of Florence and Rome." "What we have of Shelley," continues Mr. Arnold "in poetry and prose suited with this charming picture of him; Mrs. Shelley's account suited with it; it was a possession that one would gladly have kept unimpaired. It still subsists, I must now add; it subsists, but so as by fire. It subsists with many a scar and stain; never again will it have the same pureness and beauty which it had formerly. I regret this, and I confess I do not see what has been gained. Our ideal Shelley was the true Shelley, after all; what has been gained by making us at moments doubt it? What has been gained by forcing upon us much in him which was ridiculous and odious, by compelling any fair mind, if it is to retain with a good conscience its ideal Shelley, to do that which I propose to do now. I propose to mark firmly what is ridiculous and odious in the Shelley brought to our knowledge by the new materials, and then to show that our former beautiful and lovable Shelley nevertheless survives." And then follows an admirable sketch in which Shelley's faults and weaknesses are not spared, though they are to some degree explained and extenuated by his surroundings. All this is much better than the twaddle of "Shelley Societies." Of these surroundings Mr. Arnold says: "What a set! What a world! is the exclamation that breaks from us when we come to an end of this history of 'the occurrences of Shelley's private life.' I used the French word hâte for a letter of Shelley's; for the world in which we find him I can only use another French word, sale. Godwin's house of sordid horror, and Godwin preaching and holding the hat, and the green-spectacled Mrs. Godwin, and Hogg the faithful friend [who tried to seduce his friend's wife], and Hunt, the Horace of the precious world ... and Lord Byron, with his deep grain of coarseness and commonness, his affectation, his brutal selfishness —what a set!"

And he concludes thus: "It is his poetry above everything else which for many people establishes that he is an angel. Of his poetry I have not space now to speak. But let no one suppose that a want of humor and a self-delusion such as Shelley's have no effect upon a man's poetry. The man Shelley in very truth is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is 'a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.'" This, too, is better than the twaddle of Shelley Societies.

I the more willingly draw attention to this article as I had not time to include Shelley in my course last term. The readers for whom Professor Dowden's bulky volumes are too much, will find a good sketch by Symonds in "English Men of Letters."

Frederic Harrison, who seems to have been attacked by somebody about his "Choice of Books," in his capital little volume of essays with that title, gives us a lively dialogue between a student and a reader for mere amusement, in which the latter fares hardly, and at last is fain to ask, "Come, now, what is it that you want me to do?" and the answer is, "Why, simply to choose your books with a little of the care which you now so wisely show in choosing your partners and your friends. To hurry on round the galleries of Europe, is to see a great deal and to know nothing; to get a smattering of art, and to know nothing truly. To feel poetry deeply, to love literature nobly, you must keep your brains from the everlasting gabble and the assafœtida of modern carrión. He who is ever ready for Offenbach will never be a lover of Beethoven. You had better dance all night with a dairymaid and sup with a lot of betting-ring men than spend an evening with Zola, or work through Mudie's list of new novels." But discounting Zola and the bulk of Mudie's novels, there is something to be said on the other side; for contemporary literature is surely not all "gabble" and "assafœtida," and, pace Mr. Harrison, there is room in life for a good deal of useful miscellaneous reading.

In the Fortnightly for January, the learned Professor Tyrrell, of Dublin University, writes a new "Dialogue of the Dead"; and the way in which, down in the shades below, the ghosts of Bentley and Madvig "go for" the Oxford deputy professor of Comparative Philology, Sayce and his edition of Herodotus, and his theory of the European origin of the Aryans, is amusing even to outsiders. The ghost of the great English scholar lays down a law of rhetoric which is worth incorporating into our text-books here above: "In writing, take my word for it, if the grammar is loose, the thinking is loose, too. Correct grammar is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual clearness."

The Century for February has a charming paper by Mr. Lowell on Landor, which will comfort those who have been unable to join in the indiscriminate eulogy of Landor as a prose writer. W. P. A.