, critiques and extracts. The biographies, however, are compact; the critiques, if not profound, are sensible and in good taste; and the extracts are not ill chosen, though we might have proposed some changes—e.g. the insertion of Collins' Ode to Evening, and the substitution for the extracts from the Lady of the Lake of the battle in Marmion, in which Scott is at his best, and which is almost the only thing in modern literature really like Homer. A place among great writers is hardly due either to Marryat or to Cooper,

neither of whom was a master of style, or in any high sense an artist. Chalmers also must owe his admission rather to Professor Yonge's reverence for his character and opinions than to his literary superiority to many writers of the same class who are excluded. Among the notable omissions are Bolingbroke and Adam Smith. Pym's speeches are superior to any which Professor Yonge has given, and those of Walpole are better models of Parliamentary oratory—though not of philosophic eloquence—than those of Burke. The introduction of Alison among the representatives of English literature is ridiculous: there is not a worse writer in the English language. He owes his position, such as it is, solely to his subject, the tremendous interest of which not even the pomp of his ungrammatical commonplaces could destroy. But the weakest thing in the book is the suppression of Shelley's history, on the ground of religious heterodoxy, while an extract—and a pretty heterodox one—is given from his poems. *Spectabitur quia non videtur*. Professor Yonge's readers will run at once to a life of Shelley. But surely there is a weak point in the morality, we may say even in the theology, which turns with pious horror from poor, misguided Shelley, and gazes without scruple upon Swift.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE; an Autobiographical Story.

By George Macdonald. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

POOR MISS FINCH; a Domestic Story. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

It would be difficult to name two contemporary works of fiction which present stronger or more clearly defined points of contrast than these—the latest productions of Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Wilkie Collins, respectively. It is not merely that the authors are dissimilar in style, in diction, or in the choice and treatment of their subjects. Every writer, whose talents are respectable enough to elevate him above the servile herd of imitators, is sure to infuse a good deal of his individuality into his work. Peculiarities of mental constitution, differences of temperament, the bias of nationality and education, the prejudices of class, profession and religious or philosophical belief, will inevitably reveal themselves, whether the subjects of them are conscious or unconscious of their influence, or even of their existence. Of course, we do not mean to assert that, in comparing the products of any two independent minds, we can indicate the presence of all these causes of diversity. Individual character is the result of a combination, in proportions infinitely variable, of many elements—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—moulded by such a multiplicity of in-