

garment is a delusion. Avoiding high heels, tight corsets, and those ridiculous humps called "dress improvers," she toils through life in heavy petticoats, yet lives in the sweet hope of being able to suggest a "wearable compromise." What it is she does not define, but a bold allusion to Turkish trousers has let the cat out of the bag. Her quaintest suggestion is contained in the postscript, and is to the effect that if the British peeresses could be reformed in the matter of dress, the British public would follow suit, and the next generation would have healthier bodies and better minds.

THE remains of the mammoth mastodon which were found by a party of workmen while engaged in a marl pit, on the property known as the late Dr. Andrew's farm, near Monroe, have been the subject of considerable discussion, and the bones thus far found have been looked upon by hundreds of curious people. Mr. Konnight, on whose property the bones were found, is the hotel keeper at Monroe, and it is his intention to recover the entire skeleton if possible, and have it set up. The principal bones of the parts already secured are as follows, with their respective measurements:—The tusks, or horns, are six feet long and seven and a-half inches across the base; one shoulder-blade is two feet six inches long, and two feet four inches across the end; the ribs are four feet two inches long and three inches wide; two teeth, each ten inches long and four and three-quarter inches in circumference.

The writer of the racy column "The Madding Crowd," in the *Chicago Rambler*, says:—"Of late years fashionable crazes have been numerous; croquet, lawn tennis and rinking are only a few of a long list that might be made. The latest in England, and one that already in this country has many enthusiastic votaries is photography; amateur photographers have sprung up in such numbers that a new word expressive of the complaint has been coined—photomania. Princess Beatrice has taken to it with ardour, and Mrs. Brassey is, I hear, a confirmed photo-maniac, never travelling without her apparatus. It is really a delightful pursuit in the country, and will probably supplant sketching with many young ladies, as requiring less ability to do, and being more complete and truer to nature in its results."

AMONG the items of the new French budget is a tax on bachelors. It is satisfactory to be told that the unmarried spinsters, even those of ripe age, used no influence in the initiative of this measure. Whether the tax on bachelors is intended as a spur to population, or is merely resorted to as a ready financial resource, it is in these days an anomaly. Precedents in abundance may be found, but they are out of date, and the revival is a curious freak of modern finance. It is not certain that an increase of marriages would, in the actual state of French society, add much to the population of France. There is no difficulty in filling the ranks of the army, and an addition to the birth-rate would not necessarily furnish a large number of recruits for the colonization of distant lands. Before any artificial spur is applied to population, the conservation of the health of the living generation would naturally claim attention. The cleansing of the rag-pickers' quarter in Paris, where cholera has broken out, would be a good beginning. But to the need for revenue to supply the demands of a war budget, the bachelors probably owe their thanks for the special attention with which they are favoured; and if so, it is their patriotic duty to welcome the Tonquin tax as best they may. If "glory" be a national requisite, the inconvenience of having to pay for it must be submitted to when "indemnité" cannot be exacted.

THERE were twenty-five failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-two in the preceding week, and with twenty-four, fourteen and ten, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. In the United States there were 237 failures reported during the past week as compared with 251 in the preceding week, and with 232, 186 and 158, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. About 85 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

ONE is reminded at every turn of the proximity of Christmas. The store windows are crowded with holiday novelties, and an odour of Christmas cards pervades the leading thoroughfares. A glance at the cards of the season seems to indicate that the æsthetic mania has passed away, while the better art at which æstheticism aims still remains. There is less of sickly sentimentality of subject and unhealthiness of tone, and more of a disposition towards presenting really pretty ideas and character. In the majority of this year's work the reserve of colour-painting is admirable. The age of gaudiness is gone.

It was very gratifying that Mr. Samuel Brandram was accorded so pleasant a welcome on his recent visit to Toronto, and it may be hoped that the parties who were responsible for his coming may be encouraged to arrange for other entertainments by equally talented and polished specialists. Mr. Brandram's brilliant reputation had, of course, preceded him; but despite this, it is safe to say that his audiences in Convocation Hall were as much astonished at his marvellous feats of memory as they were charmed with his versatility. Few men can give intelligent conceptions of a variety of characters—ranging from Shakesperian tragedians to Dickinsonian bumpkins—without imperilling personal dignity; but Mr. Brandram succeeded in this without ceasing for a moment to be a gentleman. We understand Mr. Brandram will re-visit Toronto at an early date. Mr. Proctor's lectures do not appear to have created so favourable an impres-

sion, though the objection that they were too elementary has not been endorsed by the public. These also were delivered in Convocation Hall, to good audiences, which indeed says much for that gentleman's popularity, since a more comfortless assembly-room, or one with worse acoustic properties, it would be difficult to find.

In all probability had Miss Marryatt been advised to appear in another hall she would have met much larger audiences. The inaccessibility, architectural defects, and general unpopularity of the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens is such that a full house is rarely seen there, and for an artiste to attract a moderate attendance redounds as much to her credit as a "bumper" would in a more central spot. Certainly Miss Marryatt deserved better patronage than Toronto bestowed upon her. She came, not only with the inheritance of a great name, and with not a little literary renown of her own winning, but heralded by a *souffronne* of scandal—that most attractive of attractions to the social world. Her entertainment was very good and very clever, and enabled the fair novelist to exhibit her gifts of mimicry, recitation, declamation, and singing to considerable advantage.

THERE is considerable danger that the indifference of play-goers in Toronto to better-class performances will deliver the local stage altogether into the hands of fifth-rate dramatic companies and vulgar variety-hall performers. The manager, in common with his co-caterers, avowedly runs the theatre as a commercial speculation, and supplies the class of performance most in demand, so that the public is responsible for what is produced. If, then, such plays as "Storm Beaten," so ably performed as it was last week, and the libretto of which is so infinitely in advance of the rubbishy stuff presented by the "Joe Murphy's" of the stage, are attended by small audiences, what wonder that the companies which "pull" have preference of engagements? It is scarcely in keeping with the position that is claimed for Toronto, as the most advanced and cultured city of the Dominion, that the boards of her only theatre are so greatly monopolized by sensational and illegitimate plays—heaven save the mark!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We sincerely regret that owing to some blundering in the Post office the manuscript for the Musical article has miscarried.

No communications intended for the Literary Department will be noticed unless addressed to The Editor, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

"Chelsea's" letter arrived too late for publication this week.

TO THE STATUE OF THE HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Unveiled in a snow-storm, November 25th, 1884.

Four years gone—but little more—
Vive semper.

May you stand for many a score,
Face the winter hard and hoar,
Crowned, as now, with snow-flakes o'er,
Vive semper.

Though these lips be dumb at last,
Vive semper,
To oblivion we cast
All the wrong—the bitter past—
Hold the right in memory fast,
Vive semper.

Time may leave no voice to say,
"Vive semper."
May Discord be far away,
This for country would we pray,
As again we cry to-day
"Vive semper."

NATHANAEL NIX.

HIS ARTIST-SOUL RETURNED.

THE solemn hour of pensive Evensong
Flush'd o'er an artist who had tarried long
In vain attempt to limn a pastoral scene.
Alas! the power was fled that once had been,
And—youth is passionate—pale anger's serf
In fury flung himself upon the turf,
And sobb'd, in mingled ire and mental pain,
"Heav'n grant me back my artist-soul again."

"Heav'n grant me back my artist-soul again":
The woods and song-birds heard the sad refrain,
And so did Mangelwurzel's Durham steer
That charg'd the unsuspecting mourner's rear,
And fired him o'er the fence upon the head
Of the old darky tramp, who softly said,
Beneath the boot that struck the listening black:
"Befoah de Lawd dat artis' soul's cum back!"

H. K. COCKIN.