

BRITISH CANADA TO MR. LOUIS H. FRECHETTE.

O, gifted son of our dear land and thine,
We joy with thee on this joyous day,
And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
A modest wreath of our own simple bay.
Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
Pride of the brave and theme of poet's song.
They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
Bretons and Normans, too? North, south and west
Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
Here, re-united, one great race to be.

JOHN READ.

GRADES OF INTELLECT.

I might take many a text for the few remarks which I am about to make, but in a late number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS I read a statement which will suit me as well as any. The writer said, incidentally, that Kepler was the greatest genius of modern times. If this assertion could be proved to be correct, it would help to settle a question which I have often revolved in my mind. Is there any trustworthy measure of intellectual capacity, and, if so, how are we to apply it? The assumption of Kepler's admirer is in accordance with the popular method of solving the problem. A person has a taste for astronomical studies, and it is soothing to his self-esteem to believe that the greatest of modern men of genius was an astronomer. I am far from finding fault with the writer in question, and quite as far from attempting to detract from the honour due to the illustrious Kepler. The selection of such a chief from among the crowd of celebrities does credit, indeed, to the chooser. But I would like to hear the opinions of a hundred persons, chosen at random from our 1,000,000 inhabitants, as to the same primacy. If one had time to prosecute the inquiry in that way, it would be of some value to know who of the great ones of the earth has the highest niche in the universal Temple of Fame, though the majority of votes in that case could hardly be taken as evidence of supreme merit.

If phrenology were admitted to a recognized rank among the sciences the method adopted by its professors to ascertain a man's intellectual worth would be quite reasonable. The values of his various bumps having been added together, the total would express his grade. But here occurs a difficulty even on the phrenological hypothesis. The same grade may be reached in an infinite variety of ways. For instance, number, imagination, language, order, are all regarded as equivalents, and two men, one with a great deal, the other with a minimum of any of these faculties, may attain the same final figure. By the same standard a Newton or a Shakespeare might be placed on a par with some very common-place man of well-balanced head, but with no gift of genius setting him in advance of his fellows. We can avoid this difficulty by attaching an arbitrary value to each mental faculty. Instead of making one figure the maximum for all, we would then assign definite figure values to each. But this is really the great crux of the whole question. For what values of that kind would be universally admitted? Every one sets a value of his own on every mental gift. One person will regard analysis as high, another will under-rate it. One class of mind makes little of imagination, another over-estimates it, and so on with all the rest. We would have, in the first place, then, to appoint a committee of valuation, composed of representatives of civilization and general culture. The selection of the membership would not, indeed, be easy, and their decisions might fail to win general recognition, even if they ever came to a compromise among themselves. Then it just occurs to me that it would be hardly fair to subject all the intellectual leaders of the world since the beginning to the arbitration of a few nineteenth century fellows. I fear, therefore, that this plan also, must be dismissed as impracticable.

But how would it do if the committee, instead of having the power of deciding, were only allowed to gather the decisions of all the ages on the subject? They would, then, have to consult all the great libraries of the world in order to ascertain and compare the fragments of all the great writers on the faculties which go to make the general, the artist, the naturalist, the poet, the merchant, the theologian, the politician, the orator and whatever else a man of ability may become. This, also, would be a Herculean labour, and would require many years to complete. And, even then, we might still be left in uncertainty, and most people would choose to judge for themselves. After all, although we may believe that there is really a scale of intellect, from that of the idiot to that of an Aristotle or a Shakespeare, we must allow that it is very hard to reach a universal agreement as to what it is. Every one seems to form such a scale out of his own consciousness and to apply it to the rest of mankind.

But a scale thus formed must almost necessarily be largely due to prejudice; and this is just the element in our calculation of peoples' "grades," whether intellectual or moral, that we should try to eliminate. As we have seen, by the phrenological method, the same sum total of value may be reached in many different ways; and it is so in reality. If it were otherwise, a division of intellectual (in which we had, also, perhaps, better include moral) excellence, would be impossible. Nature has given to every one his own range of faculties, and each generally in such proportion as to draw most usefulness from that which predominates. It is true that train-

ing and circumstances sometimes defeat nature's obvious plan, by cultivating the servant at the expense of the master talent. But, even then, the master will take occasional opportunities of asserting a dominion which has never been absolutely abdicated. The danger, indeed, is not so often of its being enslaved as of its being tyrannical, and making mere serfs of those inferior powers which are glad enough to yield it allegiance. It must be remembered, also, that the constitution of some minds is republican or oligarchical rather than kingly or imperial. We constantly meet with people in whom the faculties are so blended that it is only by choice that precedence is given to any one of them. In others, several peers seem to reign on equal terms. Again, of all these classes of mentality, with their infinite varieties, there are only a few to whom can be justly accorded the distinction of genius, or even of talent. For, in judging a mind, its prominent characteristic must be contrasted, not only with the kindred qualities which it surpasses, but with the some characteristics in other minds. A child in whose mental system the ability to discern melody and harmony is the special mark, will, if his gift be duly developed, understand music better than anything else. But to be a musician of talent, not to say genius, his power in that respect must surpass that of the generality of other minds. So, in like manner, with constructiveness, comparison, language, or any other intellectual endowment. It has been made by some a question whether, on the whole, the world does not concede too much to these great one-sided minds; whether a fair balance of faculties, though its worth may be less conspicuous, may not be more useful for the purposes of human life. There is no reason to trouble one's self on this point, however. Men or women of genius have not yet become so many as to be nuisances and the world could not well have done without them. If all men had been evenly-balanced, we would be still practically in the world of Herodotus, not to go further back. We can well afford to yield them all the gratitude they claim, and some of them, in their sad life-times, had little of it to solace them.

It is with the unjust and prejudiced worshippers of the "noble few" that we are tempted to lose patience—those who ignore all kinds of talent but that with which they feel or fancy that they are endowed themselves—whose scale of intellect is constructed on the narrow model of their own. These are the physiologists who would do away with theology and metaphysics; the clergymen who speak with pretended scorn and absurd fear of science; the mathematicians who would abolish poetry, because it "proves nothing"; the men of business who see no use in any culture that has not a money value; the literary men who have no sympathy with the naturalist or the engineer; the savants who condemn as waste of time the study of classics. I have by no means exhausted my list. I have chosen well-known instances of a habit of thought which pervades, like a mist, the whole realm of mental endeavour, and hides from those who are its slaves some of the noblest work that is done under the sun. But how is it to be got the better of? By the cultivation of the gift of sympathy. That is the cure for all mental narrowness, for narrowness is a disease that springs out of selfishness. The more we extend the horizon of our interests, the more attention we give to what pleases others, the more we try to understand their ambitions and to feel the joy of their triumphs, the nearer we shall come to a recognition of that bond which connects all high endeavour, even the most diverse. We are all tempted to exaggerate the importance of those gifts and of those spheres of duty to which we have been called, or in which our lot has been cast, and it may be that this temptation originates in that permissible delight in the "gifts of the gods" which leads enthusiastic souls to "magnify their office." But we should make our self-complacency compatible with neighbourly duty and broad culture; and such a culture the age in which we live especially demands. Just as the progress of knowledge and new methods of research have created the need for minuter sub-division of its branches than what were formerly in vogue, so much the more ought we constantly to remind ourselves that all these branches belong to the same venerable tree. Not only so, but we ought never to forget that, thus belonging, they are interdependent, and that any injury inflicted on one, though it may for a time give a more turgid importance to its flattered neighbour, eventually detracts from the beauty and strength of the whole. How each of us may apply the rule of charity, forbearance and sympathy, which I have tried to make plain—though "seeking to be brief, I have become obscure," I fear—it is not for me to say. If we recall another rule, however, more precious in its kindly wisdom than even gold, though golden it is named, and throwing aside our petty scales and measures, make it the basis of all our valuations of others and the things that pertain to them, we may find that our own gifts and graces, so far from being thereby lessened, will, on the contrary, be assured a more hearty development and bear fruit of manifold increase.

THERE is a new kerchief called dogarosse, because it is made of Venice point. It is almost as large as a shawl and when it is tied negligently and fastened by a knot of flowers and then drawn back under the arm and tied again, the effect is elegant enough for the bride of the Doge herself.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

GLASS beetles and butterflies are among the ornaments for ladies' dress this year.

GREGORIAN tunes are making headway. Another Gregorian Festival is to be held next month in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Guild of St. Luke's holds its annual service on October 18, and the London Gregorian Choral Association promise to sing the service. The difficulty is to get organists to accompany Gregorians. These also are being trained. On the 30th of the same month, a service fully Gregorian is to be held in Westminster Abbey.

THE Queen has shown a deep personal interest in the progress of the negotiations between the great Powers respecting the Eastern Question. Copies of all despatches have been regularly transmitted to Balmoral from the Foreign Office. From the moment the proposal of a naval demonstration received definite shape until the present time, the Queen has been fully advised at every stage of the business. The consideration shown the Porte in allowing action to be delayed so long was probably due to the earnest desire manifested by the Queen to afford the Sultan every possible opportunity for keeping faith with Europe.

ABOUT as novel a suggestion as has come before the civic dignitaries for some time was urged in a communication to them "to place seats in the populous thoroughfares of the city for the accommodation of persons waiting for omnibuses." Considering that the pavements are not half wide enough in these said populous thoroughfares for the foot traffic, the idea is something extraordinary. Perhaps it is desired that foot passengers should be turned into the road to take their chance amongst the vehicular traffic, but a very curious spectacle would be presented by a row of seats down Cheapside, and what would the tradesmen say.

DEER regret was felt at the announcement of the death of Mr. G. F. Grace, which occurred at Basingstoke recently. The name of Grace is and will remain a famous one. On the Clifton Downs, as on the cricket grounds throughout the country, by far the most familiar form is the huge one of "W.G." and he it is whose prowess with the bat and skill in trundling "the leather" have made the name of Grace so famous. Yet, only a few years back, Gloucestershire, so far as cricket was concerned, was almost unknown. Now, the breezy downs have acquired celebrity for a race of cricketers as wonderful almost as the giants supposed to have lived in a past age.

THE *Figaro*, under the heading of "Carnet d'un Mondain," announces that the Prince and Princess of Wales will spend a fortnight in France during the autumn, and adds, "the visit of the Princess of Wales will certainly have a great influence on the winter modes. The Princess," it added, "has a thorough personal style of dress. It is of a characteristic simplicity, and a severity altogether royal." Frenchmen have for a long time copied Englishmen in their dress without owning that soft impeachment; but times will have changed if French ladies confess to following the lead of an English lady—even a Princess of Wales.

MR. GLADSTONE recently paid a visit to Messrs. Spencer, Turner & Boldero's establishment in Lisson Grove. His object was to see a lady in the employ of the firm, who is said to be protégée of Her Majesty, and in whom Mrs. Gladstone takes an interest. He strode into the establishment and inquired for the department he wanted, and was civilly directed to go straight on and take such and such a turning, and ascend this and the other staircase; but no one recognized him. Ultimately he found the lady he wanted, and after a few moments conversation, retired as quietly and as unceremoniously as he arrived. When he had gone the name of the visitor ran round the establishment, and then the young men to whom he had spoken suddenly remembered that they had seen that "strange man's face in *Punch*."

THE Lyceum Theatre presented a brilliant spectacle lately. The stalls were crowded with celebrities of the dramatic, literary, and legal world. Mr. Edmund Clarke, M.P., Sergeant Ballantine, Mr. Sala, Mr. Burnand, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Henry Neville, and a host of others were to be seen; but the great attraction before the curtain was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who had actually to hide herself behind her curtain. No sooner did she venture to peep out than hundreds of *lognettes* were levelled at her from every part of the house, as the whisper "There she is!" went up from those who seemed to make it their duty to watch her box. As for Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, he was followed as he moved. The bride and bridegroom expectant divided with Mr. Irving's two sons the honour of being stared at. The eldest is so like his father that, when dressed as Hamlet, he seems like a miniature edition of him.

A PEDAGOGIC museum has been formed by the objects appertaining to public instruction, which after figuring in 1878 at the Champ-de-Mars, were presented to France by the foreign nations. It might be thought that at all times of the year, this museum should be open during the school vacation, when pupils and teachers are at leisure to visit it; but it is closed until the return from the seaside of the manager.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

DOCTOR G. is one of the most fervent apostles of Materialism. In recalling certain souvenirs of his youth, he began an anecdote in the most natural tone in the world, in these words:—"At that time I was in love with an agglomeration of molecules called Ernestine."

A FACETIOUS contemporary suggests that the Musée des Souverains should be replaced by a Musée Bourgeois, wherein the people would be admitted to gaze on the cast-off garments and old clothes of illustrious French statesmen, carefully classed and catalogued, but without any preference to flag or party prejudice. Thus, in lieu of the little leaden virgins of Louis XI. and of Madame du Barry's fan, the eye would lovingly rest upon such soul-inspiring heirlooms as old Lafayette's walking stick, Royer-Collard's velvet waistcoat, Berryer's blue dress-coat, M. Thiers' nut-brown surtout, Dupin's thick-nailed shoes, M. Guizot's high cravat, M. Rouher's low skull-cap, Garnier-Pagès' legendary shirt-collar, M. Gambetta's aeronautical pelisse, Saint-Marc-Girardin's learned-cut frock-coat, M. Floquet's hat, M. Andrieux's pearl-coloured gloves, Victor Hugo's képi or military cap, and M. Jules Grévy's gaiters.

THE Maison de Blanc has inaugurated the shooting season with fresh damasks for table linen. They are embroidered with silk; the designs are old Persian. A modern one is decorated with peacocks in three shades of paeon silk. The birds dear to Juno strut over lovely terraces, over which trail Japanese apple blossoms. It is, of course, very wicked to imitate the fashions of the wicked Roman emperors; but such rich house linen as that now provided for the present generation is no invention of our century. Heliogabalus used a golden cloth table napkin, and his successor, A. Severus, had his streaked with yellow, while Tremachion would use nothing but soft lamb's wool. When Heliogabalus became tired of gold cloth—it was, however, soft and supple—he used painted silk on which the peacocks of our days spread artistic tails. The feathers and plumes of the season are mostly taken from common poultry yards but dyed, dipped, and, shaped in roses as they are, no cock or hen of an ordinary intelligence—not even those bred by dukes and lords—would be able to recognize their own plumage. Ostrich plumes are mixed stands of two or more colours, or they are shaded from dark to very light in one gamut of graduating shades.

Lieut.-General Sir Henry Ponsonby, K. C. B., has written to a Mr. Thomas Ward to explain the circumstances under which Her Majesty occasionally forwards £3 on the birth of triplets. The Queen "sometimes gives £3 to the mothers of three children at birth, but only when the children all survive long enough to cause expense, and the parents are respectable but too poor to meet the unforeseen demands for providing for them at once without some little assistance." Mrs. Ward has had five children within twelve months, and seven in two years—twice twins, and triplets!

THE employment of the leisure hours of royalty has always been a subject of interesting study to the world. Louis Seize passed his vacant hours in forging locks and bolts; Marie Antoinette carried the art of *parfillage* to great perfection; Victoria has studied every art wherewith to beguile the time of repose from the anxieties of state. Her Majesty paints, embroiders, plays the piano, and spins, which last amusement was a favorite one during a whole winter season. The Princess Imperial of Germany is a first-rate artist, and both paints and etches with considerable skill, but Queen Olga, of Greece is devoted to—cooking! and, as was to be expected, cookery has become so fashionable in Athens, that it is considered a far more elegant accomplishment than any of the fine arts, and the young lady who can "toss up" an omelet, or "give a cold beef stake the taste of ragoo," according to the old song, is regarded with far more admiration than one who can sing or play, or paint or embroider, with the greatest skill. Queen Olga's kitchen, fitted with every appurtenance necessary to the practice of the culinary art in its highest perfection, is one of the wonders of the city.

DR. TANNER'S FAST.

(To the Editor of the *Daily News*.)—Sir,—In your interesting *résumé* of the financial result accruing to Dr. Tanner you mention a present of 20,000 dols. from Liebig and Co., and this information having given rise to many inquiries to my company, will you allow me to state the firm mentioned of Liebig and Co., has no connection whatever with this company, which would have no earthly reason to reward Dr. Tanner, but on the contrary, would be disposed to depreciate to the utmost all similar attempts of fasting, which would necessarily lead to a reduction of the consumption of our extract of meat. The fact that the consumption of our extract has increased ten-fold since the existence of this company would seem to prove that the public by no means intend following Dr. Tanner's example—I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES ROTTER, Secretary.—Liebig's Extract of Meat Company (Limited).—43, Mark-lane, E. C.; London, Sept. 11.—*Daily News*.