

lished in London, is as good a piece of military biography as one could reasonably desire. Mr. Forbes has been a war correspondent and he has travelled extensively in the Orient. The knowledge he gleaned from his past calling and travels has served him to advantage in the preparation of the story of Gen. Havelock.

In an interesting article, *On Certain Latterday Humorists*, which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* for February, Mr. Brander Matthews, after deploring the low level of our comic papers, and stating that we frequently find poor jokes even in journals where every effort is made to provide good jokes, goes on to say: "The supply is not equal to the demand, and the joke-smith often has to set his wits to work when the stock of raw material is running low." Now, dear friends, as Mr. S. H. Blake would say, there is an opening to the realm of literature. The supply is not equal to the demand! Think of it. And a joke is so easily manufactured. It requires but a peculiar turn of the *humorist*, and the trick is done. Crack jokes; that is what the world wants.

A strong and sympathetic paper on *The Celt in English Art*, in the *Fortnightly Review*, from the pen of Mr. Grant Allen, contains this passage: "The Celtic in Britain, like Mr. Burne-Jones's enchanted princess, has lain silent for ages in an enforced long sleep: but the spirit of the century, pushing aside the weeds and briars of privilege and caste, has set free the sleeper at last, as with a blast from its holm, and to-day the Celt awakes again to fresh and vigorous life, bringing all the Celtic ideals, the Celtic questions, and the Celtic characteristics into the very thick and forefront of the fray in England. The *Times* may shake its sapient head, like Weithenin over the rotten dyke of the Lowland Hundred: but

the Celt has revolted from all that, and the flood is upon us." This, from "a true born Englishman," is very outspoken and honest talk. Indeed, Mr. Allen's whole article is characterized by kindly frankness to the Celt. Such writing is badly needed. The Saxon does not know everything, and least of all does he know the Celt. Unfortunately the latter does not always know himself, holding with Thales, the Milesian, I suppose, that for a man to know himself is the hardest thing in the world. The essay on the Possibilities of the Celt, by Mr. Allen, would make very comforting reading for the average Irishman on St. Patrick's Day.

In the recent poetry prize contest in *Once a Week* the result of the voting was as follows: The most dramatic poem?—The Ride from Ghent to Aix, by Browning. The most humorous poem?—John Gilpin's Ride, by Cowper. The most pathetic poem?—The Bridge of Sighs, by Hood. The most romantic poem?—Lochinvar, by Scott. The most popular quotation in poetry, of not more than two lines?—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," by Gray. The noblest male character in poetry?—Sir Galahad, by Tennyson. The most lovable female character in poetry?—Evangeline, by Longfellow. The most musical line in poetry?—"O wild West wind, thou breath of autumn's being," by Shelley. The most beautiful simile in poetry?—"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," by Byron. The most beautiful poem of all?—"The elegy written in a country churchyard," by Gray. Few of us will agree with the choice of the readers of *Once a Week* as it is exhibited throughout this list.

March 5th, 1891.

FAME.

I waft no sight for fame, I know too well
Its want of worth, hence from my mind expel
This bright but careless dream, for which men strive
By every means their five week wits contrive:
The days I live and all my eyes behold
To my astonished soul this truth unfold:
Our lives, like pebbles, in oblivion fall
Whose rayless waters meet and cover all!

C.

January 4th, 1891.