



THE TORONTO EXHIBITION—DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.—The Toronto Exhibition has become what our neighbours would call an institution, and a very worthy and useful institution it is—one to whose yearly re-opening thousands of persons look forward with eager expectancy. The gentlemen who have charge of the enterprise this year are all men of mark in Toronto, as may be seen by the group of the directors and officers on another page.

THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.—These matches, which came off at Toronto on the 25th and 26th of August, will be found illustrated on another page of this issue. Reference is also made to the event in our military column.

QUEBEC SCENES.—On page 172 we are enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. G. R. Lighthall, to give engravings of some of the most striking scenes of the ancient city of Champlain. First comes the Grand Battery, a familiar locality to many of our readers, especially to those interested in military matters. Wolfe's monument is known all over this continent and its interest increases as the years go by. The Gates of Quebec are the most curious and interesting of the historic monuments of the old city. St. John's Gate (in its original form) was one of the entrances of the old French fortress and was associated with great events in the life of Quebec and of Canada. Through it a portion of Montcalm's defeated forces found their way beneath the shelter of the defences after the battle of the Plains. Like St. Louis Gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791 and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the form in which it endured until 1865, when it was demolished and replaced, at an expense of some \$40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute, to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John street. St. John's Gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston, with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the depth of snow and other obstacles. Not less noteworthy is the Chain Gate. When the Citadel was constructed, the number of existing gates was increased from five to seven by the erection of Chain and Dalhousie Gates, which were set up under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie in 1827. The Break-neck stairs, Champlain street, which close these illustrations, are well-known to every visitor to Quebec.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, B.A., LL.B.—Douglas Brooke Wheelton Sladen, B.A. Oxford, B.A. and LL.B. Melbourne, is the eldest son of Douglas Brooke Sladen, fourth son of the late John Baker Sladen, D.L., J.P., of Ripple Court, near Dover, by Mary, daughter of the late John Wheelton, Esq., whose name is familiar as one of the two Sheriffs of London who were imprisoned by the House of Commons for breach of privilege in levying distress on Messrs. Hansard in the famous Stockdale v. Hansard case. He was born on the 5th of February, 1856, in his maternal grandfather's town house, No. 50 Gloucester Terrace, and educated at Temple Grove, East Sheen (Waterfield's), Cheltenham College, Trinity College, Oxford, and Melbourne University. At Cheltenham he took the first junior open scholarship, and first senior open scholarship twice; and amongst numerous other prizes the Jex Blake Geographical and English Poem. He was senior prefect, captain of the rifle corps, captain of the classical at football, treasurer of the cricket eleven, editor of the *Cheltonian* (school magazine), etc. He shot at Wimbledon in the Schools' Match for the Ashburton Shield four years, and also shot for the Spencer Cup twice, winning the Spencer Cup in 1874. At Oxford he was captain of the Oxford University Rifle Volunteers, and shot at Wimbledon for Oxford v. Cambridge four years, heading the score in 1879. He also did good service for Oxford at football. He was an open classical scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and took a second-class in Classical Moderations, and a first-class in Final Schools (History). He graduated B.A. in 1879, and at Melbourne graduated B.A. and LL.B. After a wide and varied experience at home as scholar and sportsman, Mr. Sladen emigrated to Australia in 1879, and in 1882 was appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Sydney, N.S.W. He always thinks and writes like an Australian upon all Australian subjects, and prides himself very much on being a colonist, no doubt having in him some of the feeling of the men of the Mayflower, "Home keeping youth have ever homely wits;" and Mr. Sladen has shown that he could do without his Mother England and love her none the less. In 1880 Mr. Sladen married Margaret Isabella Muirhead, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Robert Muirhead, one of the pioneers of the Western District of Victoria. Mr. Sladen's uncle, the late Hon. Sir C. Sladen, K.C.M.G., was for many years leader of the Upper House of Parliament in Victoria, first Colonial Treasurer after the establishment of responsible government, and Premier of the

colony during the crisis of 1868. Mr. Sladen's literary career began in 1881, and ever since he has been a most industrious and a successful writer, both in prose and verse. His published works comprise "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," "Australian Lyrics," "A Poetry of Exiles," "Edward, the Black Prince," "A Summer Christmas," "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," "The Spanish Armada," "Seized by a Shadow," "In Cornwall," and editor of the following anthologies—"Australian Ballads and Rhymes," "A Century of Australian Song," "Australian Poets," "American Poets." Mr. Sladen has travelled extensively in Europe, and on this continent as well as in Australia and the East. In the winter of 1889 he first visited Montreal during Carnival time. After a brief stay he went to Washington, and after sojourning there and in the other chief American cities, he returned to Canada, visited the Maritime Provinces, and crossed the continent to Vancouver, from which point he set out for Japan. His movements since then have been recorded from time to time in our columns. Mr. Sladen is a follower of Longfellow rather than of Wordsworth, finding in him a health and manfulness which he looks for in vain in the lake poet, who always seems to him deficient in muscularity; otherwise both drew their inspiration from much the same sources, and addressed themselves to John Wesley's parish—all the world. It is Mr. Sladen's ambition to be the mouthpiece of ordinary healthy Englishmen, essentially a simple-minded, sport-loving, courageous race. He thinks for a poet to be a representative English poet, he ought to be essentially masculine, and in sympathy with the active out-of-door life which has given the nation its characteristics.

GEORGE MARTIN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE; OR, THE ISLE OF DEMONS, AND OTHER POEMS."—The name of George Martin is familiar to most of our readers. He is of Irish birth, but for more than thirty years he has been a resident of Montreal, where the photographic business which he established is still conducted by his sons. He has always been a close student of men and events, a reader of the best literature, and a man of broad thoughts and generous hope for humanity. In a recent contribution to the *St. John (N.B.) Progress* our friend "Pastor Felix" (no common critic) characterizes him as "one of our truest masters of romantic verse." The whole article is so happy, indeed, that we are tempted to borrow largely from it, especially as Mr. Lockhart's conclusions coincide in so many points with our own. "His (Mr. Martin's) name," he continues, "was early associated with that of Heavyside; for it was the privilege of our genial and generous author to be the friend and associate of that select, austere beautiful spirit, who lived among us unrecognized; and it was his to depict him in verse as one who bore a burden of song and who had attained 'to something like prophetic strain'":

"Child-like, modest, reticent
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets! and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along; a toil-worn man
Was seen—no more; the fire that ran
Electric through his veins, and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And kindled into song, no eye beheld."

When the existence of such devotion is questioned, let it be remembered that he was *truly* his friend, and gave the liveliest proof of manly sympathy and disinterested esteem. For, let it be said to his praise, when the writer of "Saul" would publish the Boston edition of his poem, and was financially unable, our poet came forth with funds reserved for a similar purpose, and at the sacrifice of his own ambitions, thought to give his brother a triumph.* Thus, doubtless, it happened that not till 1887 did his own volume appear; though, as one writer has intimated, distrust of his own merits, and true reverence for the poetic art, which he rather longed than expected to magnify, may have contributed to the delay. The principal piece of this volume is one of its author's most recent productions, and it is, on the whole, the best, as showing the art of the poet to the highest advantage. It is a romantic story, directly told, yet with such accessories of sentiment and description as only a true poet could invest it in; a beautiful creation, woven out of early Canadian history and legend, wherein the scenery of an island-wilderness is associated with tyrannic cruelty, the devotion of love, and the woes of woman. The historical material is such as a poet might successfully elaborate. Marguerite, the niece of the early colonizing adventurer, Roberval, being after her evil fortune, retired to a convent, recites her wrongs in the ears of a group of sympathizing nuns. She had accompanied her uncle on his westward voyage, and, by falling in love with Eugene Lamar, had incurred the resentment of one who

Smooth as any summer sea
When winds were laid,

while he had his way, was a lion for rage and a serpent for malignity, being crossed by any; so that woe was the portion of whoever should set his bosom's "fiery flood in motion." The trembling girl was in the power of an implacable bully, who could devise for her no milder punishment than abandonment upon an inhospitable island in the

*Mr. Lighthall in a biographical note in his "*Songs of the Great Dominion*," speaks of this money as a loan, and says: "Saul turned out a financial loss," and that on the day when Heavyside's note fell due, "Martin took it in his hand and tore it to pieces."
†*Marguerite; or, the Isle of Demons, and other Poems* By George Martin. Dawson Bros., Montreal, 1887.

Magdalene group, comfortably for a lonely female, occupied by demons. The lover, pledged to her lot, narrowly escaped a bullet from the same malignant hand, as he swam after the boat in which Marguerite and her Norman nurse were being conveyed to the shore. There they were at least freed from one whose presence might well be spared, and brought into contact with uncontaminated nature, in her freshest and fairest moods. Mr. Lockhart then tells the story of "Marguerite," and gives some extracts from the poem in illustration of the author's sentiment and style. The following description of the cave in which Lua, Marguerite's babe, was entombed, Mr. Lockhart considers as fine as the depiction of similar scenes in Scott and Hogg:

A cave there was of spacious bound
Wherein no wave of human sound
Had ever rolled; imprisoned there,
Like a gray penitent at prayer.
*Here silence wept, and from the tears
Embroidered hangings, fold on fold,
And silver tassels tinct with gold,
The fingering of the voiceless years
Had deftly wrought, and on the walls
In sumptuous breadths of foamy falls
The product of their genius hung.
From floor to ceiling, arched and high,
A counterfeited cloudy sky—
Smooth alabaster pillars sprung.
On either side might one espy
What seemed hushed oratories rare
Inviting sinful knees to prayer.
Into that chapel-like retreat,
Untrod before by human feet,
The wicker cot, wherein still lay
My Lua's uncorrupted clay,
We bore.*

"Surely," writes Mr. Lockhart, "by his delicately woven story, our poet has worthily inscribed her name among those of the daughters of sorrow! Mr. Martin's is no new name; he is no untired aspirant, but has won a worthy place; and as appreciation of native letters increases among the Canadian people, his work will rise in their esteem and widen in their knowledge. He has long been a man of letters, and now lives in his 'Autumn' ruddy prime, surrounded by friends, in his Montreal home. It may not be unfit to say that, pure and whole some as his verse, is his character and personality. His heartiness and genial good humour promptly command him, as well as his sympathies, both deep and lively, expressed not only in his poems, but in the intercourse of his daily life. The poet's verse is brought out by the publishers in a form exceptionally elegant and beautiful; and is an evidence that Canada has no reason to contrast her bookmaking unfavorably either with England or the United States."

DUNDURN CASTLE.—The edifice shown in this engraving derives its chief interest from its associations with the late Sir Allan Napier McNab, whose residence it was. It forms a prominent feature of the park landscape. Although of this century, the castle, by reason of the peculiarity of its architecture, has an appearance that is almost medieval. Here thousands of people go to picnic; to play baseball, tennis, football and lacrosse; to breathe the fresh air and look out upon the beautiful bay; to see the gladiators of the international baseball league struggle for the championship pennant; to listen to the music of the famous Thirteenth Battalion band, which here gives concerts regularly throughout the summer, or to see a grand display of fireworks at the close of a fête. Dundurn is a pleasant place and is well worth the attention of all visitors. Sir Allan N. McNab, whose name and life are so closely connected with this relic of the past, once held a prominent place in the political life of Canada under the Union régime. He was a native of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and the son of a Highland gentleman who served on the staff of General Simcoe. The purpose of the younger McNab was to engage in the same pursuit in which his father distinguished himself, and, in fact, the early portion of his career was devoted to military service. The law next occupied his attention, and about 1830 he entered public life, in which he was one of the leaders in Upper Canada for more than thirty years. Sir Allan was twice married. One of his daughters married Lord Bury, another a son of the late Sir Dominick Daly. He died after a comparatively short illness in 1862 in the 65th year of his age.

New Book of Verse by "Seranus."

Messrs. Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, announce that they have in press, and will have ready early in the autumn, a volume of verse by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison ("Seranus"), author of "Crowded Out," and compiler of the "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. The book will be issued in the best possible style, bound in vellum cloth, gilt top, printed in handsome new type on fine book paper, specially made. The binding will be unique, novel and very attractive. Besides some of the poems to which Mrs. Harrison owes her reputation, the book will contain several new productions of her pen, and is sure to be a valuable addition to our library of Canadian song. The author's name ought to ensure it a large circulation. Meanwhile advance orders may be sent to the publishers 31 and 33 King street West, Toronto.