

When his speeches hobble vilely,
What "Hear him" burst from Brother Hiley:
When his faltering periods lag,
Hark to the cheers of Brother Bragge.

And we can still enjoy—and appreciate—Moore's "Moral," when, after telling of Irish emigrants horror-struck at being addressed in a fine brogue by a negro, he adds:—

'Tis thus—but alas!—by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus nature*, all turn to Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
"Good Lord!—only think!—black and curly already!"

There are other things in the volume, excellent work by men like Thackeray and Traill, but we have exhausted our space, and must close our review of this interesting volume.

THAT prolific novelist, Captain Charles King, provides the complete story, "A Soldier's Secret," for the March number of *Lippincott's* magazine. Foxhall Keene, the dashing steeple chaser, has a short article on "Horsemanship and Polo." Charles R. Deacon directs attention to the coming rate of speed under the caption, "One Hundred Miles an Hour." "Ibsen's Earlier Work" is treated by C. H. Herford. The number also contains short stories, poems and other contributions.

"INDIA: its Temples, its Palaces and its People" is the opening article of the *Methodist Magazine* for March; "The Reverend Dr. Hart's Missionary Travels in Western China" is contributed by Rev. J. C. Seymour; the editor writes with his usual grace and ability on "The Shasta Route"; "The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon" is an excellent sketch by Rev. S. P. Rose. A number of other admirable contributions and selections of prose and poetry complete the number. This magazine is a credit to Canada, and the Methodist body have reason to be proud of the ability and enterprise of which it is the outcome.

ELIZABETH BISLAND opens the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for March with a gracefully written article descriptive of the celebrated cathedral at Cologne. This is followed by "Fair Imogen Upon the Stage," by Charles E. L. Wingate, which brings before the reader portraits and anecdotes of some famous actresses of other days. In "Strawberry Hill and the Countess Waldegrave" Adam Badeau recalls the home, time and manners of Horace Walpole. Not the least interesting article in this somewhat retrospective number is that on "The Political Cartoons of John Tenniel," by E. C. Reynolds. "The Problem of Aerial Navigation," by the editor, is one the solution of which will no doubt be one of the surprises of the future.

Cassell's Family Magazine for March is a bright and readable number opening with the fifth chapter of Frances Haswell's serial entitled "You'll Love Me Yet." "An Easy Mode of Decorating Articles for the Home" is a suggestive paper upon a subject of almost universal interest. J. T. Burton Wollaston writes an article "On Putting One's Foot in it," which, without possessing the ludicrous fascination of "The Confessions of a Duffer" is yet well worth perusal. Amongst much more of interest in this issue, the continuation of "Had He Known: a Story of New Zealand Gold Thirst," "My Friend Douglas," by Frank Finn, and "Our Little Scheme," by Oathel, deserve special mention. The number is, we repeat, a very good one.

St. Nicholas for March opens with "From Ship to Shore," by John M. Ellicott, U.S.N.; some sprightly lines entitled "The Monarch of Olla," by Margaret Johnson, come next; "Tom Paulding" (a tale of Treasure Trove in the streets of New York), by Brander Matthews, is continued in this number; "Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories," by Charles F. Lummis, are told in a pleasant and agreeable manner; "Hold Fast Tom: a Legend of St. Helena," by David Ker, is an interesting story of British pluck. Amongst much more worth reading special mention should be made of "The Boomerang," by Arthur Howlett Coates; "The Seal's Crystal Palace," by John R. Coryell, and "Artesia of Tulare," by Joaquin Miller. "Two Girls and a Boy"; "When I was Your Age"; and "The Admiral's Caravan," are continued in this number, which, taking it all round, is a most readable one.

THE *Century* for March opens with an able and exhaustive study of St. Paul's, by M. G. Van Rensselaer. "The Naulahka" is continued in this number. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell contributes some pretty lines—"I Saw the Clouds at Morning's Hour." "The United States Fish Commission" is a most readable and interesting paper from the pen of Richard Rathbun. "Characteristics," a story by S. Weir Mitchell, is brought to a close in this issue. Charlotte Fiske Bates contributes a poem entitled "Genius Within Hearing of Death." Mr. W. J. Stillman writes an appreciative paper entitled "Italian Old Masters," which is followed by some "Notes," by Timothy Cole; both are well worth reading. "Paderewski: a Critical Study," by William Mason, will be welcomed by all who love and admire music; "Paderewski: a Biographical Sketch," by Fanny Morris Smith, will be welcomed by all who love and admire an amiable nature united to genius of the highest order. "How Paderewski Plays," by R. W. Gilder, is a strange and beautiful poem on a strange and beautiful subject. Constance Cary Harrison contributes a very readable story entitled "Gay's Romance." Alice Williams Brotherton's "My Enemy" is rather a curious echo of "the consummation devoutly

to be wished"; the idea is old as time, but the expression is really pretty. "Our Tolstoi Club," by Dorothy Prescott, is charming. Is "Raskolnikoff" a dream and "Baby-Land" a reality, or *vice versa*? But we must avoid realism after this! The March number of the *Century* is well up to its usual form.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BRET HARTE's hair is snowy white, but he still retains all his old fire. The author of "The Heathen Chinee" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is only fifty-three.

THE scene of Mr. Howells' new novel, "The World of Chance," is in New York city, and the hero a young literary aspirant who goes to the metropolis with the manuscript of his first novel under his arm.

GENERAL FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, commander-in-chief of the forces in India, has been gazetted as "Baron Roberts of Candahar and the City of Waterford." Lord Roberts is we may say a first cousin of Drs. A. R. and R. A. Pyne of Toronto, and has won his deserved prominence by his valour and skill on the best testing ground known to the soldier, the field of battle.

WHEN Sir Edwin Arnold was in San Francisco last year he remarked to Frank M. Pixley, editor of the *Argonaut*: "You have a man out here who is destined to literary immortality." When Mr. Pixley asked him whom he meant, he said he referred to Joaquin Miller. According to the English poet, Edgar A. Poe and Joaquin Miller are two American poets who are sure to live forever.—*Library and Studio*.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH AND Co. will publish immediately "The Early Religion of Israel," by Professor Robertson, of Glasgow University; "The Life Beyond," by George Hepworth; "A Girl's Winter in India," by Mary Thorn Carpenter; "The Gospel of the Holy Spirit," by S. W. Pratt. The Pulpit Commentary: Job. Biblical Illustrator: John, Vol. III.; Thessalonians; 1 Timothy. "The Well-Spring of Immortality," a story of Mission Life in India. "The New Life," by Andrew Murray.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, the Poet of the Lakes, has written a poem, "Out of Pompeii," which will appear soon in one of the New York magazines. It has for its theme the young girl who lay asleep with her cheek resting upon her arm, in an attitude of beautiful abandon to slumber, when the sudden destruction came upon the city from Vesuvius. The body is so exquisitely preserved by the volcanic scoria from which it has been disinterred as to be a marvel of youthful grace. Mr. Charles A. Dana, of New York, had a cast made of it when he was in Italy recently.

ON Thursday evening, February 25, the Rev. Professor Clark, of Trinity University, gave a very pleasant lecture in St. Mary Magdalene Church on "The Early Poems of Tennyson." The lecture consisted mainly of selections from the poet's early work, including "Claribel," "The Lotus Eaters" and "Morte D'Arthur," and the reverend gentleman's critical and illustrative remarks were of a high order. The Toronto public owes Professor Clark a debt of gratitude for his untiring and unselfish efforts to raise the literary standard of Ontario.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce the immediate publication of the following books: "Selections from Lucian," translated by Emily James Smith; "Lord Palmerston," by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T.; "Roweny in Boston," by Maria Louise Pool; "That Angelic Woman," by James M. Ludlow; "In the Vestibule Limited," by Brander Matthews; and the eighth number of the Frankland Square Song Collection. They have also ready a new revised edition of Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles," and a new edition of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by William Black.

THE death is announced of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, a most distinguished editor and writer on historical subjects relating to this continent. Dr. Shea wrote the chapter on the Jesuits missions in Justin Winsor's important narrative and critical History of America. He also edited and translated Charlevoix's History of New France. His splendid intellectual equipment was devoted to the early annals of French power in America. He was also a voluminous writer on other subjects, literary, social and historical, and for many years held a chief post in Frank Leslie's publishing house, New York. He passed away at the age of sixty-nine, and was in his life time a genial gentleman, respected by all who knew him, and regarded by his intimates as a ripe and brilliant scholar. The Roman Catholic Church in his death has lost one of her most able pens.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

ON Saturday last, in University Hall, a most able and interesting lecture was given by Mr. Fairclough, entitled "The Ancient and Modern Drama." Space will not permit us to give even the main points of a lecture remarkable for extreme conciseness and lucidity. The "Antigone" of Sophocles was contrasted with the "Macbeth" of Shakespeare. The developments of both the Greek and English drama were traced from their very founts. The lecturer showed very clearly this important point: that though the English dramatists had never become the slaves of Greek "unities," they had never forgotten them; this, of course, is the last word needed in reply to the well-worn criticism of Voltaire on Horner and Shakespeare. Mr. Fairclough's critical knowledge of the literature of the

past does not lead him to despair of the future; he sees the possibility—one might almost say the necessity—of a great English dramatist, yet to come, who will voice the new phases of thought that have arisen in this modern epoch. A lecture like this is worth hearing for several reasons, not the least of which is the fact that it is a quiet and scholarly rebuke to the pessimism which refuses to be comforted.

A SMALL book of "Vacation Verses," by Alice M. Dowd, has been published by Charles Wells Moulten, Buffalo. These verses show a good deal of warmth of feeling and some skill in versification. A number of them are translations. The following specimen of the latter will give a fair idea of the author's style:—

Of what avail this weeping
That vainly breaks my heart?
We both are in God's keeping,
From Him we do not part.
This bond forever holds us
In spite of time and place;
The love of God upholds us,
Unites us by His grace.

We say "I hear thou yonder,
Thou goest and I stay,"
And yet where'er we wander
He gives the light, the way;
We speak of ways dividing,
We sadly say goodbye,
Yet trust His tender guiding
To whom we all are nigh.

Then let no bitter grieving
The hour of parting fill,
In love divine believing,
We trust our Father's will.
'Tis love divine that giveth
The earthly friendship sweet;
'Tis by His love it liveth,
In Him 'tis made complete!

A DISCOVERY of considerable importance has been recently made by Mr. Kordt, an assistant in the library of the University of Dorpat in Livonia. While rummaging in a large wall-closet, full of what were supposed to be worthless records and duplicates, he found several rolls of manuscript, which proved to be the remains of the archives of the University, the minutes of the proceedings of the Senate of Dorpat, and the account books of the University, which furnish valuable material for the history of the founding of that institution by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632 and its early development under Swedish jurisdiction. The documents thus brought to light number some six hundred, and are written in Latin, Swedish, German, French, and Russian. They comprise the correspondence of the Swedish Chancellor Axel Oxenstierna, his son John Oxenstierna, Envoy Plenipotentiary to Germany, the Generals de la Gardie, Horn, Banér, Wrangel, and about sixty letters, instructions, and other communications from the hand of Gustavus Adolphus, dating chiefly from the years 1613, 1627, and 1629. The importance of these original sources for the history of the Thirty Years' War, the various negotiations with Russia and other Powers, and the final conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia, can hardly be overestimated. Mr. Kordt is preparing them for publication, and hopes to render them available to scholars at an early date.—*The N. Y. Nation*.

IN the "Old Saloon" in *Blackwood* for February, a review written evidently by Mrs. Oliphant—indefatigable writer as she is!—we meet with an amusing instance of the English (or Scottish) inability to comprehend conditions of life so remote from their own stereotyped surroundings as are, for instance, to be found among North American Indians. In reviewing Lady Dufferin's "Canadian Journal" the reviewer comes across the following—to her perplexing description of the ordinary Indian treating arrangements: "We next saw their council room, and in it a peculiar fireplace which they have in all the cottages and which I would like to put in some large hall somewhere. It is a good sized square in the very middle of the room, with the chimney directly over it. Every one in the room is thus able to get an equal share of the heat, and it looks most cheerful, with the people sitting all round it." To any reader, who had ever seen a Canadian campfire, not to speak of a lumber shanty, or an Indian wigwam, this description would present no difficulty. But the word "fireplace" suggests to the British mind only the ordinary fireplace of civilization, and so the reviewer is sorely puzzled, and while declaring that this "seems an admirable idea" for cold weather, wants to know "whether there are fireplaces on each side of this square or if these are blank. In the one case, the four fires would be extravagant, in the other, the cheerfulness, though probably not the warmth, which it might be possible to spread on all sides by firebricks or other such arrangements, would be much diminished." Obviously a fireplace without such civilized accompaniments as firebricks is inconceivable to the writer, who has evidently never even gone through a course of Parkman! Well, of course no one, not even a popular novelist, can be expected to know everything; but in a writer whose recognition of the limitations of others, if indulgent, is also a trifle patronizing,—this instance of "limitation" is decidedly refreshing.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Beesly, E. S. Queen Elizabeth. 60c. London: Macmillan & Co.
Dennis, Jno. The Poetical Works, Sir Walter Scott. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
Malot, Hector. Conscience. 75c. New York: Worthington Co.
Saintsbury, Geo. Selections from Defoe's Minor Novels. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.