

The Literary Society's Lectures.

Mr. Wendell Phillips lectured here early in March. He has for many years been celebrated as a lecturer, and his services in agitating the abolition of slavery in America are well known to all. His first lecture, on O'Connell, was an able composition, but hardly suited to a city like this, where there is such a mixture of origin and religious and political feeling. It was met with cheers and counter cheers throughout, and criticised in the Press with more warmth than sense. It seems to us foolish to accuse Mr. Phillips of trying to please both parties; he had nothing to gain from either, and evidently uttered his convictions throughout. His feelings of course were with O'Connell, whose friendship he enjoyed, and with whom he worked during the most stirring times in his career. But, at the same time, he condemned strongly the crimes of both parties, and thus pleased neither. He dwelt a little too much, perhaps, on old grievances, which were better allowed to die out, especially in a new country.

Mr. Phillips's second lecture was one which by many considered his masterpiece; we mean that on "The Lost Arts." He called it medicine to counteract the great disease of the nineteenth century, self-conceit. And pretty strong, medicine it was. It lacked, of course, the warmth and personal interest of his former lecture, but it showed such a breadth of information, such an amount of out-of-the-way-knowledge and culture, as fully to counterbalance them. He told us that nearly all that we have been accustomed to consider as peculiarly our own, telescopes, weaving machines, steamboats and all, had been known ages ago, and kept secret by the ruling class of kings and priests. Printing alone had, by a hair's breadth, escaped discovery; and thus, when the rulers were swept away, their knowledge perished with them, and had to be accumulated anew with untold labour. Printing, however, it was refreshing to learn, really is ours; and by it knowledge is rescued from the danger of perishing as before.

Mr. Phillips is a trained public speaker, with plenty of matter, easy in voice and gesture. Mr. Kingsley is none of these. He is well known as the author of a score of widely read novels, besides sermons, pamphlets and what not, but as a lecturer he makes the platform too much resemble the pulpit, and that not at its best. It is part of the reward, however, of celebrities, that people will go to see them, if not to hear them. Mr. Kingsley was severely criticised in the United States for wanting a great American to bury in Westminster Abbey, promising, as Canon, to take good care of him. They thought the flattery too thin, especially as Mr. Kingsley had been a hearty sympathizer with the slaveholders during the rebellion. Here he wanted a great Canadian for a similar purpose. We were delighted with the idea. We have serious thoughts of going to England ourselves; not in a coffin to Westminster Abbey, but alive, on a lecturing tour. We have never lectured before; but perchance we may be able to see the country and pay our expenses.

The Society, it seems to us, has done something more than its duty in the way of lectures. Its first duty is the improvement of its own members—not to amuse or gratify the curiosity of the public. There are two more lecturers coming with fine lectures. We know little of them personally, but have reason to believe that they will be fully up to the average of their predecessors.

Exchanges.

The *Yale Courants* of the month are, as usual, only indifferent-ly interesting to us outside the sphere of Yale influences and associations. In one number, some one attacks "Eternity" in rhymes, which, in some respects resemble a sonnet, but without definitely assuming that form. We thought that the Western College alone indulged in such themes, however, the Yale writer expresses himself in a more quiet way than do the Western

men, whose effusions on kindred subjects we have seen. There is a good article on men who are ashamed of acknowledging hard work on their studies, showing the folly of it, and also that the sham is so transparent that no one is imposed on. We would like one or two of our men to read it carefully, and "turn from the error of their ways."

The *Dartmouth* contains, among other articles, an essay on Macaulay and Carlyle, after the manner of Plutarch. The fact that the *Dartmouth* essayist and Plutarch draw parallels, is all the resemblance between them—Plutarch, however, gave a history of his characters and his opinion of them, before he drew parallels between them, the other has not done this, and as we see herein no foundation for many of his statements, we are unable to agree with his conclusions, or to see how he arrives at them. Some of these conclusions are that Carlyle's style is better than Macaulay's—he is more of a philosopher, more of a genius, a better critic, &c. We will look now for a comparison between Froude and Herbert Spencer. There is about as much ground for one as there is of similarity between the two he has chosen.

We find little to notice in the *Beloit Monthly*. "Our reading-room" gives the information that "The great Air Line to the moon" is written in a more scientific style, initiative of Jules Verne. If our recollection of the article does not deceive us, it is a condensation of one of Jules Verne's books, which evidently has not yet reached Beloit.

The *Cornell Era* for March 6th, opens with "Passion Flowers," an erotic effort, as sensual and nasty in its meaning, in so far as it has any, as anything in Swinburne, but unredeemed by the splendid metre of which that poet is a master.

The *Queen's College Journal* is mainly occupied with "Our Noble Selves," the greater part of every issue being full of "Academical Notes."

The *Cornell Times* indulges in personals of an excessively personal character; that and the prominence given to the Literary contest are all that is remarkable about that enterprising sheet, which holds its own against the attacks of the entire Collegiate press.

Think of a paper that in three pages discusses Lent, Self-Knowledge, Fifty Years Hence, and Perfection! The *Western Collegian* does all this, and yet in the end has energy enough left to give a column of "Crusade Notes," in which some eight students say that they "confidently anticipate for it" (the womens' crusade) "a speedy, complete and permanent triumph!" If they are sincere, they will probably soon feel how true is the text "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

The *College Journal* is very good this month.

We acknowledge the receipt of *College Days*. We had to look through three or four pages of bad print to find out where it came from; when we found that out, we saw that they solicited contributions from their Faculty. We trust that none of the Instructors contributed to the number we received.

We find nothing to notice in the *Galt Collegiate Times*.

The *Acta Columbiana* is open to the same criticism we passed on the *Queen's College Journal*, that it is mainly occupied with themselves.

The *Out* comes from California. Its article on Tobacco is good, and that on the Mamelukes displays considerable historic research.

The *Emory Banner* we criticized once, after that we did not expect to see it again; it has turned up lately, and from this we infer that they never read their exchanges. So much the worse for it.

The *Aurora* is a new exchange. It comes from Albert College, Belleville, Ont., and is fairly up to the mark of our usual exchanges.

We shall say little in favour of the *Hellmuth College Journal*