

pected. The authors are loud in complaint. Hence the defectiveness of ancient texts which has given employment and cause of quarrel to so many commentators. Perhaps, if critics had borne distinctly in mind the fact of ancient MSS. being all more or less open to the great source of corruption which arises from mishearing—complicated as it is by the MSS. having in later ages been copied by men who would add the errors of the eye to errors of the ear—their emendations might have been more felicitous. I will, before concluding, mention one ludicrous blunder which runs through all the editions of Pausanias, until Dindorf corrected it—a blunder most probably arising from a confused hearing on the part of the transcriber. Pausanias is made to say that the Sibyl's mother was a goddess, but her father was an *eater of whales*: *πατὴρ δὲ κητοφάγιοι*. What a whale-eater might be, as a special distinction, few seem to have troubled themselves about. But Dindorf, seeing that there was some antithesis implied between mother and father, that is, between goddess and something else, and not recognizing this antithesis in the eater of whales, felicitously guessed that the antithesis to goddess was mortal—and that the mortal was not an eater of whales, but an eater of bread which, as Homer says, the gods are *not*. Dindorf corrected the phrase into *δέκντοφάγιοι*; and the passage became sense.

*Parliamentary Committees*.—This is an interesting paper and ought to be studied by our Canadian Parliamentary Committee-men. We make a few extracts:—

But one of the most amusing things in the world is the levity with which people talk about “obtaining information.” As if information were as easy to pick up as stones! “It ain’t so hard to nuss the sick,” said a hired nurse, “as some people might think; the most of ’em doesn’t want nothing, and them as does doesn’t get it.” Parodying this, one might say, it is much harder to “obtain information” than some people might think: the most don’t know anything, and those who do don’t say what they know. Here is a real episode from the history of an inquiry, which took place four or five years ago, into the desirability of making a new line of railway on the Border. A witness was giving what is called “traffic evidence,” in justification of the alleged need of the railway, and this is what occurred:—

*Mr. Brown* (the cross-examining counsel for the opponents of the new line).—Do you mean to tell the committee that you ever saw an inhabited house in that valley?

*Witness*.—Yes, I did.

*Mr. Brown*.—Very good.

Some other questions were put, which led to nothing particular; but, just as the witness—a Scotchman—was leaving the box, the learned gentleman put one more question:—

*Q*.—I am instructed to ask you if the vehicle you saw was not the hearse of the last inhabitant?

*Answer*.—It was.

A scene like the following is really *not* burlesque, however much it may look like it, owing to the difficulty of *representing* what cannot be exactly stated. The question is, let us suppose, the very easy one of the width of two pieces of land, marked respectively green and red upon a map on the wall:—