

A LETTER in the *Times* of yesterday, signed, "A Veteran M.P.," suggests another, and, as it seems to us, a more excellent way. He is opposed to an autumn session. He thinks it would be inexpedient, and a needless waste of labour, to send the Franchise Bill a second time to the House of Lords by itself. Instead of meeting in autumn to pass the Franchise Bill, Parliament, he suggests, should be summoned in January, and at once set to work on a Redistribution Bill. Bring it forward by itself, get to the second reading within a week, and proceed with it day after day till it is carried through. Then tack the Franchise Bill to it and send them together to the House of Lords. We shall then have complied with the amendment to be moved by Lord Cairns. Their Lordships will have, what they profess to want, a complete measure. They must either pass it or choose other grounds for rejecting it, and if they venture to reject the complete Bill they will present themselves in a worse light to the country than they will do by merely rejecting the Franchise Bill. We are strongly disposed to say "aye" to this suggestion.—*Manchester Examiner*, July 5th.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE August *Century*—"The Mid-Summer Holiday Number"—is a literary and artistic treat. Very appropriately, it opens with a capital paper, entitled, "A Glance at British Wild Flowers," by John Burroughs, accompanied by a wealth of illustrations by Alfred Parsons. Edith M. Thomas and Dr. Edward Eggleston are the writers of two other contributions—"A Summer Holinight," and "Americans at Play"—of mid-summer character. Outside of this special, seasonable literature, probably the article on "General Sam Houston," the backwoodsman and pioneer statesman, will be one of the most popular in this month's contents. Mr. Hynd's sketch of the romantic career of the born soldier reads more like a novelette than an authentic narrative, as we understand it is. "Chinese Gordon" is written of by W. T. Stead, and considerable light is thrown upon the policy of that remarkable soldier by the paper. Mr. Stead re-tells—but with a forcible clearness—how General Gordon came to have the prefix "Chinese" tacked on to his name, on account of the *éclat* with which he suppressed the Tai Ping rebellion against the Celestial government. A third paper, on "Recent Architecture in America," is signed by M. G. van Rensselaer. Helen Zimmern has a contribution on "Carmen Sylvia, Queen of Roumania." Isaac L. Rice points out some "Work for a Constitutional Convention." Ivory Black tells a pleasant story, entitled, "An Effect in Yellow." W. J. Stillman is "On the Track of Ulysses" in a carefully prepared essay. Henry James begins a new novel, and calls it "A New England Winter." Frank R. Stockton relates "The Remarkable Wreck of the 'Thomas Hyke'" in his own happy manner. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen describes "A Problematic Character," and "Three Dangers" are indicated by Washington Gladden. In his "Topics of the Time," the editor comments upon "Business Gambling" without gloves. He says:

It is the fascination of business gambling that, apparently, it offers greater scope to brains than do the ordinary games of chance. Operations on 'change require, for any degree of success beyond occasional luck, knowledge of corporate transactions, the accumulation and co-ordination of other trustworthy information, and a nicety of judgment beyond the reach of any but the keenest business intellects. Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long" or selling "short," or dealing in "futures." One year taken with another, the true interests of exchanges, and bankers and brokers, like the interests of society in general, will be found to lie in the way of real trading. Fictitious trading demoralizes commerce with fictitious prices, and is the cause of extravagance, recklessness, and low business morality. When the gambling transactions exceed the honest investments more than twenty-fold, as some have estimated, it is impossible to have a sound condition of business.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* comes out rather heavily in its issue for August. William Shields Liscomb is the author of a paper on "The Twilight of Greek and Roman Sculpture," in concluding which he expresses his surprise, not that so many ancient works have been destroyed, but that any at all have remained until the present day. "Transported from place to place, shattered by accidents, overthrown by earthquakes, consumed by conflagrations, subject to the destructive malice of Macedonian and Roman emperors, exposed to the violence of wars, buried beneath falling walls, delivered to the axe of the iconoclast, the hammer of the mason, the kiln of the lime-maker, and the melting furnace of the bronze-moulder; torn from their bases, trampled in the mire and filth of the streets, broken into fragments, and gradually overwhelmed and hidden from view beneath the earth, how slight was the chance that productions of the golden age of Athenian sculpture should ever meet the eyes of that far-off nineteenth century in which we have our being!" Lloyd G. Thompson, under the caption, "The Zig-Zag Telegraph," relates an interesting anecdote. The very mingled pleasures and other experiences of "A Cook's Tourist in Spain" (No. II.) are pleasantly related by the editor. A biographical notice of the poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis, is given by Edward F. Hayward, and Charles G. Leland discourses about "The Edda among the Algonquin Indians." A thoroughly characteristic French idea is "Bugs and Beasts before the Law," written of by E. P. Evans—a very curious and interesting article. Kate Gannet Wells, in her paper entitled, "An Old New England Divine," relates some charming incidents in the career of Ezra Stiles—the friend of Jefferson and Franklin. Richard Grant White continues the "Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," in a third paper. The wind—the south wind—and "Where it Listeth," is written of by Edith M. Thomas, and the editor adds able notes on Frederick Denison Maurice and Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE *Manhattan* August number is too late to have an extended notice. Julian Hawthorne's paper on "Emerson as an American" is the *piece de resistance*, which careful analysis of the subject of notice, in its concluding comments, reads: "The Americanism of Emerson is better than

anything that he has said in vindication of it. He is the champion of the commonwealth; he is our future, living in our present, and showing the world by anticipation, as it were, what sort of excellence we are capable of attaining. A nation that has produced Emerson, and can recognize in him bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh—and still more, spirit of her spirit—that nation may look toward the coming age with security." Probably Mr. Hawthorne has no defence of Emerson, loyal as he is, equal to that author's own words: "Let me remind the reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as held false. I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred; none are profane. I simply experiment—an endless seeker, with no Past at my back!" The principal subjects discussed are, "The Yellowstone National Park," "Paul Delaroché and his Pupils," "Poe in Paris," "My Diary in London," "Knickerbocker Eyes in Mexico," "The New Produce Exchange," "Women Artists of the Olden Time," "Retrospection of the American Stage," with several stories and poems. The illustrations, as usual, are of great artistic excellence, notably those accompanying the text on Paul Delaroché and the Yellowstone National Park.

THE August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has varied and attractive list of contents. The most entertaining article is the first of two or more papers containing "Personal Recollections of Charles Reade," by John Coleman, Mr. Reade's associate in many theatrical enterprises, and the intimate friend of his late years. The second paper on the "Suburbs of New York" treats of West Chester and Long Island, and is finely illustrated. In an article on "Vivisection," Dr. Albert Leffingwell shows that this practice has done nothing for the mitigation of disease, and argues in favour of restricting it by law within the narrowest limits consistent with original research. "A Word from a Woman Against Female Suffrage" is pointed and cogent. The second paper on "Life in a Russian Province" is very readable and interesting; and a short account of the "Confederate Postage-Stamps," with engraved specimens, has a certain degree of historical value. The fiction of the number is strong. Miss Tinker's new serial, "Aurora," is continued, and another, entitled "A Trip to Killarney," by the popular author of "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis," is begun. "Some New Thing," by W. W. Crane, justifies its title by its fresh and faithful delineations of Pennsylvania German life and character. "My Chaperon" is a quaint and bright little sketch, and a vivacious account in the "Gossip" of a "Prize Day in a French Public School" should not be overlooked.

NUMBER 2 of *Descriptive America* tells of Dakota; and so handsomely is the exhaustive treatise on that extensive territory presented that the publishers are entitled to anticipate an affirmative reply to their query: "Is not 'Dakota' an advance on 'Colorado,' good as that was? and have we not more than fulfilled our promise of last month?" Indeed it is not easy to suggest in what direction Messrs. Adams' valuable work could be extended in future editions. They announce that the next issue will treat of the State of Michigan. It will contain contributions from a number of the best men in that State, with portraits, biographies, descriptive articles, and illustrations, which will make it in every way desirable. Each number is accompanied by an elaborate map, with guaranteed accuracy. No such work has hitherto been attempted, and we are glad to have the projectors' assurance that it is fully appreciated. "It is the cheapest magazine, for the amount and quality of its matter, in Christendom."

THE *Continent* for the week ending July 23 opens with an able article on "John Ruskin," by H. S. Atwater, and accompanied by two full page portraits, and views of the eccentric writer's study and residence. Henry Cleveland Wood tells a psychological story called "The Dream Clue," whilst "The Story of a Hopeless Patriot" is continued. Under the heading, "The Resurrection of Italy," an extract from the private journal of C. Edwards Lester, whilst United States consul at Genoa, is given, and is very good reading. D. C. McDonald has a paper on Scotch schools, and the editor contributes several interesting book reviews.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE first subscription concert of Mr. Claxton's Toronto Orchestra, given in the Pavilion on Friday evening, might probably have been a great success had not an enterprising storekeeper been permitted to tack on to the programme an advertising dodge of the most vulgar nature. Mr. Claxton has succeeded in getting together a band which in time might be made a credit to the city, but he will never attain success as a musical caterer if he persists—this is his second offence—in giving hybrid performances. Nothing could be less in keeping with the musical selections given, nor more uncomplimentary to the artists, than the spectacle on Friday night when a committee hustled the musicians to one side of the platform whilst they analyzed the result of a public guessing competition in the interest of a tailor. Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson was the solo vocalist, Mr. Jacobsen, violinist, Miss Ella Cowley, pianist, and Mr. E. P. Moore, conductor. The programme opened with Suppe's overture, "Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna," by the band, and which selection was beyond them. As a whole, Mr. Moore has a well-balanced orchestra, the reed instruments being the weak point. He is to be congratulated on his selection of brasses, which are not, as is so common, too pronounced. There is as yet a perceptible roughness and want of finish in the band—as might be expected in an organization so recently formed—but this is a fault that will, however, probably soon be corrected, more especially as its members appear to be very painstaking. In the selection from Planquette's beautiful "Chimes of Normandy," Mr. Moore's men were much more at