

are the latest writings. The latter of these is the subject of this short review.

We apprehend that the author has made a more successful effort in this book than in his previous writings, though it is certainly less interesting and less complete as a whole. In the earlier books Mr. Crawford has apparently striven to write an absorbing story, with very little regard to architectural detail. In *Dr. Claudius*, especially, he has permitted occurrences and consequences to evolve in the happiest but most improbable manner. This adaptation of events to existing circumstances, though agreeable to the sustainment of an excited state of interest, is, we must admit, made use of at the expense of the writer's reputation. In *To Leeward* the author has paid more attention to incident as naturally arising from the characters of those represented; but we observe many traces of haste, which go far to mar the construction of the plot.

The scene is laid in Rome in the present century. There are only four characters who have any prominence. The first chapters introduce the young Marcantonio Marchese Carantoni and his sister Diana. The former is paying court to a beautiful young English Hypatia—Leonora Carnethy. We find her overcome in a fit of hopelessness at her inability to understand the statement by Hegel that 'Nothing is the same as Being.' This does not surprise us greatly. Her despair is rather a good sign, but we are disappointed as we read and discover that there are a number of other things she does not understand. She marries Marcantonio. Not from love, seemingly, but because she thinks it impossible to have ever thought of him as a husband without loving him. This seems to satisfy her, although her conscience contradicts her. Marcantonio is immediately made happy, and departs with his wife to a beautiful part of the sea coast, fondly believing himself secure in his happiness. He is represented as being "an honest and whole-souled man." Whatever that may mean, we cannot see that he is anything more than a man of a good nature with a capability far below the average of noticing what is happening around him. Leonora Carantoni, after a few weeks of this questionable happiness, is roused into a new interest by the advent of Julius Batiscombe, a wandering author. He is destined to break up the present domestic felicity. It is at this point that the novel becomes interesting. Leonora shows a little action. Hitherto, in spite of her wide reading, she is nothing but a physically beautiful woman. Batiscombe is a well and somewhat sharply defined specimen of an interesting type. Intellectual, selfish, determined, and yet prone to the influence of universal woman, with a consciousness of his own insincerity. With every circumstance to favour him, Batiscombe is thrown continually with Leonora. At the commencement he makes an attempt to escape temptation, but chance deters him. From that time, by successive steps, Batiscombe wins Leonora. Diana, Marcantonio's sister, discovers their attachment, and prevails upon him to forbid Batiscombe's presence. Batiscombe remains concealed, and eventually persuades Leonora to leave her husband. Marcantonio becomes a lunatic, follows the pair, and disturbs them playing a rather foolish love scene. He endeavors to shoot Batiscombe, but Leonora, who discovers him just in time, throws herself upon her lover, and she herself receives the shot.

This is of course the end. The author concludes with a half-page of moral, which we think had better not have been written; as it savours too much of an apology.

This is briefly an outline of the plot of *To Leeward*. That the author has, in his haste, overlooked a great many points, so as often to render it ridiculous, is obvious.

The introduction of Leonora as a learned beauty, and the subsequent discovery that she has gained nothing from her learning to place her above the ordinary school girl, is unsatisfactory, not to say inconsistent. But it is not in the form of his novels that we, as yet, notice a power in Mr. Crawford's writings. It is the originality and the beauty of many of his stray passages, that has already made him a favourite to so many of us. We shall look forward with genuine pleasure to his next work, and hope for another proof of his undoubted talent.

Full noble was Sir Belvidere,  
And Knightlye deedes were his;  
He loved deepe ye ladye fayre,  
And she loved him, ywis.

Alas! ye love that cannot be,  
Ye love that weepes awaye!  
Alas! ye hate that will not see,  
Ye grief that soon doth slaye!

Bring pansies from the green fields fayre,  
Blown violets beside,  
And lilyes for my ladyes hair,—  
She sickened and dyed.

Sore grieved Belvidere, the Knight,  
And went to a far countree,  
And in a Paynim battle-fight  
He joined Emelye.

—FREE LANCE.

\* \* \*  
The latest theory advanced in regard to the redness of the sky at sunset is, that Oscar Wilde is writing a new poem addressed to the sun, causing it to blush.

\* \* \*  
At breakfast one morning, a New York dude declined a shad. He had been told that fish made brains, and he did not want to unfit himself for his position.

\* \* \*  
A bald headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he may obtain the back numbers.—*Clip*.

\* \* \*  
'Please, sir, there's nothing in the house to eat,' said Brown's landlady. 'How about the fish I sent in?' 'Please sir, the cat 'ave eat them.' 'Then there is some cold chicken'—'Please, sir, the cat'—'Wasn't there a tart of some sort?' 'Please, sir, the cat'—'Well, darn it, cook the cat and let's have it all at once.'—*Ex*.

\* \* \*  
'Alas!' said the hair-pin in the mince meat of a boarding-house pie, 'how unfortunate I am. Yesterday I was calmly seated in the cook's hair, and to-morrow I shall be served up at dinner.' 'Why should you complain?' returned the fly, who had been mistaken for a currant. 'You will at least be discovered and cast aside, but I shall be swallowed and no one will lament my death.'

This fable teaches us that no one knows what the morrow will bring forth, even out of a mince pie.—*Courant*.

\* \* \*  
A certain Anglo-Saxon—thus we may avoid international complications—entered a Parisian restaurant with intent to eat, drink, and be merry. Wishing to inform the waiter of his hunger he said, 'J'ai une femme!' to which the polite but astonished waiter responded, 'J'espère que madame se porte bien?' Whereupon the Anglo-Saxon makes a second attempt at the French for hunger, and asserts, 'Je suis fameux,' to which the waiter's obvious reply is 'Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur!' Then the Anglo-Saxon girded up his loins and made a final effort and declared, 'Je suis femme!' to which the waiter could answer only, 'Alors, madame s'habille d'une facon très-étrange.' After which the Anglo-Saxon fled, and was seen no more.—*Saturday Review*.

## Our Wallet.

### YE LADYE EMELYE.

Fayre was ye ladye Emelye,  
Lyke star-lyght shone her eyne,  
And slender was her sweete bodye,  
And sweete her smyle, I ween.

## Communications.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity.

SIR,—Both Sir Leppel Griffin (in the *Fortnightly*) and *Bystander* (in the *Week*) seem to me to have erred somewhat in their accounts of American appreciation of Mr. Matthew Arnold as a public lecturer. It is true that many of the newspapers, mindful, probably, of