

design, his ingenuity, his rich humour, and his moderate employment of caricature in a field of design which called into existence a great deal of exaggerated and sometimes ill-humoured drawing. This last characteristic indicates the prevailing tone of Punch, which is distinguished for its good-humoured railery; and if it has occasionally plied the lash of satire, the cause has generally been a sufficient warranty for the act. Tenniel is sometimes entirely serious, and our immediate perception that he is serious is an evidence that the majority of his drawings are produced with a restraint that keeps them within the confines of the legitimate and the possible. We all of us have met the man whose every utterance produces a laugh; whose friends are prepared to laugh directly he opens his lips; and whose reputation as a humourist is such that (as some one has recently said) the best way to make one of your own jokes effective is to father it on him. Tenniel is not of these. He is not generally boisterous; he can, like a pianist, suddenly put the soft pedal down, and learn, by the general silence, that he still commands the attention of the company. His figure of Britain mourning over the death of Beaconsfield, or over the loss of her sons in some disastrous field of battle, moves us to tears the more readily because she is recognizable as the same familiar and stately dame who has erstwhile been swabbing a French ambassador or offering a compassionate hand to a tyrannized state.

Tenniel's labours have not been entirely confined to the pages of Punch, for besides some few other excursions in the field of illustration, he rendered even more delightful by his pretty drawings the quaintly, childishly, irresistible humour of Carol's "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-glass." For those of us who still have a palate to enjoy the preternatural adventures of a child and a rabbit, these pictures will always remain amongst the most dear and lasting of our recollections. For "The Hunting of the Shark" Carol chose another illustration; perhaps this was on account of his perception of Tenniel's restraint, already referred to; the vessel, if you remember, which was chartered for the voyage, Sharkwards, was such that "the rudder got mixed with the bowsprit sometimes!"

E. WYLY GRIER.

At Street Corners.

I WAS looking the other day at the "Easter" number of the Sunday edition of the New York Herald. According to this publication, Easter is reduced to a thing of bonnets and new gowns, a time of fashion and display. I suppose this truly represents the public sentiment. Dress, dollars, and display being the trinity worshipped by the smart New Yorker, the churches are turned into haunts of entertainment and the display of modes, and all truly serious and noble life is flouted as frumpish and old-fashioned. The heroism and virility of the Americans must be looked for in the rural districts rather than in the cities, and even there the sordid pursuit of wealth has sapped the national vigour and patriotism. Is any of this rotting process going on in Canada? I am afraid there is, worse luck! The passion for what is called style is very seductive and absorbing, and that which should be merely the ornament and blossom of a solid and useful life is followed as a positive pursuit, and we have "society" pages in our newspapers *ad nauseam*, and people who find the principal business of life in the unsatisfying and tiresome round. Here endeth my Lenten sermon—a short one—the brevity of which may be noted by clerical readers.

Mr. E. A. Macdonald, having been deprived of his seat in the city council, is going to run for mayor, he says. This gentleman mistakes his vocation. He is a second Jules Verne. If he would only give his laborious days and nights to writing pseudo-scientific novels he might attain fame. His descriptions of what the aqueduct and canal will do always remind me of Jules Verne's stories. There is just a dash of scientific knowledge in them—just enough to spice the fiction of which they are mainly composed. Try fiction pure and simple, Mr. Macdonald; give us "Aqueduct City in 1996," and bring out a cheap 25 cent edition!

I was interested in reading Miss Harriet Ford's letters to the Mail and Empire about the Royal Academy Exhibition at Montreal, though they were marred by the writer's constitu-

tional pessimism and lack of sympathetic insight. I think there is more cant written and talked about art than about anything else, and some of it seems to creep into nearly everybody's head who ventures on the perilous task of describing pictures or sculpture. Ruskin was responsible for some of the utterest "rot" on the subject, and he has been followed by hundreds of smaller scribes. The true place of art is, comparatively speaking, a humble one, and to think of it as a regeneration of society, or even as a main factor of progress, is not in accordance with true philosophy. Art is the creeper that beautifies the pillars of the house of the commonwealth, but it is not a pillar, and never can be. But Miss Ford writes as if we only had duly to reverence the esoteric views of art entertained by a few dozen persons—some of whom are undoubtedly insane—to have a new heaven and a new earth, so to speak. Still, I must say that Miss Ford's outspoken criticisms are very much better than the namby-pamby butter with which our picture-makers are sometimes plastered. Why in the world is it done? It is merely a fashion. The work of the school teacher is ten times as important as that of the artist, yet nobody ever goes round to our schoolrooms and notes Mr. —'s "fine, impressionistic breadth of method," or Miss —'s "sincerity," or "conscientious rendering of the large facts of life."

The death of Judge Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," will be felt as a personal loss by people all over the world. He was one of those who are the salt of the earth, and who help to keep life healthy and sweet, and the Lord knows we want such badly in these fashion-ridden, decadent days. "Tom" Hughes was a Liberal, but there was a good old Toryism about him, too, that made him reverence the best things of the past with an ardent reverence. Of late those occasional letters of his in the London Spectator, signed "Vacuus Viator," have kept him pleasantly in the minds of friendly readers. They denoted the youthful elasticity of a mind that declined to succumb to the attacks of time.

The winter is weakening; the street corners are becoming more bearable; already an old crony or two stand about and chat. Some faces I miss. There was the impecunious man with the round face and the shifty look who had been made clever by numerous adversities. He was evidently a broken-down gentleman. He came up to you with an air of friendliness and said, "Would you believe it; I am actually short of a car ticket, and I want to go home on this car; one gets into the habit of not walking, don't you know: may I ask you to frank me for this trip?" Where is he? Is he killed by Madame La Grippe? The last time I saw him he was eating an excessively good dinner at Moyans', and washing it down with expensive libations. He had had a windfall, evidently. He was of the sort that spend freely—on themselves—when they have it, which is not often.

Where, too, is the musical professor—lank and middle-aged, who always has a grievance against somebody, and who will air it to any extent you will let him on the slightest provocation? It is well known that as a vocalist the men who are in the front rank could not touch him if only he were given a fair show; while as an organist, it is simply the jealousy of his professional brethren that is keeping him out of the best churches. If only he could get \$200 together he would show them a thing or two! But the fact is, sir, Toronto is rotten—rotten. Talk about honour! It is a thing unknown. As for society, it is dropping to pieces. There are not ten people in — street who pay their tradesmen. Live on credit, sir—credit. Well, thank you, I don't mind if I do. It is rather cold this afternoon," and that was the last time I saw him. Has he, too, dropped into a quiet grave?

Where, too, is the man who was just on the eve of a great invention? He had almost accomplished it. It only wanted some cog wheel, or spring, or something of the sort, when it would do—ah! what would it not do? He did not mention it to everybody, but he knew he was safe in my hands. The fact was, he did not like to let his mind dwell too much on the riches which were within his grasp; it unnerved a man, and, of course, there were difficulties in the way yet. But he could see to the end of them, and then I should see what he would do. But I do not see him. Has he moved to some other town? Perhaps he has gone to Hamilton.