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CANADIANA.

The latest number of *Canadiana* is one of the fullest and finest yet issued. We are glad to see in print a paper on Father Marquette by Mr. John Lesperance, to which we had the pleasure of listening when it was read before the Society for Historical Studies. It is instructive, though necessarily brief, suggests further research into the significance of the great westward and southward movement of the Old Régime, and is marked by the author's characteristic graces of style. Mr. Henry Mott has managed to compile a really fascinating study out of what, to the uninitiated, would be the most uninviting of subjects. "Only a Catalogue" is the title, but of catalogues the name is legion. Some are virtually worthless, some are "jewels of price," and Mr. Mott was happy in choosing for his theme that thesaurus of bibliography which bears the impress of Mr. Gerald Hart's taste and judgment. Lovers of books, and all that is related to them (especially of those precious Canadian works of which only bibliophiles ever even catch a glimpse) will revel in Mr. Mott's account of that grand library, of which now, alas! the *disjecta membra* alone survive. In praise of books the essayist has added poems by Austin Dobson, George Martin and Henry Mott—this last written for the occasion of the final meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, at which his paper was read. Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Archivist, who always merits attention, writes of a monument to Tecumseh which it was proposed to erect on St. Helen's Island, and towards which a considerable sum was collected. The movement, which began in 1841, seems, owing to some mysterious interruption, to have proved abortive. For full particulars we advise our readers to consult Mr. Brymner's paper, which, in these days of patriotic hero-worship, is of more than curious interest. "Mabel's" study on the Chien d'Or legend is worth reading, as is also the survey of the de Lewis manuscripts. A poem on the "United Provinces," contributed to the *Monthly Review*, and dated December, 1840, shows that the legislative union of the Canadas had its enthusiastic singers as well as the later and grander Confederation. How many Ottawas are there? "H. M." has discovered ten, besides the Queen's choice. *Canadi na* continues to do a good work in preserving from oblivion much that would otherwise be irretrievably lost. It is edited by Messrs. W. J. White and J. P. Edwards, and is printed by the *Gazette* Printing Company. The subscription is \$2 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Those who are old enough to recall the first appearance of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" ever so long ago, will rejoice to find that kind and clever despot, now on the evening of life, exercising sway "Over the Tea Cups," with the old charm of tone and fruitfulness of speech still recognizable. "Life is," he says in the November *Atlantic*, "a *petit verre* (a metaphor which arose naturally out of some French reminiscences) of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At twenty years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Barcroft is keeping watch of the

gamekeeper in the distance." And then he goes on chatting about old age in a gentle, chastened way, with touches of pathos now and then and occasional outcroppings of the old bitter-sweet humour. Most interesting of all to lovers of the "Autocrat" are the parting words of the series, a chapter of autobiography which those who have read the three preceding ones as they appeared—"Autocrat," "Professor" and "Poet"—will read with mingled sadness and hope, sadness that this delightful and instructive companionship is again interrupted, and hope that it may be resumed ere long and lost for many a joyous year. Mr. Frank R. Stockton begins a serial story, "The House of Martha," which has the much prized flavour in style, but in invention seems to be a fresh departure. Two contemporary contributions deal with a mediæval (F. C. Sewell) and an American highwayman. In "The Legend of William Tell" Mr. W. D. McCrackan traces the development of a myth long accepted as history back to the year 1477—more than a century and a half after the Swiss hero is supposed to have lived. Mr. Percival Lowell, who is an authority on the Lands of the Sunrise, tells the story of a Japanese Reformer. Under the heading of "Along the Border of Proteus's Realm," Edith M. Thomas gives some lake and seashore studies, for which she had received the first suggestion from the look and moods of Lake Erie. John Jay Chapman has tried his hand at translating the fourth canto of the "Inferno"—beginning "Ruppemi l'alto sonno nella testa Un greve tuono"—in which Dante congregates in a Pagan elysium the great poets, philosophers, warriors and women of renown, from Adam to Saladin, whose virtues were due not to Christian teaching but to the light of nature. His object is to produce some semblance of the effect of the original, and to that end he has adopted the poet's metre. It will, we believe, be conceded that Mr. Chapman has achieved no slight success, and his management of the list of names near the close of the canto is not the least happy feature of his essay. The remainder of the magazine (including the noteworthy review entitled, "The Christ in Recent Fiction") makes with the foregoing a number that is certainly not below the *Atlantic's* usual high standard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York, 11 East Seventeenth street.

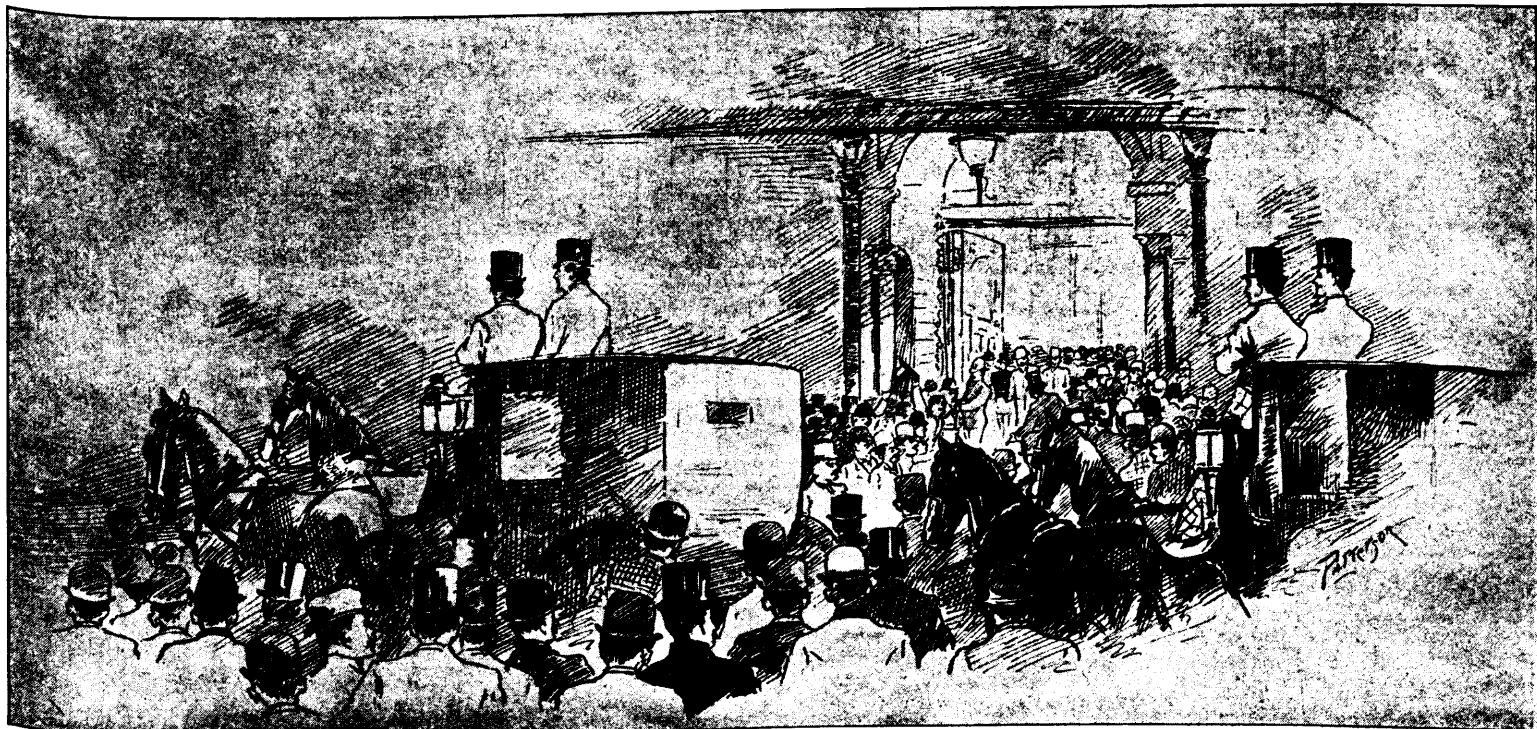
THE WEEK.

A study of a phase of industrial life not often portrayed is that of Mr. Archibald Macmechan in the last two numbers of the *Week*. "Life on a Cattle Ship" the narrator found trying enough, but not without its compensations. "It was," he says, "rough, hard, dirty work, and plenty of it, with coarse fare and coarser mates." He did not relish being at the beck and call of a rough Irishman,

"after being the petty tyrant of a country school," and he seems to have had more than his share of keeping watch. But he made up for his loss of sleep at night by "long drowses on the sweet hay or the clean-smelling pine planks over the sheep pens." The Arcola had beautiful weather all the way across and, on the whole, Mr. Macmechan did not consider his experience much of a hardship. Whatever he endured was amply counterbalanced by breathing the wholesome sea air and looking at the strange sights of ocean and sky. The account of the trip is well worth reading. "N. K. J." (a young Toronto lady) is contributing her impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play, which she witnessed last summer. Her description of the play and the chief actors is animated and instructive and, as her notes were taken on the spot, may be regarded as trustworthy. The Rev. M. R. Knight and Miss Emily Macmanus contribute patriotic poems, while Mr. J. K. Pauw gives a translation of Horace's love-ode, "Donec Gratus Eram" (III. 9). Mr. John Darby, of Ottawa, discusses the labour question. "Walter Powell's" London Letter is full of pithy gossip on literary, art and society matters, while "Z" sends the latest tid-bits of like news from across the channel. A thoughtful article on "Legal Reform," the "Rambler's," opportune moralizings, criticisms of recent books and music, and vigorous editorials on policies and events complete the bill of fare. The *Week* is worthy of support, and out of Canada would long since have had a pecuniary triumph as well as a *succès d'estime*. It is published by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan street, Toronto.



THE CROWD TEARING DOWN THE STUDENTS' FLAG.

THE PARTY AT THE WINDSOR.
VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS, 24th OCTOBER.