Publications.

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London: BAILLIERE and Co., 20, King William-street, Strand, W.C.

Poetry.

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

I.—THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, field and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

II.—THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

III.—THE COW.

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders loving here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open-air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in the *Mayazine of Art.*

Reviews.

TWO STORIES OF THE STAGE.

There have been many so-called sketches of theatrical life in fiction. Few of these, however, have been the production of writers "to the manner born." Miss Marryat and Miss Jay are not only clever novelists, but also accomplished actresses. They have, therefore, the qualifications which are indispensable for giving a true picture of a life which possesses great attraction for outsiders, and which is surrounded by much misconception and often by malignant misrepresentation. In "My Sister the Actress" (1) Miss Marryat show sthat a pure and unselfish life can be lived by one "on the boards," while at the same time she dissipates the absurd notion that is too prevalent as to the glitter and gaiety of an actress's life. Her heroine is a most charming girl, who, owing to the cruelty of her father, Major Durant, and the meanness and jealousy of her aunt and cousin, is thrown upon her own resources when but a child. Elizabeth Durant has received a good education, and has shown, whilst at college, decided histrionic talent. When she is compelled to choose some method of getting her own living, two courses only appear to be open to her—either to become an ill-paid teacher in the young ladies' college where she herself had been trained, or to try her fortune on the stage. Circumstances bring her under the notice of a Mr. Henderson, a dramatic teacher and stage manager, who believes he can detect genius at a glance, and is ready to worship it when once detected. This Mr. Henderson is one of the best characters in the book—shrewd, kindly, and tender-hearted. "Hard rubbing with the world has given him an upper crust of cynicism, which is all the character he displays to strangers. He believes, like Carlyle, that human nature is chiefly composed of fools—and Mr. Henderson hates fools." Nevertheless he has a warm heart, and he proves a true friend and adviser to Betha Durant. The home of the Hendersons is evidently a sketch from life, the central figure in which is the wife, who "never sees the inside of a theatre," and is of opinion that "her husband does quite enough of that sort of thing for both of them." The friendly manager is so pleased with Betha's progress that he gives her an engagement at the Marlborough Theatre, and here is the description of her first experience behind the scenes:—

She has to change her dress on arriving there, and for that purpose is conducted to the dressing-room of the second ladies. Betha stares aghast at the apartment she is directed to enter. She knew that everything behind the scenes of a theatre is very different from what it is in front, but she was not quite prepared for the squalid and dirty appearance of the second ladies' dressing-room. Whitewashed walls, an unexpected floor, black with the marks of boots that have tramped through the mud to the theatre; half-a-dozen gas-lights flaring and unprotected; three half-crown mirrors (one without a frame), set up upon a deal shelf against the wall, which also bears a couple of cracked and filthy basins and a jug without a handle, half filled with cold water—such is its aspect. Betha has never been in so rough and dirty-looking a place before, and she stands upon the threshold, with her bundle in her hand, gazing timidly at four or five girls in various stages of undress, who are preparing themselves to obey the summons of the call-boy. "Hullo! where's that?" cries one of them shortly, as the opening of the door attracts her attention. "Come in, do! and don't stand there, letting that abominable draught blow on my shoulders. What's your business?" she continues as Betha opens the door and enters the room, "brought a dress for anybody?" "No, this is my own dress. I am one of Mr. Henderson's pupils. He wishes me to go on in the last scene this evening." "Oh, one of old Henderson's pets, are you? Then I suppose we shall all be expected to do the 'kowtow' business to you, and wait upon you, and do it, for one." "Elizabeth Du—I mean Elizabeth Selwyn." "Well, mine's Riley. Come on, Selwyn, since you are here, and help me to lace up this bothersome dress. I'm on in the second act, and you're not wanted till the third, so you've lots of time." "I shall be happy to assist you, Miss Riley, if I can," replies Betha, courteously. The girl bursts into a coarse laugh. "Just listen to her, Tomkins. *Miss Riley!* Couldn't you tell she was a greenhorn at a glance? How ruun these beginners are! They always kill me with laughing." "Are you never polite to one another, then, in this theatre?" demands Betha gravely, as she laces the young lady's dress. Her companions shock her far more than the appearance of the dressing-room. "Oh no, my dear! 'tain't that. We're ready enough to help each other. It's all 'give and take' with us here, as you'll soon find out; but we've no time to be 'missing' and 'mislaying' one another. But hullo! there goes the curtain. Give me the rouge, Wilson, there's a dear. If I'm late again to-night, I shall get a confounded wigging from old Henderson." "And, as the call-boy's voice is heard outside the door, Miss Riley runs off, and is lost to view. Betha undoes her parcel, and silently prepares to change her dress. The other girls are chattering volubly of their admirers, and their dresses, and their parts; whilst her proud nature is writhing under the familiarity with which she has been treated, although she knows that if she is wise she will trample all such feelings under foot. Yet, at first, to a delicately nurtured girl, brought up carefully amidst gentlemen and gentlewomen, it is hard to bear. Having unpacked her parcel, she advances to one of the basins to wash her hands. "You drop that soap—it's mine," cries Miss Tomkins, as Betha touches the piece of yellow soap that lies beside the basin. "Lor, Tomkins! how sharp you are!" says another of the girls; "how was she to know that, and on the first day, too? Here, my dear!" she continues, with good-natured familiarity to Betha, "you take my bit. We're all obliged to provide our own soap here, but you won't know better another time. There, you'll know, and bring some for yourself?" "Oh yes! thank you," replies Betha, with something very like a sob in her throat. "Mr. Henderson ought to have told me. Of course, I am quite ignorant of the rules of a theatre." "And you've never been on the stage before to-night?" "Not on a public stage!" "And you're a lady, aren't you?" "Yes," says Betha, proudly. "I *am* a lady! but I am apprenticed to Mr. Henderson for the next three years, and therefore I am bound to do just what he tells me." "Prenticed to Henderson, are you? Well, you're safe enough then, my dear; for he's a power here, and no mistake, and we shall all have to mind our P's and Q's with you." And Betha finds these words to be correct, for both Miss Riley and Miss Tomkins greatly abate the roughness of their speech when they find out who she is, though to bear their sarcasm quietly when they address her as "my lady!" and "Henderson's pet," is almost more difficult to her. She tells Mr. Henderson frankly of her disappointment, and he laughs at it. "You must begin at the beginning," he says; "and if you don't rough it a bit at first, how will you appreciate the difference when you get on in the profession? I know Tomkins and Riley are a little wild—they all are—but you must forget you're anything but a woman, and try and sympathise with them. They've not had your advantages, remember; and if they talk roughly, they've warm hearts at the bottom, like most of the sex, and will show them fast enough if you will let them." And Betha, acting on this advice, soon makes friends with the second ladies, and finds that a kind word here and a little assistance there, causes them speedily to agree that "Selwyn isn't half-bad," and wins their goodwill in return.

Betha Durant rises rapidly in her profession, but she often suffers from the unkindness and want of charity of people in her own rank of life. On one of these occasions she confides some of her thoughts to Kate Montalambart, a fellow actress, but of an inferior grade. And this is Miss Montalambart's comment:—

"You're low, Betha; that's what it is my dear. It's the reaction after all the excitement you've passed through. Who that wasn't a fool would despise you, who are working honestly for a livelihood, and paying your way as you go? Why, not half the world can boast of doing as much! And as for those canting hypocrites at Black Abbots, dont you give them a second thought! I dare say, if the truth was known, that you'd hear some queer stories about them. Whenever I meet a woman without charity (and there are plenty of them knocking about), I always know she needs it from others. As you get on in life, child, you'll find scores of women draw up their skirts as you come by, who aren't pure enough to black your boots! And why? Because you're an actress! And if they don't make a show of extreme virtue in a direction where everybody can understand it, they may have awkward questions thrown in their teeth by those who do not. It's the common idea, Betha, that the danger of losing our good names comes to us through the other sex; but it's not true. It's the women, and mostly the unclean women, who try to filch from us what they know they have lost themselves. Keep clear of women, Betha. Don't have too much to say to the men, either—by which I mean, take all you can get out of them, and give nothing in return; but, whatever you do, steer clear of the women! All the troubles of our lives come from them. We confide in them, and they betray us—we try to help them, and they lay the blame of failure on our shoulders. They come between us and our lovers—they carry lies of us to our husbands—they pick open our letters and listen at our keyholes. There is nothing in this world too small, or mean, or petty, or dishonourable for a woman to do!"

There is a well conceived and ably-elaborated plot, which we have not even indicated. The characters all act and speak naturally, and those of our readers who have not already made acquaintance with "My Sister the Actress" cannot do better than secure a copy as a companion during the holidays.

In "Through the Stage Door" (2) Miss Jay introduces us to a family consisting of a couple of burlesque actresses, their mother, "a tragedienne from head to foot," and their father, a prompter and copyist. This family are of the stage, stagey, even down to the baby, who had just made his *début* as a child in arms, in "a farcical comedy." The girls, Lottie and Carrie Fane, are two as bright and light hearted lasses as anyone need wish to know. They are both playing in the burlesque of "Dick Whittington." Lottie is a pure-minded, thoughtful girl, who takes great pride in her profession, and Carrie is a pert, saucy young lady, with a belief in her sister and in herself and their profession which nothing can shake. She is engaged to a music-hall star comique, who does "three turns a night" and rides a high dog-cart and keeps a small tiger "with high boots and cockaded hat." These people are exceedingly jolly together until "Lottie's swell," a gentleman who haunts the stage-door when they come away from the performance, appears on the scene. This "swell" is Colonel Sedgemore, who falls honestly in love with Lottie, and has her and Carrie down at his country house, where his sister, Mrs. Crowe, pretty, does the honours, and weaves around Lottie a web of deceit, through which she intends that she shall lose both her character and her husband. This scheme is of the blackest and vilest character, and by it Mrs. Crowe succeeds for a time in separating the lovers and securing her own ends. But, after much suffering, the virtuous triumph, and the schemers are exposed and punished. After their engagement Colonel Sedgemore is ordered abroad, and by his wish Lottie takes up her abode at Sedgemore with his sister. She is to invite whom she likes to stay in the house; accordingly she asks her sister Carrie and her lover down to spend Sunday. The result is thus described:—

"I do hope you'll enjoy yourselves," she said. "I know it's rather slow here; but—" "Slow?" echoed Mr. Jinks. "My dear Lottie, it's magnificent; never got so much material in my life. Talk about Rosherville for spending a happy day; it's nothing to this! I've got the idea for three new costume songs out of this one morning's drive." "Have you?" said Lottie, as the three walked up the steps into the hall. "Yes. First, comic countryman, with haymaking chorus, 'Tossing the hay, lads; tossing the hay!' Number two, old village schoolmistress, white wig, birch to fling the boys. Number three—Hem!" He suddenly came to a full stop; his eye had fallen upon Mrs. Crowe, who quietly entered the hall. She started at sight of Jinks; then gave him an amazed stare. "Mrs. Crowe, this is Mr. Jinks, my intended husband," said Carrie, in rather a sharp tone. She had observed the stare and the start, and resented them. Mrs. Crowe gravely inclined her head, shook hands rather coldly with Carrie, and turned to Lottie. "Lunch is almost ready, Carlotta," said she, stiffy; "do your friends remain?" "Why, of course," returned Lottie, feeling her cheeks grow rather red. "I should like them to stay till to-morrow, if you've no objection." Mrs. Crowe shrugged her shoulders and raised her brows. "It is for *you* to command in this establishment," said she; "my dear brother's words were, as you know: 'You will treat Miss Fane in every way as if she were already my wife and the mistress of the house.'" "Yes; but if it's disagreeable—?" "Pardon me! my brother's will is law, and for the time being *you* are his representative. It is for you to give your instructions, for *me* to obey them. Dr. Perkins is here, Carlotta; with your permission he will lunch with us." "Certainly, if you wish it," returned Lottie. "*If you wish it, Carlotta,*" said Mrs. Crowe, correcting her. "Very well," returned Lottie, impatiently, "I suppose I do. James, will you show this gentleman his room? Come along, Carrie dear; we'll get off our hats and have lunch, for you must be starving!" "Upon my word, Lottie and Carrie, when the two girls were in the bedroom together, "I wish we'd never come down—that I do!" "Why, Carrie?" "I hate these sort of people! As for that Mrs. Crowe, she makes my blood run cold all down my back whenever she looks at me." "She's a little proud," said Lottie. "Proud? I'm sure she'd like to poison us—you and all." "Tush, Carrie dear, she'll hear you." "I don't care if she does. Who's she, to look down on everybody? I don't know how you stand it—*I* wouldn't; and if you don't bundle her out of the house when you marry, I'll never come near you." "After all, you must remember, dear, she is the Colonel's sister." "And what if she is?" "Well, she's different to us, you see. I suppose we seem strange to her, and rather common. After all, she treats me with the greatest possible respect—rather too much so for my taste—I always have the head of the table, and feel quite ridiculous." "Of course; that's why she does it." "Carrie, what do you mean?" "It's to make you look ridiculous that she puts on these airs of respect. It's as much as to say," continued Carrie, mimicking Mrs. Crowe, '*This* is the person whom my cherished brother chooses for his wife. Very well, he serve her. I carry out *his* wishes, but you see the result!'" "Carrie!" exclaimed Lottie indignantly; "it's *not* true. If I thought she meant *that*, I'd——" "Yes?" "But I can't believe it—she would never be so ungenerous, so unkind. There—don't speak of it again, dear, for it makes me very miserable." "All right, Lottie, don't mope, and I'll own I'm wrong." They kissed each other as if they were making up a quarrel, and hurried downstairs together. They found Mr. Jinks awaiting them in the hall, while in the drawing-room were Doctor Perkins and Mrs. Crowe. Carrie now had to be introduced and renew her acquaintance with the doctor. Mr. Jinks, after having given his most theatrical bow, was transfixed with admiration. "There's another wonderful 'make up,'" he said, in an aside to Lottie; "I must take a note of it. Diving under the bookcase, he produced his pocket tablets, and began making notes of the Doctor's attire—"Knee breeches; silk stockings; grey wig," etc. He had proceeded thus far when the Doctor, who had been watching him in amazed silence, asked blandly: "An artist, sir?" "Ah!" said Mr. Jinks, rapidly; "will-o'-the-wisp—artist?" "You will find this neighbourhood full of excellent studies," continued the Doctor, in his grandest tones. "Pray what is your speciality—landscape, or the human figure?" "Oh!—figure, sir, figure!" said Mr. Jinks. "Ah! I see," continued the Doctor; "a painter of *genre* subjects. During the above conversation Lottie had been undergoing a struggle; at length her straightforward honesty asserted itself, and she stepped forward. "You have misunderstood, I am afraid, Doctor; Mr. Jinks is not an artist, but an *artiste*. He is——" "Lottie, don't!" said Carrie, pulling at her sleeve. "Why not, Carrie? There's nothing to be ashamed of. Mr. Jinks," she added, turning to the Doctor, "is a comic singer." "*A what?*" exclaimed the doctor, in horror. "My dear Miss Fane! a comic singer? Dear me!" He produced his eyeglass and gazed at Mr. Jinks as if he were some curious kind of animal. Mrs. Crowe's face grew black as night, and Carrie flushed in hot indignation. The only person who seemed unaffected was the one most concerned. Mr. Jinks, who was the soul of good nature, smiled amicably upon the Doctor as he said: "Yes, Doctor—professional—perhaps you've heard of the Great Jinks?" "No, sir!" said the Doctor, haughtily; "never!" "It's never too late to mend," Doctor," continued Mr. Jinks, brightly: "so the next time you're in London come to my entertainment, 'Two hours of laughter with the Great Jinks!' Send round your card, and I'll pass you in with the greatest pleasure." "Sir, I never go to any kind of entertainment." "What, *never?*" "No, sir—never!" and the Doctor turned away, as if the subject were at an end. The two hours which followed were by no means pleasant to any one of the party. When the lunch was announced they went down to it in a set, constrained, straggling manner. Mrs. Crowe having plainly intimated, without speech, that she declined to fall so low as to take the arm of a common music-hall singer, and that she was too well-bred to appropriate the only arm upon which it was fit for her to lean. During the lunch both the Doctor and Mrs. Crowe maintained a dignified silence, while Mr. Jinks, after having made two or three ineffectual efforts at conversation, relapsed into silence too. The meal over, Mrs. Crowe and the Doctor rose. "I expect, Carlotta," said Mrs. Crowe, "I shall not be able to return until dinner time." "In that case," cut in Carrie, "I'll wish you good-bye." "Carrie!" exclaimed Lottie: "what do you mean, dear?" "Our train goes at six," continued Carrie, calmly, "and you don't dine till seven. Good-bye, Mrs. Crowe; good-bye, Dr. Perkins." She gave them a nod apiece, while Mr. Jinks bestowed upon them a profound bow. "Carrie, what does it mean?" cried Lottie, when she found herself with only her sister and Mr. Jinks. "It means," said Carrie, "that I stayed one night beneath this roof I should strangle her. There—don't you worrie yourself, Lottie. It's no fault of yours, my dear. But you must not try to bring us together again. It won't do!" "Oh, I am sorry—so very sorry! . . . Do you know, Carrie, I was intimate with my engagement to the Colonel is a mistake!" "The Colonel? There you're wrong, Lottie. The Colonel is the dearest, kindest, best of men. If he had been here to-day we shouldn't have been insulted like this!" "Carrie, my dear, perhaps you're too hard upon the lady," said Mr. Jinks, anxious to make peace. "*Hard!* I tell you, Charlie, she's a cat, and so long as she is in this house there will be no happiness in it for Lottie. Look down upon us, indeed! If she did anything half as honourable as earning her living she might have something to be proud of . . . but there, we won't talk of it, if it distresses you, Lottie. We've always something to be thankful for, they say, and I do fervently thank heaven that *she's* disposed of for the rest of the day."

There are many scenes in which actresses of various grades appear, and the book is a very impartial picture of the class of society depicted and of the life it leads.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

II.

The four monthly reviews may most conveniently be reviewed together, so similar is the literary quality of the contributions they contain. Each review has its special tone and character, but the general literary level is much the same in all. The *Nineteenth Century* (C. Kegan Paul, and Co.) opens with a "ballade" by Mr. Swinburne, which has all his well-known mastery of rhyme and rhythm. It is called "On a Country Road," and the first verse runs as follows:—

Along these low plenched lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smiles that warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord love since of lorily rhyme,
Long since hath haply written, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came,
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Next comes a paper by Mr. Herbert Spencer on the topic of "Retrogressive Religion," followed by one in which Sir Samuel Baker sketches out for us "Egypt's Proper Frontier." Sir Richard Cross writes on the City of London Livery Companies, and Messrs. Gurney and Myers once more "trot out" their views on "spiritual" appearances. Mr. Henry George replies, in another article, to the Duke of Argyle's strictures, and Mr. Edward Dicey condemns in forcible terms what he rightly calls "The Surrender of Egypt." He concludes by saying: "When I am told of the misfortunes that may occur if the conduct of foreign affairs is intrusted to less able hands than those which now direct our policy, I console myself with the reflection that, whoever may be the ministers who may succeed to the inheritance of the present Government, it is utterly impossible they can make a greater mess of the whole Egyptian business than Mr. Gladstone has made already."—In the *Fortnightly* (Chapman and Hall), the Duke of Marlborough, writing from "the cross benches," expresses his gratification at the existence in the country of a number of electors *nullius addicti jurare in verba magistri*. Mr. W. H. Mallock communicates "A Message from General Gordon," in the course of which we are pretty fully enlightened as to the exact religious views of that modern Bayard. Sir Julian Goldsmid writes on "England and the Conference," Mr. Gibson Bowles on "Newspapers," the Bishop of Gibraltar on "The English Church on the Continent," Mr. W. C. Cartwright on "The Congo Treaty," and the Rev. Malcolm MacColl on "The Princess Alice." Mr. George Meredith's brilliant story is continued, much to the delectation of his readers; and there are the usual summaries of home and foreign affairs.—The *Contemporary* (Isbister and Co.), contains contributions, among others, by Messrs. Herbert Spencer, Henry Dunckley, Francis Peek, and John Slagg, M.P., Professors Mahaffy and Balfour Stewart, M. Gabriel Monod, and Miss Julia Wedgwood. Mr. Spencer discusses what he calls "The Great Political Superstition" ("the divine right of Parliaments"), and his paper is very valuable indeed. Mr. Dunckley writes on "Egypt, Europe, and Mr. Gladstone," and comes to the conclusion that anything is better than a rupture, now or afterwards, with France. Mr. Peek's subject is "Official Optimism," Mr. Slagg's "Parliament and the Foreign Policy of India," Professor Mahaffy's "Untrodden Italy," Prof. Stewart's "The Visible Universe," M. Monod's "Contemporary Life and Thought in France," and Miss Wedgwood's "Contemporary Fiction."—The *National Review* (W. H. Allen and Co.) is interesting throughout, if not especially strong in any one particular. The most practically valuable contributions are those by the Hon. Alfred Gathorne Hardy on "The Examination of Prisoners," by Mr. H. S. Fagan on "Irish Woollens," and by "a foreigner" on "England's Foreign Policy." Very readable, too, are those by Mr. W. J. Courthope on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," and by Miss N. H. Kennard on "Why Women Write." Miss Linda Villari is among the other writers in this number, which opens, by the way, with an unsigned article on "The House of Lords and the English People," in which Mr. Gladstone is severely, but not too severely, handled.

Blackwood's Magazine opens with the first part of an article on "Berlin in 1884." The writer is evidently thoroughly acquainted with the city and the people, and he corrects many of the false statements made by flippant writers on the subject. The Emperor, Prince Bismarck, General von Moltke, and other eminent Berliners are described, and the paper is of great interest. Another able contribution is "Russia's Advance upon India," which concludes with a summary of the measures for the defence of our Indian Empire, which are now rendered necessary by the recent advance of Russia, and by the menacing position which she has assumed upon our Indian frontier. "Sceptical Theories" is the title of a keen, sarcastic article on sundry modern "fads." Here is a paragraph:—

As for the human body, with its physical appetencies and animal instincts, we abandon it to their theorising without demur. Whether it was originally formed at a stroke out of inanimate matter, or was gradually fashioned and perfected by passing through lower stages of organisation, does not concern us the least jot or tittle. For our physical origin we had as soon look back to some quadrumanous simian, as to the mere dust which we tread under our feet. It is the higher and more excellent part of our constitution that we want to be explained—the rational, moral, spiritual element, which we feel to be our true self. What this is capable of, and really is, we perceive when we observe it in its noblest developments; its genuine character becomes manifest in the genius which penetrates and enlightens, in the goodness which triumphs over every debasing seduction, in the salutiness which bows in rapt adoration before the unseen Father of lights. Of this best, this unique element in the nature of man, which alone makes him to be human, we ask our sceptical prophets for their explanation. And with a superior smile they condescendingly assure us that we have set them no difficult task. You must have noticed, they say, the insect communities, with their attitudes for social order; the cawing of rooks in council, the sagacity of domesticated pets, the humours and vivacities of many a bird and beast, are doubtless familiar to you; nor can you be ignorant of the instincts by which every tribe of animals produces and rears its young. Well, just advance a little on the same line—throw in a little more of the teaching of experience to perfect the instinct—and you come in sight of what you seek. Full-blown man is but the last grade in the animal scale. Ah! we exclaim—as soon as we recover speech after the shock which the amazing bathos of this explanation has caused us—you mean surely that even the inferior animals possess in a lower degree that immaterial element, that spiritual faculty, which culminates in the more favoured nature of man. Not for a moment! is the angry retort. Such antiquated notions as spirit and immateriality have no place, they assure us, in their enlightened creed. Matter is everything with them, and everything is matter—instinct, mind, morality, religion, are nothing more than the vibrations of the particles of the brain. With a coarse set of vibrations we may get a goose or a bear; with a more delicate set a dog or an ape; a little more refinement still, and a poet, a philosopher, or a saint may be reached. Like the seasoning in the famous hodgepodge, it is the quality of the vibrations that does it. The brain—they go on to say, with a metaphor which they flatter themselves must carry conviction with it—the brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile. If so, we cannot help thinking what an opening for the cookery of the future! Everybody is aware that secreting glands create nothing, and that every particle of the substances which issue from them must first have been conveyed into them by the circulating blood. If the brain is to secrete thought, it must first be supplied with the materials, the elementary particles, of thought, by the blood which nourishes it. But all that the blood carries to any organ is derived from the food which is eaten. It would be true, as the last word of sceptical psychology, that thought is a physical secretion of the brain, eating and thinking, food and ideas, are bound indissolubly together; and it only remains for science to discover how the diet is to be arranged and varied so as to produce any required mental article—whether it be mathematical genius or poetical imagination, maiden modesty, maternal love, or the lofty self-devotion of the hero and the martyr.

"The Freebooters of American Finance" are dealt with in good style, and there are three stories, besides a paper on Venice.

Macmillan's Magazine opens with a notice of "M. Renan's New Volume," written with much discrimination by "M. A. W." To this follows an idyllic sketch entitled "On an Irish Trout Stream." The next contribution, on "The Consolations of Pessimism," is a brilliant dialogue from the caustic pen of Dr. Traill. It is not always easy to see its drift, but it is exceedingly readable for all that. The passage on Irving-oratory is especially incisive. "Heine's Mountain Idylls," three in number, are here translated into flowing English verse by the Rev. F. Storr. "Easter week in Amorgos" (an island of the Cycladic group) is next described by Mr. Theodore Bent. Of "Wordsworth's Relations to Science" Mr. Spence Watson has much that is suggestive and agreeable to say. A fresh instalment of Miss Veley's characteristic story follows, and then comes Mr. Morley's usual "Review of the Month," marked by his customary vigour and polish.—The *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan and Co.) has a graphic frontispiece from the clever pencil of Mr. Napier Henry. Mr. R. Holmes next describes the Royal collection of miniatures at Windsor Castle admirably illustrated by various artists. Mrs. Craik continues her "Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall"; Mr. Benjamin Scott writes on "The Weasel and his Family"; there is a poem by the late Charles Kingsley; Mr. Henry James concludes his interesting story; Mr. Donald McAlester tells us "How a Bone is Built"; and Miss Yonge continues her "Armourer's Prentices."

The Churchman (Elliot Stock) has several papers deserving careful consideration. "The Response of the Church of England to the Wants of Modern Times" is a clear and forcible statement, by the Rev. F. Burnside, rector of Hurtingfordbury. The conclusion arrived at is that "The Church of England is endeavouring devoutly, and prayerfully, to apply herself to the great responsibility of guiding the future destiny, and welfare of the English people under the light and influence of the Gospel of Christ." "Emigration and the Poorer Classes" is the subject of a paper by the Rev. John Kitto, rector of Stepney. A review, with some very touching extracts, of the biographical sketch of Princess Alice, and several other notices of books, are specially worth reading.—The *Antiquary* (same publisher) is well filled this month. Mr. Wheatley continues his account of "The Adelphi and its Site"; the Rev. Precentor Venables writes on "the Rules of the Carthusian Order," and Mr. Sawyer on "Field-name and Toponymical Collections." "Forest Laws and Forest Animals in England" and "Notes on Some Rejected Bills in Parliament" are amongst the other contents.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* (Chatto and Windus) has a curiously interesting paper on "Spiders," by one who loves them. Madame de Krüdener is the subject of a readable article by Miss Maitland, and Mr. Schütz Wilson writes on Wallenstein. "Italian Folk Songs" and "Military Stratagems" form the subject of two other papers; and the customary "Science Notes" are furnished by Mr. Mattieu Williams. Mr. Cecil Power continues his unconventional novel, "Philistia."—In *Belgravia* (same publishers) Mr. Barton Baker's account of Covent Garden Theatre is an enjoyable paper. The whole of the contents, with this exception, are fiction. It is all of a high-class kind, and will serve admirably to while away the holiday month for which the editor has evidently catered.—*Hardwicke's Science-Gossip* (same publishers) has a coloured plate of Cluster Cups, a parasitic growth on various plants and trees, revealed to the view by the aid of the microscope. Papers on "The Pedigree of the Elephant," "The Alimentary Canal of the Cockroach," and gossip on various scientific subjects fill up the number.

In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Clark Russell's fiction begins to be more redolent of the element with which he is most familiar and with which he deals most intimately and successfully. So far, however, it hardly strikes us as one of the most attractive of Mr. Russell's works. More worthy of the writer's reputation is Mrs. Oliphant's novel, "Madam," now, we should say, approaching to its close. Mr. Bret Harte begins in this number an eminently characteristic tale, which may be heartily commended. Of the informing sort is Mr. Kay Robinson's paper on "The First White Butterfly," which may be pitted against the garrulous graphiness of Mr. Jefferies' "Sunny Brighton" and the pleasant readableness of A. K. H. Boyd's paper on F. D. Maurice. Mr. Andrew Lang supplies an amusing "Ballade of Railway Novels," in which he indicates a preference for the sensational in holiday fiction:—

Give me your villains deeply vile,
Give me Lecoy, Jottrat, and Co.,
Great artists of the ruse and wile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!

The number as a whole is very bright and agreeable.

That *Harper's* (Sampson Low and Co.) is beautifully printed and delightfully illustrated may always be said with truth, and in the present issue there is the special attraction of engravings from sketches by Sir Frederick Leighton. Moritz Busch also furnishes a deeply interesting description of "Prince Bismarck in Private Life," Mr. Bourke Marston has a poem, and Mr. Joseph Hatton describes Harrow-on-the-Hill. Mr. Black's story is continued, but utterly fails to interest the present writer. No doubt it is highly appreciated by other readers. Among the other contents perhaps the most generally readable is the paper on "The Professional Beauties of the Last Century." "The Editor's Drawer" is not so good as usual.

Chambers' Journal is notable this month for some special signed contributions. Thus, Mr. Jefferies writes on the subject of "Nature on the Roof," Dr. Andrew Wilson furnishes the third of his articles on "Our Health," and Mr. Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman") supplies a poem. Among other attractions are the continuation of Mr. Gibbon's serial story, and a short completed tale in four chapters. The miscellanea include papers on "Stained Glass in Domestic Architecture," "Over-Educating Children," "Are our Coins wearing away?" "Umpires at Cricket," and so on.

From 7, Paternoster-square come the *Fireside*, *Home Words*, and the *Day of Days*, the magazines so long and so ably edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. The *Fireside* has two serial stories; a sermon by Canon Fleming; a memorial notice of the late Bishop of Ripon; papers on "Charity" and "Wiclif and the Reformation" by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams; and a variety of other pleasant contributions.—*Home Words* opens with a portrait and notice of the new Bishop of Ripon; and the *Day of Days* numbers among its contents articles by the Editor, Archdeacon Blakeney, Canon Bell, and the Bishop of Ossory.

London Society (51, Great Queen-street) depends for acceptance upon its fiction. With writers of standing like Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Alan Muir there can be no lack of interest. "I Say No" and "Tumbledown Farm" are as opposite as possible in style, but they are both stories of great and deepening interest. The article on "Three Famous British Regiments," and those on Charles Meryon and Thomas Arne, Senior, are readable. The remaining contents are simply padding.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons send out the *Ladies' Treasury* and *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. The former caters specially for the ladies of the household; the latter for the elder children. The *Treasury* has notices of the late Princess Alice and of Princess Beatrice, with a good portrait of the last-named Princess. The costumes chosen for illustration in the coloured plate are really elegant.—We should place first in *Aunt Judy's* list of contents Miss Finch's paper on "English Ballads." The stories are good.

Sunday Talk (F. Warne and Co.) continues to maintain the excellence with which it started. Mrs. Oliphant's and Mr. Gibbon's stories are resumed; Dr. Herbert Story contributes another and the concluding instalment of his account of John Craig, the Scotch Reformer; and there are further articles and poems by Canon Duckworth and others. The magazine is a wonderful twopennyworth.

In *Letts's Household Magazine* Mrs. Linnæus Banks continues her charming story, "By Ways Unknown." There is a timely paper on "Fruit Preserving;" another on "The Health Exhibition;" and one of special interest to ladies on "The Queen's Dress." The remarks on the "Fashions for the Month" are sensible and the illustrations pretty.

Church Bells (12, Southampton-street, Strand) contains a good illustration of the parish church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch from a photograph by Mr. Keene. Amongst the contents are several items of special interest to Churchmen in the dioceses of Southwell and Lichfield. The whole number is bright in tone and hearty in sentiment, and it will be thoroughly acceptable.

The *Christian Treasury* (Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.) would be more likely to be read if its pages were cut. There are good things in it, but the cutting of pages required to get at them is an obstacle that should be removed.

The *Animal World* (105, Jermyn-street) continues to advocate both by pen and pencil the claims of all animals to kind treatment. The current part is excellent.

SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. send Part 33 of *Picturesque Europe*, which deals with Rome and its environs.—The *Holy Land*, of which we have Part 60, is now complete. The plates are the Quay of Suez and a general view of Suez. The work is published in three divisions, and will form a splendid table-book.—The *Doré Bible*, Part 51, brings the text to the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and includes four of the least successful of the artist's drawings.—The 11th chapter of the Revelation is reached in the current part of the *New Testament Commentary.*—*Old and New London* deals with Southwark; the companion work—*Greater London*—treats of Kew, Kew Gardens, and Mortlake. Mr. Walford is at his bestas he gossips about the famous palace and its many remarkable associations. There are some valuable illustrations.—In the *Universal History* are well-written chapters on the decline of feudalism, and on social life and art in the Middle Ages.—Part 18 of the *History of the Franco-German War*, and Part 106 of the *History of England* are included in the parcel, which also contains additional parts of the *Peoples of the World*, the *Royal Shakspere*, and the *World of Wonders*. There are also *Cassell's Popular Gardening*, *Paxton's Flower Garden*, *Familiar Garden Flowers*, and *Familiar Wild Flowers*. Of these *Popular Gardening* is certainly the best publication of its class we have ever seen. Every subject of use or of interest to possessors of a garden is treated, and, when necessary, illustrated.—*Familiar Wild Birds* has a perfect drawing of the Sparrow Hawk, and an equally admirable one of the pretty Blue Tit.—In *Canaries and Cage-Birds* there is a good coloured plate of Cardinals.—The *History of Music* is nearing our own times, the current part having entered upon a consideration of music in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.—The *Dictionary of Mechanics, Library of English Literature, Science for All*, and the *Sea* complete Messrs. Cassell's list.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. do not send out any novelties this month. Their chief issues are the *Works of Thomas Hood* and the selected edition of the *Waverley Novels*. Both these should have a place in every well-chosen library.—The new edition of the late Dr. Adam Clarke's *Commentary on the Holy Bible* is completed with part 39. The present edition includes a life of Dr. Clarke and many valuable additional notes by the Rev. Thornley Smith.—*Haydn's Bible Dictionary* has reached part 8, and the letter M.—*Amateur Work* finds pleasant occupation for amateurs of very varied tastes. The chief thing this month is a centre cabinet for curiosities, for which there is a special design, with thirteen full-sized working drawings.—*Sylvia's Young Ladies' Treasure Book* gives some sensible and much-needed counsel for girls in parish work, by following which many of the blunders so often made will be avoided. A section on "Church Decoration" is illustrated with a very ancient drawing, a long way behind present-day requirements. "Governesses Duties," "Etiquette for Young Ladies," and "Outdoor Amusements" are amongst the other subjects dealt with.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, *Every Man his own Mechanic*, and the *Popular Law Dictionary* are the other serials sent by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.

SHORT NOTICES.

From Messrs. Longman's we receive an edition of Macaulay's Essay on Milton, edited by Mr. Alex. Mackie, M.A., so as to illustrate the laws of rhetoric and composition.