

In the "Taming of the Shrew," Act 2, Sc. 1, read "moon" for "morn"; while affixing the query Mrs. Jameson adds: "More yes than no." In the same play, Act 1, Sc. 1, the very noticeable change of "checks" to "Ethicks" receives approval. (The allusion is to a work formerly held in great repute, namely, "Aristotle's Ethics.") It should be noted in the prelude to this play, "sheer ale" should read "Warwickshire ale." In Act 3, Sc. 2, of this play the reading of the "Amours or Forty Fancies" is given instead of the "Humour of Forty Fancies." There is believed to be here a previously undetected reference to a certain production of Drayton's, and light is thrown on a misunderstanding which is known to have arisen between that writer and Shakespeare. Mrs. Jameson adds cautiously to this conjecture the marginal note that this is a "speculation hardly borne out by proof of any kind possible, however."

In "Macbeth," Act 1, Sc. 6, for "Chautres" read "Chautruers." This Mrs. Jameson marks a plausible "more yes than no." In the same play, Act 3, Sc. 4, she queries "exhibit" for "inhabit." Again in "Macbeth," Act 1, Sc. 7, curiously she declines to accept "boast" for "beast," the true reading, according to old Shakespeare readers, and auditors were naturally unwilling to give up Lady Macbeth's emphatic "beast," which they had been wont so thoroughly to approve of. In a similar manner, in the same play, Act 5, Sc. 3, where we are instructed to substitute the word "grief" for "stuff," Mrs. Jameson is disinclined to accept the change, with the candid avowal: "I don't much like to give up stuff."

In the "Merchant of Venice," Act 2, Sc. 3, "inserted" for "inferred" is approved of in a qualified way, "more yes than no." In Act 3, Sc. 2, "pause" for "peize" is queried, and in Act 5, Sc. 1, "posy" is accepted for "poesy." In Act 4, Sc. 1, of this play occurs the very important change of "woolen" to "bollen." A woollen bagpipe had greatly exercised all commentators. It appears that it should have been a bollen bagpipe, that is, a bagpipe fully inflated, as old English hearers would have understood the expression. Mrs. Jameson, however, can only accept this with a query.

In "Henry IV.," Act 4, Sc. 4, for "Let's sway on" read "Let's away on," which Mrs. Jameson improves into "Let us away." In the same play, Act 1, Sc. 2, "Masking" though supported by the context, is refused.

In "Othello," Act 4, Sc. 2, to "shift" for "shut," she appends "more yes than no"; and in the same play, Act 3, Sc. 3, "mock" for "make" is not objected to.

In "The Tempest," Act 1, Sc. 2, "loaded" for "lorded" is not approved of; and a criticism is added upon the old corrector's change of "truth" into "untruth" thus, "the memory become a sinner so to truth, not to untruth." In Act 4, Sc. 1, she queries "thrid" for "third." But in Act 1, Sc. 2, she accepts "float" (the verb) for "fote" (meaning a fleet). In Act 3, Sc. 1, the simple reading of "blest" for "lest" is not accepted; nevertheless, this amendment of the old corrector, when fully considered, will be seen, I think, to throw light on a difficult passage. One is rather surprised to find she does not approve of the reading "blest" for "lest" in the passage, which has so long been a puzzle to commentators, where Ferdinand, while engaged in his task of piling cord-wood at the bidding of Prospero, says to himself, while thinking of Miranda: "These sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours"—the folio of 1623 here said, "lest when I do it," which the editor of folio 1632, misunderstanding, changed into least, making some sense out of the passage; but the true reading, as the Collier annotator informs us, was blest, for which lest was a typographical error. The restoration of the "b" at once makes the sense very plain.\*

In "King Henry V.," Act 2, Sc. 3, the old corrector of the folio has made a change in Mrs. Quickly's account of the Last Moments of Falstaff, which although it seems to clear up every difficulty has staggered many old Shakespeare students. He has drawn his pen through "babbled of green fields," and substituted "on a table of green frieze" in the place of these words, detecting and correcting the typographical errors of "on" for "and," and "frieze" for "fields." It appears that Mrs. Quickly compared the nose of the dying Falstaff to the point of a pen seen in strong profile on a table covered with green frieze or cloth (an old-fashioned substantial quill pen seen lying aslant in bold relief on a writing table must be thought of). It seems little in harmony with the character of Falstaff to make him in his dying moments "babble of green fields," but the expression when once committed to print took the fancy of Shakespeare readers and hearers, and

when required to give it up now as a blunder many of them of course resist manfully; among these Mrs. Jameson appears to have been one, and she does not scruple, without entering into the particulars of the question, not only to mark it with the symbol of her disapprobation, but also in an off-hand manner to stigmatize it in the margin of her copy, thus, "this is all stupid and quite inadmissible" (but see Chambers' remarks at the close of footnote just given).

In "Antony and Cleopatra," Act 1, Sc. 1, "souring" for "lowering" is approved of, but in Act 4, Sc. 8, "jests" (deeds) for "guests" is rejected.

In "Twelfth Night," Act 5, Sc. 1, "foot" is considered an improvement on "soul."

In certain instances it would appear Mrs. Jameson herself had anticipated the old corrector. In "All's Well That Ends Well," Act 3, Sc. 2, she appends the note, "I had made this correction in my Shakespeare"; and in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act 4, Sc. 4, she says in almost the same terms, "I had made this correction years ago in my own Shakespeare."

After three of the plays annotated in this work Mrs. Jameson has pencilled down some general observations of her own which will be read with interest. After "Measure for Measure," she says: "This play has always appeared to me the most difficult and corrupted in point of language of any of Shakespeare's plays." A similar remark is made upon "Love's Labour's Lost": "This is another of the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays in the language and allusions." And to "Troilus and Cressida," she subjoins: "This also is one of the most difficult of the plays and one of the most wonderful in point of language."\*

HENRY SCADDING.

### A WINTER ROUNDEL.

DEEP lies the snow where we met that day,  
Faint sounds the brooklet's muffled flow;  
In white wreaths where the violets lay,  
Deep lies the snow.

Rest on the silent plain below,  
Peace in the twilight gathering gray—  
Ah! rest and peace love may not know.

Winter winds the pine-tops sway,  
Dirge for departed summer's glow;  
Over the love of yesterday,  
Deep lies the snow.

C. H.

### THE RAMBLER.

ONE feature of some modern books is the significant one that, after once reading the novel of the day, it is relegated to the dusty upper shelf where "paper fiction" reigns. Upon such a shelf where repose Clark Russell, Haggard, Stockton, Robert Louis Stevenson and Conway, only the feather duster ever falls, whereas, when that spare hour comes (which should come to all of us if we regard our health), when we follow the process described by certain writers as "taking down a novel," we rarely miss seeking the Thackeray shelf or the Dickens row, the Victor Hugo volumes or even the few slim creations bearing the magical word Brontë on their backs. For the modern novelists are, after all, but toying with plots and dallying with situations. They have, comparatively speaking, no evolution of pedigree and circumstance to recount. They go, in most cases, straight to the point, ignorant of or choosing to ignore what is technically known as padding. The result is such a story as "Blanche, Lady Falaise," by John Shorthouse, which I read quite recently from beginning to end in about two hours. In its way, it is a perfect story; one cannot even complain that it is too short. It is, as a fact, of a right length, and wellnigh as skilfully constructed as any modern work you can name. Yet well I know that once read, the chances are it will never be read a second time. What does this portend? The merit of the book is its fault. There is something after all in mere bulk, in the slow, even ponderous evolution of event and character which characterizes certain works of a bygone age. And in the final verdict of the centuries, bulk still goes for a great deal. George Eliot left not only one but half-a-dozen masterpieces. There are two compliments you can pay to the novelist. One is, when you read on and on and cannot drop the story till it is finished—this illustrative of the modern one-volume or short-story-expanded novel. The other when you read by sips and fits, returning again and again to the scenes which so enchant you—as in the case, I hold, of the older novelists, Scott and Richardson and Dickens and Hawthorne, and in the present day of George Meredith.

A correspondent signing himself "W. S.," and whom I shall dub Worldly Scientist, writes quite an amusing

\* In 1853, Redfield of New York published a one-volume edition of Shakespeare, edited by G. S. Daybrink, with all the Collier emendations incorporated in the text; adding the old readings at the foot of each page. Consulting this work we are brought, as it seems to me, nearer to Shakespeare himself than we are in any other edition of his plays. To have rendered the volume more complete, the "Sonnets" should have been arranged in the order indicated by Gerald Massey, with the interpretations of that acute writer appended to each. (See "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before interpreted; his private friends identified." By Gerald Massey. London: Longmans, Green and Company. 1866.)

letter *apropos* of my remarks last week upon certain phases of devotion to science:—

"Your picture is alluring and Arcadian, not to say pastoral, naïf and touching, but who will consent to receive it except as a pretty generalization! Will you assert that a man of science, because he is aware of the chemical constituents of his morning chop, is therefore insensible to the way in which it shall be cooked? Is he, for instance, so poor a fool that he does not know the difference between broiling and frying? Again, are you quite sure that he will ever remain passive under the influence of beauty because he has some knowledge of the process and the law which make up the morning rose and the evening sparkle? I myself would seem to incline to the belief that men of science, on account of their occupation and their erudition, must ever be the most fastidious, the most careful, the most appreciative of small things, lovers of detail and of finish. Why should not 'Lucilla's cap' awry at the breakfast-table provoke your F.R.S. as much as it does your M.D. or LL.D.? And why should not a man of science be as good a business manager as your broker, lumberman or merchant! The poet, perhaps, loves, like the Cavalier lyricist of old, a tress disordered or a bodice unlaced. The poet may affect, or really enjoy, the artistic disorders of *atelier* and den, but the great chemist, or geologist or astronomer, is a person in whom Heaven's first law shows daily. Look at his papers, his data, his statistics, all fyled, all labelled, all classified. Note his laboratory, his library, his dissecting or observation room. Count his reference volumes, his manuscript notes and his close piles of copied or translated work. Order, precision, system, accuracy are his daily bread; he would be as nothing without them. It is true and surely pardonable that many of the affairs of everyday life are derogated to wife or relative; the specialist in modern science has no leisure for these matters. But he may still be a keen critic, an impartial judge and a conscientious father and friend, even if he take but little outward share in mundane concerns. The old type of scholar, indeed, is rapidly passing away, and we look out upon a new race of scientific workers to whom the world is a pleasant, orderly, peaceful place and in which comfort is second only to independent research."

There are schools—and schools. Here is an extract from the prospectus of one, carried on, not unsuccessfully I believe, in Long Island. I think the points it draws attention to are very important, and yet—one does not altogether grasp either the Republican simplicity which ought to be present, or the grammar:—

#### "THE ESPRIT DE CORPS.

"The school is not designed to be large, but very select, irreproachable in morals, courtly in all intercourse, elegant in personal appearance and bearing. That the students believe these results to be attained, at least in part, is shown by their courteous intercourse with one another, by their loyalty to the school and its rules, and by their respect for the Faculty."

Continuing we are informed that "some of the studies regularly taught are spelling, writing, physiology, geography, reading, book-keeping, English grammar, letter-writing, chemistry, natural philosophy, French, Latin, algebra, arithmetic, Greek, German, military drill, music, table conversation, Spanish, geometry, rhetoric, New Testament, etc."

It is a relief to know—should we ever send anybody belonging to us there—that these subjects are taught regularly. From the manner in which they are jumbled up we might have predicted the reverse. Table conversation, military drill and the New Testament would be my favourite subjects.

Talking of scientists, it is interesting to observe that a notable degree of longevity appears to attach to them. De Quatrefages, an eminent French anthropologist, Jean Servais Stas, a distinguished Belgian chemist, Hoffman, botanist, of Giessen, Mailly of the Royal Observatory, Belgium, and Joseph Lovering, Emeritus Professor of Harvard, all of whom died quite recently, were aged respectively, eighty-two, seventy-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three and seventy-nine. Their ages thus form an aggregate of three hundred and ninety-four. As their days, so shall their strength be. As we are upon statistics I may state that there are at present upwards of one hundred and twenty-five publications issued in Toronto by local presses and publishers—such as they are—the papers, not the publishers. Here should be a fine field for the aspiring native writer.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS turns a compliment in making a characterization a little more felicitously than is possible to anyone else. Here is his latest, from the conclusion of his most recent speech: "The legend of the modern newspaper press is that of the ancient church—semper, ubique, omnibus—always, everywhere, for all. It still seems to me the greatest and most powerful of modern forces. Public opinion governs the world and the press carries on a constant campaign of education. I have sometimes thought that even Congress legislates with its head turned over its shoulders to hear the approving music or warning thunder of the newspaper press."

EXPERIENCE is the extract of suffering.—Arthur Helps.

\* Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, in a manuscript note of his in my possession, thus plausibly explains the passage as previously received: "But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; most busy least when I do," i.e., he pulls up in his soliloquy with the reflection that he is forgetting his work. "But these thoughts," he continues, "which occupy my mind, quite refresh my labours and keep me busiest when with my hands I am doing least."

This note is taken from Dr. Robert Chambers' copy of the Collier Emendations, likewise in my possession. He has therein made several other manuscript notes of his own. It would appear that in the old volume corrected by the annotator, some pages were missing, and some were damaged. On this circumstance Dr. Chambers makes the observation: "It is greatly to be regretted that the corrected folio has had a leaf here and there abstracted from it. Valuable improvements in the common text have thus, no doubt, been lost."

Dr. Robert Chambers has also this remark: "There can be no doubt that this corrector had access to some means of information—stage copies of the plays, MS., or otherwise—which we do not now possess." "A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in 1868," he continues, "very sensibly says: 'It seems to me strange how any intelligent, thoughtful, unbiased reader can doubt the self-evident rightness of all the more important emendations contained in the Collier folio. Whoever put them there, they speak for themselves; even in the case of the table of green frieze.'"