

while the opportunity for the employment of more capital in development, which would be certain to occur, and the increase of trade from the growth that would follow would enlarge the area of opportunity, such as would occur nowhere else in the British Empire. Although the congress did not discuss the question of unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States, because of its supposed disloyalty, it is in Canada naturally a burning question, and, were it only an economic and not a political question, a vast majority would vote for it. Hence, notwithstanding that it was so perfectly ignored, it is certain to have an important bearing on the relations hereafter to exist between Great Britain and her greatest of colonies.

In the policy of unrestricted reciprocity is found not only all the elements of the earliest and greatest prosperity to the three great parties concerned—viz., England, the United States, and Canada—but in its adoption will be found a more certain perpetuation of the presence of Great Britain on the continent of North America than under existing conditions appears to be promised, for a continental commercial unity has all the elements of material advantage of a political union, which is unnecessary, undesirable, and would be rendered thereby impossible.—*Erastus Wiman, in the Contemporary Review.*

A MOOD.

HALF shut in between the world and Heaven
I seemed to be last night, mine only love.
Above me figured lanterns blazed—through seven
White lattices I watched that silvery dove,
The wan moon, wing, while from her pinions pale
Pin-feathers dropped, and streaked the slaty bay
With liquid light. A perfumed austral gale
Brought dreams of orchard moils and downy day
Through all the lattices, and music came,
Warm music with her casket full of dreams
And jewel joys. Forgot were sin and blame,
Were wrongs, mistakes and heart-aches, for the gleams
The lethean air, the prospect and perfumes
The symphonies, were redolent of God,
Forever busy with His ceaseless flumes
Of colour form and sound. There was no rod!
For though you were not near me dear to share
That witchery, He gave me thought to know,
That we were one in any scene—gave pray'r
And hope to light me to you when I go.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

ART NOTES.

ITALY has peculiar advantages for art training generally, and especially for sculpture. In this regard Florence is second to no other city, not even Rome. The capital of Italy may excel in its galleries of antique sculpture and in the greater commerce of painters and amateurs from all parts of the world, but the student will find it much dearer in rents, labour and the general cost of living, and it has besides the very serious drawback of insalubrity during several months of the year. Florence, on the contrary is healthy in all seasons, far cheaper as a residence, and has the decided advantage of being near the celebrated quarries of Carrara and Ceravezza, which supply the finest statuary marble known. Indeed, sculptors in America find it greatly to their interest to send their models to Italy to be put into marble or bronze on account of the large saving in the cost, as well as on account of the greater choice of material. The famous bronze foundry of the late Professor Papi belongs to Florence; and is, I believe, the only one in existence which possesses the secrets and the facilities for casting work of all sizes without joints, and which will not require repairs and chisels afterwards. Florence, Rome and Milan have a numerous crop of skilful workmen in all branches of art, many of whom are competent to execute original work of high merit, although they are accustomed to labour for wages such as are given in America to the common mechanic or day-labourer. The advantage of having these well-instructed and capable workmen to execute from the model the conceptions of the legitimate artist is too obvious to be questioned. Although the practice is liable to misconception, in itself it is right, economical and artistic, doubling the executive power of the artist himself, who can reserve his strength for invention, modelling and finishing, the manual labour proper being left to the individual who makes this department of art his lifelong occupation. An abundance of this sort of highly trained labour at extraordinary cheapness, as compared with charges at other great centres of art, is to be found in Florence. The history, scenery, associations and ambitions of Florence are deeply imbued with the sentiments and feelings most suggestive and inciting to the American artist, and which he finds lamentably deficient at home. As regards the elementary studies, America now presents sufficient means of instruction, and either London, Paris, Antwerp, Munich or Dusseldorf, in strictly academic resources and in variety of technical excellence, is superior to Florence or Rome. The youthful American artist should, therefore, defer going abroad until he has first laid a solid foundation of instruction in his own country, and sufficiently established his artistic constitution on the basis of his own nationality, so as not to become a mere copyist or imitator of other schools and styles. Then he can breathe to advantage the higher atmosphere of the great

masters in art. The student must be prepared for years of hard study and prolonged pecuniary strain. Although living and professional training and practice are cheap, as compared with America, yet it is not less true that the general standard of art excellence, owing to the enlivening presence of the greatest achievements of the past, is of the highest, while the concourse of eminent artists of all nationalities makes competition the closest and the prices the least, so that the chances of patronage are less in America or England or France or even Germany. In Italy the American has not only artists of his own nation as rivals, but those of all Europe; and, besides, art is judged on its own abstract merits. Though the artist may subsist on less money in Italy than in America, he may find it more difficult to earn a franc in the former country than a dollar in the latter. An Italian artist, as a common rule, is content to receive a franc when his American brother would expect fivefold the sum, and frequently for art of less merit in every way. If our artists will thoroughly imbue themselves with American feelings and aspirations, the living ideals and aims of their country, before going abroad, they will be better prepared to appreciate all that Italy offers them, and will, moreover, have a stronger hold on their countrymen in the competition from the artists of all nations. It depends on themselves to rise to the level of their opportunity as conscientious and well-trained artists, inspired by a passion for their profession, or to sink to the mere commercial phase, struggling for pecuniary success, reckless of the quality of their work, of the plagiarisms and other makeshifts for getting on rapidly. At the best, the genuine artist has to live long on hopes deferred, before he makes his way to the front; which, if not mistaken in himself, he is certain to do in time. But our American student should not forget that however favourable may be the verdict of partial friends in a country in which there exists no lofty standard of art or public appreciation of it, he makes his new venture in the Old World, where knowledge is ripe and opinion most critical. It is a trying ordeal, and often one which, too self-confident on account of his previous career at home, the student is poorly prepared to meet.—*Hon. J. Schuyler Crosby, in the North American Review.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *London Figaro* says that a large collection of the letters of the Abbe Liszt was found after his death. They have been carefully sorted and edited by the Princess Wittgenstein (for some of Liszt's private letters would, perhaps, not be particularly edifying reading), and under the title of "La Mara" they will in a few days be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel.

THE *London Musical News* has the following interesting notes: Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well-known journalist, has, among his other curios, a silver violin. It was made in Cawnpore, and was formerly the property of some Indian Rajah, and Mr. Sala told the *Strand Magazine* interviewer, not very long ago, how he came by it. "I bought it in Leicester Square," he said; "it was marked £35. I went inside and offered a ten-pound note for it. 'Oh!' exclaimed the proprietor, 'you're Mr. Sailor, you are! Well, look here, you can have it for £13.' 'Right,' I said. 'Going to pay now?' he asked. 'Yes.' 'Then take it out of the shop, for it's been hanging here for 25 years.'" Mr. Henschell has received and accepted an invitation from the Direction of the Vienna Exhibition to conduct a symphony concert there in September. The programme will include Mr. Henschell's "Hamlet Suite." Mr. J. Edwin Bonn's patent bridge with four feet, for stringed instruments, is gaining in public favour. Recently, the principal of a leading musical institution in Brussels has written a lengthy letter highly approving of the invention. The volume of "Reminiscences," which it is announced Mr. Santley is about to publish, should be an interesting book. The career of our premier bass has been both long and important, and his figure has been a prominent one in our concert-rooms for many years. Mr. Santley's experience has not been confined to this country; he is a traveller whose admirably trained voice and artistic singing has met with much acceptance abroad as well as at home. Mr. Santley's experience of men and music has been large, and his book will be eagerly awaited. In all probability we shall have Italian opera given during the autumn in two places in London. Sir Augustus Harris will inaugurate a season, and it is expected that Signor Lago will give some operas at the Olympic, "Lohengrin" forming one of the chief items. So eager are some managers to supply the London public with such representations, that it is rumoured yet a third series is to be attempted by another impresario. An attempt is also to be made to form a syndicate for the purpose of building a new opera house at the back of Whitehall, and adjoining the Thames Embankment. This would be close to Scotland Yard, the site Mr. Mapleson selected for the theatre which was never completed. The new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan to Mr. Sidney Grundy's libretto, is to be produced at the Savoy about mid-September. The work deals with an English story of the time of Charles II.

A GENTLEMAN has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.—*Chesterfield.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FERGUS MAC TAVISH OR PORTAGE AND PRAIRIE. By J. Macdonald Oxley. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Fergus MacTavish is introduced to us as a baby with "a crown of undeniably red hair crimped up into comical little curls," and the story is practically that of his adventures up to the time when he went to Montreal and "won honour after honour at college." The book is well illustrated and abounds in adventures of all kinds by land and sea. We would recommend this story of the Hudson Bay Company to all boys, and girls too, who have learned to appreciate the almost magical significance of "voyage and venture."

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If Robert Louis Stevenson were not named as one of the writers of this book it would scarcely have won its way to a great circulation, or made an author's fame. Much is not claimed for it beyond being something of a "police novel," or "mystery story." The mystery part of it is worked up with considerable ingenuity, and unless the book is placed in its complete form in the reader's hand, so that he can turn up the last chapter, his curiosity will be sufficiently aroused. If he is unprincipled enough to anticipate the plot by exploring the arcana of the last chapter, let him go beyond it and read the epilogue, where he will find the very anatomy and skeleton of the tale laid bare to his irreverent gaze. But is the padding of flesh and blood upon this skeleton good nourishing meat and food for the reader's mind or fancy? We think that the volume contains several strongly drawn "types." Jim Pinkerton is undoubtedly an extravagant caricature of the Yankee all round commercial mountebank and speculator, and like all good caricatures—those of Dickens, for instance—it has a broad basis of truth. Captain Nares is a Yankee merchant sailor, unattractive, if not repulsive, at first acquaintance, but a staunch honest friend, at last. A reader with a taste for visiting abattoirs and butchers' shambles will be able to gratify his taste for blood and slaughter in chapter 23, where he will also be able to criticize the joint authors' display of their command of nautical terms.

MAYFLOWER TALES. By Julian Hawthorne, Grant Allen, Richard Dowling and Hume Nisbet. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.

"A Modern Girl's Story," by Julian Hawthorne, although not exactly a very agreeable story on the one hand or a very powerful one on the other, is, in our opinion, the best in the book. The meaning of the tale can be gathered from the following:—

"Then women can be ruined by virtue as well as by vice?"

"Oh, I don't say that," he returned. "For my part . . . But let each who reads the story interpret it to suit himself."

"Maisie Bowman's Fate," by Grant Allen, is a smartly written, though rather an unpleasant story. Maisie Bowman, a stupid and uninteresting edition of Tennyson's Maud, falls in love with José Mansfield, a southern poet, who happens to be a lion *pro tem*. José is poor, and so the girl poisons her own mother in order that she may present herself to him, together with \$50,000 a year. She follows him up and proposes to him; he quietly informs her that he does not care to compromise himself "by marrying a woman who's poisoned her mother!" What the poet gained by his flirtation it is rather difficult to discover, and as he was an eminently calculating individual, we can hardly give him credit for very much emotion. On the whole, although this story undoubtedly possesses something of the subtle analysis and knowledge of psychology which distinguishes Mr. Grant Allen as a novelist, it is undoubtedly inferior to his longer works. "The Other and I," in our humble opinion, stands altogether outside the pale of any attempt at rational criticism; it is obviously the production of a vivid and morbid imagination badly controlled. "My Two Wives," by George R. Sims, and "Through the Gap," by Hume Nisbet, both very fair specimens of the short story, complete the volume.

THE *Idler* for August is amusing and interesting. By no means the least attractive portion of its contents is that contributed by Mr. W. Clark Russell, entitled "My First Book—The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Both Editors have pleasant contributions, and this number fully sustains the credit of this bright, light, yet clever little periodical.

THE great newspaper distributing and book-selling business of W. H. Smith & Son, its growth and present status, forms the subject of an interesting paper by W. M. Acworth in the August number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*: Other articles are, "A Royal Reception," "Racing Yachts," "Biscuit Town," "Love Birds and Pigmy Parrots," "The Loss of the Vanity," and "The North-Eastern Rail and its Engines." The excellence of this periodical is ably sustained.

NINETTA EAMES commences the *Overland Monthly* with a most readable paper entitled "Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods." "A Voiceless Soul" is the name of a sonnet by Carrie Blake Morgan. Flora B. Harris writes some pretty "verse" from the Japanese. Philip L. Weaver, Jr., contributes a long and interesting paper on