

peculiar instruments. A comprehensive description of the Greek drama, with its concomitant chorus, closed the lecture, which was listened to with marked attention. The concert consisted of a short programme of selections from the compositions of Mr. Forsyth, ably rendered by Mdlle. Adèle Strauss and Miss Kate Ryan, vocalists; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, and Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist—all well-known artists. These compositions evince Mr. Forsyth to be a writer of the refined romantic school, conveying beautiful melody with an accompaniment of rich harmonic progression. While all the numbers were well received, perhaps the most pleasing were the lovely prelude to Organ Fugue, op. 18, played by Mr. Vogt; the "Even Song," op. 18, played by Mr. Field; the "Spring Evening," op. 16, No. 2, sung by Miss Ryan, and the "Valley of Silence," op. 20, No. 2, sung by Mdlle. Strauss. Mr. Forsyth closed the evening's entertainment with three piano numbers, which gave him ample opportunity for the display of his fine technique.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Queries for October is chiefly remarkable for the review taken from our columns, referred to elsewhere, and for the frequency of typographical slips. Thus we have "Asiatic," "Ben Johnson," "Lucy Larcoom," "Bien fail," and "Abankir."

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for October contains an abridged article from the *Cosmopolitan*,—author, James Macdonald Oxley—and some clever "Notes of Travel" by the editor. Miss May Tweedie gives an interesting *resumé* of an important book, and the illustrations are rich and frequent.

THE *Quiver*, Cassell and Co., London and New York, is always suitable and pleasant reading for the family, and contains three clever serials now running their course, besides varied and interesting matter in the shape of poems, sketches and notes of missionary life and work. An original harvest hymn accompanies the October number.

WE have received the two first numbers of the *New England Magazine*, published at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. The make-up and appearance of this periodical are much like *Scribner's*, but the matter is almost entirely composed of articles and poems dealing with New England life, scenery, character and traditions. The magazine deserves a large circulation, and contains some noted names on its list of contributors, such as Edward Everett Hale, Abby Morton Diaz and Nathan Haskell Dole.

"THE Romantic Beginnings of Milwaukee," illustrated, is the strongest article in Mrs. Lamb's popular magazine. Oliver Wendell Holmes comes in for a word; "A Trip to Niagara in 1835" contains a passing notice of Toronto, and "The Antiquity of the Tupper Family" is of course entertaining to all Canadians. Contrary to custom, a long poem appears in this number by George Ticknor Curtis, and "The Financial Condition of New York in 1833" affords much food for reflection. No better advertising medium exists than the *Magazine of American History*.

THE *Atlantic* gives much space to "The Closing Scenes of the Iliad," by William Cranston Lawton, a literary article of some merit, though the author tempts laughter in a "note" at the conclusion of his paper. "Some readers may desire to pursue further the questions as to the origin and growth of epic poetry here touched upon in passing. In an essay of this character it is of course impracticable to quote authorities (why?) or to elaborate arguments. The writer's seniors and masters, the classical professors, will understand that no attempt has been made at originality."

ONE of Swinburne's delicious poems opens the current number of the *English Illustrated*. The wonderful music of his verse is as fresh as it was years ago when the "Songs at Sunrise" appeared—and in this special case there is little more than music. But the mere succession of faultless lines is something—a perfection of rhythm that none else can hope to excel. Mrs. Jeune writes pleasantly of "Children in Theatres," showing how happy the little ones are made by kind teachers and friends, and denying emphatically that they are either neglected or suffered to deteriorate in morals and conduct. A companion picture is Mrs. Molesworth's "English Girlhood." The first instalment of Lord Lytton's romance, "The Ring of Amasis," conveys the impression that much weirdness is to follow, and a couple of richly illustrated papers on "Ceylon" and "The Embossing of Metals" serve to keep the purpose of the magazine green and fresh. "Wagner in Bayreuth" is remarkable as a critical study of much independence and freedom of opinion. The magazine promises well for the coming year.

If for nothing else, October *Scribner's* is delightful on account of "T. R. Marvel's" cultured and sensible essay, "A Scattering Shot at Some Ruralities." The essay declines year by year in health and favour, and it is therefore a surprise as well as a delight to encounter the flowing graceful pages, rich in allusion and figure, of this once popular writer. "The Miniature" is that rare article, a powerful and natural short story by William McKendree Bange, a rising writer. The chief illustrated article is "A Summer in Iceland," and "How I Crossed Massai-Land," another—accompanied by striking illustrations by a member of the Royal Geographical Society. "In the Valley," a colonial tale of some interest, is continued, and Duncan Campbell Scott, lately introduced to readers of THE WEEK, contributes a very musical little "Song." A paper

on "Cellini," is one of those quasi-encyclopædic efforts which seem to find favour among American readers. Two papers on "Electricity" will suit scientific tastes, and there remains an article on "Roads," and the conclusion of the "Master of Ballantræ."

AGNES REPLIER'S "Fiction in the Pulpit" says a great many things cleverly without making any too clear just what she wishes fiction to be or to do. The paper, as a whole, is brilliant, but it is marred by faults of criticism. It does not matter very much what Mr. Oscar Wilde says of a writer like Charles Reade, for instance. Mr. Wilde, we can safely assert, takes no stand in London literary circles, as a critic. "Dickens," says Miss Repplier, "is inexpressibly dismal when he drags the Chancery business into Bleak House, and that dreary caricature, the Circumlocution Office into Little Dorrit." This is untrue and ill-considered. Miss Repplier is not acquainted sufficiently with the official red-tapeism of Old England fifty years ago to recognize the truth of the caricature, or the value of the Chancery sketches. Thus, this otherwise excellent paper is spoiled here and there—by haste, and neglect to think out the statements as thoroughly as the subject demands. "Dave's Neckliss" is a dialect sketch. Clinton Scollard has a poem of decidedly Oriental tinge, and three papers by Henry Loomis Nelson, John Fiske and J. R. Kendrick are on national topics of interest. "The Begum's Daughter" has the place of honour this month, as initial item, and Henry Jarvis' clever piece of analysis, "The Tragic Muse," reveals fresh phases of London life. Among "Books of the Month" is a very complimentary notice of "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems," by William Wilfrid Campbell. "How pretty is the Canadian Folksong! and there are poems which are more than pretty."

PLUCKY SMALLS. By Mary B. Crowninshield. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co. Price \$1.00.

The author has caught the genuine boy spirit and from beginning to end the story she tells is of fascinating interest. Plucky Smalls is a street Arab, or "wharf rat," in New York, who has never known a home, or parents, or friends. He has a single companion, the Tinker, as he calls him, and the two live by picking up scraps of food anywhere and sleeping in boxes round the wharves. One day Plucky saves the life of a child who has fallen overboard from a vessel lying at the wharf, and its father, who is a naval officer, makes places for the two boys on board his ship. As naval apprentices they visit various parts of the world, and much of the book is taken up with the story of their adventures. It is a capital story, capitally told.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE selected article this week is from the pen of Frances Power Cobbe, and is a timely protest chiefly levelled at transatlantic characteristics.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has written a new poem of English country life, a satire upon religious fanaticism, which is to appear in an early number of the *Universal Review*.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR, who works as indefatigably as ever, is making some studies upon the Indians and animals of Buffalo Bill's troupe for a large painting that she intends to execute.

A NEW poem by Lord Tennyson, "The Throstle," will appear in the October number of the *New Review*. The copyright of this poem was secured by Lord Tennyson so long ago as last June.

WE regret that Mr. Erastus Wiman's pamphlets, so kindly sent for an inspection are too long to admit of reprinting. We give his letter, however, which will introduce them to our readers, in another column.

A COMBINATION of newspaper men and capitalists, recently formed as The Transatlantic Publishing Company, will bring out, on October 15, the initial number of a new paper called *The Transatlantic*, a mirror of European life and letters.

THE most important artistic event that has taken place in the United States is the competition—still undecided—for the Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, which has drawn forth designs from sixty or more of the best architects of this country, and from many skilled European designers.

AMONG other attractions of the Paris Exhibition was a gathering of Scottish clans at the Tour de Nesle, near the Exhibition. No less than fifty pipers and dancers, including Mr. William Ross, the Queen's piper, and such well-known names as McClennan, of Edinburgh, and McNeil, the best gillie jig dancer of Scotland, were present.

ON a recent Saturday afternoon the Queen drove from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, via Braemar, in a blinding snow-storm, which left the hills as white as in winter. After a call upon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, her Majesty visited Old Mar Lodge, and took tea with Madame Albani, who is staying there, and afterwards returned to Balmoral.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the well-known English novelist has arrived in Melbourne on a lecturing tour, and is being treated almost as royally as Mr. Froude was during his Antipodean tour. Mr. Murray was escorted over the Victorian Houses of Parliament by no less important personages than the Prime Minister, the Chief Secretary, and the Minister of Education. Mr. Murray's lectures are announced, and it is anticipated that he will have a most successful season.

"ARROWSMITH'S Christmas annual for 1889" will be written by Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Arrowsmith will publish next month a fairy tale by Mr. Andrew Lang. It will be remembered that Mr. Arrowsmith was the lucky publisher in Bristol who discovered Hugh Conway. The "Annual" varies in importance from year to year but is generally readable.

IT is pleasant to be famous, but every condition is accompanied by its special limitation. *Queries* published in Buffalo, N. Y., and edited by Charles Wells Moulton contains in the October issue, a notice of Robt. Louis Stevenson's "Wrong Box." This notice is taken, word for word, with some typographical errors added, from *The Week*, and appears as original matter. It is pretty late in the day to review the "Wrong Box" at all, but when *Queries* is at loss for a good notice, and finds one ready-made, it should acknowledge the source of its inspiration—a canon in journalistic etiquette.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, in his last letter to England, pays a flattering tribute to Canadian poetry and gracefully refers to the Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones' poem on the St. Lawrence, which is published in "Songs of the Great Dominion." Constantly too the glories of the great St. Lawrence load the verse and fascinate the imagination of the youthful, and, thus far, little known singers of the Dominion. K. L. Jones has an excellent ode to the mighty stream, which thus concludes:—

Stretching her arms to the world,
Glad, as a maid to her lover,
Coily, with banners unfurled,
Welcoming argosies over;
Wearied, her life's journey done,
Grateful to God, the life-giver,
Her goal on the Ocean's breast won,
Rests the great river.

MR. EDMUND YATES gives in the *World* some recollections of his friend, the late Mr. Wilkie Collins, in the course of which he says: It was while engaged on the composition of "The Moonstone," the plot of which, for ingenuity and Chinese puzzle-like delicacy of construction, is perhaps unrivalled in the English language, and which leaves the comparatively clumsy labours of Gaboriau and his followers far behind—it was during the progress of "The Moonstone," I believe, that Wilkie Collins first acquired the baleful habit of taking sedatives, which he continued more or less throughout his life. On this subject I almost fear to write, lest I should be suspected of exaggeration: but from what he himself told me, and from what I have heard from friends of even greater intimacy with him, I believe that about that period, and for the greater part of his after life, Wilkie Collins was in the habit of taking daily, and without apparently serious noxious effect, more laudanum—not Batley's, nor any other minimising solution, but absolutely pure laudanum—than would have sufficed to kill a ship's crew or a company of soldiers. This amount was, of course, arrived at slowly and by degrees.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE THROSTLE—LORD TENNYSON'S LATEST POEM.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming,"
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy.
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
O warble, unbidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the Winters are hidden.

—*New Review for October.*

THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

GREAT activity has prevailed all this summer in the dockyards of Odessa, Sebastopol and Batoum, and it now transpires (the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says) that orders have been issued by the Russian Admiralty to build a great many torpedo-boats and prepare a number of transports as quickly and as secretly as possible. The Russian newspapers are not allowed to publish anything about these additions to the navy, and accurate information as to the extent to which the shipbuilding is being carried on is difficult to procure, but trustworthy reports which have lately reached the British and the Turkish Governments have impressed on both Governments the absolute necessity of guarding the Bosphorus promptly against possible surprises. In the opinion of naval experts Constantinople was a short time ago almost defenceless, and would have lain at the mercy of any fleet steaming out suddenly from Odessa. Even now it will require some time and no little money before the Turkish ironclads, which were allowed to be inactive and to rot during ten years in the Golden Horn, can be made fit for service. In the meantime, should any sudden attack be made on Constantinople from the Black Sea, Turkey will certainly require a naval ally, and one not unprepared.