

The following will explain his objectionable manner of doing business. During several days on the civic estimates he had run amuck against everybody and everything. Referring to the outlay upon the Exhibition he said that Mr. Chambers' department was a sinkhole and that there was a "spy" system by which things came to his knowledge, and that there was nothing done there unknown to him, and that he knew just as much about it as Mr. Chambers. Alderman Lamb indignantly denounced the spy system as contemptible. Aldermen McMurich and Graham also concurred. After the Mayor had run foul of the hot-house at Exhibition Park, Alderman Graham asked if he had seen it. It turned out that he had never been there, yet after his manner he laid down the law as if he knew all about it.

His conduct at the meeting was often offensive, justifying the charge to his face that he is not a gentleman.

After attacking most persons' salaries, his own—which, including allowances, is \$4,600—came up. As he had denounced those of so many others it might have been thought that he would voluntarily offer to reduce his overgrown one, but nothing of the sort. "Codlin's your friend and not Short," but he dotes on number one. The failure by some independent alderman to move that his salary, etc., should be cut down one-half was a great oversight.

Considered altogether, the facts show a discreditable state of things, but one thing is certain, namely, we will not have a spy system.

F. R.

Art Notes.

In the first notice of this year's exhibition a question was asked concerning the Academy. Have they remained true to the principles of their great first President? Are they providing the nation with "authentic models" to guide and stimulate its taste? To answer "No" would not be fair, for among the ranks of the Academicians are to be found artists of the highest distinction. But if they have included the good, have they not included the bad as well? If they have hung pictures worthy of the best traditions of English art, have they not also hung pictures appealing to the most vulgar of popular tastes? To be worthy of the great position claimed for the Academy, its members must rise beyond merely suiting its exhibitions to the taste of all men,—a few noble works for those who appreciate them, and a wilderness of the easily understood, the commonplace, and the ignoble, to please the crowd.—H. S., in *The Spectator*.

Orpheus, and Other Poems.*

A FEW years ago one of the most esteemed contributors of THE WEEK was Mr. E. B. Brownlow (Sarepta). His poetical work was always finished and thoughtful; but it was for his prose articles that he was peculiarly welcome. His series of articles dealing with the sonnet were widely read, and highly appreciated. In them he proved himself both a scholar and a discerning critic.

He has now passed over to the great majority; but his friends have seen fit to erect a monument to him by giving to the world his poems. This posthumous volume, "Orpheus, and Other Poems" will no doubt find many readers among lovers of verse, and friends of a man who worked well while he was among us.

The volume takes its title from the longest poem, and although the theme is somewhat hackneyed the writer has so steeped himself in his subject, and is so much a Greek at heart, that the poem will give pleasure to anyone familiar with the old story—even though he may have read Gosse's masterly treatment of it in "The Waking of Eurydice." The main part of the story is told in rhyming couplets, but the author has freed the verse from stiffness by adopting something of the manner of Keat's *Endymion*. The best part of the poem is the lyrical close, where Orpheus raises

his "rare-heard voice to the rich-wrought trembling of the lute." One stanza will serve as an illustration:

"Persephone! Persephone!
A moment more and we are free;
I feel the breath of outer air,
I see the upper stars so fair,
I hear the lapping of salt waves,
I see the light of day that saves,
I feel the pulsing heart-throbs run
Through her fair limbs, I watch the sun
Uprising in her eyes—and see!
Its living light thrills into me;
She has come back! come back to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!"

Mr. Brownlow shows not only in "Orpheus" that he was a student familiar with the Latin and Greek poets. His verse is full of touches which show his intimacy with Homer, with Horace, with Virgil. Here are a couple of stanzas from the poem "A Roman Girl's Prayer":

"Mother Venus, look with smiles,
Lest I lose this joy of love:
Lend me all thy wit and wiles
His cold heart to move.

Bless this philtre I prepare
From the swift and sweet vervain.
Mother Venus hear my prayer,
Lead him back again."

The volume is largely made up of Sonnets, Ballades, and Rondeaux, all well worked—the outcome of evident study and thought. He has, however, several which are exquisite in their simplicity. "Morning" is a fine picture of opening day; the poet gives us a full and complete daybreak, no morning sight or sound is omitted; and as we read we move in imagination through the dewy meadows as they cast off the drowse of night, and along the woodland ways as they burst into morning song.

He can be entirely serious, too; and in one song, "Work," his voice has the ring of Carlyle's:

"Work! taking lessons from the mighty Past
What men have done;
Yet let not those old masters hold thee fast
They have begun
What later souls must finish. They have cast
The first stones at earth's evils—not the last."

Sufficient has been said to show that Mr. Brownlow's volume contains poems of real merit. While he lived he worked well to help Canadian literature on its way; and his efforts did not a little to elevate the tone of our criticism, and the character of our achievement. It is to be hoped that all who benefited by his studies will turn to "Orpheus, and Other Poems" for fresh inspiration.

Kingston.

T. G. MARQUIS.

The Whence and the Whither of Man.*

THE sub-title of this course of lectures explains to some extent the plan adopted—"A Brief History of Man's Origin and Development Through Conformity to Environment." The author is Professor of Biology in Amherst College, Mass., and speaks as one who is thoroughly at home in that branch of study. Not so many years ago, in the eyes of many people, Evolutionist and Christian seemed mutually exclusive terms, and we remember how Mr. Disraeli (as he was at the time) divided men into those who were on the side of the apes and those who were on the side of the angels. Professor Tyler—and he is the exponent of an increasingly large number of thoughtful scientists—writes from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing Evolutionist, who is also a sincere Christian. In these lectures he takes it for granted "that man is a product of evolution. For the weight of evidence in favour of this view is constantly increasing and seems already to preponderate. I wish also in these lectures to grant all that the most ardent evolutionist can possibly claim." As he rightly points out in his opening statement, there are two theories of life. The first is that every species is the result of an act of immediate creation, and every true species is immutable. The second is that "the first living germ, whenever and however created, was infused with power to give birth to higher species . . . each theory demands equally for its ultimate explanation a

* "Orpheus, and Other Poems." By E. B. Brownlow (Sarepta). The Pen and Pencil Club, Montreal.

* The Whence and the Whither of Man. Morse Lectures for 1895 By John H. Tyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.