

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD TENNYSON contemplates a sea voyage for the benefit of his health.

JEAN INGELow lives in retirement with her mother in Kensington, England.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR has accepted the chaplaincy of the House of Commons.

Mrs. ALICE SHAW is about to start upon a whistling tour around the world.

A CABLE despatch from London announces the death of Mr. Mudie, the proprietor of the London circulating library known by his name.

THE Wilkie Collins memorial, for which something over \$1,500 has been raised, will take the form of a small library of choice fiction, to be presented to the London "People's Palace."

FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE lives in a plain, square house of two storeys, near Schweidnitz, in Silesia. The entrance is guarded by two great guns from Mount Valerian that were presented to the count by the late Emperor William.

BJORNSTJERN BJORNSON, the Norwegian writer, has a daughter who gives promise of becoming a great singer. Her father has just completed a volume of poems, which, as fast as they were written, Froken Bergliot Bjornson set to music.

THE late Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist, was a man of consummate tact. He was once splashed from head to foot by the carriage wheels of a lady who pulled up suddenly to speak to him. Before she had time to fashion her regret for the misadventure into words, Whyte Melville put her at her ease with the quiet remark: "Ah, Mrs. A—, I thought it must be you; you always have the best horses in London."

ALTHOUGH Miss Florence Nightingale is no longer young and has been for years past far from strong, she has never lost her interest in good work of all kinds, and does personally far more than many who are strong and active. Quite recently she wrote a letter calling attention to the importance of the "rescue work" done under the First Offenders Act, as it is somewhat clumsily called.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, opening a free library in South London recently, found a good word to say for fiction. It appeared to him quite natural, he said, that novels should be read by those who could borrow them from the free libraries, and to read them was not a mischievous but a good thing. Good novels had in them elements of history which were more valuable, and went more easily and directly to the mind of the reader than could be found in other volumes.

In the autumn of 1886, Mr. Browning spent upwards of two months at Llangollen. Every Sunday he walked out, through fair weather or foul, to the little church of Llantysilio—one of the oldest churches in Wales, situated on the north bank of the "sacred Dee." Here he was always found (accompanied by his sister) by his friends Sir Theodore and Lady Martin. A tablet is now to be placed by Lady Martin on the wall close to where he sat, with the following inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshipped in this church ten weeks in autumn, 1886, by his friend, Helen Faucit Martin."

THE Rev. Edward Liddon in the *Guardian* gives some interesting reminiscences of his brother, the late Canon. He shows on what slender grounds Canon Liddon has been claimed as a Liberal in politics. "He certainly was no party politician; he subordinated his politics to his religious convictions. He was opposed to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the removal of religious tests at Oxford. He disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and a few days before his death expressed his great admiration and approval of Lord Salisbury's recent action in Africa; he thought it would save much bloodshed and trouble and tend to the peace of the world."

THE *Independent* thus alludes to the death of Mrs. Booth: "With the death of Mrs. Booth the world loses the visible presence of one of the greatest religious heroines of the present day. She has acquitted herself nobly as mother, as preacher, as writer, and as individual saint. . . . She has been the soul of the Salvation Army. The 'General' was nowhere in comparison with his wife. Thousands of people who held him and the more obtrusive features of Army work in abhorrence loved and admired and sat at the feet of Mrs. Booth. She moved all classes. Hers was, theologically, a very narrow horizon; but she made up for breadth by depth. Her intensity was almost superhuman. She herself would have said it was superhuman."

THE first editions of Mr. Eugene Field's "Little Book of Western Verse" and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" were exhausted immediately on publication. A second edition has just been issued by the Scribners; also a new work of practical value, entitled "Electricity in Daily Life," and a new volume of verse by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, entitled "The Lion's Cub and other Verse," and a volume by Benjamin E. Martin, entitled "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," as it may be called a topographical biography of Lamb, as it follows him in his relations to those parts of London with which he was so closely associated. It will contain many beautiful illustrations by Herbert Railton, and a fuller bibliography of Lamb literature than has yet been issued.

THE original log book of Captain Cook has been unearthed in a most unexpected manner. A short time ago the volume was bought by a bookseller in Bond Street. It was there found and purchased by Mr. John Corner, antiquarian of Whitby. This gentleman, knowing that it was from Whitby that Cook sailed on his first voyage, was glad to get hold of so interesting a relic of the great explorer. The book contains a log of the voyages of his Majesty's ship *Endeavour* from 1768 to 1771, and the proceedings are recorded in Cook's handwriting. It has been inspected by the librarian to the Admiralty and other competent authorities, and pronounced to be genuine. It is now being exhibited in the New South Wales Court in the mining exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

THE idea of tacking on a subscription library to a free public library occurred to Mr. Thomas Stanley, librarian of Wednesbury, and he sends us the result of the first year's working. The principle on which it is conducted is that after two years the books are handed over to the shelves of the free library, in return for which the subscription library gets a home provided for it within the walls of the public one. Perhaps all librarians would not be willing to add to their labours in this way, but that it can be made worth their while is shown by the fact that the Wednesbury Subscription Library Committee could afford to offer their secretary a small honorarium for his pains. The idea deserves to be made known widely, and to be copied wherever no good subscription library already exists.

MR. SMALLEY says, in the *Tribune*, that Sir Richard Burton's death may almost be said to have reminded the English public of his existence. His greatest deeds of travel were done long since—his journey to Mecca in 1852, his journey to Harrar in 1854, and his discovery of Lake Tanganyika in 1858. He has done many things since, and written many books, but his books, all but one, are forgotten, admirable as some of them were. His fame as an African explorer has been obscured, though not eclipsed, by Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, of whom he was the predecessor and worthy rival. What the world has of late years known him by is his translation of "The Arabian Nights." That gave him a dubious, or at least a mixed, sort of celebrity. It is a work of genuine scholarship, full of accurate and copious knowledge of the East, and, to use Mr. Gladstone's word about Pitt, befouled with much curious enquiry into matters which might have been left alone. But Sir Richard Burton was a gallant spirit, who fought his own fight with the world and had hard measure in return. England, whose annals of adventure he has illumined, left him to moulder in an obscure consulate. He died at Trieste.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Alden's *Manifold Cyclopedia*. Vol. 21. New York: J. B. Alden.  
 Aristotle's *Ethics* (Camelot Series). 35c. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Ballard, J. P. *Moths and Butterflies*. London and New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.  
 Bartholomew, J. G., F.R.G.S. *The Century Atlas*. London: John Walker and Co.; Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Beaupré, H. *Six Mois Dans Les Montagnes Rocheuses*. Montreal: Granger Freres.  
 Boldwood, R. *The Scattered Dream*. \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.  
 Cleland, Rev. W. *Presbyterian Church in Ireland*. Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Custer, E. B. *Following the Guidon*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Farrar, Canon. *The Minor Prophets*. New York: Randolph and Co.; Toronto: The Willard Tract Repository.  
 Gaspé, P. A. *The Canadians of Old*. Translated by C. G. D. Roberts. New York: D. Appleton and Co.; Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Guers, Canon. *French Soldiers in German Prisons*. London: Dean and Son.  
 Howells, W. D. *A Boy's Town*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Jenkin, A. F. *Gymnastics* (All England Series). London: George Bell and Sons.  
 Kipling, R. *The Courting of Dinah Shadd and Other Stories*. 30c. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Knox, T. W. *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Knox, T. W. *Teetotal Dick*. \$1.50. New York: Ward and Drummond.  
 Lander, W. S. *Pericles and Aspasia* (Camelot Series). London: Walter Scott and Co.; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Layman's *Hand-Book*. Toronto: Hart and Co.  
 Macquoid, K. S. *At an Old Chateau* (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Marshall, Spens, Tait. *Tennis, Rackets, Fives*. (All England Series). London: George Bell and Sons.  
 Mathews, W., LL.D. *Words, Their Use and Abuse*. \$2. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Maupassant, Guy de, et al. *Modern Ghosts*. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Mills, J., Shaw, T. *The First Principles of Agriculture*. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co. (Ltd.).  
 Molesworth, Mrs. *The Children of the Castle*. London: Macmillan and Co.  
 Musick, T. H. *The Genesis of Nature*. New York: John B. Alden.  
 Oliphant, M. O. W. *Kirsteen*. 40c. New York: Harper Brothers.  
 Parkes, Kineton. *The Painter Poets* (The Canterbury Poets). London: Walter Scott and Co.; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.  
 Patten, S. N., D.D. *The Economic Basis of Protection*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.  
 Stern, H. J. *Evelyn Gray*. New York: John B. Alden.  
 Welsh, Prof. A. H. *Development of English Literature and Language*. 2 vols. \$4. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Welsh, Prof. A. H. *Digest of English and American Literature*. \$1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.  
 Whitney, Mrs. A. D. T. *Ascotney Street*. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Co.; Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.  
 Wilkinson, J. A. *A Real Robinson Crusoe*. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## GOD'S MUSIC.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,  
 Water, and air, and sod,  
 A music of divers meaning  
 Has flowed from the hand of God.  
 In valley and gorge and upland,  
 On stormy mountain height,  
 He makes him a harp of the forest,  
 He sweeps the cords with might.  
 He puts forth his hand to the ocean,  
 He speaks and the waters flow—  
 Now in a chorus of thunder,  
 Now in a cadence low.  
 He touches the waving flower bells,  
 He plays on the woodland streams—  
 A tender song—like a mother  
 Sings to her child in dreams.  
 But the music divinest and dearest,  
 Since ever the world began,  
 Is the manifold passionate music  
 He draws from the heart of man!

—Temple Bar.

## DREAMS AND DREAMING.

IT is an error to suppose, as Hobbes asserts in his "Leviathan," that sleep seals up the senses. Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a man who could be made to dream of any subject, by whispering about it into his ear while he slept; and it is a familiar fact that persons who talk in their sleep will frequently answer questions, if spoken to softly. On this point, the elaborated series of experiments made on himself, with the aid of an assistant, by M. Alfred Maury, are conclusive. The assistant applied various stimuli during Maury's sleep, and then awakened him that he might record his dream. When his lips were tickled with a feather he dreamed that a pitch-plaster was applied to his face, and then roughly torn off. When a pair of tweezers and a pair of scissors were stuck together close to his ear, he dreamed of the ringing of bells, which were quickly passed into the tocsin, and carried him into the events of June, 1848. He was made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, whilst the wind was whistling through the shutters of his room, and he then dreamed of being at sea when the powder-room of the vessel blew up. He recorded a number of equally appropriate but exaggerated images, suggested by simple sensations in the same way. The philosopher Reid remembered having only one distinct dream after he was about sixteen years of age, and that occurred to him after he had got his head blistered for a fall. The plaster gave him much pain all night; but he slept a little towards morning, and then dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians and was scalped. Dr. Gregory's hot-water bottle one night scorched his feet, and caused him to dream that he was walking up the crater of Vesuvius in the hot lava; and a gentleman who was compelled to sleep over a cheesemonger's shop, dreamt that he was shut up in a gigantic cheese to be eaten by rats. Lord Brougham relates that he dreamed a dream of long-continued action during a short dose, while a droning counsel was pleading before him. Lord Holland fell asleep while listening to some one reading, dreamed a long dream, and awoke in time to hear the conclusion of a sentence the first words of which were in his ears when he became unconscious. Dr. Abercrombie relates that a gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, had been apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened him. Another dreamed he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, having awoke with the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes. A lady confessed that in her sleep she had palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, who for many years held a high judicial post, was continually committing forgery in his dreams, and only regretted the act when he learned that he was to be hanged. A lady, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a grimace at her, doubled him up, and poked him through the bars of a lion's cage.

## NOVELISTS AND THE ROMANCE OF SPORT.

IT is remarkable that American novelists have made so little of those magnificent materials for sporting romance that were once to be found in their boundless territories. There are only two men of genius whose books have had any popularity on this side of the Atlantic; and it is strange that Washington Irving and Cooper should have had few successful imitators. As for the former, he was rather the historian of veritable adventure—though the enterprise, the perils, and the sufferings of the Western trappers and furhunters are as thrilling as anything the fancy could have conceived. The escapes of these daring men—and many of them lived to a green old age—seem simply miraculous. Burdened with their traps and ammunition, and encumbered with baggage animals, they habitually risked their scalps for the hard-won gains which would be lost in a single night of gambling, or squandered in a week of drunken debauchery. They carried their recklessness