

material or content. If you *imagine* such a ribbon you employ the *secondary* feelings of redness and blueness. Remove these and the cognition becomes null.

(b) Thought is equally indispensable to cognition. You apprehend the red and the blue as distinguished from one another; there is an apprehension of difference. This is a qualitative relation. If the ribbon were red only, there would be an apprehension of qualitative agreement. You also apprehend the relations of space; that one is here the other day. [Difference and agreement apply properly to quality and not to quantity as Bain contends.]

WILLIAM MACLEAN.

University College, Toronto, 1880.

KEY TO THE REPORTING NOTES OF NELSON R. BUTCHER, IN MARCH NUMBER OF WRITER. P. 180.

DARWIN F. VANBLACK.—SWORN.

By Mr. McCarthy.

Q.—You are the plaintiff? A.—Yes.

Q.—Is this the agreement you made with the defendants, Lett & Roe, marked exhibit "A"? A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you present when it was executed?

A.—Yes, when Lett signed it, but not when Roe signed it.

Q.—Is that his handwriting? A.—Yes.

Q.—Had you previously made a contract with a man by the name of Kidd? A.—Yes.

Q.—Is this the contract you made with Kidd, dated 18th Nov., 1878? A.—Yes.

Q.—Was that prior to making the contract with the defendants? A.—Yes, I had it made and I think it was signed.

Q.—Was it to fulfil this contract that you made the bargain? A.—Yes, (I am now referring to the first contract.)

Q.—Did you inform them of your contract with Kidd. That is, Lett & Roe? A.—Yes, and I think I read it over to them.

Q.—Did you tell them what you wanted the ties for? A.—Yes, that I wanted 20,000 tamarack for Goderich for Kidd to apply upon it, that is the contract, and the cedar to go to Chicago.

Q.—Who was the contract with? A.—With Ripley.

Q.—Did you tell them that? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you make advances on that contract from time to time? A.—Yes, I think I advanced altogether \$2,300 in cash and goods.

Selected.

AUTHORSHIP.

From the *Literary Ladder*.

(CONTINUED.)



ACVEY NAPIER'S first article in the *Edinboro Review* was acknowledged in the following terms:—

April 20, 1805.

Dear Sir,—I enclose our booksellers' allowance (£5) for your excellent account of Degerando, and shall be happy to receive any overtures for a successor to him.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

F. JEFFREY.

Other articles followed, and Napier became editor of the magazine when Jeffrey resigned.

Bret Harte, like Douglas Jerrold, was a printer when he first began to write. Whilst working on a San Francisco newspaper he found time to write some sketches drawn from his experiences in the mining regions, and with trembling hesitation he submitted one of them to the editor. The sketch was read, its merit seen, and its writer promoted from the composing to the editorial room.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1880,) a chapter from the experiences of a young writer was given:

I would write a story! How easy it seemed in prospect! What fine sentiments, what brilliant bits of conversation floated about in a nebulous form in my imagination, and what a

harmonious hole was presented whenever the story took shape before my mind's eye! I began to write. My plot and my characters were taken from real life. Thus far there was no difficulty; but where were all the fine sentiments, the witty conversation, now? How very tame and pointless they all seemed on paper, and how difficult a task was what had once appeared only a pleasant recreation! Discouraged at my want of success, I became—I blush to express it—very cross. My younger sister, the *enfant terrible* of the family, "hoped sister would write another story very soon," and revenged herself for my impatience with her by saying, when asked her opinion of it, after hearing it read in the family counsel, that she "had not expected it would be so entirely devoid of backbone as it was." My mother's criticism was much more favorable. She "could not see but that it was as good as any of the magazine stories." I tried to make due allowance for my mother's partiality, but I fear that her opinion, aided by a lurking suspicion that I was, perhaps, not capable of judging of my own efforts, and might be unjust to myself, produced an undue elation of my spirits. The next thing was to find a publisher. I enclosed with my manuscript an elaborate epistle to one of the leading periodicals of the country, and launched it on its lonely voyage; one moment hoping that it would find a safe haven in the pages of the magazine, the next fearing that it would be tossed about by the breakers of un-