

brither had come home, an' his father had stickit the plumpin stirkie, because he had ance mair gotten him hale an' stieve.

"But his big brither was rale glumshie, an' wudna gang inby."

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In a recent number of "The Fortnightly," a story, which is certainly worth repeating, is told by Mr. James Baker, with regard to accusations of exaggeration brought against Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." He says:

"How often one hears his description of the famous water-slide in the Doone Valley, or, rather, on the Badgworthy water side of the Doone Valley, spoken of as exaggerated. But once, when walking up the side path worn by the thousands of tourists who now, impelled by the book, seek out this water-slide, I was listening to the usual exclamations from a critical friend. 'Well,' I said, 'you think Blackmore's words are exaggerated; they are put into the mouth of a lad, who in winter, when no path was here, climbed with bare feet and legs up that stony water-course and fall. You are a man, and this is summer, and there is no rush of icy cold water to dash you off your legs; but take off your shoes, and try now to clamber up it.' He declined the task, and said no more about exaggerations. On speaking on this very point with Mr. Blackmore, he said he had not attempted to be minutely accurate with the scenery, he was not so exact then as he would be now; but to wish the book altered to exactitude would be to wish all the glory taken out of a Turner, or all the beauty of diction out of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' because, forsooth, he, in his younger days, saw beauty that his middle age failed to see."

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In my reading recently, I came across an amusing anecdote about Bishop Watson. As he was an

author of repute it will not be out of place in these columns. It was told by an innkeeper in the Lake district of England, and ran as follows:

"Near a village on the shores of Windermere there lived Richard Watson, author of the once famous 'Apology for the Bible.' You will remember that when George III. heard of the book he said he never before understood that the Bible needed an apology. Watson was made Bishop of Llandaff, and his neighbours showered compliments upon him. One of these neighbours was the landlord of a prosperous hostelry styled 'The Cock,' who thought it well to have a sign painted with a portrait of the good Bishop, and to change the name of his house to 'The Bishop of Llandaff.' Thereupon a rival landlord, who had previously looked with envious eyes on the prosperity of his neighbour, took up the discarded sign, and so gained the custom of many tourists and other strangers, who had heard of the repute of 'The Cock.' This naturally annoyed the first owner of that name, who proceeded to put things right by inscribing in bold letters beneath the Bishop's portrait the words: 'This is the Old Cock.'"

The narrator left the question of whether the Bishop appreciated the compliment or not to his hearers.

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In the April number of the "Contemporary Review," Mr. Edward Wright has much to say in defence of the Art of Plagiarism. A few quotations will suffice to show his contentions.

"The men who first conceive an idea, a situation, a melody, a colour scheme are insignificant; the men who best conceive these things are great."

"By discovering the material of art one acquires no right over it; the claim to a title rests on incomparableness of form alone."

"The art of plagiarism is especially shown by recalling some exquisite