

LITERARY NOTES

The Marquis of Lorne has written a poem entitled "Who is the Happiest?" It is to appear in the *Scot's Magazine*.

Robert Louis Stevenson's illustrated novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," which has been running through *Scribner's*, is published in book form.

Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, formerly of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is writing a book shortly to be published. His last work was "The Ethical Import of Darwinism."

A Sanskrit translation of the lost books of Euclid is said to have been found at Jeypore. The announcement will be received with moderated enthusiasm by undergraduates who have not a passion for geometry.

William M. Rossetti has written a book on his famous brother entitled "Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer," which will be sure of a sympathetic audience. It includes a prose paraphrase of "The House of Life."

"Six Hundred and Eleven Hints and Points for Sportsmen" is the title of a new manual of field sports and camp life now in the press of the Forest and Steam Publishing Company of New York, and to be issued immediately.

The recent death of Professor Beal, of University College, London, at the age of 64, removes one of the foremost European scholars of Chinese and the author of some standard oriental works. His "Buddhist Records of the Western World," "Travels of Buddhist Pilgrims," and "Life of Hiouen Tsang" are works that will long be valued by Orientalists.

Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester, will this season publish in two editions a selection of Hans Andersen's "Tales and Stories," as No. 4 of his Literary Readers for use in Elementary Schools. The selection and translation is by Mr. Alfonso Gardiner, the editor of the series, and will include the most popular of these inimitable tales, together with others that are not quite so well known, but are equally pleasing and interesting. The book will be fully illustrated, and, as in previous volumes of the series, full foot-notes will explain the historical references, etc.

Mr. H. Clarke Russell, the great novelist of life on the ocean wave, has written a short biography of the famous William Dampier, for the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillan & Co., New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto). Dampier rose from the rank of a sailor to be one of the most scientific navigators of his time, and one of the earliest circumnavigators of the earth. His notes on strange birds and fishes are valuable unto this day. His adventures were amazing, and out of all the interest attaching to his career Mr. Russell has made a very attractive volume.

The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company starts well with a list of ten books for the approaching autumn. It includes two stories by John Law, author of "Captain Lobe," one entitled "A Manchester Shirtmaker," and the other a second edition of "A City Girl." Then there are a novel, "Ruby," by Amye Reade, illustrated by Talbot Hughes; "A Book of Vagrom Men and Vagrant Thoughts," by a new writer; "The Education of Man," by John G. Speed; "After Shipwreck," by J. A. Owen; and "The Laws of National Evolution," from the French ("Contrat National") of Ph. Delbert.

Scribner's Magazine for October contains an exciting exploration article, in which Joseph Thomson describes his remarkable and famous journey through equatorial Africa; a very practical paper on the best way to improve the common roads of the United States; an end paper by "Ilk Marvel," the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"; one of the most attractive electric articles, showing modern applications of electricity to war, on land and sea; the end of Stevenson's great romance, "The Master of Ballantrae"; an unconventional travel article on Iceland; the second instalment of Harold Frederic's romance of Colonial New York; with other interesting fiction and poems. Most of these articles are richly illustrated.

Of the drawings of relics of the royal house of Stuart, which Mr. W. Gibb is executing, there are four of the regalia—the first being of the old crown of Scotland, a subject to which special interest is attached, inasmuch as there is some reason to believe that the lower rim is the same as was placed on the head of Robert the Bruce by the Countess of Mar. The other drawings are of the sword of state, the sceptre, and the Crown jewels. None of these ancient memorials of royalty have been previously drawn in colour. The other drawings comprise such personal possessions of the Stuarts as the leading-strings of James VI., sewn by Mary Queen of Scots; a purse also sewn by Queen Mary and now in the possession of the Queen; the lace collar, cap, and gloves worn by Charles I. at his execution; and a beautiful suit of tilting armour worn by Henry, Prince of Wales, which has been drawn at Windsor Castle by special permission of the Queen.

A WORD FOR PARTIALS AND OCCASIONALS.

In every revolution there has been excess. The physical law of action and reaction is always repeating itself in social history. For a long time it was not considered necessary or proper for a woman to be highly educated; now the idea has become widely spread that no woman can be truly educated unless she has a university degree. Let us consider the matter fairly.

A woman differs from a man in that she has many places to occupy in the world and a man but few. Therefore, a woman has not so much time to devote to any one object as a man. If she devotes a number of years entirely to the furtherance of one of her positions, she must neglect the others. A woman needs to consider deeply where her best place in the world is before she devotes four years of her life to the accumulation of knowledge.

For women who are obliged to earn their living and are fitted to do so by teaching, the full college course is eminently suitable, and also for those who have a thirst for knowledge, which is in itself an evidence of genius. There may be a few others who have much time to spend and no great talents to cultivate who would profit by a college course; but one can easily perceive that there are many school-girls not embraced in these classes. Many have no taste for learning at all, and they often make useful women. Many are needed to help in the bringing up of a large family. Many also are anxious for a higher education, but require much of their time for the cultivation of important artistic talents.

Any girl who, immediately on leaving school, enters on an arduous course of study, must deprive herself of a great deal of the family life, and, should she marry when she leaves college, she shall miss one of the sweetest parts of her existence—the society, love, and full understanding of her own family, and is truly better acquainted with her fellow students than with her brothers and sisters. But now I repeat that one can be truly educated without being a B.A. We can join the unpretentious body of partials and occasionals and thus at our leisure cultivate mental and artistic talents without detriment to our home life, and so in the end do, perhaps, as much good to the world as those women who proudly bear the title of Bachelor of Arts.

To do good to the world and to spend her time so as to make her most fitted to be useful ought to be the great aim of woman, and she ought to choose that lot in life that shall best advance her aim.

Should women take a college course for the gratification of an unworthy ambition, they shall only form a society of pedants. The world, whether ignorant or learned, alike rejects a woman of the Casaubon type.

This paper has been written, not for the purpose of underrating the advantage of a college course for those whom it suits, but to show that amongst the partial students are enrolled many as ambitious and fond of learning as their B.A. sisters, but who cannot give out of their small budget of time so large a share to the mere accumulation of knowledge.

AN OCCASIONAL.

LANCE REPLIES.

BOURNEMOUTH.

DEAR MORDUE,—Yes, I had been reading some of those speeches you make reference to in your letter. The fact is, we English over here get most of our Canadian news through the American papers, and, of course, it is more or less tinged with their view of the matter. I feel ashamed to mention the Behring Sea question to you after your loyal remarks on the feeling between Canada and the Mother Country; but it is no use shirking it, as you will be sure to refer to it in your next letter. My first feelings on hearing of the Behring Sea seizures were intense surprise that a nation like the United States, which has every reason to be proud of the position it holds among other nations, should stoop to such thieving practices, though I am glad to see from some of the papers that the *true* Americans are heartily ashamed of the whole thing, and rightly regard it as a slur on their honour and integrity. As for the dilatory course our Government have pursued, it is inexcusable. If this had been the first offence there might have been some excuse; but when it reaches so far back as three years

ago, it becomes too serious a thing to be passed over. Prompt action taken then would have saved all this trouble and inconvenience suffered by the sealers now, not to speak of the ill-feeling which has been roused. England cannot afford to have the brightest jewel in her possessions suffer such humiliating treatment as it has been subject to of late.

And now for a surprise. I have been to the Paris Exhibition. Yes, actually left my quiet town for the bustle and whirl of Paris. Of course, one of the first places I visited was the Canadian section, in which I was very much disappointed. The wigwams, with the Indians selling their bead-work, look sadly out of place among the magnificent sections from the New World. It was an opportunity that should not have been missed of showing what Canada could do. One old Irish lady seemed lost in amazement over the appearance of the Indians. "To think," she said, "of my poor, darling boy, having to live among such savages." I tried to tell her that the Indians did not make up the great majority in Canada. But it was of no use, she only shook her head and said they were wicked looking creatures, and, no doubt, would just as soon scalp you as not. She evidently looked upon Canada as still in her primitive state. In the evening I dined at T.'s, where I met one of your countrywomen, a Miss H., one of the most agreeable conversationalists that I have had the pleasure of meeting. I obtained more general knowledge of the wonderful growth of Canada in our conversation during the evening than I had from all my readings. The last few years, she said, had seen no greater work achieved than the building of the trans-continental railway, which has united the Atlantic with the Pacific coasts, binding the interests of the people closer together, and making them realize more fully their share in the Dominion. I am filled with a desire to explore this wonderful land of yours, with its great lakes and mighty rivers and vast mineral wealth. Miss H. also mentioned the rapid growth of the North-West, with its boundless prairies, already yielding rich harvests to the farmer. It is no wonder you Canadians are so proud of your country. The only drawback is, you are too modest about it. However, I suppose you think one great booster on a continent is enough. I very nearly got into Miss H.'s bad graces by saying that I supposed she was one of those in favour of annexation. Of course, I knew better; but I wanted to hear what she thought about it. All she answered was, "Remember the War of 1812."

"I would like," she said, in her animated way, "to go on a lecturing tour through England with Canada as my subject, for I do think that a greater interest in and knowledge of our country should be shown by England." The fact is, some of your countrymen have very queer and vague ideas of your land. For instance, while in London, I was invited to a dinner party, and in conversation with the son of the house, he informed me that he had spent a most delightful winter in Halifax. "And, do you know," he said, looking attentively at me, "I don't remember to have met you." I looked at him to see if he were in earnest, when one of his American cousins, who was visiting there, said laughingly as she saw my surprised look, "Jack's knowledge of Canadian geography is somewhat limited. Toronto and Halifax are some miles apart. Are they not, Miss H.?"

I enjoyed my visit to Paris exceedingly. Such crowds of laughing holiday-making people I never met with before. One can hardly realize as you meet them chatting and laughing in the Boulevards that the dreadful drama of the Revolution was ever enacted there. Such wonderful spirits they have, taking life as light-hearted children. The Boulevards are thronged every evening as late as one o'clock, the strains of music only ceasing then. To one accustomed to a quiet life, it would seem as though the place was ruled by a fun-loving genius. The women as a rule are pretty, indeed the very plainest seem less plain with their graceful movements and bright quick ways. Most of them are dark, but a few you see with fair hair, which is somewhat unnaturally shining to be genuine. But, as far as beauty is concerned, the Londoners are handsomer than the Parisians. Miss H., who has travelled a great deal, said that in no place had she seen so many handsome women as there. I caught a glimpse of the Shah several times, once at the Wild West Show, which he seemed to be enjoying immensely, the only drawback being that he would have liked to have seen a *real* scalping scene, indeed he offered his own barber for the occasion, and was quite disappointed that his offer was not accepted. If you have no home or family ties Paris is the place to live in. One thing that surprised me was the number of English books and magazines that are read now in Paris, and English is frequently heard among the higher classes. One of the most charming sights I saw in Paris was the flower booths—crowded with flowers of all sizes and colours, and so artistically blended together. The rose show at the Exhibition was wonderfully beautiful. Such a gathering was never seen before. Roses from all climes had their place there. One florist had the ceiling of his tent studded with marguerites. The Parisians are genuine lovers of flowers, and at Paris you see them in their full beauty. No matter how poor the place may be, you will be sure to find the box of flowers and the trained vines, showing the innate love for the beautiful in the French character. All Paris seemed to me to live more or less out of doors. Whether you went to the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, or the Bois de Boulogne, crowds of people were always to be seen. When the time came for me to leave I did so regretfully, feeling as though I would fain linger longer in that city of pleasure.

LANCE.