

gorous representatives of English literature and song! "Sing, muse," &c., one feels inclined to begin, discarding the poor pedestrian shuffle of the vulgar tongue for the epic strains of a Homer, or of one of these young demigods. There is Mr. Edmund W. Goss, the "refined and flawless" writer of "exquisite lyrics" and "thoughtful criticisms," but whose portrait, which, with many others, adorns Mr. Stedman's page, hardly conveys the idea of a "magnetic vehemence"—rather, to speak truth, of memories of that "public immersion," when (unlike that awful scene commemorated by the poet, when no ear but the murderers' was by to hear "young Edmond's drowning scream") "people came from all parts of Devonshire" to hear this other young Edmund "confess the Lord." There, too, is Mr. Austin Dobson, of the "dark hair," the "rapid eye," and the "gentle tendency to roundness." Like Mr. Goss, a servant of the Government, he sits not, however, like him, proudly "at the head of Whitehall," but rather "diagonally in the rear"—an uncomfortable way of sitting, one would think; but it has this advantage, at least: that it brings him so near to Mr. Goss that their panegyrist is enabled, with a candour of confession that does him infinite credit, to liken them to "a brace of singing-birds which a smooth bore brings down at one aim." Sometimes at a "crisis of office-labour" (rather an inopportune time, one might think) this singing-bird will arise from his diagonal position in the rear of Mr. Goss, and take flight to the rural home of another London "essayist and poet," W. Cosmo Monkhouse, whose pieces, though unhappily unpublished, are "charged with melody and feeling"—and he will read them, too, "under solicitation," without any charge! There, too, is Mr. Andrew Lang, of "a dainty and learned habit," addicted to a "quaint depreciation of his own metrical exploits" (which, with an unwonted un-felicity of phrase, Mr. Stedman characterises as "minute experiments in life and art"), yet, withal, "clinging zealously to work." There, too, is Théophile Mazials, the "tawny-haired," the "boyish-looking," wanting only "a troubadour's costume and a lute to pass for a minstrel-page of feudal times," and there are W. M. W. Coll, and J. A. Blaikie, and P. B. Marston, *fortissime Gyas, fortissime Cloanthus*.

Nor is it only into the society of the ruder sex—these Homeric feasters on joints and cheese and beer—that this fortunate American has been admitted. He has been received—though not, one would suppose, within the walls of the same "cosy institution" in Savile-row—by the "British sisterhood of song," which, if less numerous than the American sisterhood, is yet allowed to possess "a few contralto voices of a rare order." Prominent among these is Mrs. Augusta Webster, who is, speaking only of course in a poetic or Pickwickian sense, "thinner than Browning; but less rugged." As various also must she be, for now Mr. Stedman finds her translating Greek poetry, and now, like Munden, discussing "a leg of mutton in its quiddity." Another of these "gentle palm-bearers" is Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, of whom Mr. Stedman—lucky dog!—is privileged to speak as a "winning and picturesque girl," and whose "poetical genius is sustained by her learned and critical achievements." Miss Veley, too, has recently inscribed a fresh name "upon a spray of drifting verse," and so become numbered among those precious souls for whom "love and fame are waiting hand-in-hand beyond the hedgerows."

One cannot but wonder, as one struggles through this mess of rank and vulgar flattey, whether Mr. Stedman is likely to revisit England; and, should he do so, what manner of reception will be accorded him by these "representatives of English literature and song," whom he has succeeded in making so eminently ridiculous. They cannot surely be blind to the fact that such nauseous stuff really does them about the very worst service in the world; for one naturally feels that men who will put up with such an ignoble trumpeter as this must be in a very bad way indeed. And this is by no means so. No one would deny that many of the writers satirised by Mr. Stedman are possessed of very considerable talents and industry. Mr. Lang, for example, is well known to be a fine scholar, and in many ways a neat and ready writer; Mr. Dobson has published a volume of very graceful verse; and the others, they too, are no doubt, each in his own way, like Brutus and his fellows, "all honourable men." But this is really too impudent a jest. We have quite enough of this sort of thing among us without having to import the article from abroad. The righteous soul of Macaulay was moved with its wonted vehemence to declare many years ago its contempt for the "faddists of blue-stock-ing literature, for the mutual flatteries of coteries, the handing about of *vers de société*, the albums, the conversations, and all the other nauseous trieries of the Swards, the Hayleys, and the Sothebys." The race flourishes still; nay, is livelier, perhaps, than ever, now when the spread of so-called culture naturally both requires and finds larger and more frequent opportunities for the gratification of aspiring mediocrity. There is reason to believe that too many of so-called English literary organs exist only as strictly preserved rubbing-posts for the relief of that cutaneous irritation which is the chronic state of the literary cuticle. That belief will certainly not be lessened if the "representatives of English literature and song" are found to suffer with complacent ears the intolerable screamings of this American night-jar.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we spoke of the sad accident which marred the rejoicings at Kingston on the Queen's Birthday. This week we give two illustrations of the unhappy man's fall, and of the removal of his body to the boat which was to take it to Gananoque. The accident occurred as the Gananoque battery were galloping at full speed and were near the end of the run. One of the horses drawing the rear gun plunged into a hole, stumbled and fell, his rider, John Dempster, being thrown violently to the ground. The mis-step and fall of the horse caused the heavy cannon to be pulled to one side, and before the dismounted driver could get clear the wheel passed over his head. The wound was fatal. In a few minutes the young man was dead. An ambulance from the Queen's Own was procured and the body removed to the city, coffined, and sent home. The battery to which he belonged retired from the grounds, unnerved and disconsolate.

GRAND HISTORIC COMMEMORATION AT BERNE.

Last month the city of Berne, in Switzerland, was enlivened by a grand national festival—Berne has a very ancient national history, antecedent to the Swiss Confederation—with a procession designed to illustrate not only the historic, but the romantic and pre-historic, incidents of its olden time. The zeal of patriotic antiquarianism went back to the aboriginal dwellers in huts built on piles, a thousand years before the Christian era, and through the successive periods of stone implements, of bronze, and of iron, to that of the Helvetic tribes who contended with the Roman legions; and there were figures in strange costumes, meant to represent those wild warriors, herdsmen, and horsemen, of primitive ages, including that of "Diviko," followed by a triumphal bullock-wagon, and a party of captive Romans, with their hands tied behind their backs. Then came, on horseback, in modern Swiss militia uniforms, the members of the Berne Commemoration Committee, with their Marshals and adjutants; but in the next division of the procession, which was intended to illustrate the mediæval history of Berne, there was much proof of learned research and of artistic taste. Berchtold von Zahringen and Kuno von Bubenberg, feudal Dukes or Lords of the twelfth century, who founded or protected this city on the banks of the Aar, rode past in all the pomp of chivalry, but in peaceful guise and mood, with their ladies, attendant knights, pages, huntsmen and hounds, and armed peasantry of their train. The founding of Berne, in A.D. 1191, was of course made very conspicuous, with figures of the Duke of Zahringen and some Archbishop or Bishop, carried along upon a moving platform, superintending the architects and masons who began to build the walls of the city. Battles for its early liberties, the fight of the Schlosshalde, in 1288, that of Donnerbulh, in 1298, and that of Laupen, in 1399, with the men of most renowned valour upon those occasions, notably Rudolf von Erlach, filled up a considerable space. Then came, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, the progress of arts, industry, and commerce, examples of which were shown by the different trade-guilds, with their banners and symbolical devices, and the implements of their craft. The bears (Baren), which have always been held in peculiar honour by the citizens of Berne, as guardian beasts of the civic community, were followed by a queer collection of other animals, the lions walking erect arm-in-arm, the stag or hart, the bull, the ape, the eagle, and the dragon, which were supposed to represent various local interests. The foundation, in 1421, of the fine Gothic Cathedral, known to most English tourists, was one of the subjects commemorated in the procession, which also included many notable events and personages of the Swiss War of Independence, the Protestant Reformation, the Peasant War of the seventeenth century, the French Revolutionary War and those of Napoleon I. The civil institutions, and social customs, manners, and divisions of the Bernese population, in town and country, were brought fully before the spectators. This long pageant ended with a set of figures meant to give some idea of the Future, or "Berne as it will be"; in which the possibilities of scientific improvement, in the twentieth century, were boldly displayed to view: the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and the telephone were seen in wonderful action. There was a flying-machine, worked by steam, which seemed just about to rise into the air; but the steam soldier, wearing a boiler for his helmet, with a huge pair of iron shields, like a bird's wings, readily shifted to protect any part of his body, would be more than a match for Achilles. The proceeds of the entertainment were bestowed on local charities. Our Illustrations are copied from the cleverly-drawn "Album" of this procession, by Karl Jauslin, sold by R. F. Haller, at Berne.

PROFESSOR LIONEL BEALE F.R.S., ON MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

A crowded meeting of the members of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, — a Society founded to investigate all scientific questions, including any said to militate against Religious Belief—took place at No. 7, Adelphi Terrace, London, on the 15th of May, when Professor Lionel Beale, F.R.S., President (1881) of the Microscopical Society, read a paper. He com-

menced by alluding to the varied opinions that existed among scientific men, as to whether the hypotheses upon which modern scientific opinion in favour of some form of the physical doctrine of life were based are worthy of acceptance. He himself confessed that he was among those who held "that no form of the hypothesis which attributes the phenomena of the living world to mere matter and its properties has been, or can be, justified by reason." He added,—"I would draw attention to the declaration again and again repeated, and now taught even to children, that the living and the non-living differ only in degree, that the living has been evolved by degrees from the non-living, and that the latter passes by gradations towards the former state. No one has adduced any evidence in proof of these conclusions, which are, in fact, dictatorial assertions only, and no specimen of any kind of matter which is actually passing from the non-living to the living state, or which can be shown to establish any connexion between these absolutely different conditions of matter, has been, or can be at this time, brought forward. Between purely vital and purely physical actions not the faintest analogy has been shown to exist. The living world is absolutely distinct from the non-living world, and, instead of being a necessary outcome of it, is, compared with the antiquity of matter, probably a very recent addition to it,—not, of course, an addition of mere transformed or modified matter and energy, but of transcendent power conferred on matter which controls, regulates, and manages both matter and its forces according, it may be, to laws, but not the laws of inert matter. It is not only one or two of the positions assumed by the materialist that are open to doubt or objection. Facts completely controvert all materialistic views which have been put forward. To be condemned as untenable is the doctrine that there is a relationship between non-living and living matter, or that the term molecular mechanism can be applied to the former. The simple truth is, that the essential phenomena of all living beings cannot be explained without recourse to some hypothesis of power totally different from any of the known forms or modes of energy. Any one who allows his reason to be influenced by the facts of nature as at present discovered will feel obliged to admit the existence of vital power as distinct from and capable of controlling the ordinary forces of non-living matter. It has been conclusively shown that the laws of vital force or power are essentially different from those by which ordinary matter and its forces are governed." The author then referred to Nature as explained by the Materialist: "A Nature which was really a blind, insatiable, irresistible fate, falsely called law, destitute of intelligence and reason, devoid of mercy and justice, is the Nature held up for our admiration, with the consoling assurance of dictatorial authority that it sprang from chaos in obedience to everlasting self-originating (!) law, and that it will return to chaos, in obedience to the same, — all life, work, and thought being but the undulations of cosmic nebulousity, and dependent upon the never-ceasing gyrations of infinite, everlasting atoms, as they bound through the ages from void to void. This, the dullest, the narrowest, the most superficial of all creeds, — materialism, which includes some mixture of antitheism and atheism of various forms and hues, — has been half-accepted by hundreds of persons during the last few years. I believe all materialistic doctrines, vary as they may in detail, will be found to agree in accepting as a truth, — if, indeed, they are not actually based on it, — the monstrous assumption that the living and the non-living are one, and that every living thing is just as much a machine as a watch, a windmill, or a hydraulic apparatus. According to the material contention, everything owes its existence to the properties of the material particles out of which it is constructed. But is it not strange that it never seems to have occurred to the materialistic devotee that neither the watch, nor the steam-engine, nor the windmill, nor the hydraulic apparatus, nor any other machine known to, or made by, any individual in this world, is dependent for its construction upon the properties of the material particles of the matter out of which its several parts have been constructed!" Several new Australian and American subscribers were announced, making the total strength of the Institute 950.

MUSICAL.

The Philharmonic Society gave, last Tuesday, a repetition of their first concert, comprising Mendelssohn's "42nd Psalm," and Saint Saens' "Oratorio de Noel." On the whole, the rendering of both was, we should say, better than on the previous occasion. The orchestra in particular has shown a marked improvement during the season, though on Tuesday the reeds were unsteady, and the oboe player nearly spoilt the beautiful aria, "For my soul thirsteth for God" in the first part. The chorus were hardly up to the mark of their previous work in one or two places, notably the last chorus of the Psalm. I have before pointed out the bad effects of trying to rush this as Mr. Couture will persist in doing, and the result on this occasion was very evident. The conductor fairly ran away from his chorus, who followed him at a gradually increasing distance and finished away behind. With this exception, the choruses went very well. Mrs. Rockwood and Miss Crompton shared the honors of the evening in the solos, the latter's rendering of

"Expectans Expectavi," from the "Noel," being especially fine.

Between the parts Mr. Couture was presented with a baton by Rev. Canon Norman, who accompanied the presentation with a suitable address, to which Mr. Couture replied.

I ought to mention a new feature of this concert—namely, the introduction of two purely orchestral numbers, the Overture to Don Giovanni, and the Andante from Beethoven's D Symphony, both of which were creditably, though in no way remarkably, played.

Madame Camille Urso, accompanied by M. Sauret (pianist), Miss Marguerite Hall (vocalist) and Miss Helen Potter, *pour la partie littéraire*, as the French put it, gave a series of concerts this week at the Queen's Hall, which were, I am sorry to say, poorly attended. Madame Urso's playing is too well known in the musical world to need criticism. Her perfect purity of tone is probably her chief characteristic as a violinist, and if she lacks the power of Remenyi, she charms by a lightness and accuracy of touch in which she probably has no rival. Miss Marguerite Hall sang several most ambitious songs in a most artistic manner, and won a real success, albeit from a limited audience, who, however poor in numbers, made up for it in enthusiasm.

On Saturday, Mrs. Otis Rockwood's little pupils gave a most charming performance at the Academy of Music. Besides the usual songs and choruses we were treated to selections from Patience by a full company of miniature dragoons and rapturous maidens. No expense or pains had evidently been spared to contribute to the success which was undoubtedly obtained. Apart from the charming costumes and graceful poses of the little ones, their singing reflected great credit upon their instructress, and one young lady in particular, Miss Nellie Craig, showed that she was not only possessed of an unusually fine voice, but that she had already made much real progress in learning how to use it. The exercises were closed by the presentation of the prizes for the past term by Rev. Canon Ellegood.

MUSICUS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is reported that the false prophet has captured Khartoum.

It is rumoured that Mr. John O'Donohoe and Mr. John Riordon will be called to the Senate.

It is said that at a recent Fenian meeting in London the hope was expressed that Gladstone would be the next to be assassinated.

In the Guiteau case, Mr. Reed has applied for a rehearing in the Supreme Court.

The Italian patriot, General Garibaldi, died at Caprera, his island home, last Friday.

BRENNAN, the Secretary of the Irish Land League, has been released from prison.

PROPERTY to the value, it is estimated, of upwards of \$300,000, was destroyed by fire at Quebec on Friday.

The propeller *St. Magnus* has been chartered to carry a grain cargo from Chicago for Europe as an experiment.

The Indians in the interior of Chili have revolted against the Chilean forces, and much slaughter on both sides has resulted.

The Spanish Cabinet favors the enforcement of the law for the emancipation of all the negroes illegally kept in slavery in Cuba.

The strikes among the iron workers in the United States have assumed huge proportions, but an early settlement of the troubles is looked for.

The *Globe's* London (Eng.) correspondent cables that the new North-West Land Company's shares are not being so eagerly sought for as anticipated.

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway coupons, which fall due this month, will not, it is said, be met at maturity, owing to the deficits in 1881.

BARON FITZGERALD, of the Irish Exchequer, has resigned in consequence of repugnance to the duties imposed upon him by the Repression Bill.

HUMOROUS.

A CARELESS talking acquaintance used to define swearing as the unnecessary use of profane language.

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

A GERMAN seriously states that thieves are so scarce in America that a reward is offered for their discovery.

AN old lady in Scotland hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

CHICAGO girls have discovered, it is said, that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given an "aristocratic family accent."

A PHILADELPHIA coal-dealer recently received from a prominent shoddyite, who had been in Europe, an order for 5 tons of coal delivered *a la carte*.

The dairymaid pensively milked the goat, And pouting she paused to mutter— "I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk," And the animal turned to butt her!