

on the other side of the valley when we dashed down into it.

"I saw plainly that he had a difficulty in keeping at a gallop on this steep incline. We gained a deal of ground down hill and through the grassy valley, and reached the wall before the stallion was at the top of it. Full of hope, I could no longer remain in the background. Digging both spurs into Czar, I flew on, past Fancy, and reached the summit to find the stallion trotting scarce fifty yards ahead of me. Fancy was close behind me; and I shouted to Antonio to follow me. But my cry seemed to have poured fresh strength through the brave fugitive's veins; for he dashed down into the valley, leaving behind the white foam with which he was covered, at every bound he made on the rocky ground. Once again I drew nearer, and was only forty yards from him when I saw ahead of us a yawning canon, out of which the gigantic dry arms of dead cypresses emerged. Here the stallion must turn back, and fall our prey while ascending the hill again.

"But he went straight towards the abyss: it was not possible,—he could not leap. I remained behind him, and, in my terror for the noble creature's life, held my breath. One more bound, and he reached the canon; and with the strength of a lion, and that desperation which only the threatened loss of liberty can arouse, he drew himself together and leapt high in the air across the gap, which was more than forty feet wide.

"I turned Czar round towards the hill, and kept my eyes away from the fearful sight, so that I might not see the end of the tragedy; but Antonio uttered a cry, and I heard the word "over." I looked round, and saw the stallion rising on his hind-legs upon the opposite deeper bank; and after a glance at us, he trotted off quite sound down the ravine, and disappeared behind the nearest rock.

"We stopped, leapt from our horses, and looked at each other for a long time in silence; then I solemnly vowed never to make another attempt to deprive this princely animal of liberty. Our horses were in a very excited condition; the water poured down them in streams, and the play of their lungs was so violent that they tottered on their legs. We let them draw breath a little, and then led them slowly back to the mountain-springs, where we intended to give them a rest ere we returned home. In the afternoon, we reached the spot, excessively fatigued, and found there our comrade, who greeted us with a regretful "That was a pity!" and had already spread our dinner on a horse-cloth.

"We stopped here till the evening, and then started for the fort, which we reached late at night."

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

USE all the society that will abet you," is the shrewd advice we meet with in the late published volume of "Letters to Various Persons," by H. D. Moreau, the thoughtful and felicitous American prose writer. Taking advantage of this sage counsel, we continue our column of bibliographical notes, by pressing into service the noble guild of letters, the good society of authors and book-men. And in drawing from these desirable sources items of interest for our many readers, we shall the more truly be following the commendable precept we have quoted by, at the same time, using the society of "our gentle readers," who must advantageously abet us with their subscriptions, and for whom a summary of the important current issues of the press, we know, has special attraction.

We proceed, therefore, with our chronicle. In *Literature* we have, from the pen of Mr. James Hannay, whose able contributions to the *Quarterlies* we so well know, a volume entitled "Characters and Criticisms," consisting of essays on literary and political subjects. Mr. Henry Bradshaw gives us a work of much interest to philological students in his attempt to ascertain the state of Chaucer's works as they were left at his death, with some notices of their subsequent history. "Recollections of Several Years," by Mrs.

Jon. Farrar, generally entertains us with sketches and anecdotes of a circle of the literary notables of last generation, of whom are, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Bailie, Crabbe and others. Two volumes of "Essays and Letters," treating of moral and political subjects, appear under the title of "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy." A new edition of Jean Ingelow, "Studies for Stories for Girls Lives," has just been issued. These delightful stories are gems in rare setting, and are distinguished by great purity of conception and by a charming grace and simplicity of presentation. "Seaside Stories" is the title of a new work by Professor Agassiz, which will be sought for eagerly. Of interest to commercial men will be found "Bubbles of Finance," by a city man, a series of clever papers on the many questionable mercantile speculations and enterprises of the day. They are reprinted from "All the Year Round."

A valuable addition to bibliographical literature is announced in "Bibliotheca Americana Vestustissima." This curious work will contain a list and critical account of all the works relating to America published on the European continent, from its discovery by Columbus to the year 1551, a period of some sixty years, rich in publications relating to the new found western world. In "Visible Speech, a New Fact Demonstrated," by A. M. Bell, the reader will find acurios attempt to construct a universal alphabet or means of writing all languages in character, which will be read with uniform pronunciation by natives of all countries.

The lovers of curious books will, we doubt not, be vastly entertained by the perusal of the following work which has just appeared from the press of Mr. Holten, of London, the antiquarian book-publisher. It is entitled "The History of Sign Boards, from the earliest time to the present day, by Jacob Larwood and another old hand." The book abounds with anecdotes of famous taverns, remarkable characters, notices of ancient marts of business, coffee and other old houses, and is illustrated by wood-cuts of old sign boards, the odd information of which will amuse all readers. We shouldn't be surprised if some of the ingenious advertisers of the present day took a leaf out of this book, and herald the commodities of his trade in the style of some of the quaint announcements of those ancient sign-boards. Another piece of humour meets us in the publication of "Vero Vercker's Vengeance, a sensation in several paroxysms, by Mousias Hood, idiotically illustrated by William Brunton." Poor, and more questionable, however, is the humour of the following from the American press, "Artemas Ward, his Travels among the Mormons, and Miscellaneous Pieces."

The elder D'Israeli's work on the "Curiosities of Literature" might be largely supplemented in these days, when so much of the curious book-lore is indulged in. Certainly the old adage "thinking nurseth thinking" is well exemplified in our time, whether to much profitable purpose, or no, we will not undertake to say. Here we have more of this species of writing, in the "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams," a commonplace book of speculations concerning the mystery of dreams and visions, records of curious and well-authenticated dreams, and notes on the various modes of interpretation adopted in ancient and modern times.

In *History and Travel* we have only to record the appearance of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," by J. P. Prendergast, and "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," &c.

In *Fiction* we can do no more than chronicle the titles of the many claimants for favour in this prolific field. These are, "Sir Jasper's Tenant," by Miss Braddon, "Woman all the World Over," by some one who doubtless thinks it politic to withhold his name; "Royal Favourites," by Sutherland Menzies; "The Staff Surgeon, or Life in England and Canada," and "The Spanish March, or Charles Stuart at Madrid," by W. H. Ainsworth.

In *Poetry* appears a remarkable production, the subject of which is taken from the Greek Drama. It is entitled "Atalanta in Calydon," by Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne. The work abounds in passages of rare power—one of the choruses in

the tragedy we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers. It runs thus:—

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And malice, risen from hell,
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love that cures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

"And the high gods took in hand,
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years:
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered us unto strife:
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin:
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travell'd;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep."

In this department we have also to notice a two volume pocket edition of the Poems of W. Mackworth Praed, which will delight the admirer of this witty and tender-hearted poet.

G. M. A.

LITERATURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

WHILST millions were watching with intense interest the progress of the Great Eastern in her recent expedition, the little world on board the big ship had many and varied duties to perform.

Literature was not neglected, a lithographer being specially retained on board. His duty was to lithograph and print the previous day's diary of events, as written by Mr. Russell, and copied out by Mr. J. C. Dean. Envelopes addressed to the editors of twenty-five American journals, and to the editors of sixty-five published in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were kept in readiness, and, as each day's news was told off, it was added to the stock already folded for posting. By this means the letters were sent off simultaneously, and without a moment's unnecessary delay. The "Terrible" took the American bag, and would forward it from Newfoundland. A form, showing the number of miles paid out and the number run, was drawn out and signed by Mr. Canning, which was also lithographed and a number struck off, with blank spaces for the figures. This bulletin was issued every day, and posted up in a conspicuous part of the deck, informing all of the position of the ship and the quantity of cable run. Nor was this all; a publication of high literary and artistic pretensions was issued every week from the lithographic press—the Atlantic Telegraph, edited by Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., and illustrated by Mr. Dudley and the editor, and it is pronounced to be the most highly-finished production ever published at sea. The frontispiece is composed of well-executed portraits of the leading men engaged in the expedition, the Atlantic Telegraph flag, with its combination of Union Jack and stars, floats in the back-ground, the Great Eastern and her guard of honour are in the front, and the whole is enclosed in a neat framework of cable. The sketches are full of humour, especially one by Mr. Dudley, of Cyrus Field taking his turn of duty as watchman in the tank Under