

tied by the general terror. Mr. Friedmann might have cited as a parallel the case of Michael Orombelli, who having been tortured by the tyrant Duke of Milan into a confession of adultery with the duchess, of whom the duke had resolved to rid himself, persisted upon the scaffold in his confession, although it was unquestionably false.

Anne, with her alleged paramours, was murdered; murder is foul; judicial murder is the foulest of all; and the judicial murder by a king of a young wife transcends in foulness other judicial murders. Yet Anne, perhaps, deserved her fate. If she was not an adulteress or guilty of incest she was unchaste; though her cunning held out long she became the King's mistress before she became his wife; her marriage with him was stamped with dishonour; she can hardly have been ignorant of the connection between him and her sister; she did not scruple, when her own influence declined, to throw another woman into his arms. Her conduct in allowing herself to be openly installed as Catherine's rival was infamous; for we cannot hold her innocent, though we may throw the greater part of the blame upon the King. It is to be feared that she pressed the execution of Fisher and More: at that time her influence was paramount with Henry. The shadow of even a greater crime rests upon her. The facts set forth by Mr. Friedmann induce a suspicion that Catharine was murdered by poison administered in small doses, after the method approved by the adepts of that age, who thus made death appear the consequence not of the poison but of disease; and if the suspicion is well founded, it would be difficult to clear Anne's memory of complicity in the crime. Nevertheless pity prevails when we mark the cloud coming over the brief sunshine of the young girl's guilty greatness; when we see her growing conscious of her deadly peril, striving desperately to regain the lost heart of the King, labouring to persuade him and herself that she would still give him a male heir, disappointed of that last hope by a miscarriage caused by the effect of her mental anguish upon her health, looking round in vain for help in that den of ruthless iniquity, at last entangled in the web of treachery, and then villainously butchered. Elizabeth, with her usual heartlessness, showed, as Mr. Friedmann observes, not the slightest regard for her mother's memory, but she inherited her mother's selfishness, immodesty and untruthfulness. She was her true offspring in a still worse sense if the suspicion respecting the death of Catherine is well founded. For there is little doubt that Elizabeth was at least an accomplice after the fact in the murder of Amy Robsart; and there is still less doubt that it was with her approbation that her secretaries wrote their letter instigating Sir Amyas Poulet to assassinate Mary Queen of Scots. The influence both of Henry and his daughter on ecclesiastical polity was unhappily great; but religion has nothing to do with either of them, or with any of their works.

Mr. Friedmann's book is merely a monograph on a large scale; indeed some portions of even his limited subject are treated with less fulness than we could desire, while on others he dilates perhaps rather too much. It is a pity that he or some other accurate and veracious writer does not give us a history of the reign of Henry VIII. Mr. Froude's work is a romance written under the influence of Carlyle's theory of Hero-worship, and having Henry VIII. for its hero. From the impassioned and almost feminine enthusiasm of Henry's worshipper, the memories of his victims receive about the same measure of justice which the victims themselves received from Tudor Parliaments and courts of law. In his treatment of the Catholic martyrs, especially More, and of Pole, literary artifice of every kind is combined with unfair handling of evidence, and the injustice is rendered more repulsive to those who examine his work closely by effusions of unctuous sympathy with the injured. A more untrustworthy writer than Mr. Froude, it may safely be said, never profaned the calling of a historian. The character of his work has been repeatedly exposed by various critics in different departments of the subject; but the criticisms are scattered over reviews, special treatises and foot-notes; people do not read or having read forget them; and Mr. Froude's fiction, being a composition of great literary beauty, and having no continuous narrative to compete with it, holds its ground and fills the minds of uncritical readers with falsehood. A trustworthy history of the period is greatly to be desired.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN TORONTO.

In the Loan Exhibition held at the Art Gallery on King Street, the two pictures sent by Mrs. Alexander Cameron are the chief attractions. The gratitude of all who are interested in Canadian Art is due to this lady for bringing two costly works of first-class artists to a city in which paintings of any pretensions are unfortunately rare. "On Furlough" by Defregger will be allowed by all to be a very pleasing as well as a very skilful picture. The simple story is well told, and every figure in the group repays

close inspection. It would require some time, and perhaps a colloquy with the artist, to reconcile us to the conception of the "St. Cecilia," which is startlingly novel, or to satisfy us with the drawing of the figure, the lower part of which seems to lack form. The name of Gabriel Max however is great. There are several other pictures in the exhibition which afford pleasure to the general public and instruction to the student. "The Inn Yard at Givet" is a charming picture of quiet life, in a tone as quiet, and the sunlit sky over the roof on the left is exquisite. "Windfalls" appears to an artist's eye a skilful treatment of the general effect, which alone is attainable by art, of long grass seen close at hand. The group of sheep with expectant looks, entitled "Somebody Coming," is capital. In "Souvenir du Morvan," "The Moselle" and "Bords de la Marne," we enjoy the tranquil pleasure produced by the faultless harmony of French landscape-painting. "At Porquy" is a village scene in which the same French perfection of quiet treatment appears. "Ostend" on the other hand challenges admiration as a *tour de force*. "In Sweden" by Lindstrom is a good piece of work, especially as regards the trees and sky to the left. The small Salvator Rosa "On the Coast of Calabria" shows how romance was imparted to landscape in the days before the poetry of nature was understood. The portrait of Mr. Stuart, of Hamilton, by Oules, is a specimen of one of the best, perhaps the very best, of our portrait painters. "Base-ball Players" is a clever thing. Nothing can be more helpful to art than these Loan Exhibitions, and we are much indebted both to those who organize them and to those who contribute.

Mr. O'BRIEN affords his friends a great pleasure by allowing them to visit his studio every Saturday afternoon. Of whatever beauty and poetry there is in Canadian scenery he has made himself the master, and the best key to a full appreciation of it will be found in the study of his drawings. If there is not more—if our lakes have flat shores; if we have not as yet, in addition to the beauty of wildness, that of cultivation and finish; if our cities, villages and churches are not ancient and picturesque—the defect is in the subject, not in the painter. Mr. O'Brien's "Windsor Castle" proves that he could find the power of treatment, if we could find him the theme. To the drawings of the scenery on the St. Maurice, which are the present attraction of his studio, an agreeable introduction will be found in Mr. Pollock's article in *Macmillan*, "A Canadian Holiday." Mr. Pollock only skimmed Canada generally, but he formed a closer acquaintance with the St. Maurice, and has succeeded in making his readers share his enjoyment.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS

THE British Association at its late meetings instructed its Council to call the attention of the Canadian Government to the dangers arising from the absence of trustworthy information concerning the tides of the Gulf and adjoining Atlantic coast, and to urge the expediency of establishing stations where accurate and systematic observations might be obtained for tabulation and reduction by the scientific methods of the Association. This action, so far as the Association is concerned, is merely a continuation of its investigations of Tidal motion carried on in various parts of the world for many years past under a standing committee, but relatively to the commerce of the Dominion is an important advance, as many wrecks are annually attributed to mistakes in judging the strength of the tidal currents. The project is being warmly supported by the Montreal Board of Trade and the Canadian Royal Society. A meeting of the Canadian Committee, of which Professor Johnson of McGill is Secretary, has been held, and it is hoped that vigorous action will follow at no distant date.

THE number and violence of recent earthquakes all over the globe are above the average. Several have been reported from various parts of the United States since the new year, notably an extensive convulsion of the Blue Ridge of North Carolina and the northern spurs of the Appalachian range in Maryland, on the night of the 2nd of January. But the disastrous earthquakes in Andalusia, the most southerly province of Spain, from their extreme violence specially awaken our sympathies for the unfortunate inhabitants of the ruined towns, as well as give a renewed impetus to the study of the modern science of seismology. There is no doubt that every phenomenon connected with the disturbance will be carefully investigated, very probably under the auspices of the Royal Society of England, which has in former years sustained committees to investigate the earthquakes of Croatia and the eruption of Krakatoa. The position of the affected district, lying between the active volcanoes of the Azores and the Canaries on the west and those of Italy and Sicily on the east, and traversed by the Sierra Nevada range, should prevent any surprise at the occurrence of disturbances which are now known to be intimately connected with volcanic activity.

THE occurrence of earthquakes in Spain naturally reminds one of the terrible visitation which destroyed half the City of Lisbon, in the neighbouring kingdom, on the 1st November, 1755. First came an earthquake, then a tidal wave fifty feet high rolled in from the Atlantic, carrying destruction alike to shipping and buildings, while to complete the horror the ruins took fire and burned for four days, destroying all those imprisoned in them who had survived the previous catastrophes. It is estimated