

"SOCIETIE IS THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, ACT IV. SC. 2.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—“If we apply phrases to Shakspeare which he has uttered of others,” says Cardinal Wiseman in a delightful little book, entitled “William Shakspeare,”—the which ought to be very extensively read—“we believe that he must have involuntarily described himself, when he says:

“Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again;”

“or that he must even consciously have given a reflection of himself when he so richly represents to us ‘the poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling.’”

Believing that we, as Englishmen, or descendants of Englishmen, “shall not look upon his like again,” and seeing the great veneration that every true English scholar has had for his writings since the time when Isaac Jaggard and E. Blount printed in 1623—two hundred and fifty years ago—the first “famous folio,” it ought not to be a matter of surprise that a new Shakspeare Society has just been formed in London under the auspices of some of England’s ripest and soundest scholars.

Volumes upon volumes of sound criticism and profound commentaries have been published upon the writings of our great dramatist, of whom it has been said, his “philosophy is deeper than Plato; his tenderness, Christian charity, and eloquence for the poor are as deep as those of Saint Chrysostom,” yet these volumes do not satisfy the still increasing yearning for something more, namely: the making out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art, tracing, as it were, the very steps which he trod till he became the ruler of a great intellectual dominion—never to be deposed, never to be rivalled, never to be envied—and the paths by which he obtained the sovereignty over the literature of England.

To this New Shakspeare Society, sir, I wish, through your extensively read and widely circulated paper, to call the attention of the Canadian descendants of England, more particularly to the clergy and the heads of universities and collegiate establishments, who have a joint heritage in Shakspeare, in order that the slight reproach upon them by the founder of the society may be wiped out, when he writes to me, “Canada has never given me any help yet except the Governor-General joining the New Shakspeare Society. And yet it ought to back me. It professes to care for England more than the United States does. But it certainly does not care for English as well.”

Having accepted, *pro tem.*, the post of Honorary Secretary in Canada to the New Shakspeare Society, it is my bounden duty to solicit subscriptions and get as many subscribers as possible, or to induce my fellow colonists to send in their names to the President, Frederic J. Furnivall, Esq., 3 St. George’s Square, Primrose Hill, London, N. W.; or to the Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E. The subscription (which constitutes membership without election or payment of entrance fee) is a guinea, say \$8.00, per annum, including the postage of the Society’s publications from England.

The scope of the Society may be thus briefly stated: The discussion of all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; drawing up a Black List of all the stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. The discussion of the pronunciation of Shakspeare and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholar’s edition of his plays. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease of printing 16th and 17th century works for English scholars in 19th century spelling. The publication of a series of the *Originals* and *Analogues* of Shakspeare’s plays, including extracts from North’s Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; also contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding to or mentioning Shakspeare and his works; selections from the Contemporary Drama, from Garrick’s collection; a chronological series of English *Mysteries*, *Miracle-plays*, *Interludes*, *Masks*, *Comedies*, &c., up to Shakspeare’s time.

The Society’s *Transactions* will be in 8vo., its *Texts* will be issued in handsome quarto, the quarto for members only. The Society’s work will be essentially one of popularization, of stirring up the intelligent study of Shakspeare among all classes in England, Canada, Australia, and America. The Society will be managed by a committee of workers.

Among its present members are to be found some of the foremost men of letters in England, Germany, and America, and let me hope that Canada will help to swell the roll. To that end this letter is written. Any further information that may be required by intending subscribers I shall be happy to give upon application to

Your obedient servant,

THOS. D. KING.

26 BEAVER HALL, MONTREAL,
May 16, 1874.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARKANSAS TROUBLES.—The portraits of Brooks and Baxter have still a certain interest, although the feud which raged between them has been settled by the intervention of the Federal Government in favour of the latter.

EARLY SPRING.—Our front page is graced with a beautiful and appropriate sketch from the pencil of one of our own artists. It represents the first burst of the leaf and the break of the vernal light in the avenue of the wood. The end of May is late for the opening of Spring, but so it is in Canada this year, owing to the exceptionally rude season which we have traversed.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A frightful accident occurred on Saturday morning the 18th inst. near Northampton, Mass., by which 138 lives were lost and three millions of property was swept out of existence. On the upper part of Mill River, a small tributary of the Connecticut in Hampshire County, there are three large reservoirs for the use of the numerous factories which line the banks of the stream along its whole course. One of these burst suddenly between 7 and 8 a. m., and the imprisoned waters were hurled with tremendous violence upon the villages below, while some of the inhabitants were not yet astir, and others were just going to their work. The southern half of the village of Williamsburg was almost obliterated. Thence the torrent swept over Skinnersville, Haydenville, and Leeds, destroying all the principal factories, and a great number of dwelling-houses. The disaster was so sudden that hardly anybody had time to get out of its path. The flood poured through the narrow gorge formed by the hills on each side of Mill River, demolishing every thing before it, and carrying down an awful debris of shattered timbers, broken ma-

chinery, uprooted trees, and mangled corpses. At Florence, five miles below Williamsburg, the country becomes more open, and there the torrent spread itself over the meadows, and so spent its force. At Northampton, however, three miles further on, the swollen current of the river demolished several bridges and interrupted railway travel.

THE LANDING OF THE BLACK WATCH.—Our illustration represents the landing of the famous Black Watch, or 42nd Highlanders at Portsmouth on their return from the Gold Coast by the steamer “Sarmatian.” The photograph was obtained from officers of the “Sarmatian” who were in the port a few weeks after that interesting event.

THE DOMINION LINE.—This line is acquiring importance in the second season of its Montreal service. New steamers have been expressly built for it, and it is intended to despatch one every week if possible. The line is very popular with shippers. The Commodore is Captain Bouchette, one of the most efficient seamen in our service. He is a native Canadian.

AT THE REICHSTAG.—On the site of an old porcelain manufactory in the busy Leipziger Strasse of Berlin stands a new building, not unlike an orthopedic institution, and which is the Reichstags-Gebäude, or Hall of the Imperial German Diet. The neighbouring War Office, with its four grim sandstone figures of hussar, grenadier, cuirassier, and dwarf, dwarfs it significantly, but seems to smile on the young place like a father on his son, saying, “That’s my offspring, that is: he’s small and shaky at present, but he’ll grow.” Possibly he will grow and be strong, but elsewhere; for this shabby palace is but the temporary contrivance run up to house the first Diet which assembled in 1871. There was some talk at that time of erecting the new Hall in the Thiergarten on the site of Kroll’s, the Berlin Cremorne; and talk being closely allied to action among these Prussians, *Klad. deradatsch* had already got a cartoon of the terrible Bismarck mowing down the tin palm trees, and bagging the wooden ducks which form the most attractive features in the well-loved dancing-grounds. But Bismarck, or Ottoschen as he is called in moments of tenderness, has his soft hours like the rest of us. Kroll’s was after all a useful place, where young men were better employed than in talking socialism in the cafés, to the greater glory of that brace of Red Radicals, Herr Bebel and Herr Schrapa, who ornamented the benches of the first Reichstag. So Kroll’s was spared, with this result—that the temporary palace has already outlived one Diet and now serves for the sitting of the 397 members of the Second, who were elected last 10th of January.

Let us attend the sitting of this new Diet, which will last till 1877; and for this purpose follow that erect little gentleman who leaves the Adolger Casino, or Club of Nobles, at the corner of the Wilhelm Strasse, and struts down the Leipziger-street, an object of respect to all passers by. He wears the undress uniform of a general, has the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross on his breast, and is none other than the Prince of Schwartzstock, of whom the French know something. He is a member of the Prussian Herrenhaus (House of Lords), besides belonging to the Reichstag; he is a great landowner in Pomerania, and there is no reason why he should walk through the street on foot, except that Prussians of the old school have as great a disdain for vehicles as the genuine Turks have. Princes and professors, lawyers and soldiers, they mostly come walking to the Diet, and the few carriages that clatter up belong to the greater part to the banking and stock-broking members who live in the brand-new mansions Unter den Linden and have no time to waste. It is very curious to notice the kind of greeting which the Prince of Schwartzstock exchanges with these moneyed colleagues of his as he passes with them over the threshold of the main entrance. His nod and lifting of the glove to the soldiers who have reverentially saluted him all the way through the streets has been paternal; his bow to brother nobles is full of grace and cordiality; but to the bankers he touches his cap with that inimitable, icy politeness which you can only find on the banks of the Spree, and which straightway puts ten degrees of frost between persons. Let this be borne in mind, for in Herr von Schwartzstock’s bow to that powerful Herr Geltmann, whose name is quoted on all the exchanges of Europe, you have a key to the whole situation of parties in Germany. In certain countries, and especially in England, the political ground is cut in vertical halves, and each half includes a part of every social stratum. There are Liberal dukes and Tory bankers, manufacturers who are Radicals and barristers who are staunch Conservatives; in short, there is no guessing from a man’s rank of fortune what may be his opinions. But in Germany the divisions are horizontal. When you get into the strangers’ gallery of the Reichstag, and watch the members file in, you have no need of that coloured plan which you bought at the door to tell you that the Prince of Schwartzstock will sit at the right and Herr Geltmann in the centre. The nobles sit and vote with their kind, the bankers and brokers with theirs, the professors and lawyers are sprinkled about between the Left Centre and Left pretty much according to their pecuniary means and professional eminence, so that when you set eyes on that slovenly Professor Rothkopf, with his dreadfully bad hat and greasy coat-collar, you might bet a guinea that his place was on the extreme Left, even though you were not aware that he was a Democratic-Socialist, an apologist of the Paris Commune—one of those alarming individuals who have exhausted all the anathemas of that honest *Voss Zeitung*, the *Berlin Times*, and whose presence in the new Diet, nine strong, troubles the sleep of the Imperial Chancellor.

But it is two o’clock, and while the President, Herr von Forckenbeck—a Bismarckian Catholic—stands before his chair and bends his head to friendly members who stream in, we have a few minutes to look about us. It is a mean place of assembly inside as well as out. Disposed amphitheatrically, like most Continental chambers of debate, it has none of those desks and commodious for letter-writing which conduce to the comfort of French and Italian legislators. In this respect it resembles the English Parliament, and when a prosy orator is speaking, either from the rostrum or from his place—for the use of the rostrum is not compulsory—honourable members keep up a riot of conversation, as of so many hoarse rattles. The President’s chair stands on a platform at the basis of the horseshoe; the rostrum is below it, and on either side of the rostrum runs a long balcony with seats for plenipotentiaries of the allied German Governments. These are forty-seven in number, forming the Bundesrath, or Federal Council; and being, as the representatives of kings and princes, far more glorious than the mere representatives of the people, they are much better seated. When Prince Bismarck attends the sittings his place is in this balcony. He comes in alert and frisky, dressed in uniform, and distributing shakes of the hand to all comers. Then he sits down in a cleft of vantage, whence his eyes can gleam down on the Assembly like a pair of policemen’s lanterns; a clerk from the Chancery brings him portfolios, which he opens with a key fastened to his watch-chain, and he sets to work briskly, signing official papers, but paying the while the most zealous attention to every syllable that is uttered. No one ever caught him napping, this sovereign man. Does a member let fall a displeasing statement the Chancellor’s pen stops halfway to the inkstand, his massive bald head gives a jerk, and he says plainly: “Das ist nicht wahr.” An ordinary member would preface a flat denial with some slight formula of apology, but such formulas occasion a grievous waste of breath, and they will never nail an opponent’s tongue so effectually to his palate as the short, strong, and business-like apostrophe: “That’s not true.” Now and then, to be sure, a contradicted member waxes wroth, grows red, and sticks

to his statement; then down goes the Chancellor’s pen among a litter of other pens, he stands up all of a piece and inflicts a few remarks which must be as pleasant to bear as the thwacks of a whip. It is not eloquence, for Herr von Bismarck stammers over his phrases and hesitates at times like a man selecting a stick from a bundle; but his voice is tuneful, and no one can deny that when he has chosen his stick it is a good one, which always does its work well. To-day, however, the Chancellor is unfortunately absent, from illness, so that the members settling down in their places are much in the case of schoolboys who come into class knowing that the head-master is indisposed and that they will have an easy time of it under a good-natured assistant tutor. It has been said that there are 397 members; and it is necessary to explain that they are divided into no fewer than twelve parties or factions, thus:—Conservatives, 20; Imperial party, 30; Liberal party of Empire, 14; National Liberals, 148; Progressists, 49; Ultramontane Catholics, 93; Hanoverian Particularists, 4; Democrats, 2; Socialists, 9; Danes, 1; Poles, 12; and Alsace-Lorrainers, 15. Now, of these the first five parties, making a total of 261, are reckoned as “devoted to the Empire;” but the other seven, with their force of 136, which comprises that formidable Ultramontane phalanx, are virtually irreconcilable.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAMPIONS.—As a subject of kindred interest to the above, we give the portraits of the principal champions of the Roman Catholic Church in the struggle now going on against the State in Prussia. The names of most of these are familiar to our readers, having of late frequently occurred in the despatches published in the daily papers.

A TRUCE AT SOMORROSTRO.—During the three days’ armistice that ensued after the hard fighting round Bilbao at the end of March, a truce was concluded to enable either side to bury their dead. Carlist officers, chiefs, and soldiers came down from their entrenchments, while on their side Republican officers and soldiers alike advanced to the front to greet their enemies of the previous day, though in many cases their quondam friends and acquaintances. Soldiers on the one side hailed those on the other by their names, mutual acquaintances were inquired after, sometimes their loss had to be told and lamented, while no one could explain how it was that former friends and schoolfellows now found themselves fighting on opposite sides. This scene was enacted throughout the line for three days. The most rudimentary laws of warfare were set at defiance, and for the time the two parties exchanged camps—eating, drinking, laughing, chatting together—in fact, says our artist, “it was peace.”

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Galaxy* is unusually good this month, the table of contents offering a most attractive menu, the promises of which are more than kept. With the exception of the usual instalment of his serial, “Linley Rookford,” Justin McCarthy is unrepresented, but other familiar names appear in force. Richard Grant White drops for this issue his etymological studies, and contributes in the stead thereof a remarkable paper on Wagner and his music. Albert Rhodes has a pleasant historical sketch of the French Academy, thickly strewn with curious facts and anecdotes; and General Custer continues his description of Life on the Plains. An article that is sure to attract attention is that by Olive Logan on voice-training and professional singing; and both pleasure and profit may be derived from Mr. Petersen’s sketch of Scandinavia. In addition to the above-mentioned papers the current number of this magazine contains three short stories and five poems, besides a paper on “Fishes, Clever, Edible and Otherwise,” and the usual Editorial Department—one of the best features of the *Galaxy*.

St. Nicholas still improves as it goes. It hardly could do otherwise under such able management as that of Mary Mapes Dodge, but even with such hands and head to control it, it surpasses the most sanguine hopes entertained as to its success. As usual the current number is full of good things for the little folk—good measure pressed down and running over—things too numerous to mention, and sufficient to wile away many a weary hour with amusement and instruction. Once more we counsel pater and materfamilias by no means to omit subscribing to this excellent children’s magazine. It is a true treasure in the household.

We have unfortunately lost tract of the serials in *Lippincott’s Magazine* owing to the non-arrival of recent issues. In the June number there are six completed papers and stories and three poems. The gem of the whole issue is a collection of unpublished letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which cannot fail to prove a treasure to the appreciative reader. “Vignettes from the Schuykill Valley,” illustrated, is commenced and will be concluded in the July number. “A Call on a Bonze” gives some intensely interesting information as to the inner life of the Buddhist priesthood; and social life in Rome is described by T. Adolphus Trollope. “Bounce” is the title of a short and pathetic story of the kind in which the American magazines are peculiarly fortunate.

“The South Carolina Problem” is discussed with fullness, sharpness and apparent fairness by Mr. Edward King, in the June number of *Scribner’s*. This being one of “The Great South” series, the illustrations are, as usual, numerous, and deal with character as well as landscape and architecture. There are in this number six stories, or parts of stories, the authors being the now famous Saxe Holm (the beginning of a story in two instalments), Henry James, Jr., Rebecca Harding Davis, Adeline Trafton, Amalie La Forge, and Jules Verne. The second and concluding paper on Tennyson, by Stedman; an illustrated paper on “Au Sabie Chasm,” the gate of the Adirondacks; a sketch, with portrait, of the poet Aldrich; an account of “An Elephant Hunt in Siam”; and poems by Colonel Higginson, Benjamin F. Taylor, Mary L. Ritter, Elizabeth Aken Allen and Martha P. Lowe complete the list of contributions.

The irregular arrival of *Harper’s Monthly* has also prevented our following the serials in that published. The current number opens with an illustrated paper giving some interesting information on Mexico, which is followed by a second paper on Dr. Schellinfurth’s explorations in the heart of Africa. “Collecting Salmon Spawn in Maine” gives an interesting insight into the method of salmon-raising pursued at the establishment at Bucksport. Eugene Lawrence contributes a thoughtful article on the Jews and their persecutors, and Gen. McClellan a second paper on Army Organization. A memoir of Joseph Rodman Drake, “The Recollections of an Old Stager,” with two short stories and several poems of merit complete the number.

The *Atlantic* for June contains the sequel of “Mose Evans,” which maintains itself in interest and a certain indefinite power. “Prudence Palfrey” is also continued. The poetry of the number is not quite up to the well-known *Atlantic* standard. The autobiographical fragment on Naples by R. Dale Owen is quite commonplace, and but for its author’s name, would probably not be admitted into the Magazine. The critical portion of the number is full and appreciative. It is done conscientiously, and young readers more especially can derive a great deal of instruction from it.