in the Grosse Bäder on the left bank of the Limmat or Linth. It is below the Kurhaus. The only local name at all resembling Imrapen is Im Hasel, west of the Kurhaus. Possibly a Frenchman like de Blainville mistook this name. Baden (not being very far—14 miles—from Zurich with which it was connected in 1847 by the first railway built in Switzerland) was a very fashionable resort for the Swiss. Besides Tricker's big book, see David Hess, 'Die Badenfahrt' (Zurich, 1817).

W. A. B. C.

Voltaire's 'Candide,' Part II. (12 S. vi. 296, 322).—Just after having finished the reply at the second reference, I find in Larousse's 'Grande Encyclopédie,' iii. 258-59 an account of two Imitations and Continuations of Voltaire's satiric chef d’œuvre which are ascribed to him and fully answer your correspondent's inquiry. As stated, the first "Suite, ou Seconde Partie de 'Candide' est une curiosité bibliographique aujourd'hui à peu près introuvable." It would be too long to quote the two accounts. I can only refer to Larousse. H. Krebs.

Folk-Lore: The Dangers of Crossing (11 S. xii. 451; 12 S. i. 238).—In Pliny's 'Natural History,' bk. viii., chap. lxxiii. (vol. ii. p. 353, in Bohn's "Classical Library") we read:

"In whatever country it [the shrew-mouse] exists, it always dies immediately if it goes across the rut made by a wheel."

Bostock remarks thereon that, according to Cuvier:

"Elle ne pérît point parcequ'elle a traversé une ornière, quoique souvent elle puisse y être écrasée. C'est un des quadrupèdes que l'on trouve le plus aisément par un coup léger."

The Japanese of yore believed in the danger of being crossed, and held it dangerous to let a person pass between a man and wife or two relations or friends. This superstition is said to have originated in a Buddhist Indian legend, which is this:

"When the Titanic King Râhu fell in the combat with the god Indra, every time the latter cut off the former's head or limbs, instantly they were restored to his body. Now, Sachi, the wife of Indra, gathered and halved the flowers of blue lotus, arrayed them into two rows, and passed betwixt them. Indra understood her meaning, severed Râhu's limbs anew, threw them into right and left, and walked between them, which made them unable to return to the Titanic body, so that Râhu was for ever no more" ('Jinten Aind Shô,' 1532, tom. iii.).

KUMAGUSU MINAKATA.
Tanabe, Kii, Japan.

"Ouida" in Periodical Literature (12 S. v. 414).—'Ouida, a Memoir,' by Elizabeth Lee, pp. 34-35, says:

"In January, 1861, Ouida's first long novel, 'Granville de Vigne: a Tale of the Day,' began to appear in The New Monthly Magazine. It was concluded in June, 1863, when Tinsley published it in three volumes, changing the title to 'Held in Bondage.' 'Strathmore' was begun in The New Monthly Magazine in the following month and ran until February, 1865. Next month the first instalment of 'Idalia' appeared, and was concluded in the number for February, 1867. These three romances were all written for Harrison Ainsworth, the proprietor of the two periodicals mentioned."

For the other of the two periodicals mentioned at above reference, see p. 32 of Miss Lee's 'Memoir.' "Dr. W. Francis Ainsworth, a cousin of Harrison Ainsworth, was their medical attendant, and to him the girl confided her attempts at stories. He introduced Ouida to Ainsworth, who was at that time editing Bentley's Miscellany. She submitted some of the stories to him; he at once recognised their merit, and eagerly accepted them for his magazine. The first, entitled 'Dashwood's Drag; or, The Derby and what came of it,' appeared in the Miscellany for April and May, 1859, and she contributed stories to each succeeding number up to July, 1862: all of them were signed 'Ouida.' .... Ouida's stories formed one of the chief attractions of the Miscellany in those years. In 1867, fourteen of the stories were published in a volume entitled 'Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes.'"

F. J. Hytch.

Notes on Books.

Four Americans. By Henry Augustin Beers. (Yale University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

Prof. Beers discourses, in this slender book, on Roosevelt, Hawthorne, Emerson and Whitman. We confess to having a complaint against him. It is one we would lodge against several of the newer academic writers of America. We complain—and we half expect to surprise him thereby—of his obscurity. He writes easily, and, if we may so put it, speakingly; but the connection of ideas underlying the pleasantly flowing phrases repeatedly eludes the reader. Not only so, but there crop up occasional sentences of which we can only say that we do not know what they mean. For example here is a passage from the first page of the essay entitled 'Fifty Years of Hawthorne':

"I heard Colonel Higginson say, in a lecture at Concord, that if a few drops of redder blood could have been added to Hawthorne's style, he would have been the foremost imaginative writer of his century. The ghosts in the 'Aeneid' [apparently a