

treating of Canadian writers, and containing so much that is biographical and chatty respecting them.

MR. SYDNEY P. HALL, of the *Graphic*, has just finished a picture of the marriage ceremony of the Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife. It is going to the Grosvenor Gallery, and at the close of the exhibition will pass into the collection of the Prince of Wales, who commissioned the artist to execute it. It is of moderate size, but is full of delicately touched portraits, and shows much skill in giving artistic interest to the somewhat prosaic interior of Buckingham Palace Chapel.

WILLIAMSON AND COMPANY, Toronto, are just about issuing a work in two volumes by Professor Campbell of Montreal entitled "The Hittites, their Inscription and their History." This work will no doubt take a place at once in the front rank of such publications, as the author is a distinguished Biblical scholar and brings to his task the patient accumulations of the toil and thought of twenty years. A translation of the legible Hittite inscriptions, ten in number, is embodied in these volumes, the appearance of which cannot fail to arouse much interest.

"THE Prince of Wales has to keep abreast of the times," says Mr. Edwin Goadby, in *Cassell's Magazine*, "and this duty involves much reading, a good deal of writing, and discussion with competent informants. His public work occupies a portion of nearly every day, and his business habits teach him despatch, method, and precision. He does not know what actual idleness means, and he is so well versed in public, as distinct from party-political movements, that in a rigorous competitive examination he would not easily be beaten. Indeed, he could give points to some of the satirists who ignorantly regard him as a lazy personage."

APROPOS of the resignation of Prince Bismarck, a new work, now in the Press, will shortly be published from the pen of Mr. W. H. Dawson, of Skipton, dealing with the German Chancellor as a social reformer. The work—which is brought down to date—is entitled "Prince Bismarck and State Socialism," and is a sequel to the same author's "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle." Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Company will publish the work as one of their series of "red cover" volumes on Social Science, to which Professor Thorold Rogers' abbreviated "Work and Wages" and other well-known works belong.

A NEWLY-FORMED Ruskin Society of London was lately inaugurated at the London Institution by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M. A., delivering a lecture on "Ruskin and Reynolds: Their Theories of Art." The society is a centre of union for students and others interested in Mr. Ruskin's writings, and intends to promote the study of his works by means of lectures, discussions, and the issuing of such publications as may be deemed advisable. It purposes, also, to gain permission to republish such of Mr. Ruskin's writings as are out of print or scarce, to compile indexes to those works not already provided with them, and to prepare a concordance to the author's numerous writings.

"PORTRAITS of Robert Browning" is the title of a contribution by Mr. W. M. Rossetti to *The Magazine of Art*, prefaced by a few personal reminiscences and observations, and illustrated by five reproduced portraits of the poet, and one of his wife. The account of an evening "in 1885 at the temporary home of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, near Marylebone Church, when Tennyson read aloud his recently published poem of 'Maud,' and my brother (D. G. Rossetti) took a sketch of him as he sat on the sofa with the volume held high up to suit his short sight," after which Browning consented to read his "Fra Lippo Lippi," is all too short, and we should have welcomed many more similar recollections.

MESSRS. E. F. LIBBIE AND COMPANY, of Boston, announce the sale, commencing on the 15th instant, of the library, maps, historical autographs and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal, who has been known for many years as an industrious and intelligent bibliophile, and has succeeded in bringing together an uncommonly rich collection. In the collection will be found many valuable and rare specimens of Incunabula, of MSS., of *Editio Princeps*, of books bound by master binders, of *Provenances Illustrées*, of rare Americana, original documents relating to the settlement of New France, unique specimens of Canadian Incunabula, as well as the more recent historical works on America. Collectors in search of early Canadian imprints will find that in this branch the Hart library is unexcelled.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men
Who felt indeed that Christ had risen again.

—Longfellow.

MR. J. STANLEY LITTLE has been lecturing at Horsham on "England and her Colonies." He takes a very gloomy view of the future at home in connection with the spread of Socialism, and anticipates a tremendous upheaval of the masses unless energetic measures are taken to emigrate the surplus population. It is surprising how slow the poor are to appreciate the tempting boons that Canada, for instance, holds out. Any East-end labourer can have 160 acres of freehold prairie land for the trouble of asking for it—provided he can get there.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

EVEN the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Lewis the Fourteenth, but after the "Three Musketeers." That is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles, and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. But if Constable did Scott a bad turn over "Kenilworth," he made amends by getting "Herries" changed to the high-sounding romantic name "Redgauntlet." "Herries" would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that "Redgauntlet" is. Indeed as the Waverley Novels are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian"—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it; they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott, of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful Waverley series were drawing to a close in stress and difficulty. Most novels naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion, of some one among the personages. And the name of that person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE MOCK IMPROMPTU.

OF all impromptu speeches the one that is prepared beforehand is likely to be the best. There are good reasons for this. An alligator, tired of basking in the sun, will slide off into the bayou with considerable ease and some elegance if allowed to perform the manoeuvre at his own time. If the alligator is hurried, however, by unfriendly man, the descent into the water becomes a panicky scramble ending in a splash. Orators are like alligators in this. They cannot tumble with grace into eloquence unless they have time to consider the operation. The best impromptu speakers in all ages have made it a rule never to speak without preparation. From Demosthenes down to Chauncey Depew the private motto of the extemporaneous speaker has been "Semper paratus," which, freely translated, means "with a speech on hand." Perhaps Demosthenes went to the extreme in anticipation. He grudged no labour to make the least part of his orations perfect, and it is improbable that he always tried to make his Athenian audiences believe that his speeches were extempore. Those who have succeeded him in the rostrum have not always been so candid. Parliamentary debate often demands the appearance of spontaneous utterance, and it has greater weight than speech which is evidently the result of antecedent study. The charms of the impromptu are not confined to the political oration or the after-dinner speech. The divine in the pulpit who can simulate, if not actually practise, extemporaneous preaching has the advantage of him who reads from manuscript, or refers occasionally to notes. On the stage nothing is so likely to make a hit as action or word that appears to be born of the occasion. Actors are well aware of this and not seldom prepare impromptus, usually in the shape of topical allusions. Mr. Jefferson, although above the use of mere local "gags," is one of the great actors who knows how to simulate spontaneity in expression of voice and face, so that the audience is brought to believe that a piece of carefully conceived and practised by-play is the result of the moment's suggestion. In short, there is no limit to the value of extemporizing, whether it be practised in Congress, in church, at the dinner-table, or on the stage. And the best way to extemporize is, as we have said, to prepare carefully beforehand. Of course there is such a thing as the genuine impromptu—but it is a very rare thing indeed, and as compared with the mock article its success is rarer still.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

IN THE SLAVE SHED.

THESE hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids: their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them. Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense

grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know too well it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, so that to satisfy their insatiable greed they will commit themselves, or permit to be committed, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic—homes broken up, mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. When last at Masankusu I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her sunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale: "I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, a few miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembé attacked our settlement; my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will kill them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself," said she, "they will sell me to one of the neighbouring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed." There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down river, with merchandise of all kinds with which they purchased these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Ubangi and Lulungu rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Ubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them up the Ubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies. Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves, and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.—*E. J. Glave in the Century*.

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