

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—We seize the opportunity of the opening of the Ontario Legislative Assembly to publish a grand group of portraits of all the members and officials during one of the sittings. The picture is of value and worthy of being kept as a memorial of Ontario representative men.

THE VALLEY OF THE CREDIT RIVER.—The view in the valley of the Credit River is in the township of Caledon, about 39 miles north-west of Toronto. The spectator is standing near Church's Falls, on the Credit River, looking down stream and with back to the large flouring mills of Messrs. Wheeler Bros., who do a vast business with Montreal and the East. The valley of the Credit is the source of a large portion of the building stone of the city of Toronto, including the new Parliament Buildings. The principal quarries are a short distance lower down the valley than our present view. This part of the country is opened up by two lines of railway both operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of which follows very closely the course of the Credit River.

THE PARTING.—The artist of this gem of design bears an Italian name, F. Andreotti, but he must be living in Paris, as his work is distinctly of the French School. It is furthermore a scene from old Alexandre's "Three Musketeers," starting on one of his gay and valiant adventures, and bidding farewell to his sweetheart before going forth to a possible doom. He is clad in the full array of his time, the costumes of the Louis' of France and Charles II. of England, which are so perfectly beautiful that it is a thousand pities they have been allowed to die away for "steel-pen" coats, tight "pawnts," waistcoat, displaying an ocean of starched linen, and a shirt collar tightened around the neck like a halter. Our musketeer has his doublet and shorts of velvet, and his buff leather hose, drawn with studied negligence around the calves. The hat and feather are dashed with grace over a shapely brow and face; the left hand holds the sword hilt at rest, while his right is clasped in the right of the beauty from whom he is about to part. The figure of the girl is drawn in full lines of grace, in her simple white gown and scarf of gauze. By looking at the attitude of the twain, we can fancy what is passing at that solemn moment. We have not published a finer art engraving in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THOMAS S. BROWN.—The subject of this portrait was a character in his day, who sided with the insurgents in 1837-38, and who figured in an equivocal manner at the battle of St. Charles, whence he rode away for St. Denis, at the beginning of the action, leaving his deluded followers to be mowed down by the artillery and bayonets of Wetherall. Mr. Brown was very honest with the writer about this, admitting that he saw it was a foregone conclusion and a lost cause, and he had to save himself, as a price was set on his head. Thomas Storrow Brown was born at St. Andrews, N.B., May 7, 1803, of U. E. stock, and came to Montreal in 1818, going into business. In 1837 he became conspicuous against the Imperial Government, in the way we have described. On obtaining his pardon and coming to Montreal, he engaged in the iron trade and was an official assignee and worked hard for the cause of temperance. He was twice married and leaves a daughter, Mrs. R. A. Blake, widow of the late William Blake, who dwelt with and cared for him fondly to the end.

GEORGE MIGNON INNES, Dean of Huron and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, is the second son of the Rev. John Boutet Innes, and was born at Weymouth Dorset, England. His eldest brother is the present Sir John H. K. Innes, and we learn from a sketch of his youngest brother, Colonel P. R. James, in the Biographical Magazine, that he belongs to the family of the Duke of Roxburgh, Earl Innes. Dean Innes received his early education at Mill Hill Grammar School, studied for the army and passed examinations at Sandhurst Military College, receiving a commission in 1849. Though devoted to his profession, evidenced by his holding the position of Adjutant of his Regiment for several years, up to the date of his Captaincy in 1867, he gave much of his time and thought to theological subjects, and his earnest efforts in behalf of every good work were given, not only to the men of his Regiment, but are still remembered in the cities in which he was stationed. In 1862 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Huron, the Right Rev. Dr. Cronyn, priest by the same bishop in the following year, and was appointed first Incumbent of Christ Church, London, in 1862. In 1863 he accepted the appointment of Assistant Minister of the Cathedral, Quebec; resigned and returned to London as Assistant to the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth, in the Cathedral, in 1868; in 1870 he was appointed Canon, and in 1871 Rector, succeeding the Coadjutor Bishop on his assuming the full charge of the diocese; in 1888 he was preferred to the dignity of Dean of Huron on the death of the Very Rev. Dean Boomer. The Very Rev. the Dean is Master of Arts of Bishop's College University, Lennoxville. On several occasions he has acted as commissary of the Diocese during the absence of Bishop Hellmuth and Bishop Baldwin.

Plasters made of ordinary soap greatly relieve painful corns and bunions; and a wash of weak alum water frequently does the same for tender feet.

The "sea-foam" shampoo is composed of the following ingredients: Cologne water and ammonia water, each one ounce; alcohol, one-half a pint; water, one pint. This is a very good application, both cleansing and stimulating; after using it, it is best to rinse the hair well with warm water.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verses," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R.I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

I received a little oblong envelope, bearing a postal stamp, with Umberto's bristling hair and ferocious mustachio, and the railway stamp from Naples—Napoli, Ferrovia, and containing the card of my friend, H. Beaugrand, who is doing his great rounds of Europe. *Buono viaggio!*

A dear London friend reminds me that, in speaking of the high names dwelling at Chelsea, in aforetime, I might have included: Thomas Carlyle and the Cheyne Walk, renowned for ever more, and the house where Joseph Mazzini lived for years, charming them that called on him by his sparkling Southern speech.

Somebody sneeringly says that all the Philistines have not passed away with Matthew Arnold. And he instances Tennyson, who writes to the English papers against a railway, in the Isle of Wight, invading his poet's paradise. The Laureate says: "By such an extension no end would be served which could in any degree compensate for the loss of what remains to us of quiet beauty in this our narrow peninsula." The narrow peninsula alluded to is a quiet corner of the Isle of Wight formed by Totland Bay.

Eundo collige in prato flores. Seeing the following rare "antique" in that fit frame work, the *King's College Record*, I have plucked it for my readers to whom the name of the author is a household word:

BROWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY.

The villeins clustered round the bowl
At merrie Yule to make good cheere,
And drank with froth on beard and jowl:
"Was hæil to the Thane!
May never Breton taste our beer,
Nor Dane—"

Till the red cock on the chimney crew,
And each man cried with a mighty yawn,
As the tapster one more flagon drew;
"To the Saxon land was hæil!
May we never want for mast fed brawn
Nor ale."

The Thane took up the stirrup cup
And blew off the reaming head,
And at one draught he swigged it up
And smacked his lips and said:
"Was hæil to coultter and sword!
Was hæil to hearth and hall,
To Saxon land and Saxon lord
And thrall."

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

I have another point for the venerable author of "The Legend of Marathon," and Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, his *amicus curiæ*, at Ottawa. It is a query addressed to *The Literary World* about the authentic source of the words *Chairomen kai chairete*, used by the war messenger from Marathon. The same querist asks for the first mention of Julian the Apostate's dying words, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Another question is about the authorship of very fanciful lines quoted by Carnegie in "A Coaching Tour Through Britain":

The Sea is toying with his bride, the Shore,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decks her tawny brow with shells, and
Drawing back a space to see how fair she looks,
Runs up with glee to cover her with kisses.

In one of these paragraphs recently occurred the words: "OUR FATHER lames but to heal and takes away but to benefit and restore." "Lyster," of Dunham, returns the sentence heavily underlined as above, and asks: "Where did you get this?" "It is on a *prie-dieu* chair in the Cathedral at St. Malo with the signature William Thomaseau." "Did you copy it in your fleshly tablets during your visit to St. Malo in 1865? Wherever you got it, it occurred literally to me. Struck by a tree, a year ago, the calf of my leg was so lamed that it nearly had to be amputated. But now, after only thirteen weeks confinement to the house,

I find some varicose veins, which have troubled me nearly all my life, obliterated and my limb is healed.

I am delighted to be among the first to announce the forthcoming publication, in February, by Ginn and Company, Boston, of An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning, the work of my friend, William John Alexander, Ph.D., Munro Professor of English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, N.S., and formerly Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them. This exposition is contained in a series of chapters treating of "Browning's Philosophy," "Christianity as presented in Browning's Works," and "Browning's Theory of Art." These chapters are followed by a brief chronological review of his writings and characterization of his development. The various points treated throughout the introduction are illustrated by a series of selected poems furnished with careful analyses and copious critical comments. It is hoped that by thus unfolding, in a few typical examples, the characteristics and merits of Browning, the reader may at once be enabled to acquire a real knowledge of his poetry, and be prepared for further unassisted study of his work. The attention of those already familiar with Browning is especially directed to the Analysis of Sordello, much fuller and more exact, it is believed, than any heretofore published.

TALON.

AT AN ORGAN RECITAL.

Midway we sate between the nave and door,
Between the worldly tumult of the street
And the calm silence of God's pure retreat.
We heard the hidden organ pipes outpour
Their mighty waves of music. More and more
The melody encompassed us. The sweet
Tones woke my soul to see life incomplete
And strive towards God on those pure strains to soar.

Midway between the world and God we sate,
While through the dim, arched vault the music stole,
And in its rustling garments wrapped us twain.
Of thy pure soul, so free from wrong and hate,
Then woke my soul to hear the grand refrain,
And yearned to reach, like thee, life's heavenly goal.
Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

LITERARY NOTES.

"My Own Canadian Home," is the title of a stirring national song, with words by E. G. Nelson, and music by T. Morley, and dedicated to Lady Tilley. We shall cite the words of the song next week.

There is question of a new literary society to be attempted in this city, with the general view of fostering the movement of letters, bringing the workers together, and getting the French colleagues to contribute their large share.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for January is further proof that we no longer want Vick's or other American publications of that kind. The illustrations are perfect in their way, and the choice of matter is such as even an outsider would enjoy. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.; yearly subscriptions, \$1; single copies, 10 cents.

"Canadiana" is the name of the new monthly, devoted to the pursuit of Historical Novelties and Curiosities, and edited by Mr. W. J. White, Founder and Vice-President of the Society. The price is only \$2 a year, and, beside individual subscriptions, it is expected that learned societies and educational establishments will patronize it.

Professor Schurman, the distinguished Canadian, who fills an important chair in Cornell University, has been invited to deliver a lecture on Canada in different cities of the United States. In accepting a splendid post in the educational world of the neighbouring country, Professor Schurman has not abandoned his principles of a loyal British subject.

President J. Seath, B.A. of Toronto, thinks that, as a means of culture, the modern languages are quite equal to the classical tongues. Particularly did this apply to the English. He eulogized the literature of the latter and dwelt on the importance of its linguistic history. French or German should be made obligatory to all students entering the universities and English should be given a higher position. All of which is quite true, but let there be no question of laying aside the Classics.