

IN the January *Century*, the next to the last instalment of "The Life of Lincoln" appears. This instalment contains a graphic account of Lincoln's last day and his assassination, also a chapter on the fate of the assassins and a description of the mourning pageant. There is a portrait of Andrew Johnson, a diagram of the box in Ford's Theatre, a facsimile of a play-bill found in the President's box, a picture of the funeral-car and of the monument at Springfield. Supplementary papers by other hands are printed on the pursuit and death of John Wilkes Booth. The latter papers are by two Confederate officers who met Booth and Herold in their flight, and by a Union officer who commanded the cavalry that captured the fugitives. The frontispiece of this number of *The Century* is a portrait of Prof. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth." Accompanying the portrait is a sketch of Professor Bryce's life. A notable paper is Miss Amelia B. Edwards' account of the recent very extraordinary discoveries at Bubastis, in Egypt. One stone of these ruins is almost sixty-one centuries old, and Bubastis is as ancient as the earth itself used to be considered. All the monuments reproduced in this article are now for the first time published. A very full instalment of Jefferson's "Autobiography" gives some amusing tales of the early adventures of the author. Jefferson also describes the elder Booth's acting of "Sir Giles Overreach," and tells about that eccentric knight, the actor Sir William Don. There are also descriptions of Julia Dean, James E. Murdoch, and Henry Placide; and the instalment closes with a brief essay entitled, "A Play is an Animated Picture." The instalment is profusely illustrated. Henry James has a fully illustrated paper on Daumier, the famous French caricaturist. Among the poems is one from the pen of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. This (a sonnet) cannot be considered a fair example of our Canadian poet's work. The rhymes "steal" and "steel" are of course incorrect, and the introduction of the garden flower, "crocus," at the close of the picture, is out of harmony with the preceding aspects of what we suppose is meant for a dull Canadian winter landscape. The "crocus" does not, as everyone knows, grow anywhere in Canada save in gardens, and the garden idea does not tally with the sonnet in question.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"CARMEN SYLVA," Queen of Roumania, is threatened with permanent ill-health. A whole season's treatment at Wiesbaden has done her no good, and she is to spend the winter in the south.

MR. GLADSTONE is writing an article on Mr. Motley and his works, which will appear in an American review, and which will contain some interesting personal reminiscences of the historian.

MR. W. BLACKBURN HARTE has an article on "Intellectual Life and Literature in Canada" in the December number of the *New England Magazine*, published at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

COUNT TOLSTOI, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, has resumed his literary work. He is now working on a novel to be called "La Sonate de Kreutzer." It is a family romance, and will not be very long.

WE understand that Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, editor of *The Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, author of the recently published "History of the Macleods," and several other Highland clan histories, is engaged on a history of the Chisholms.

ROBERT BROWNING's body lay, the week before last, at his former residence, 29 Devere Gardens, London. The house was filled with flowers, sent by friends and admirers from many parts of the world. He was buried at noon on the Tuesday, between Chaucer and Cowley, in the east aisle of the south transept of the Abbey, the Poets' Corner.

THE three Shakespearian revivals of "Richard III.," "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" will be the subject of a special illustrated four-page Supplement to the number of *Harper's Weekly* to be published January 8th. The text will be by William Winter, and the illustrations have been drawn from life by Albert E. Sterner.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M.P., has received a letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, congratulating him upon the address he recently delivered at Lansdowne College, which was condensed in our pages. In emphatic language—and Mr. Gladstone is in these matters known to be niggardly of praise—the "Grand Old Man" adds, "It is a stroke struck for civilization."

MR. ANDREW YOUNG, the author of that widely known Sunday-school hymn, "There is a happy land," died in Edinburgh, recently, in his eightieth year. He studied at Edinburgh University under Professor Wilson and Dr. Chalmers, eventually choosing the scholastic profession instead of the ministerial. In 1878 he published a volume of verse bearing the title "The Scottish Highlands and Other Poems."

THE *Saturday Review* of London charges W. D. Howells with developing an inclination toward sensationalism in his latest novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes." It formulates this charge in italics: *one of the characters was shot in a street row.* If this is "sensationalism," Mr. Howells had already made the "new departure" in "Annie Kilburn," in which the hero, it will be remembered, was killed on the railroad track.

STANLEY's letters, telling the story of Emin's rescue, and accompanied by illustrations and a map showing the travellers' route from the Congo to the coast, will be published early in January by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Sir William MacKinnon, chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, adds some interesting material to the volume. It is, of course, understood that the book will not in any way trench upon Mr. Stanley's great work, which cannot possibly be published for several months.

JUST how to become self-supporting is a problem to thousands of ambitious and hopeful young women. To all such Mrs. Raffensperger's story of how "Those Raeburn Girls" tried and succeeded will come as a suggestion, an inspiration and a help. As a help, too, toward right-thinking and clean-living the selections from the words of England's famous preacher, Frederick W. Robertson, compiled by Rose Porter, and just issued by D. Lothrop Company, will stand as another desirable volume in their attractive "Spare Minute Series."

AS is well known, copies of all books published in Great Britain must be sent to the British Museum. Formerly this rule also applied to the four Scotch universities, but when the Copyright Act was passed the publishers were absolved from this burden and £2,232 paid annually out of the public treasury as a compensation to those institutions of learning. This, too, being found to be somewhat burdensome, it is now proposed to commute the payment and hand over to each university, once for all, such a sum as may be considered equitable under all the circumstances.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the diary of Mr. S. Langley, who was Thackeray's private secretary for a year or two, is to be sold. The record of daily events is a full one. Notes of the great author's conversations and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle, and his personal peculiarities have also been noted. Besides the diary, there is also a large quantity of MSS. in Mr. Langley's hand, including his data and remembrances of his master, that at one time he intended to publish as "Recollections of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray."

MR. A. P. WATTS has, by Mr. Wilkie Collins' special appointment, become his literary executor. Thomas Hardy has been elected to fill the place on the Council of the English Society of Authors made vacant by the death of Mr. Collins. We note the statement that Mr. Collins possessed an immense collection of letters from literary friends—notably Dickens, Thackeray, the late Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Fechter, Charles Reade, and others; but he had a great burning of correspondence in the spring of 1888, when he removed to Wimpole Street, London, from the house in Gloucester Place which he had occupied for more than twenty years.

THE Bishop of Durham, Eng., Rt. Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, is dead at the age of sixty-one. He was a native of Liverpool; received his education at Cambridge University, where he proved a noted scholar, winning honours; in 1857, he became a tutor at Trinity College, and four years later was made Professor of Divinity. Dr. Lightfoot was appointed a canon of St. Paul's in 1871, and began to be famous for his revision of the texts of the apostolic letters, and for his acute and learned comment on the canon of Scripture and the variations of belief in the early Church, particularly with regard to the Gnostic heresies. He was appointed to the bishopric of Durham in 1879.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's recent lecture in St. Andrew's Hall, Oxford Street, was listened to by a crowded audience, and had for its subject "The Real and the Ideal in Fiction." It might have been called a sermon to writers of fiction to avoid extremes if they would secure more than a temporary popularity. Lord Lytton drew characters that were divinities or deities. Dickens filled his books with ideal pictures of East-end life, so that the lives of the poor were represented as full of unselfish devotion, of heroic deeds, of sweetness, and of tender affection. Thackeray treated the West End in a somewhat similar way, but people call his pictures realistic, though Mr. McCarthy could not say whether Dickens was a greater realist than Thackeray, or Thackeray a greater idealist than Dickens. The lecturer then passed to the modern sensational novel, in which a wife throws her husband down a well, wills are lost, great heiresses arise, insurrections are found that must be read backwards, and millions of savages are slaughtered, while a beautiful princess is met with who is dying to marry one of the adventurers. Mr. McCarthy predicted that, in time, a quieter school of fiction would come.

IN *Murray's Magazine* the fourth and last part of Mrs. Kendal's "Dramatic Opinions" is devoted chiefly to the question of the employment of young children on the stage. She much regrets the passing of the Bill which forbids their acting, or doing any work in the theatre until they are ten years old, and, speaking of their employment in the pantomime, she says: "And what an excellent thing! Oh, think of the families at Christmas that are positively kept from starving by the fairies' weekly stipend! . . . Then think of the kindness—the uniform kindness—of actors and actresses to these children; there is nothing under the sun too good for them. There are such noble things done that outsiders would be amazed at the record. Far be it from me to advocate that children's whole lives should be passed in a theatre, but there are times when it can do nothing but good; and when you come to think that managers who produce pantomimes sometimes engage as many as 150 little children, to none

of whom they ever give less than 12s. a week, it will not surprise you to hear that hundreds of children are seen waiting at the stage door of Drury Lane and Covent Garden and the Standard at Christmas time."

WHO is the Edgar Fawcett that the London *Literary World* so aptly cauterizes as follows?—"Blossoms and Brambles" by Edgar Fawcett, appears to be an English reprint of an American book. The book is not without merit, but we could name a large number of American volumes of poetry which more deserve reproduction in this country. There is a harshness and angularity of phrasing which is not at all pleasant in many of these poems. The listener to such would be conscious of a want of melody in the words, and sometimes even of a jarring sound; the accents, too, are often faulty. This is partly caused by the frequent use of many-syllabled words, which are proverbially difficult for the poet to manage. Only a great poet can safely use them." The same journal notices W. W. Campbell's recent little volume of verse in the following strain. The notice might have included the author's name: "Canada gives us in 'Lake Lyrics and Other Poems' a volume full of careful and apparently accurate description of her own scenery. Perhaps there is a little too much of it for a single book. The closing poems, however, deal with more human subjects. That on Lazarus is full of a large-hearted sympathy with humanity as a whole. The ode to Tennyson shows how greatly the Laureate is appreciated in Canada. The book does credit to the Canadian printers."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

EVENING.

FROM upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions; flickering high
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
Or drops with griding wing; the stilly woods
Grow dark and deep, and gleam mysteriously.
Cool night-winds creep and whisper in mine ear;
The homely cricket gossips at my feet,
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear
With ebb and change the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus; one by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

—A. Lampman, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

FLAMMARION AND LE VERRIER.

A HAPPY concurrence of circumstances led me, when in my sixteenth year, to enter the Paris Observatory. I was introduced to Le Verrier by Father Babinet, as he was familiarly called, and received as an assistant astronomer at that institution. I was passionately fond of astronomy. But having read Arago's scientific treatises, especially the one which refers to Bailly, who fell a victim to revolutionary fury, I had some misgivings as to whether I should consecrate myself definitely to so austere a vocation. . . . M. Pasteur, whom I visited at the Normal School, advised me to enter the Museum, as natural history shared with astronomy my best predilections. The Observatory, however, won the day, and I am delighted that it did. That imposing edifice, to my eyes, was a temple. I venerated its noble traditions. I had for the author of the discovery of Neptune an unfeigned admiration, and was proud to be admitted to work under his shadow.—*Camille Flammarion in North American Review*.

THE LATE REV. DR. HATCH.

THE Rev. Edwin Hatch, the news of whose death in England has caused widespread regret in Canada, was an eminent educationist and man of letters. Coming to Canada in 1859, soon after graduating at Oxford, he filled for some time the professorship of classics in Trinity College, Toronto, a position he relinquished in 1862 to accept the rectorship of the High School at Quebec, as successor to Dr. William Stewart Smith, then lately deceased, and in the same year was appointed to the chair of classics and mental and moral philosophy at the Morrin College. He continued to discharge the laborious and important functions incident to the two positions mentioned for many years at Quebec, and as "Mufti" in the *Ottawa Citizen* says, there are many of his students scattered over the Dominion, some of them eminent in the learned professions and the commercial world, who will recall with melancholy interest their old professor's varied gifts of scholarship and immense stores of knowledge, together with his charming courtesy, which was as apparent in his conversation as it was conspicuous in his character. Returning to England in 1867, Dr. Hatch rejoined his alma mater, becoming Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall and one of the Public Examiners in Sacra Theologia. He was also, in 1880, Bampton Lecturer, the subject being on "The Organization of the Early Christian Churches," a work which when published excited interest throughout Germany as well as in England, the main points being accepted by all the leading German theologians. In the same year he was appointed Griffield Lecturer on the Septuagint, and held the office for four years. In 1883 he was appointed Rector of Purleigh, in Essex, and he was also one of the select preachers of the University, positions he continued to fill up to his death. Dr. Hatch never forgot the country where he had passed