

Edinburgh Review in 1802, is a famous starting point in English chronicles. The publication of the *Tatler* was another, on the 12th of April, 1709. The *Spectator* appeared on March 1, 1711, then came the *Guardian*, the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Rambler*. The latter was first issued on March 20, 1750, and continued till March 14, 1752. Its largest sale seldom exceeded 500 copies. The style was turgid and heavy, the matter almost altogether ethical. But the seed was being sown, which within one short, but quickened, alert century was to produce such myriad results. It is commonly heard among us that nothing published in England to-day in the way of periodical literature can compare with what our friends are doing in Boston and New York. Well—at least in quantity the English do pretty well. They have the two *Macmillans*, the *Cornhill*, *All the Year Round*, *Newbury House*, *Longmans*, *Temple Bar*, *Murray's*, *Blackwood's*, *Atlanta*, all the "Cassell" magazines, to say nothing of the great quarterlies and heavy reviews, the purely literary papers, and the very large and important section of literature devoted to the young and to sacred subjects. This is a fair list. And I have not touched upon the world of fashion which demands its cultured journals and reads them too—isn't it Lord Randolph Churchill who likes the *Lady's Pictorial*? I should like to take the *Nineteenth Century*, *Punch*, the *Pall Mall Budget* and *Blackwood's* regularly the year round. I know the four make a curious whole, but well primed with these one might resist both stagnation and fatigue. There would be no worried looking through and over to see what was worth reading; there would be no necessity for sifting, as it were.

The week is a busy one. Curious—how among all the rumours of electioneering with which the town is rife—one hears only of Sir John! As a man among men, as a man for men, as a leader of men, he has no equal in Canada, and had he lived in other countries doubtless his peculiar gifts would have still followed him. There is a sentiment about him which refuses to be ignored. Said an individual lately: "I would rather have an audience with Sir John and come away defeated, balked of my purpose whatever it was, than be given a post which I coveted and valued by anyone else." That is to say—the Chieftain possesses that power of creating a glamour which is essential to all leaders of faction or community. When perfect command of temper is united to geniality, then the character is indeed fitted to govern. The genial man is usually hot-headed. If he be quick to make a friend, he will also be prone to exchange a friend for an enemy. But when the virtues of the amiable and merry Hibernian are combined with the astuteness and coolness of the "canny Scot" then, as in the case of Canada's Grand Old Man, we have that unique instance of the power to hold which is distinctly remarkable in his case.

The war between the Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites continues to rage. William Archer regards Ibsen as almost as great a man as Shakespeare, while George Sims leads the Philistines. A remarkable circumstance is that the greatest admirers of Ibsen are said to be among the actors. The chief success, however, of the London winter season has been gained by Mr. Jones' very sensational play entitled "The Dancing Girl." The plot, as condensed for us by several leading journals, seems neither original nor attractive, but the success is undoubted. I expect it is human, strong and true. A play must be these three things. He—Mr. Jones—is now styled the English Sardou. This reminds me that once in New York, a well-known theatrical manager showed me the desk in which were stowed away such manuscripts and printed plays as had come into his possession during long years of association with a leading theatre. Four drawers were marked "G" and eight were labelled "F."

"I get most of my new pieces out of those drawers," said this candid gentleman (I wasn't given to rambling at that time, and he did not object to telling me some of the tricks of his trade), "'G' stands for German and 'F' for French. I have a capital man at work nearly all the time upon these comedies, farces, vaudevilles, etc., and he is competent to turn out anything the public clamours for, from old English comedy to Fulton Ferry burlesque." I have since been told the same thing by actors. It appears to be the rarest of all gifts—that of being able to produce an entirely original play capable of being staged expurgated or alteration. I am glad to hear that D'Oyley Carte is announced to produce Edward Solomon's new comic opera at the Savoy Theatre in April. The subject of Mr. Solomon's latest work is "Eastern," and as yet unnamed. Mr. Solomon—by the way, I thought he was dead—has or had a charming gift of melody and is about the only English composer of light opera worthy to succeed Sir Arthur Sullivan. I recommend everyone to go this week and hear the delightful music of "Claude Duval." Of course I haven't seen the company. The "Corante," if properly danced, is very pretty, and there are various well-written numbers.

Dr. Ogden Jones is quite right to correct what was a badly-constructed sentence, conveying a wrong impression. The following items may interest my readers at large as well as those working in the field of medical science. Dr. Koch is no early riser; on the contrary, he only gets up at nine o'clock, unless there be some particular reason for commencing his day earlier. He takes a long time to

dress, as he is very particular, and makes his toilet at once for the day. Instead of drinking coffee for breakfast Dr. Koch takes a thick soup made of flour, into which he breaks an enormous quantity of toasted black bread. After this simple meal, he repairs to his laboratory, which he does not leave till two o'clock. At this hour dinner is served. It consists of soup, roast meat, and a light pudding. He takes his soup after the pudding. On the stroke of three a white horse from the livery stables stands before his door. On this animal the professor trots briskly off to the Thiergarten. This ride, for which he wears a rather peculiar riding suit, and an enormous slouch hat, lasts about an hour. The rest of his time till eight in the evening is devoted solely to study. At the supper, as sumptuous as the dinner is simple, there must always be three or four sorts of meat. Dr. Koch drinks during his meal large quantities of soda water. After his supper, and sometimes during his supper, he receives the visits of friends and acquaintances with whom he remains in lively conversation till midnight.

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

GRIM Winter rose and girded on his sword
To battle with the world; at each swift blow
The wind hissed cold, and at the sound abhorred
Birds ceased their singing and the river's flow
Stayed in its course; the sun's warm glow
Reached not the flowers thro' the air's dark frown;
The last leaves perished, and the crystal snow
Paled the soft bosom of the earth so brown
And all her pulsing life was frozen down.

Within Time's wondrous palace of past years
Nature sat grieving on her ancient throne;
Her furrowed cheeks were wet with scalding tears,
And from her wrinkled mouth 'scaped many a moan;
For she was brooding on delights long flown,
When all was bright and happy, and the land
Flourished in fruitfulness, and there was known
No sign of sorrow, ere stern Winter's hand
Gave right of spoil to all his ruthless band.

"Ah me!" she cried aloud in accents sad,
"That ever son of Time should work such woe,
And he of all the offspring I have had
The eldest, unto whom my love did go
Like streams that meadow margins overflow
With rainy surfeit for the thirsty earth;
Whom I had hoped from childhood would upgrow
Rich in high thought, bold deed and noble worth,
And yet Woe's curse fell on him from his birth."

"And woe is mine, and fills my bitter cup,
When through the land I watch him yearly start
With that cold steel which freezeth all things up,
And Death for ally with his dèrnful dart
And foul Disease in train. Ah! break my heart!
I dare not view the wreck that he hath done;
My soul hath felt enough of sorrow's smart,
Would God had finished all He hath begun,
Since all my best works perish one by one."

In simple beauty Spring knelt gently down,
Kissed the sad tears from Nature's care-worn face,
Smoothed from her thoughtful brow each troublous frown
With tender hands, that left of pain no trace,
And then upstood in modest maiden grace,
Saying, "Behold! mine hour hath come to me;
I go to make my love a resting-place
Against his coming from beyond the sea—
A throne most fitting for his sovereignty."

Then Nature smiled, and knew all would be well;
"Fare forth, dear Spring, sweet daughter and delight;
In thy brave hands I place a potent spell,
To put fierce Winter's pillagers to flight;
With this thou shalt bedeck the meads all bright,
And fill the woods with sounds of music rare,
While endless coming beauties shall alight
From every breeze that stirs the perfumed air,
To fill the world with joy beyond compare."

So Spring walked forth into the icy cold,
And as her first soft footfall touched the earth,
A joyous thrill on everything took hold,
And from the spot a snowdrop white had birth;
Then a bold robin piped across the dearth
Of frozen land a loud defiant sound,
When Winter knew his power was little worth,
And sped him forth to higher vantage ground,
With all his yelling rout fast flying round.

At every step of Spring new flowers sprang up—
Pale primrose, blue-bell, crocus many-hued,
Lily and cowslip, daisy, buttercup—
Among the new-green grass in floral feud,
Each with the soul of rivalry imbued,
Till holts and meadows far from east to west
Shone like a scene of Paradise renewed,
Or some king's wedding feast, where every guest
In brilliant splendour strives to pass the rest.

The birds set up a chorus of glad song,
Watching their nests among the shady trees;
Insects in quick innumerable throng
Made live the earth and air; gold-laden bees
Scorned the fine butterflies that flew at ease
Among the blossomed beauties of the fields;
The strong young leaves defied the assaulting breeze,
Spreading the brightness of their verdant shields
To guard the nursing fruit that Autumn yields.

Noons came and went, full of increasing bliss,
With nights wherein soft dews began to fall
Upon the sleeping land, like love's warm kiss;
The morning sky wove splendours over all,

And every sunset was a festival
Of blazing colour; till a pale young moon
Peered through the upper blue with languid face,
And led the laughing herald-hours of June.
That told of Summer's coming all too soon.

Where the thin moonbeams cast their joys along
A verdured vale of rapturous delight
Spring caught the echoes of the heralds' song,
And saw the flow'rets in the dead of night
Lift up their watchful faces, glad and bright,
And heard the birds soft singing thro' the shade;
Singing for Summer and the morning light;
Then sank her soul within her, and afraid
She watched the circuit that the fast moon made.

Away she sped in haste to her far home,
Time's palace, reared on Truth's eternal base,
Whose walls miraculous and wondrous dome
Wore scenes of beauty frescoed on their face,
And carvings magical great thoughts did trace
Through all the ages; there from her high seat
Nature smiled welcome with refulgent grace;
But Spring her sobbing breasts began to beat,
And fell down swooning at her mother's feet.

As Death, unseen, poised high his vengeful dart,
And Nature knelt beside Spring's fallen form,
Night's outer curtain 'gan to wave and part
Before the sun's first breath, so bright and warm;
The diamond dew to rainbows did transform,
The flowers raised up their heads to their full height,
The breeze bore on its wings a music storm,
As every bird sang forth in full delight
And loudest strain the sighings of the night.

And Spring, revived a little, moved her head,
And to her mother said, in accents mild:
"Before he comes, alas! I may be dead;
O hasten to him, mother, for thy child,
And give him this, I plucked it in the wild,
And tell him ere King Death his mantle throws
I would he kissed my lips, and on me smiled.
O haste thee, mother mine! take this white rose,
And bid him come my dying eyes to close."

With her last word the golden door swung free,
A blaze of sunshine scattered all the gloom,
Sweet music rolled in a voluptuous sea,
The radiant air was filled with scent and bloom,
And Summer stood, the bravest-hearted groom
That ever bride had waited for and won;
But Spring lay like an image on a tomb,
Her too-short pilgrimage already done,
Her blue eyes closed, her latest breath begun;

And as her soul forsook its frail abode,
Golden-haired Summer, with a cry of pain,
Across the threshold of Time's palace strode,
With tears that fell in showers like to rain,
Calling on Spring to come to life again.
But tears could not disturb her last repose,
And all the calling of his heart was vain.
Summer still thinks of Spring—his grief he shows
When golden raindrops fall upon the rose.

SAREPTA.

NEHILAKIN: A TRADITIONAL STORY OF OKA NAGON.

TO write a story, an authority has said, in the first place a person must have something to write about, and in the next must write that something properly. In relating the legend of Nehilakin there is plenty to tell, but to do justice to the beauty and wild grandeur of the scenery of the place where the events narrated are said to have occurred, or to invest the legend with the romance and poetry of the original native narrator, is a difficult task.

The winter had set in with unusual rigour; snow lay deep on the ground, covering the herbs and grass with a spotless mantle. The extreme cold had bound the great lake in icy chains. The deer were driven down from the mountains into the valley, and in their track came wolves and coyotes innumerable. But the deer though plentiful were thin and poor, and the Indians though capturing many could only eat a few; still the love of hunting is so strong in the Indian heart that the young men could not refrain from needless slaughter.

Among the hunters there was none so eager as Nehilakin. The icy crest that had formed on the incumbent snow, and cut like a knife the slender legs of the deer as they bounded through it, was not harder or colder than his heart; he hunted for the joy of killing and killed for the pleasure of destruction.

The old men, well knowing the consequences of indiscriminate slaughter, counselled the younger members of the tribe to refrain from killing game they could not eat; the young men, with the exception of Nehilakin, bowed in submission to their elders. Nehilakin, though he spoke not, listened with cold, glistening eye and scornfully curled lips, when the aged Hapkin warned the youths that if they abused the good gifts of the Great Chief some dire punishment would follow, and earnestly besought them to think what the suffering of the tribe would be should a scarcity of game result from their recklessness.

Moonlight is beautiful at all times, but in the winter it is transcendently beautiful. See how the silver flood of light breaks over the dark mountain tops, illumines the lofty pine and darting downward dances on the frozen, glassy lake; all is silver where the moonbeams play, else were all dark and drear.

Surely there is enchantment in the moonlight; look at the phantom shadows of the rocking pines how ghastly