

facto expressed. The committee, however, stood by their first decision, and the voters, as a further mark of confidence, made a unanimous representation to them to stand for re-election. After an adjournment for the purpose of deliberation, a portion of the committee agreed to stand again, while the remainder refused. The natural and consistent course would seem to have been to declare the consenting ex-committeemen elected by acclamation. But not at all; an extensive nomination list was taken, with the result that one of the candidates to whom the previous strong representations had been made failed to secure election. Probably no individual elector would have upheld this course of action, but as one of a mob his personality disappeared, and the veritable travesty of an intelligent election was brought to a fitting close.

GIFTS.
A MOST acceptable donation to the natural science department of Trinity University has recently been made by Mr. G. Edmund Shaw, M.A., modern language master in

Toronto Collegiate Institute. It consists of a collection of pressed plants, mostly from the State of Missouri. They were collected, mounted and labelled by the donor, and they will constitute a valuable addition to our university collections. Mr. Montgomery has also received a mineralogical collection as a gift to his department from Mr. J. Carter Troop, M.A. It comprises minerals, ores and rocks from Victoria, Australia. There are fifty specimens, and these represent upwards of thirty species, amongst which are good samples of tin ore, copper and manganese minerals and native gold. They were obtained in Australia last year during Mr. Troop's visit to that distant and interesting continent. It is earnestly hoped that many others may follow the example of these gentlemen in generously contributing to our natural science museum. Here is an opportunity to do good. Let the work be continued and increased.

THE DEATH OF MR. H. S. BUCK.

IN speaking of the death of Mr. H. S. Buck, THE REVIEW has to record another sad event. Mr. Buck was a member of old '94 and spent two years at Trinity. About two years ago his health began to fail and he went abroad. A trip to Egypt and the Holy Land failed to restore him, and on Wednesday, the 20th instant, he died at the residence of his former guardian in Parkdale. At a college meeting a resolution of condolence was passed, and THE REVIEW desires to convey along with this its deepest sympathy to the bereaved friends.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE REVIEW begs to congratulate its esteemed contemporary The Week on its handsome appearance under its new and energetic management and on the excellence and brightness of its varied contents. A journal which outlives all the vicissitudes which beset journalistic ventures in this country, and for twelve years more than holds its own, is a paper that must have roots in the soil and good cause for its existence. The Week has taken root in Canada. It fills a real and not an imaginary need. The best thoughts and aspirations of the country must have a medium for their expression, and The Week's record shows that it is the chosen medium. Free from party leanings and possessing the courage of its convictions, The Week has ever aimed to promote independence in public

life, and honesty and integrity in our legislatures. It is a standing protest against provincialism, representing as it does, by its large number of contributors and correspondents, all parts of the Dominion. In no other Canadian publication can be found the contributions of such prominent writers. The Week discusses affairs from the point of view of the nation, and not the province. This fact is abundantly recognized abroad, and the paper is constantly quoted by English and American magazines and reviews as the best exponent of the best thought and life of the Canadian people. It has just begun a brilliant series of articles entitled, "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto," of which two numbers have already appeared.

MR. GILBERT PARKER's new historical romance, "The Trail of the Sword," which is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. this month, deals with the period in which England and France were contending for the possession of Canada. The Duke of Albemarle, Sir William Phipps, and Count Frontenac figure in the scenes.

CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS.*

SOME remarks of Mr. Balfour's at the Literary Fund Dinner of 1893 suggested to Mr. Saintsbury the shape in which these "Critical Notes" appear. They form "a kind of foreshortened review of the impressions, and the corrections of them, which the great Victorian writers had produced or undergone," in Mr. Saintsbury's case, during thirty years. The studies are not meant to be complete, but they convey an idea, accurate so far as it goes, of Mr. Saintsbury's past and present estimate of the authors dealt with. Some of the papers were published in *The Indian Daily News*, and four of the series in the *New York Critic*. None of them has been previously printed in England. The impressions occupy one chapter, and the corrected impressions another, and there are twenty-two chapters in all. Thackeray heads and Mr. Ruskin closes the procession. One pair of chapters is devoted to "Three Mid-Century Novelists," Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope. The series includes Tennyson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris.

Mr. Saintsbury, whether we agree with him or disagree, has an indisputable title to commendation for the clearness and intrepidity with which he never fails to express himself. It is our misfortune to disagree with him on several occasions, and he will not object to our following his good example in plainly saying so. Thackeray, he rightly judges, is not, in *Vanity Fair*, a writer for boys, and we admit that a manly boy will be offended with "the namby-pambyness of Amelia"; but a schoolboy with any tincture of nobleness in his composition will honour and love the heroic element in *Dobbin* without caring about his being "chuckle-headed." We part company with Mr. Saintsbury *sans phrase* when he makes what he jocularly, but we seriously, describe as the "dreadful" confession that he thinks Colonel Newcombe "a very little silly." To see the Colonel, except through a mist of almost adoring tears, is for us to be wrong on the whole subject of Thackeray. But it occurs to us, as a general remark, that Mr. Saintsbury's criticism is apt to be too much a thing of the understanding and too little a thing of the heart. To his awful heresy on the subject of the Colonel, for which, if there were a literary inquisition, we should hand him over to the secular

* Corrected Impressions: Essays on Victorian Writers. By George Saintsbury. (Wm. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)