

review of Abbott's "Greece" closes with some pregnant remarks upon American culture and scholarship, which will, if we mistake not, cause considerable friction in over-patriotic—or, shall we say, *super-national*—quarters. In a notice of William Winter's oration, "The Press and the Stage," the *Atlantic* says that the "condition of the theatre has shown continual and great betterment."

*Temple Bar* always presents interesting features. A bright French story, entitled "Achille," is true to national feeling and bourgeois civilization. Baring-Gould's serial is strong, though unequal, like all his work. Still, he is a novelist, in the true sense of the term, and is always abreast of the time. Frances Mary Peard, whose work has little or no individuality, furnishes more of her serial; and a touching paper is that on "Charles Whitehead," a "Forgotten Genius," the early and intimate friend of Charles Dickens. Two unusually fine sonnets gild this number, and the remaining paper of interest is "The Court of Vienna in the Eighteenth Century," which, in the light of the recent sad bereavement to the Royal Family of Austria, will probably find many readers. A new departure in this magazine of "Musical Notes" would not appear to be such as shall meet with any great success. They are somewhat too discursive.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MARK TWAIN will have a new story in the November *Century*.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD "prefers to think of Americans as of trans-Atlantic Englishmen."

THE *Century* advertises a series of articles on the French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

CASELL AND Co. announce a work on "New Zealand," by Edward Wakefield, the most thorough and authentic yet published.

*St. Nicholas* is to be enlarged in November, with new and clearer type, and four strong serial stories, one of which will be by that prince of story tellers, Frank R. Stockton.

MR. C. C. TAYLOR, of this city, and author of that very notable guide-book, etc., "Toronto Called Back," has been lecturing on the Dominion in the North of England, notably in Blackburn and Wigan.

WALTER BESANT's story of the London working-girl, "Children of Gibeon," filled with the same spirit that animates his "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," is the new volume in the "Library Edition" of this author's novels published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL has been elected a Life Corresponding Member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art for services to literature. The only other Life Corresponding Members are Max O'Rell, Mark Twain, Wm. Davie, of Buenos Ayres, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Jules Verne, and Douglas Sladen.

TENNYSON, whose career, characteristics and opinions the exchanges are trying in vain to depict, seeing that he keeps so close, is reported to have said that when he is dead he will take good care they—presumably his friends—shall not "rip him like a pig." The great poet's love of solitude and hatred of the madding crowd are well-known.

MR. BROWNING expects to have ready in October a new volume containing thirty poems, long and short. A short biography of Mr. Browning, containing an etched portrait and a fac-simile of the poet's handwriting, will appear presently in Messrs. Virtue & Co.'s "Celebrities Series." Smith & Elder are to issue the poems of Mrs. Browning in style uniform with their new edition of her husband's works—the edition which in this country is supplied by Macmillan & Co.

MR. FREDERICK VILLIERS recently left Liverpool for Quebec by the Allan Line, to join the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley, and party, on their journey over the Canadian Pacific Railway through British Columbia to Vancouver; he returns, lecturing in New Westminster and Winnipeg, to the United States, to lecture under the management of Major Pond. Mr. Villiers proposes afterwards to go to Australia and New Zealand, and will probably also lecture at certain points in Japan, Hong-Kong, and through India.

THIS week is rich in foreign visitors of some literary renown. Mr. Douglas Sladen, known as the Australian litterateur, is in town. Is Mr. Sladen, however, an Australian by birth? One paper has it that he has only been "out" ten years. Also Mr. Wm. Sharpe, the well known editor of Walter Scott's London Publishing House, is in the city. Mr. Sharpe was the guest of Mr. W. D. Lighthall, in Montreal; of Dr. George Stewart, in Quebec, and will stay with Edmund Clarence Stedman while in New York.

A MAGAZINE on a novel plan is announced by the American Press Company, of Baltimore, Md. It will be called the *No Name Magazine*, and all who have anything worth saying are invited to contribute, whether they are known or unknown. Articles will be accepted on their merits, and not on the fame of the writers. The *No Name Magazine* will open a fair and honourable field for American literary talent. No contribution will be received from any person who is not a paid subscriber on the books of the publishers. The first number will be issued in October. The subscription will be one dollar a year. Brief, bright, sparkling articles will be the attraction of the *No Name Magazine*.

AMONG the popular scientific articles to be published in *The Century* during the coming year will be reports of the latest studies and discoveries made at the Lick Observatory in California, furnished by Professor Holden. Professor Putnam, of Harvard, has written a series of papers for the same magazine on Prehistoric America, in which he will give the result of his own explorations of caves, burial-places, village sites, etc. A detailed account of the strange earthwork known as the Serpent Mound of Adams County, Ohio, will be printed, and the illustrations of some of the papers will include a number of terra-cotta figures of men and women in a style of modelling heretofore unknown in American prehistoric art.

SUCH a non-sectarian reviewer as the *Athenaeum* thus puts its pen through the weak spot in all educational books, emanating from Roman Catholic sources, when it says of Father R. F. Clarke's "Manual of Catholic Philosophy": It is science clipped and purged till it can serve the principles of the adherents of a special form of faith and satisfy the intellectual needs of students not too inquisitive. Logic here appears as *ancilla fidei* and its serviceableness in that humble function is shown by a number of illustrations that are doubtless welcome and intelligible to the Stonyhurst mind, but may prove rather distasteful at first to the bewildered outsiders whom Father Clarke hopes to draw into the net of sound logical doctrine.

THE *London Academy* of July 27 has a pleasant, if somewhat tardy, little notice of Crofton's essay on "Haliburton—the Man and the Writer." It is as follows: "We have received the first number of the publications of the Haliburton, a society established at the university of King's College, Nova Scotia, 'to further in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada.' The president is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, whose name is not unknown as a poet in this country. This first publication is appropriately devoted to Judge Haliburton, the creator of Sam Slick, himself a graduate of King's, and the recipient of an honorary D.C.L. from Oxford in 1858. It is written by F. Blake Crofton, formerly of Trinity College, Dublin, and now provincial librarian of Nova Scotia. The bulk of it consists of literary criticism, as just as it is appreciative, but there are also several new statements of fact concerning Haliburton's life and works which we hope are not too late for use in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'"

THE originals of the new and important series of letters by the famous Lord Chesterfield, which Lord Carnarvon is preparing for the press, comes to him in virtue of his first marriage. His first wife was Lady Evelyn Stanhope, daughter of the Lord and Lady Chesterfield, who were such eminent leaders and ornaments of society in the first half of this century. Lady Carnarvon had an only brother, the seventh Earl of Chesterfield, who was one of Lord Londesborough's ill-fated shooting party in November, 1871, at which the Prince of Wales caught his memorable attack of typhoid. Lord Chesterfield contracted the same fever, and succumbed to it, when he was succeeded in his title by his cousin, and his estates devolved upon his sister, Lady Carnarvon, subject to his mother's life-interest. They now belong to Lord Porchester, Lord Carnarvon's eldest son, a lively youth of twenty-three.

THE winners of the Montreal *Witness* "Dominion Prize Competition" have just been announced. The competition, concerning which we notice some writers request that it should be made annual, or at least repeated, was a capital device for stimulating patriotism and native literature at the same time. Tales and sketches were asked for from all school children, illustrative of pioneer life in Canada. The *Northern Messenger*, a small paper published at the same office, was offered as a prize for the best tale in every school in the Dominion. A prize of greater value, Macaulay's history in five volumes, was sent to the writer of the best tale in each county, and a set of Parkman's works was the reward of the best in each Province. The judges appointed to award these prizes were men of recognized ability, the judge for the Province of Ontario having been Mr. Wm. Houston, Parliamentary Librarian, Toronto. Finally, a Dominion prize, a splendid type-writer, was awarded by Lord Lorne. The Dominion prize has very curiously been taken by a young lady outside the Dominion, the *Witness* having, in view of its numerous readers in Newfoundland, counted that Province for the purposes of this competition as though it had been a part of Canada. No one will be jealous that our little sister Province has carried off this honour. The winner is Miss May Selby Holden, of St. John's, whose portrait and autograph appear in the *Witness* with her tale.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

STATE AND CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THIS contest, waged by the Catholic clergy and the Roman Court against the civil authority, is of very ancient date, and it may be said to make up a great portion of the history of modern people. The Court of Rome and the clergy who are attached to it, have always yearned for dominion over civil society, and when it is refused them, they cry out as loudly as they can and in that violent manner which is peculiar to them, that religion is oppressed or that the Church is persecuted,—as if religion and the Church were persons veiled in the flesh of monks—as if the priests were being persecuted every time they

were prevented from persecuting others, and that an application of common law was made to them.

The attitude assumed by the Catholic clergy, their well-known character, the abundant means for swaying the consciences of others which the dogma they teach procures for them, have for a long time past engaged the attention of thinkers and politicians. The question is asked by them, whether the pecuniary sacrifices made by the State in favour of the Catholic clergy, bear any proportion to the services rendered by the latter body. It is well known that for three hundred years, but more pronouncedly during the past sixty years, the clergy have been becoming denationalized, so to speak, in order to become Roman; that they have almost given up the teaching of moral duties in order to teach exclusively their pretended rights to supreme power; that their principal object in life seems to be the acquisition of this world's goods, and that their activity in this direction has become painfully felt in private families, while at the same time their meddling with political matters has been a permanent source of troubles to the State. Influenced by these considerations, a great number of people have been led to think that religion should not be made a State institution, and that it was a fitting time to return to the rule laid down by the Constitution of the year III, which gave up the profession of religion to the care of private virtue, because the framers of that Constitution thought that the practise of religious duties satisfied a need of individual tastes solely. They considered that religion had for its only object the safety of each faithful adherent, individually, in the next life; they regarded and treated it as a free individual opinion, without any connection with the public institutions of the country. They did not meddle with religion in any way, as they often declared: they only formally stated that the Catholic Church had ceased to be a government institution.—*Extract from Préparation à l'Etude du Droit, by J. G. C. (Seneuil, Paris, 1887), translated by R. J. Wicksted.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

IF I were asked what is the particular difficulty that usually prevents the English from understanding art, I should answer the extreme energy and activity of their moral sense. They have a sort of moral hunger which tries to satisfy itself in season and out of season. That interferes with their understanding of a pursuit which lies outside of morals. The teaching of their most celebrated art critic, Mr. Ruskin, was joyfully accepted by the English, because it seemed for the first time to place art upon a substantial moral foundation, making truth, industry, conscientiousness, its cardinal virtues. The English imagined, for a time, that they had subordinated the fine arts to their own dominant moral instincts. Painting was to abandon all its tricks and become truthful. It was to represent events as they really occurred, and not so as to make the best pictures, a sacrifice of art to veracity that pleased the innermost British conscience. Again, it was assumed that mere toil in the accurate representation of details was in itself a merit, because industry is meritorious in common occupations. In short, all the virtues were placed before art itself, which in reality is but accidentally connected with them. . . . The feebler moral sense of the Parisian mind, and its less passionate affection for nature, have left it more disengaged and more at liberty to accept art on its own account, as art and nothing more. There is a kind of Paganism which is able to rest content without deep moral problems, and to accept with satisfaction what art has to give without asking for that which it cannot give. The final word on the subject may be that there is a diversity of ideals; that the English ideal (speaking generally) is moral, and the Parisian ideal is artistic.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

MR. GLADSTONE ON SMALL CULTURE.

I AM no practical authority in these matters at all. My time has been spent in other affairs. I have never pretended to be a practical authority, but what I have tried to do is this—to direct the mind of the community to these subjects by quoting people, as far as I am able, who are practical authorities, and by at any rate enabling them to go to sources—to persons who have themselves laboured in this important field—and then form their own judgment for themselves. Now, I observe that the whole of these branches of an institution of this kind may be comprised under the name of the small culture in France. It is called *petite culture*, the small culture as opposed to the larger operations of the farmer. You have here to-day seen an exhibition of vegetables, of flowers, of fruit. Then we have seen some bee culture—but I believe it is not a very good year for honey; and we have seen what does not appear to be entirely within the same province—but, notwithstanding, I have no doubt it is very useful—we have seen specimens of sewing and knitting, female indoor labour, which are no doubt of very great importance to the community; and finally, for the first time, you have had an exhibition of butter. (Cheers.) Now, not upon my own authority, though I suppose we all of us know bad butter when we see it, but upon better authority, I can tell you that the Hawarden butter is pronounced to be extremely good as compared with butter produced in other parts of the country. I have heard of one large show, and that in the northern part of England, too—I will not mention the name, because while we are paying compliments to ourselves we do not wish to be rude to any one else (laughter), but I say it is in the north, because in the north