

Brain Disease," Dr. H. T. Pershing treats the subject scientifically. John Coleman Adams describes the work of Redfield, Epsy, Hare, Loomis and other American meteorologists in "A Chapter in Meteorological Discovery." Dr. R. W. Shufeldt has an illustrated article on "A Comparative Study of Some Indian Homes." "Recent Science" is reviewed by Prince Kropotkin. Other instructive matter completes a good number.

DR. LEWIS A. SAYRE writes with authority in the October *Forum* on "Cholera: the Lesson of Preceding Epidemics." Of "Venal Voting" Professor McCook, of Hartford, says: "Organized goodness is the best remedy against organized badness." Pierre Loti writes charmingly on "The Literature of the Future." He says: "To give an impression of life, this is the whole secret of art, and this is the secret of the art of the future as it was the secret of the art of the past." In an able article on "The Chicago Exposition and Sunday" Bishop Potter makes a plea for Sunday opening, with trade and machinery stopped and no bartering or selling. "The Tariff and Trade" is argued by Senator Aldrich, who defends the McKinley Act and considers its effect on the cost of living, and by Hon. William L. Wilson, who traces the origin of the Republican policy of reciprocity. Other able articles complete a good number.

"THE Lotto Portrait of Columbus" is the frontispiece of the October *Century* and is accompanied by the sixth instalment of Emilio Castelar's life of the discoverer. "Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska" is a record of exploration in that far distant land that is somewhat in accord with the sketch of the first great exploring expedition. "The Faculty Divine" is the eighth instalment of Mr. Stedman's series on the nature and elements of poetry, and is an excellent treatise. The fiction of the number is plentiful. "The Chosen Valley" is finished, so is "A Mountain Europa," and a most distressful and seemingly unnecessary ending it is. "The Chatelaine of La Trinité" likewise comes to a close. "Doggett's Last Migration," "For Bravery on the Field of Battle" and "The Village Alien" are the short stories of the issue. The architecture of the World's Fair has another article devoted to it. Archibald Forbes contributes a most interesting paper on "What I Saw of the Paris Commune." Other features of the number are "Picturesque Plant Life of California," and "Money in Practical Politics."

THE Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone opens the October number of the *North American Review* with an article entitled "A Vindication of Home-Rule: A Reply to the Duke of Argyll." The paper shows the vigour of thought and expression which mark Mr. Gladstone's literary work. The subject of cholera is fully treated by a number of prominent writers. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., in dealing with the "Foreign Policy of England," illustrates the saying that a Radical is a man without a country. In a flippant, undignified manner this member of a British Parliament writes in a review of another country in terms of ridicule and contempt of the foreign policy of successive Governments under whose rule he has been content to live and thrive. Lady Jeune has a word to say in reply to her critics on the subject of "London Society." Other writers of note contribute papers of interest on subjects of social, political, medical and general interest. A strange contributor, but one whose paper will attract many readers, is the "magician" Herrmann, who tells of some of his artistic experiences.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE is eighty-two years of age, lives in her own villa at Genoa, and still often does some literary work with all her early enthusiasm.

MR. G. R. PARKIN, M.A., the well-known Imperial Federationist, has just started for Canada as a special commissioner representing the *Times*. Mr. Parkin's mission in particular is to write a series of articles dealing with the relations between Canada and the United States—a task which he is peculiarly well fitted for. His letters will doubtless be looked for with considerable interest.

HERO-WORSHIP is not extinct in New England. So great have been the crowds that have visited Whittier's grave, that it has been necessary to put a special police guard around the lot. Every one who comes wants to carry away a leaf or flower as a memento, and if this were allowed, the grave would be entirely stripped of everything of the kind. September 13th, between 1,700 and 1,800 persons on foot and 150 teams visited the grave, and every day they are still coming.—*Boston Woman's Journal*.

THE daughter of General Osman Pasha is known as the most popular Turkish poet of the day, so that a theft of MSS. which she has just suffered at the hands of Constantinopolitan burglars, is perhaps of equal moment to her as the loss of her jewels, which were carried off at the same time. Among the MSS. was a large finished poem entitled "Ephesus;" it is to be hoped that the thieves will not be able to effect an illegal sale of copyright, but they will probably try.

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH, whose name has become a household word in Canada, and whose graphic genius and exuberant humour have made *Grip* famous, has transferred his services to the Montreal daily and weekly *Star*. It was a matter of general regret to Canadian journalists to

learn that the genial and clever cartoonist of *Grip* had severed his connection with that journal. It is pleasant, however, to know that his services have been retained by a Canadian journal and that his country is not to sustain the loss of one of her most gifted sons.

IN the two forthcoming volumes of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" Australian poets receive some attention. Mr. Howlett-Ross writes on Charles Harper and Lindsay Gordon. Among other contributors, who write on poets not distinctively Australian, are Dr. Furnivall, who writes on Browning; Mr. Austin Dobson, who writes on Frederick Locker-Sampson; Dr. Japp, who writes on Lord Tennyson and others; and Mr. Mackenzie Bell, who writes on Aubrey de Vere, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Professor Aytoun, author of "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

THE London *Literary World* has the following interesting items: The following is probably the last letter written by the late J. G. Whittier to anyone in England:—  
Hampton Falls,  
N. H. (New Hampshire.)

8 mo., 15, 1892.  
Dr. Friend,—I thank thee for thy kind letter which should have been acknowledged before but for illness. I am glad to know that my writings have not been unfavourably listened to in thy lectures on literature. I am aware that they are not especially entertaining. My life has been a very earnest one, and my themes serious. I am truly thy friend.  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The above, written in a firm hand, was sent to Mr. Edwin Drew, 50 New Oxford Street, W. C.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE announces for early publication the following monographs: "The Influence on Business of the Independent Treasury," by Prof. David Kinley, of the University of Wisconsin; "Sir Wm. Temple on the Origin and Nature of Government," by Frank I. Herriott; "Preventive Legislation in Relation to Crime," by C. H. Reeve; "Sidgwick's Elements of Politics," by James Harvey Robinson, Ph. D. These will be followed by a translation, with critical notes by Prof. Frederick W. Moore, of Prof. L. Gumplowicz's "Sociologie," a monograph on the "Ethics of the Wages Question," by Prof. C. A. Tuttle, and one on the "Standard of Deferred Payments," by Prof. E. A. Ross.

MR. FROUDE repeats the last thing he ever heard Carlyle say: "It was only a short time before he died, and I had gone to say good-bye to him. He whispered very feebly to me, 'Ah! isn't it strange that those people—meaning,' explained Mr. Froude, 'The Powers above—' isn't it strange that those people should have sent so much trouble on the very oldest man in Europe?' which, of course, he wasn't," added Mr. Froude, with a smile of reminiscence at the sad oddity of the scene, and then continued: "I said to him, 'Well, we don't know their reasons.' Carlyle at once replied, 'Ah, well, it would be rash to say they have no reason.' It was the last flicker of the old thought. It was very characteristic."

MESSRS. HART AND RIDDELL announce for early publication the volume of Minutes and Proceedings of the Fifth General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance recently held in Toronto. A stenographic account of each day's proceedings of the Council, the only complete and accurate report, will be included, together with an appendix, consisting of the various reports presented at the Council; the whole making an important volume, about eight hundred pages, of addresses, reports and statistical information pertaining to the Reformed Church throughout the world. The volume will be edited by Rev. George D. Mathews, D.D. Accompanying the volume will be fifteen or twenty photogravures of prominent members of the Alliance and well-known Colleges, etc. The same firm announce an illustrated book of travel entitled "An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel" from the pen of H. Spencer Howell.

ACCORDING to French papers, arrangements are about completed for the erection of a monument to Theophrast Renaudot, the founder of journalism in France. Both the Paris Council and the General Council of the Seine Department have granted sums of money for the purpose. Jules Claretie is the chairman of the committee which has the project in charge, and Alfred Baucher has been chosen as sculptor. Theophrast Renaudot, who is to be honoured, was born in Loudun, in 1575. He studied medicine. After practising his profession for a time in his native place, he was called to Paris by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1625. There he established labour bureaux, loan houses, free hospitals and other institutions which made him popular among all classes of the people. On May 30, 1631, Louis XII. gave him the "privilege of printing and selling the news and stories of what has happened and what may happen in and outside of the kingdom." The first *Gazette* appeared on the evening of the same day. The future monument is to adorn the Flower Market, where the former editor once had his office.—*New York Tribune*.

A SISTER poet, who visited Mrs. Thaxter the other day, tells of approaching the quiet cottage when a sudden turn brought to view a gorgeous patch of colour, seeming to radiate from the very centre of the gray walls. At first there was no accounting for the brilliant reds and yellows, glowing in the sunshine, as vivid as a bit taken from the feast of lanterns. Only on reaching the house did she discover that through the broad window opening to the sea, a huge mantel shelf was in sight, wide, long, and every inch of space covered by tiny wine

glasses. Not one single vase or bowl marred the symmetry of the arrangement, but each slender glass held a single perfect blossom, either a great bloom of scarlet geranium, or else a golden nasturtium. These flowers, that are the pride and delight of Mrs. Thaxter's heart, are all cultivated by her own hands, and every morning as long as a posy is to be gathered, she washes those many little receptacles, adds fresh water, and with a strict sense of justice apportioned each blossom a place so there shall be no overcrowding of favouritism.—*Illustrated American*.

OF late our clever artists in verse—for such they are—seem with a few exceptions indifferent to thought and feeling, and avoid taking their office seriously. A vogue of light and troubadour verse-making has come, and now is going as it came. Every possible mode of artisanship has been tried in turn. The like conditions prevail upon the Continent, at least as far as France is concerned; in fact, the caprices of our minor minstrelsy have been largely the outcome of a new literary Gallomania. Now, I think you will feel that there is something unsatisfactory; something much less satisfactory than what we find in the little prose master-pieces of the new American school; that from the mass of all this rythmical work the higher standard of poetry could scarcely be derived. To be sure, it is the providential wont of youth to be impressed by the latest models, to catch the note of its own morntime. Many know the later favourites by heart, yet perhaps have never read an English classic. We hear them say, "Who reads Milton now, or Byron, or Coleridge?" It is just as well. Otherwise a new voice might not be welcomed—would have less chance to gain a hearing. Yet I think that even the younger generation will agree with me that there are lacking qualities to give distinction to poetry as the most impressive literature of our time; qualities for want of which it is not now the chief force, but is compelled to yield its eminence to other forms of composition, especially to prose fiction, realistic or romantic, and to the literature of scientific research. If you compare our recent poetry, grade for grade, with the Elizabethan or the Georgian, I think you will quickly realize that the characteristics which alone can confer the distinction of which I speak are those which we call Imagination and Passion. Poetry does not seem to me very great, very forceful, unless it is either imaginative or impassioned, or both; and in sooth, if it is the one, it is very apt to be the other. The younger lyrists and idyllists, when finding little to evoke these qualities, have done their best without them. Credit is due to our craftsmen for what has been called "a finer art in our day." It is wiser, of course, to succeed within obvious limits than to flounder ambitiously outside them. But the note of spontaneity is lost. Moreover, extreme finish, adroitness, graces, do not inevitably betoken the glow of imaginative conception, the ecstasy of high resolve.—*Edmund Clarence Stedman, in the Century for September*.

ONE of the greatest mechanical conveniences to the litterateur is the fountain pen. To be able to use at once and continuously, and in any place, the means of placing your thought on paper without at all requiring the paraphernalia of the writing desk is a great boon. It is objected by some that such pens are troublesome and vexatious. The answer is that those who attempt to use an inferior or defective article cannot expect the ease, satisfaction or pleasure which only a good article can give. Of fountain pens the simplest in construction, the easiest to work, the most durable and the most shapely is that known as the "Paul E. Wirt fountain pen" sold by Messrs. Hart and Riddell, of Toronto. The gold nib that suits his handwriting which this pen provides, the constant easy flow of ink and the convenience with which it can be carried in the pocket, renders it almost invaluable to the writer, it matters not what his profession, calling or trade.

Ready October 1st.



## CASTOROLOGIA

OR

THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS

OF THE

## CANADIAN BEAVER.

BY HORACE T. MARTIN, F.Z.S.

An exhaustive monograph, popularly written  
and  
FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

WM. DRYSDALE & CO., ED. STANFORD,  
232 St. James Street, Montreal. Charing Cross, London.  
1892.