

land" so notable a book. The title of the new novel is "In the Heart of the Storm," and it is to appear at once in the *Town and Country Library*.

THE first number of the *Ludgate Monthly*, a new illustrated threepenny magazine, appeared last month. The first number contains complete stories by Rudyard Kipling, Florence Marryat, James Greenwood, Annie Thomas, and other writers; an article by the Art editor and the opening chapters of a serial story entitled "A Life's History," from the pen of Philip May, the editor. Among the special features is a new song by Frederick E. Weatherly, who wrote "The Midshipmite" and "Auntie."

COUNT VON MOLTKE, whose death has caused such wide sorrow, was a very gifted and graceful writer. His book, "Wanderbuch," has reached a fifth edition. It is a narrative of the famous author's wanderings in Spain, France and Italy, and is delightfully written, besides containing a great deal of information. His "Letters from Russia" are even more interesting, giving a graphic account as they do of the festivities at the coronation of Alexander II., at which the Count was present as Adjutant to the late Emperor Frederick.

In an uncut copy of Thackeray's "Virginians," in the original boards, sold at Sotheby's the other day for £30, the following inscription was found in the handwriting of the author:—

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many don't much relish "The Virginians."
Peruse my book, dear R.; and if you find it
A little to your taste I hope you'll bind it.

Peter Rackham, Esqre., with the best regards of the Author.

PROF. WALTER W. SKEAT has discovered, in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, a hitherto unknown little composition by Chaucer. It is an example of the poet's playful humour where, says its discoverer, Chaucer "dallies with the innocence of love." For the benefit of our readers we reprint the "elegant trifle":—

Madame, ye ben of al beaute shryne,
As fer as cerceled is the mappemounde;
For as the cristal glorious ye shryne,
And lyke ruby ben your chekes rounde;
Therwith ye ben so mery and so iocounde,
That, at a revel whan that I see you daunce,
It is an oynement unto my wounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce,
For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyne,
Yet may that wo myn herte nat confounde;
Your semly voys that ye so smal out-tyne
Maketh my thought in loye and blis habounde.
So curteisly I go, with love bounde,
That to my-self I sey, in my penaunce,
Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.
Nas never pyk walwed in galauntynce
As I in love am walwed and y-wounde;
For which ful ofte I of my-self devyne
That I am trewe Tristram the secounde.
My love may not refreyd be not afounde;
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.
Do what you list, I wil your thral be founde,
Thog ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

—The Book World.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Bernhard, Marie. The Rector of St. Luke's. New York: Worthington & Co.
Jerome K. Jerome. Diary of a Pilgrimage. \$1.25. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. Toronto: Hart & Co.
Story, William Wetmore. Excursions in Art and Letters. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PROGRESSIVE AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA to-day is as far advanced in civilization as any country in the world. The roads are better than any on this continent; the daily and weekly papers and the development of literature and art are far in advance of the colonies or the population. The new Commonwealth has all Europe and America as a field in which to seek the improvements of the time and the means to secure them. Its present wealth is almost beyond belief, and its resources are almost incalculable. It produces more than one-fourth of the wool of the world—twice as much as the United States. It produces one-half the tin of the world, and there is no precious metal that has not been found within its domain. Its coal fields on the coast, convenient for export to all countries, are inexhaustible. The inward and outward shipping of one port alone exceeds 2,500,000 tons per annum, and the value of its commerce with Great Britain alone exceeds £100,000,000 sterling. Last year's estimate of the annual industrial productions of the population, including both agriculture and mineral wealth, was no less than £95,042,000. Its cities also are among the finest of modern times. The public buildings, shops and parks compare favourably with any in Europe or America, while the floating palaces of the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company and the Orient Steamship Company give weekly communication with the Old World. In out-door sports the Australians excel, and their racing establishments and courses are the wonder and admiration of all visitors from abroad. Who has not heard of the champion boatmen and cricketers of Australia?—Sir R. W. Cameron, in the *Forum*.

IDEALS.

LIKE butterflies that fret
Entangled in a net,
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape,
Of half their radiance shorn,
With ruffled plumes and torn,
Bright mockeries of their former hues and shape;

So in the poet's mind
The rich ideas confined
Struggle to break in music from his tongue,
He speaks—he speaks—but ah,
How changed, how different far
The thought once uttered from the thought unsung!

So, too, the painter sees
Bewildering images,
And brush is seized, and canvas quick unfurled;
The bright creation glows,
But lo! his easel shows
Mere shadowy glimpses of that vision-world.

Know then whate'er we cull
From Art's fields beautiful
Whatever fruits philosophies may yield,
Their prototypes more fair
Are blossoming elsewhere,
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrevealed.

Until the veil is rent,
Our flesh-imprisonment,
And we are borne beyond this dust's control,
Then shall our orbless eyes
Behold realities,
And soul commune immediately with soul.

—Temple Bar.

THE SCENE BEFORE LEAVING.

STANLEY's anger rose to its highest pitch. He stamped his foot upon the ground and said in a convulsed voice:—
" . . . ! I leave you to God, and the blood which will now flow must fall upon your own head!"

He rushed out and whistled the signal of alarm, and entered his tent, leaving it again almost immediately, gun in hand and his cartridge pouch on his belt.

The Zanzibaris assembled in the square, part occupying the exit of the camp; the tents were taken down, exposing heaps of merchandise and cases of ammunition. From the door of my house I could observe an unusual bustle of armed men. I thought it meant a drill to prepare them for the approaching departure. I asked some of the passers by, but none knew the reason of the commotion. I sent my boy to ask Emin, and he quickly returned, telling me that the Pasha was making preparations for an immediate departure.

I went to see the Pasha; he was pale with rage and indignation.

"We are going," said he to me in a trembling voice. "To-day, for the first time in my life, I have been covered with insults. Stanley has passed every limit of courtesy, but I have promised not to speak, so can say no more."

The Pasha was under the incubus of dreading to see the first of the proposals made to him carried out at any moment. In the meantime, Emin's officers, employees, soldiers, and servants were assembled in the square, stupefied by the great agitation—a sure sign of some calamity. Emin and I arrived at last.

"If you have the courage, point your guns at my breast," cried Stanley, addressing them. "I am here alone and unarmed."

Blind fury made him forget that he held a Winchester rifle in his hand, and that there was a wall of about a hundred armed Zanzibaris behind him.

"My orders alone are to be obeyed here, and whoever resists I will kill him with this gun, and trample him under my feet. Whoever intends to start and follow me, let him pass to this side."

In a moment every one moved, and all was changed; the terrible conspirators became as quiet as lambs. The reputed chiefs of the opposition, being called into Stanley's presence, were ordered to be disarmed and cast into prison.

"Will you start with me?" he said.

"Yes," they all answered.

"Will you obey my orders implicitly?"

"Yes, we promise," they hastened to say simultaneously.

"I will conduct you to safety and will supply your needs during the journey. You have my promise; but I warn you that, as sure as my name is Stanley, I shall not tolerate any renewal of the disturbances of Dufilé or Wad-elai. Bear in mind that the departure is irrevocably fixed for the tenth."

From that day the encampment had the appearance of a village which had been placed under martial law. The guards were doubled, patrols were continually on the move during the night, all were forbidden to leave their dwellings under pain of being placed under arrest. Those present in camp, inscribed after a general muster, were 350 people of the Relief Expedition, of whom 294 were armed; and 570 from the Province of Equatoria.—*From Ten Years in Equatoria and the return with Emin Pasha, by Major Gaetano Casati. Translated from the original Italian M.S. by the Hon. Mrs. J. Randolph Clay and Mr. J. Walter Savage Landor.*

VON MOLTKE.

"LEARN TO CONDENSE" is a bit of commonplace advice often given to students of literary composition, but the lesson of the great Field Marshal's life shows the value of the admonition in every form of work, from the management of an army to the writing of a letter. There was no waste in Moltke, not even a waste of words; and men said of him that he could be silent in many languages. The reason was that he had learned to combine his faculties and direct them all in harmony to the purpose of the hour. He needed all his energies for action, and because even talk must draw for sustenance upon the nervous forces, he said little. He had brought his own faculties under drill and discipline, and in like manner he could condense the energies of a kingdom into a cannon ball, compact and irresistible. He drew eight corps of the Prussian army from divergent points and converged them upon Sadowa in the critical moment of battle, as a lens concentrates the sunbeams. The centre of the Austrian army melted under the heat, and when the sun went down upon the field, Austria had no longer either voice or vote in the politics of Germany. By his infallible mathematics he worked out the doom of the French empire long before the challenge of Napoleon came, so that when the proclamation of war was made, he had nothing to do but touch the little button that set in motion all the complex machinery of the German army, and move it like the sweep of a sword across France to the field of destiny by the ramparts of Sedan. Every great man's life is an example from which instruction may be drawn; and that of Moltke shows the value of temperance and exercise; not the exercise of pleasure, but the exercise of work. He started in life with ninety years' capital in the bank, and his account was never overdrawn. His allowance for a day sufficed him for a day, he did not by over-indulgence and excess consume his capital, and so he lived his ninety years, a healthy, vigorous man. He worked hard but he slept easy; and the reason why he did not die at three score years and ten, or even at four score years, was because he had something to do, a potent element of long life. When a man at sixty-five, or seventy, says that his work in this world is done, it is a charity for nature to take him at his word, and give him his eternal rest. Many men, perhaps most men, start in life with ninety years' capital in the bank, but they overdraw, and find themselves vitally bankrupt at sixty or sixty-five. Few of them reach an end so happy and desirable as Moltke's last day. Work in the line of public duty in the morning, dinner at home in the evening, a quiet game of whist, and then "a stoppage of the heart." No days of pain and fever, no vigils of the night; only a stoppage of the heart; and in the morning Berlin wakes up to learn that Father Moltke is dead:—

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

Moltke was old enough to remember how the French tore Germany to pieces, after the battle of Jena, as the lion tears his prey. He lived to see Germany united, and, through his own industry and genius, the greatest military power in the world.—*M. M. Trumbull, in Open Court.*

QUEER LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

A LETTER of introduction is usually supposed to be a sure passport for the bearer to the favour of the person to whom it is addressed. But according to the experience of Anton Rubinstein, the pianist, it is sometimes well to investigate the contents of such a letter. When Rubinstein went to Vienna in 1846, full of talent and hope, he took a dozen letters of introduction to prominent people in that city from the Russian Ambassador and his wife in Berlin. Vienna was the residence of Liszt and one of the great musical centres of Europe, and young Rubinstein anticipated making many warm friends. He made his calls and left his letters at the houses of the people to whom they were addressed, and then waited for replies and invitations, but none came. After five or six letters had met this response of absolute silence he was utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of such treatment. "I will see," he said, at last, "what is said about me in these letters." Accordingly he opened one, and this is what he read: "MY DEAR COUNTESS—To the position which we, the ambassador and his wife, occupy is attached the tedious duty of patronizing and recommending our various compatriots in order to satisfy their oftentimes clamorous requests. We therefore recommend to you the bearer of this, one Rubinstein." The riddle was solved. The enraged pianist flung the remaining letters in the fire and resolved to rely on his own unaided efforts to procure friends in the future.—*The Musical Courier.*

AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE TO CANADA.

THE American desire for the annexation of Canada is like "the heart of man," in that it has found out many inventions. Checked on one road by the result of the recent general election in the Dominion, and compelled to let "trade reciprocity" alone for a time, it has now entered upon another path, and is endeavouring to starve Canada into submission by blocking her means of access to the markets of the United States. That is the meaning of the new regulation by which the Dominion railways leading southward will henceforth be disabled from carrying goods under "the consular seal." It is expressed with charming frankness by Senator Cullom, chairman of the Inter State