



GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.  
(Mr. R. Summerhayes, photo.)

## Our New York Letter.

The last week has not been a very eventful one except for its social departures. E. C. Burlingame, the editor of "Scribner's Magazine," has taken a short flight over to Europe, and Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, has gone over for the summer, and Stuart Merrill has flitted away to Newport, where his mother has a villa.

Misfortune seems to pursue the Belford company. It is hardly out of the quagmire yet.

The "Illustrated American" has brought out admirably executed reproductions of all Verestchagin's greatest pictures, and is turning its attention to British India. It is certainly remarkably enterprising in its illustrations.

The Longmans have re-organized their American house, so as to make it an entirely independent firm. Only about half the London firm of Longmans, Green & Co. are stockholders in the new firm, and their late manager in New York, Mr. Mills, an American citizen, becomes a partner and president of the new firm. There has been a great deal of talk in the papers about passing legislation that will impose the same restrictions on the Canadian Pacific Railway that are imposed on its American rivals by the interstate commerce laws. This talk, of course, only veils a desire to prevent the C.P.R. doing any business at all in the United States. But the agitation is not expected to come to anything, because by the recent deal over the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg line the Vanderbilt interest has become identified with the C.P.R., and it is expected that this would be given to the Democratic party in case of legislation at the hands of the Republican party hostile to the new combination.

There are still a number of society families in town, as is proven by the display of smart people assembled on Saturday in the new studio of Mr. J. Edward Barclay, an Englishman, settled in the United States, who has a very large *clientèle* as a portrait painter. His studio is in the Sherwood, a most convenient apartment and studio house, at the corner of 6th Avenue and 57th street, where Clyde Fitch lives. Canadians will hear with interest that one of the principal features was a perfectly exquisite portrait of Mrs. W. M. Langton, of Brockville, Ont.

I notice that Sir Provo Wallis, the grand old Nova Scotian who was an officer on H.M.S. "Shannon" when she took the U. S. S. "Chesapeake," was to take part in the ceremony of the naval exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital.

THE LOG OF A JACK TAR—Edited by Commander V. Lovett Cameron, R.N. (MacMillan & Co., New York). This is a capital series, cheap, admirably got up and brimful of adventure, which boys love. "The Log of a Jack Tar" is very much the log of a pirate—James Choyce, master mariner. But he was an amiable sort of a pirate, with a marvellous faculty for breaking prison. The book is extremely interesting as showing the barbarous way in which the French treated prisoners of war a hundred years ago. With it is bound in the story of Captain O'Brien's, R.N., captivity in France, which tells the same tale of barbarity. This is a book that will please all readers who have an appetite for adventure in that happy hunting ground of adventurers—South America.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's "Testimonial to Walter Whitman," published by the Truth Seeker Company, is full of the eloquence for which that remarkable man is famous.

He thinks Whitman the greatest of living poets, but appreciates his faults as well as his splendours, e.g., "in everything a touch of pathos—lacking what is called form as the clouds lack form, but not lacking the splendour of sunrise or the glory of sunset." Here are some genuine Ingersollisms, which show his contempt for priggishness:

"The provincial prudes, and others of like mold, pretend that love is a duty rather than a passion—a kind of self-denial—not an overmastering joy. They preach the gospel of pretence and pantalettes. In the presence of sincerity, of truth, they cast down their eyes and endeavour to feel immodest. To them the most beautiful thing is hypocrisy adorned with a blush."

"People had been taught from bibles and from creeds that maternity was a kind of crime."

"To me the most obscene word in our language is celibacy."

"In all genius there is a touch of chaos—a little of the vagabond."

A new play, "The Merchant," has been produced at the Madison Square Theatre. It is a virtuous Bowery-wicked-to-be-rich sort of play, apt to be dull to an audience sufficiently high-class not to mind the iniquity of being rich. The first act was slow and unoriginal. Indeed, there was nothing *dramatic* at all till the end of the second act. From that time forward the play was exciting enough, but unpleasant. The little Quakeress acted her part very well, but it was a disagreeable one, and the husband's unforgiveness to his repentant friend jarred upon one. The acting was good. Jess Morgan was a great improvement upon the ordinary *ingenue*. Mr. Henley made all that could be made of his disagreeable part.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.