

OBITUARY.

ARCHDEACON BROUGH.

The Venerable O. C. Brough, Archdeacon of London, Ont., died on Friday last, the 14th inst., at the age of seventy-nine. The deceased had for sometime past been in very poor health, and his life had several times been despaired of. Mr. Brough was a native of Carlisle, and emigrated to Canada in 1832 in company with the Blake family, with which he became connected by marriage, Mrs. Brough being a sister of the late Mr. Chancellor Blake.

BISHOP MCLIVAIN, OF OHIO.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles Pettit McIlvaine, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio, died on Friday last at Florence, where he was staying for the benefit of his health. He was born at Burlington, N. J., in 1798, and was educated at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1816. In 1820 he was admitted to deacon's orders; and at the comparatively early age of twenty-seven was appointed Professor of History and Ethics at West Point. This position he resigned in 1827 on being called to the rectorship of St. Anne's, Brooklyn. In 1832 he was consecrated Bishop of Ohio and from that time to present day enjoyed a large amount of influence among members of the American Episcopal Church. His talents and position received substantial recognition in England, where both the leading universities conferred honours upon him. In 1862 Bishop McIlvaine visited the Great Britain for the purpose of explaining the position and policy of the Federal Government, and met with considerable success. As an author Dr. McIlvaine enjoyed a high reputation. His "Oxford Divinity Compared with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches" is well known to all who take an interest in that controversy, and his "Evidences of the Christianity" has passed through many editions.

L'ABBÉ LAYERDIÈRE.

The Rev. Mr. Laverdière, of the Quebec Seminary, expired on Tuesday week after a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. By his death the Roman Catholic Church and the literati of Canada sustain a grievous loss. In literary and scientific circles he was highly esteemed as an earnest and zealous labourer. He is especially well known as the editor of the "Œuvres de Champlain," published by Mr. Geo. F. Desbarats under the patronage of Laval University.

MADAME NINA PIZZOTTI.—We are pleased to learn that this talented artist proposes giving a concert on Monday the 31st inst. Her performances have already given so much satisfaction that we have no doubt she will be greeted on this occasion by a large and appreciative audience.

BRET HARTE.—The great Californian humorist, Bret Harte, lectures in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday next. We expect on this occasion to see the house crowded. The lecturer's powers are so well-known that he needs no encomiums from us. Speaking of him a writer in *Temple Bar* says:—"Bret Harte is and deserves to be well-known in this country. In respect of mere finish he is far in advance of any of the other three writers whose works we have been considering, (Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller). He is an artist, and an artist who wields a graphic pencil. For many months his sketches and poems furnished the cream of the *Overland Monthly*."

NEW BOOKS.

A PASSION IN TATTERS. A NOVEL. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Fender Cudlip), Author of "Maud Mohan," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, pp. 171. 75c.

This is the last addition to Messrs Harper & Bros.' Library of Select Novels, in which the author's works have already made a considerable figure. It certainly is a remarkable book, but not by any means a faultless one. That it will meet with a wide circulation we cannot doubt. Apart from the opening chapters, which are, to say the least, somewhat tedious, it possesses sufficient attractions to carry to the end a reader who professes to be something more than a mere devourer of fiction. As a story it possesses no very particular merit. The most remarkable features about it are the wonderful descriptions of society-life—uniting all the exactness of the mere photograph with the delicacy and tone of the master's production. The heroine, Stella Orme, orphan and heiress, falls in love with Arthur Carhayes, author, "a perfect young Antinous," "an Adonis with a parliamentary and a literary career before him," and so on and so on. Unfortunately for himself Mr. Carhayes has a handsome friend in the person of Rupert Lyon, artist, who makes such an impression on Stella Orme that she speedily, but in her own heart only, transfers her affections from the "godlike" author Carhayes. In vain the latter presses his suit, Miss Orme steadily refuses. A change is given to the position of affairs by Rupert Lyon's marriage with his cousin Bab Ellis, a coarse, unappreciative kind of a woman, to whom he had foolishly engaged himself years before. Then only does Miss Orme yield to her lover's entreaties and settles down as Mrs. Arthur Carhayes. But her penchant for the artist remains strong as ever, and finally her husband's suspicions are aroused and he consoles himself by doing a good deal of flirting with pretty Ethel Huntingdon, an aspiring authoress, whom he assists in her literary work. Mrs. Carhayes in turn becomes jealous, and a separation takes place, to be followed by a reconciliation. In time Arthur dies, and Mr. Lyon now being free, the lovers are re-united, and, as the story-books say, live happy for the rest of their days. In the latter part of the book we are introduced to almost an entirely new set of characters. Ethel Huntingdon, who is certainly the cream of the whole set, becomes a successful authoress, and is engaged to Hugo Grey. The family of the latter object to the match, and then we have the old story over again, the course of true love running ever so unsmoothly for a while, and reconciliation and rapture as the finale. As we said before, the attraction of the book lies almost wholly in the clever description of life in society—the envy, hatred, malice, the bickerings, the backbitings, and the slanderings of the fashionable folk. Ethel Huntingdon's character is inimitable, and her lover's two aunts, the Misses Parkham—two withered specimens from the valley of dry bones—are admirably drawn. These two charming maidens are intensely opposed to Hugo Grey's marriage with a professional writer. "I have heard of good authority," suggests Aunt Jane, "that all persons who write novels are immoral." "All—more or less," the elder sister promptly replied with

decision; "experience alone can teach them the dreadful things they write about." In places touches like this are delicious. *Per contra* the author has a hard hit at the peculiar style of fiction which finds favour with some lady writers of the present day. "Any way, I won't canonize dissipation and immorality, and—the sort of thing I have seen a good deal of," Ethel said, with kindling cheeks. "I can write stories that don't hitch, Mr. Carhayes, without the aid of such women and men, as some women, who have been very much better nurtured than I have been, see fit to press into their service." The great fault we have to find with the book is one which is apparent more or less in all the works of this author, a predilection for creating godlike characters—divine humans who never did and never will exist; and a certain proneness to highflown and totally unreal compliment. Stella Orme in the flesh would never listen to the preposterous compliments Arthur Carhayes and Rupert Lyon lavish upon her after a day's acquaintance. These are, however, minor blemishes, which are atoned for by the excellence of the painting.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Penn Monthly* generally comes to hand a little behind its contemporaries of the same class, but the tardiness of its appearance is more than compensated by the excellence of its management and the unimpeachable character of its contents. The present number opens with the first of a series of promising papers on the conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors. The writer after a glance at the characteristics of the Arabs, gives a brief account of the rise of Islam—embracing the principal points of the doctrine of Mohammed, and the dissensions which followed his death. He then proceeds, still in the briefest manner, as becomes preliminary matter, to trace the course of the victorious Moslem generals in Northern Africa, thus preparing the way for the history of the invasion of Spain. A second paper on the childhood and youth of Luther entirely fulfils the expectations raised by the first of this series. This is followed by an article on Public School Education in France, in which are detailed the various systems of reform introduced in the department during the last twenty years, with reflections on the effect of the system in vogue as seen more especially during the late war. A poem "To Herbert Spencer" and a paper on "The Cosmical Effects of Adam's Fall" complete the contribution department. The latter of the two will well repay reading. The writer invites attention to the apparent contradiction arising between revealed religion and science in the circumstances attendant on the Fall—between the Miltonic view of the immediate result of Adam's sin, and the scientific view, viz. that, in consequence of the Fall the laws of nature underwent no change, they having been the same before the human period as they have been since. The editorial monthly retrospect is always good, and the reviews of new books very far beyond the average. We invite the attention of our readers to this periodical, as being of an unusually high class, and containing much instructive matter of the highest interest. It is published at 506, Walnut St., Philadelphia. The subscription is only \$2.50. A year's issue bound up would form a volume of great value.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

CONCERNING HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

I have been for the past week listening to the debates in the Commons at Ottawa. Before me were assembled over two hundred gentlemen who had come from all quarters of one of the widest extended territories of the world to devote their time, their talents, and their energies to the service of their country in Parliament.

I was particularly struck with this—that the speakers were very few, and that they claimed to speak for a number.

What I Think About It is this:—"There is a good deal of human nature in man;" yes, and there is a good deal of modesty and obedience in human nature. Don't you tell me, sir, you, who may be a dissenting party to these little talks of mine; don't you tell me, I say, that the men who allow Blake and Sir John to guide them and speak for them and lead them are "subservient." That is a vile libel. It is not subservience which dictates obedience; it is modesty, it is prudent want of confidence in self, it is a reasonable amount of discipline. The struggles in Parliament are as so many battles. All the language of military literature is used up in describing Parliamentary contests. Parties are said to "attack" each other; certain tactics are adopted to "turn the flank" of the enemy; certain members are said to "lead the van;" and a defeated party is said to have suffered "a complete rout, horse, foot, and artillery." And it military language is so much used, it is reasonable to suppose that a certain amount of military discipline will be enforced, and that the few will lead and shout war cries and wave flags, and the many will follow the leader, re-echo the war-cry, and rally round the flag.

Don't you remember how in the blood-stirring battles of Homer, it is Hector who is Troy, it is Achilles who is, greatly, Greece? It is Agamemnon who leads the chiefs. It is Ajax who leads his Locrians. It is Menelaus who leads on the Lacedaemonians. Ulysses leads on his Cephallenians. And so on: and it is the chiefs whose plumes are the orillammes of battle, whose swords flash as lights to guide, and whose voices animate their followers. Will you quarrel with the good Grecian private who doesn't want to have a voice in the council and a seat in the tent of the chiefs? He is content with the fame of his leader, with the talk of the battle, by the roaring camp-fire, at night, and with his proper share of the spoils, when there are spoils to divide. It is a divine impulse which leads men to obey, as well as to lead their fellows; both impulses are divine. We call the leader noble; do we know what higher intelligences than ours would call the follower?

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

CONCERNING AMBITIOUS WORDS AND PEOPLE.

I turned up this morning (at one of those odd minutes during which one lays his hand on the nearest reading matter, to stay the appetite for study, just as one nibbles a biscuit while waiting for breakfast or supper—for you must never spoil what the Romans called the "integrity of your appetite" for dinner) a little volume which treats of words and their meanings. I hit upon the word "Railroad Depot," and the author calls it "the abominable name usually given in this country (U. S.) to a railway station." And he goes on to say

that "a little lonely shanty which looks like a lodge outside of a garden of cucumbers, a staging of a few planks upon which two or three people stand like criminals upon a scaffold—to call such places *Dépôts* is the height of pretentious absurdity." What I Think About It is this:—

What is the use of quarrelling with that particular phrase when half the words in daily use do not express their proper meanings, and do not accurately describe the things they are intended to describe. Shams have become so all-penetrating and omnipresent that they have even penetrated into literature. There are hundreds of *dépôts* such as the above writer objects to in this country. My wife performed a meagre toilette in one of them during a recent snow blockade, and it had no door and no window, and the snow was a foot deep in some places of its floor. They called it a *dépôt*. Yes, but then they call people "gentlemen" who are not gentlemen, and "ladies" who are not ladies. Don't they call the stuff they sell you "wine," and don't you know it isn't wine at all, and is a vile fraud—though why you drink the abomination is more than I can tell or you either for that matter. Did you ever read much of Mr. Disraeli's novels. He never calls things by their right names. Every horse is a "steed," or a "charger," every dinner is a "feast," or a "banquet," every country house is a "mansion," every pretty woman is "divine," his ladies never sing, they "burst into melody," they never dress, they "array" themselves. When such men sin in affectation, what can you expect of a shoddy generation which grows rich by making merchandise look better than it is, and grows respectable by repeating the process upon its birth, manners and morals? Railway companies cannot be expected to escape the contagion which comes from Disraeli on one side and Mrs. Petroléum on the other. To conclude, the quotation from "the poet" must be altered, and in future he must read,

Whatever is, is Wrong.

ABOUT A CERTAIN WRITER.

You remember the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Of course you do. But are you acquainted with the Poet at the Breakfast?

From a pretty careful reading of it this is What I Think About It:—Pleasant books, those of Dr. O. W. Holmes for summer reading—not unpleasant for winter even. For there is a reading for winter and a reading for summer which is as appropriate and as necessary to be followed out as the food and the clothing for the same seasons. Do you want me to wear my mental top-coat in July? Is it reasonable to go about in intellectual linen suits in December? Certainly not. We must apportion our reading to the months. Bacon (Novum Organum, for instance) and Mill and Hamilton and *Juventus Mundi*—these are, I take it, winter books and authors. In summer they would require a pill to aid their digestion. But "Midsummer Night's Dream" now; that is surely a summer play! How the great poet "pays out" the lines of his fancy! How he revels in mud and water, brushing through and splashing through, and leading his reader just as merry a dance, "through bush and through briar," as ever his lively sprite. The plays of Pyramus and Thisbe, Milton's *L'Allegro*, and many poems of Tennyson, (Lotus Eaters for instance) and of Wordsworth, are only fit for summer reading.

In like manner Mr. Holmes' books are chiefly for summer. There is no wintry air about them. There is a sunny cheerfulness and a fragrance about them which remind you of June.

The Autocrat is so old a friend that one doesn't care to discuss him. But the Poet—he is a new acquisition. He must be measured and examined. It is a pleasant book this Poet at the Breakfast-Table. Plane of thought a little higher than in the others. You see, having made the author a Poet it was necessary to make him talk a little finer than the Autocrat.

It is a little humorous, however, (just read that description of the landlady's son-in-law's horse, will you, and that remark about the "statue" made by the landlady); but I like Holmes best when he is serious. For his fun is like those "heat-lightning winks" of the young man John, which were all on one side, and only plain to those who saw that side.

He deals a good deal with scientific and religious subjects in this volume; and in doing so he is more daring than ever. He is a curious product to have come from a New England parsonage and out of New England air. It is like Montaigne, this book; indeed all his books are so. The titles to Montaigne's chapters never indicate what the subject matter is to be; and when Holmes begins you never know what he is going to be at. His little volumes are dictionaries of good things. But, oh! my brothers, what book will survive? What an awful gulf opens on all our labours as we go into darkness and silence!

ARTHUR PENDENNIS.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

MONDAY, March 19.—Mr. Blake introduced the second of the contested election cases, viz: that of Muskoka, and moved that the return for the district be made in favour of Mr. Cockburn. Sir John A. Macdonald made no opposition, and the motion was carried; also a supplementary motion asking that the returning officer be called to the bar of the House to answer for his return.

On Tuesday the Address was taken up, the reply being moved by Mr. Tobin, member for Halifax, and seconded by Mr. Palmer, St. John, New Brunswick. After a lengthy debate, the address was adopted, and the reply brought down and passed.

On Wednesday nothing of importance was done. Mr. Mills introduced two bills, one abolishing dual representation, the other amending the celebrated Costigan Act. The House adjourned early to allow of members attending the Countess of Dufferin's levee.

On Thursday Mr. Blake brought up the case of the South Renfrew election, and moved that the petition of the electors be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but on the Speaker ruling the motion out of order, he altered it to read that the poll books, &c., in connection with the townships of Hagerty and Sherbrooke be sent to the Committee with instructions to report their opinion on the conduct of the Returning Officer. In this form the motion was carried.

On Friday the Hon. Mr. Tilley laid on the table a list of articles placed on the free list. The House then went into committee on the resolutions respecting the Port Wardens of Quebec and Montreal, which passed through committee, and a bill founded thereon was introduced and read a third time. A bill was also introduced amending the Act providing for the appointment of a harbour master at Halifax.