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SOME NEW CANADIAN BOOKS.

"A Travers l'Espagne : Lettres de Voyage," par A. B. Routhier. Quebec : A. Cote et Cie, 1889.

All recognize the utility of a book of travel. When, on the one hand, it describes scenes already familiar, reading the impressions they have made upon another mind will recall much that is delightful ; and, if the writer is by nature and education qualified to be our guide, his work will add to our knowledge of the country visited, its people and its literature. When, on the other hand, the volume is the record of travel through a land with which we are not familiar, if the author has been observant, and can describe what he has seen, it will confer upon the reader advantages only second to those acquired by personal experience.

A well written book of travel is useful in many ways. It enables us to visit in imagination lands that in all probability we shall never live to see. It transports us in a moment from the snows of Canada to the burning sands of Africa. Without an effort on our part it wafers us to "the haven where we would be." It robs the sea of its dangers, and the custom-house of its terrors. A turn of the leaves, and we are in some great capital, without the risk of being taken for a German in Paris, for a Nihilist in St. Petersburg, for a heretic in Madrid. It spares us the annoyance of strange bedfellows, the worry of wrestling with the intricacies of a foreign language, the trying ordeal of outlandish cookery. Open the book, and at once we are with Humboldt on the Amazon, or with Bruce in Abyssinia ; with Park

on the Niger, or with Layard in Nineveh ; with Stanley on the Congo, or with Routhier in Spain.

Nor is this all : unless it is mere trash, the book of travel places at our disposal more than the eyes of the traveler ; it enriches us with all the worth of his judgment, all the wealth of his imagination, all the treasures of his memory. It offers us not merely a guide, but an interpreter also : one who can help us to see the beauties of a landscape, the structure of a cathedral, the coloring of a picture, the moulding of a statue, the action of a drama, the grace of a sonnet, the realism of a novel, the fidelity of a history. Such a work improves our taste, informs our judgment and enlarges our sympathies. It enlists the Past in the service of the Present, and sets us upon a vantage ground whence the labors of those who in their time and measure have contributed to make the world what it is, may be intelligently surveyed.

Books are a power in life. They have stirred and roused to emulation men that else would have rusted out their days in sloth. Listening to Herodotus reciting his "History" made Thucydides an historian ; reading "The Life of S. Anthony" made Augustine a saint ; Plutarch's "Lives" made soldiers of Henry IV., Turenne and the Napiers, and gave the world an author in Alfieri. It was an ode of Malherbe that awoke the slumbering genius of La Fontaine ; and it was Livingstone's "Researches" that first planted in the breast of Henry Stanley the resolve to explore the interior of the "Dark Continent."

But books of travel do not, of necessity,

make men travelers. Oftener than not they confirm in the reader his love of home. They widen our horizon, it is true, but not necessarily by blurring the immediate prospect. They awaken interest in foreign lands; but they need not make us indifferent to our own. They lead us to admire the manners, the art, the literature of other nations; but they do not as a necessary consequence induce us to disparage those of our own people. And M. Routhier, while impressing us with the grandeur of the wreathed pillars of the Cathedral of Burgos; with the beauty of the thousand columned Christian mosque of Cordova; with the grace of the perfect fane of Seville; yet leaves us with just as warm an affection as ever for the simple altar of our own familiar parish-church.

Books of travel are written not only to interest and to amuse, but also to instruct and to edify. They must, therefore, be characterized by fidelity to truth. In them we look for more than pleasing elegance of diction; we demand accuracy of narration. The traveler who deems his impressions of sufficient importance to warrant their publication, should be certain that they are neither trivial nor commonplace; neither hastily conceived nor superficially derived. He should know something of the language and much of the literature of the people he visits. He should be in sympathy with the national spirit, and not intolerant of the national religion. He should possess both a capacity to receive æsthetic impressions, and ability to give them adequate expression. He should see clearly and relate plainly. And he should be inspired by a worthy aim. In the traveler there should still be something of the pilgrim. His work should be our guide not only to the mansions of nobles or to the palaces of kings; not only to the peaceful charms of some smiling plain or to the breezy prospect from some mountain top; but also to the sequestered cloister or to the sacred altar before which generations have knelt in worship. And are there not times when it should gently lead us to hallowed graves, to spots of earth consecrated

by holy lives unselfishly surrendered to the service of their country and their God?

Such a work we believe we have found in "A Travers l'Espagne," and such a traveler in M. Routhier.

Few of us even in these days of "Cook's Personally Conducted Tours" can afford to wander very far from home. All the more grateful then should we be to the traveler who is generous enough to share with us his treasure-trove. And, when the traveler is a refined and cultivated gentleman, familiar with the history and the literature of the people he visits, skilled enough in such matters to be able to see and to show cathedrals, palaces, and the picturesque; so circumstanced that he has ready access to good society; so conscientious that he will neither look himself, nor invite us to look on sights that provoke unwholesome curiosity; then, indeed, we have very much for which to be thankful. To M. Routhier, therefore, we gladly offer our tribute of gratitude and respect. In these delightful letters we find the vivacity, the epigram and the polished grace that we expect to find in French authors of distinction; while of that cynicism, that impudicity, that thinly veiled indifference to religion which unhappily characterize so many brilliant writers of modern France, there is not the faintest trace.

"A Travers l'Espagne" may be divided into three parts. Of these, the first and the third relate to the author's experiences while traveling through Spain and North Africa; while the second part contains a brief sketch of the history of Spain, and a careful study of Spanish literature.

Traveling in our day is easy: it asks only health and a full purse; to see in any real way is not so easy, it requires training and a certain amount of sympathy; but to tell others what we have seen, to describe how it has impressed us is a task that demands the magician's art. For to describe means not only to inform the understanding (who would seek to supplement "Murray"?)—it means to address the imagination; it means to produce illusion; it means to call up a picture so

vividly that the reader, in the absorbing consciousness of its presence forgets the words employed in summoning it. To succeed in description, the writer must recognize the limits of language. He must have learned that the printed page cannot rival the glowing canvas; that the pen is no substitute for the chisel; and that action, not beauty, and not still life, is the proper subject of description.

If, in this difficult department of composition, M. Routhier has been on the whole successful, it is because he has successfully resisted the temptation to indulge in fine writing, contenting himself with a faithful account of the things he has seen. We may single out for approval his descriptions of Madrid and the Escorial; of Granada and the Alhambra; of Seville, its cathedral and its Alcazar; of El Kantra and the Desert. Had space permitted we should have adorned our columns with the two last of these, not because they are better done, but because they are less hackneyed than the others.

M. Routhier's study of Spanish literature is comprehensive and profound. From Seneca to Saavedra, the great writers of Spain pass under his scrutiny. Legends of national heroes, from Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic kings, to the Cid Campeador;—dramas from the earliest Miracle Plays to the Don Juan Tenorio of Zorilla, are placed before us; extracts are given, and judgment is pronounced.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that our author should set a peculiar value upon the literature of Spain. His literary taste was doubtless formed by the study of the classic writers of his mother tongue; and their genius was dominated by the genius of the Spanish dramatists. It was to Spain the great Corneille went to seek the elevation of soul and the vigor of thought that the France of his day had lost. It was from a Spanish hero,—the Cid—, and from a Spanish author—De Castro, that he took the title and the plot of the drama that won for him deathless fame. From Alarcon he borrowed largely; there are whole scenes in "Le Menteur" of Corneille, that are simply translations from "The

Truth suspected" of Alarcon. Again, it was from Tirso De Molina, "the cassocked Beaumarchais of Spain" that Moliere borrowed his "Don Juan," and his "Princess d'Elide" is a mere translation of Moreto's "Disdain for Disdain." So to Calderon, the last and greatest of all Spanish poets, the harmonious Racine was deeply indebted. While Euripides and Tacitus, the old mythology and the Sacred Scriptures, furnished him with the elements of his drama; while Horace lent him the brilliant accuracy of his diction; it was from Calderon that he learnt the dramatic art. And when, after twelve years of silence, his genius woke anew; when on the eve of his dissolution he gave to an admiring world the delicious idyll of "Esther," and the prophetic warnings of "Athalie," it was from Spanish devotion to religion, and from Spanish hatred of tyranny that he drew his inspiration.

It was inevitable, then, that a French critic should place what seems to us an exaggerated estimate upon the value of Spanish literature. To the average Englishman, however, Spanish poets and romancers—Cervantes excepted—present little attraction. Though Italian Euphuism once infected England, the extravagant conceits of the Castilian dramatists had never serious imitators in English imaginative literature. We must admit, indeed, that the Spanish stage is the purest in the world; and that the Spanish drama presupposes in the spectators a knowledge of Scripture and of the doctrines of the Roman Church for which we must look in vain elsewhere. It must be conceded, too, that when the Spanish dramatist succeeds, his success is of no ordinary character, for at his best he sets before us models of ideal beauty and raises us to a world into which nothing enters but the highest elements of his nation's genius. But Spanish literature has its characteristic defects. It exhibits an almost Asiatic pomp of expression; highflown images; an exuberance of metaphor: perpetual recurrence of the same figures; brilliant but false conceits; insipid affectations; hyperbolic

tropes ; the language of the heart abandoned for that of the fancy. The address of a lover to his mistress, for example, is studded with stars and flowers ; her locks are nets of gold ; her lips rubies ; her heart a rock which the river of his tears attempts in vain to melt. Flatulant bombast like this jars upon English ears. To us it is so intolerable that we have run to the opposite extreme, and have failed to do justice to the incontestible merits of some of the greatest minds the human race has produced.

In a future edition we hope M. Routhier will give us a chapter on the proverbs of Spain. It was a remark of Lord Bacon that "The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs," and Spanish proverbs are singularly characteristic.

But we are thankful for what we have. The work before us is readable from beginning to end, and we heartily commend it to the notice of our readers. M. Routhier possesses all the intellectual and some of the emotional qualities of style. He neither overdraws his subject nor leaves it indistinct ; he is clear without being prolix, and suggestive without being exhaustive. If on the one hand, he has neither the strength of Taine nor the imagination of Hugo ; on the other hand he has neither the harshness of the first nor the exaggeration of the last. Though he possesses neither the creative power of Dumas nor the analytic genius of Balzac, yet he is free from the egotism of the one and from the frequent obscurity of the other. Like De Stael, M. Routhier pleases, instructs, inspires with love of God, of good and of country. And it may be, that, within the confines of the Dominion, "A Travers l'Espagne" is destined to accomplish for Spain that which in France "L'Allemagne" did for Germany ; and that this admirable work of M. Routhier is to be the means of inducing our scholars to enter upon the serious study of a literature, more conservative of the national traditions, more loyal to the national institutions, more penetrated by the national religion, than any other in the world. R. G. SUTHERLAND.

Five Years in Panama : By Wolfred Nelson, M. D. ; N. Y., Belford & Co. Montreal : Drysdale & Co. ; 12mo, pp. xiv., 287. Ill \$1.50. 1889.

If Dr. Nelson is to be relied upon, Panama is as good a place as any in the world to keep away from. It is safe neither for the living nor for the dead. Constant malaria, small pox and yellow fever ; occasional earthquakes and revolutions ; complete indifference to sanitation on the part of the authorities ; oppressive taxation and repressive legislation, all combine to make the Isthmus perilous to the living ; while the abominable practice of "unburial" renders it an insecure resting-place for the dead.

"Five Years in Panama" is the work of a shrewd observer. His scientific training, his privileged position as a medical man, his knowledge of the Spanish and the French languages, have furnished Dr. Nelson with ample facilities for studying the natural and unnatural in the surroundings of his tropical home.

Chaps. I, II and III record the author's voyage from New York to Colon, and what befell him on the way across the Isthmus to Panama. An idea of the rapidity of tropical vegetation may be gathered from the author's statement that "if the Panama railway were unused for six months, it would be grown over and covered with a tropical jungle."

In Chap. IV we are taken through modern Panama, and are given a sketch of its early history.

Chap. V. introduces us to "Life on the Isthmus," its occupations and its amusements. The chief industry of the native population, we are told, is "Revolution as a profession, a science and a game." The principal amusements are bull-teasing (a milder form of the Spanish bull-fight) ; horse-racing and masquerading. Says the Dr. : "The masses in Panama are little better than semi-civilized, and when they are more than half drunk they are absolute savages." To those whom business or pleasure may attract to the Isthmus we strongly recommend the following warning : "The Dean of the Medical Faculty of Panama neatly divided the seasons as follows : 'First you have the wet season, lasting

from the 15th of April to the 15th of December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry or healthy season, from December 15th to April 15th, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours."

"It goes without saying, then, that a regular life is its own reward. By a regular life I mean something after the following, which is the régime of many residents within tropical countries: Getting up early—say at six or seven—beginning the day with a bath, and then coffee and rolls. The breakfast is eaten at eleven or twelve, and is a breakfast, properly so called. In temperate climates many would deem it a dinner. I, in common with many old residents of the tropics, began mine by taking some ripe fruit, following it with a beefsteak potatoes and coffee. Dinner at six, and dinner as it is understood in all Anglo-Saxon countries, followed by a quiet evening and going to bed early. The regular life pays always; it gives the maximum of health, and the minimum of inconvenience. Many would vote such a life slow. May be it is, but it keeps one's disease-resisting powers up to the highest standard, and is a source of continual comfort."

He pronounces against the use of stimulants: "I am firmly of the opinion that the people who best resist such wretched climates and make the best fight against disease are the total abstainers."

Chap. VI describes the churches and the ecclesiastical ruins of Panama. We should like to quote the story of the origin of the cathedral of Panama, but we must forbear.

Chap. VII shows us the suburbs of Panama, and gives us a glimpse of the past. In Chap. VIII we are introduced to "life among the lowly." What are we to think of this? "The Indians and the negroes in Colombia are not greatly given to marriage. They simply get mated. I use the word advisedly. The women of the poor or laboring classes do not care for matrimony, their stated objection being that if they were true and lawful wives their husbands would ill-treat them,

whereas as long as they are mated, the man will be on his good conduct. These women know the men of their class thoroughly, and they deem matrimony little better than serfdom." And later on he tells us, "from sixty to seventy per cent. of the births are illegitimate." A lively description follows of the native "ranchos," their construction and their inmates. "Juan and Maria (typical natives) cannot freeze, as the climate is one of perpetual summer; and how can they starve when nature has done so much for them? Juan is a republican in name but a free-trader at heart. Of taxes and restrictions he will have none, be they war-taxes or otherwise. In all matters relating to the party in power he is a mugwump of the first water. In matters of religion he is a free-thinker during life, but generally ends by dying a Catholic. He works for others when it suits him, but not otherwise. He dearly loves a cock-fight, and calls upon all the saints in his Colombian calendar to bless his bird. He is a home-ruler of the first water, and, like the other members of that class over the water, would rather have a row than otherwise. As for the rest of humanity, or the world at large, he cares little."

Chaps. IX to XIII offers us animated pictures of Old Panama, the gulf and its islands, with a thrilling narrative of the ravages of the buccaneers. In Chap. XIV a serious danger to all countries doing business with the Isthmus or across it is indicated. "The old cemetery, owing to its small size, is dug up year after year. Bones and skulls, fragments of coffins, clothing and all sorts of things are turned out. The liberation of untold millions of disease germs will make clear to thinking people why the Isthmus is so unhealthy. From time immemorial the Isthmus of Panama has been recognized as one of the plague spots of the world. But for the fact that it is one of the world's greatest highways between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the systematic unburial of the dead under the direct sanction of the Government, and the consequent distribution of the germs of yellow fever and

small-pox, would be of little moment, for if the people of these republics are willing to commit suicide in that form, so be it. But, owing to the importance of the Isthmus, these insane and unsanitary procedures should be stopped."

In Chap. XVI we have an interesting account of the building of the Panama Railway, and in Chap. XVII we visit the Chinese in their own quarter, and receive a favorable impression of that long-suffering race.

Chap. XVIII deals with the laws of Colombia and with their application at Panama. The author regrets the encroachment of the religious upon the civil power, and the consequent muzzling of the press. There is an error, however, in the last clause of the following sentence: "If there is one thing regarding which the Church of Rome has been as firm as a rock, it is on the question of divorce—that once married nothing could undo the marriage, save the cause of adultery." Even adultery does not constitute a cause of divorce in the Roman Church.

Chap. XIX gives us an animated description of the great earthquake of 1882. Chap. XX. relates the early history of Cartagena, "the citadel of Golden Castile," and of Barranquilla on the Magdalena; and sketches their present appearance. Chap. XXI is occupied with reminiscences of the days before the Panama railway was built, and of the old route across the Isthmus. Chap. XXII conducts us through Chiriqui, "Dame Nature's Hothouse," its scenery and its flora. Chap. XXIII enlightens us upon education in the Isthmus and Colombian etiquette. Chap. XXIV is an interesting résumé of former schemes for making a canal across the Isthmus, and in Chap. XXV we have a merciless exposure of the Lesseps swindle, based on facts and figures from official documents.

The volume contains a large number of engravings from photographs taken by the author; and an excellent map.

For accurate narrative, a complete absence of wordiness and "padding," for lively

and interesting description of scenes he has visited, and for keen insight into the national tendencies. Dr. Nelson's volume stands in striking contrast to the general run of books of this class. The style, too, is charming; never forced, never artificial; ever simple, clear and flowing. Dr. Nelson is always bright, clever and entertaining, and not merely so, but clear-sighted and full of practical suggestions.

In a word, we lay down "Five Years in Panama" with reluctance, and part from the learned and genial author as from an old friend.

R. G. SUTHERLAND.

"The Great Hymns of the Church; their origin and their authorship," by the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M. A., Owen Sound. Hart & Co, Toronto, 1890. 8vo., pp. xxiii—250. \$1.50.

In these studies on "The Great Hymns of the Church" there is much that is admirable. The hymns selected for annotation are, with few exceptions, universal favorites; and Mr. Morrison, so long as he confines himself to the vernacular, is intelligible and interesting. While the standard works on hymnology have been faithfully consulted, illustrative matter from all available sources has been skilfully brought to bear upon the several themes. As a consequence, these essays are not only pleasing, but also instructive and edifying. In the home circle they will be read with enjoyment; and, while to the preacher they offer a rich store of suggestive anecdote, in the worshipper they will arouse a livelier interest in the praises of the sanctuary.

The author adopts St. Augustine's definition of a hymn. "praise to God in a song"—and amplifies it with clearness and good sense. A hymn—he says—should be scriptural, simple, reverential, full of spiritual life, objective and not subjective (yet allowing occasional relaxation of this rule), didactic, but not exclusively so ("both adoration and instruction should meet and mingle as in the Te Deum"); if designed for congregational use it should not be ecstatic; "the hymnist should aim at reality, and address

himself to the common feelings and aspirations of the Christian." Accordingly Mr. Morrison deprecates such lines as these :

" Ah, lovely appearance of death !
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare !"

In these days, when each strolling " evangelist " has not only a gospel of his own, but also a patent collection of hymns that are, too often, both a burlesque upon sacred poetry and a travesty of religion, the Rev. Mr. Morrison has offered not too strong a protest against that unreal sentimentality in our hymns that makes men of common sense stand dumb in the House of God.

But while there is much that is admirable in Mr. Morrison's volume, there is, unhappily, much also that we cannot admire. The proof-reading and the composition both need careful revision ; there are errors in fact, and there are, alas ! manifest proofs of inadequate scholarship. For errors of the press it is, perhaps, hardly fair to hold the author accountable ; but they are too numerous and too important to pass unnoticed. On p. 16 we should read " Gloria in excelsis " not " Glory in excelsis " ; p. 19, " tollet " should be " tollit " ; on p. 54, " Syon " should be inserted between " urbs " and " aurea " ; p. 57, " the Abbe of Cluny " should be the " Abbey " ; p. 72, " Die " should read " Dei " ; p. 81, " secum " should be " Tecum " ; p. 82, " Se " should be " Te " ; p. 177, " Iratiis " should be " Gratiis ".

In style Mr. Morrison is sometimes careless to a degree. In the first sentence of the volume the words convey a sense foreign to the author's meaning : " As to the music, it has been a great favorite with composers." The author is referring to the " Te Deum," and means that it has been a favorite *theme* with composers. On page 24 we are told " Down *into* this gorge the wolves assemble at night," On p. 55, " He died in 1886, at the time *of which* he held the Wardenship of Sackville College " ; at p. 81, " A life so beautiful could not but be followed *with* a peaceful death."

Blemishes such as these may easily be removed ; but there are graver defects. John Wesley, he tells us at p. 104 and again at p. 248, left the Church of England. The Wesleys " cut themselves off from the Church of England on April 2nd, 1739." Against this may be set John Wesley's own words, uttered fifteen months before his death, and recorded in the " Arminian Methodist Magazine," April, 1790, " I declare once more that I live and die a member of the Church of England, and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it."

On page 222 the ludicrous mistake is made of classing Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, with the " High Church, or Romanizing party in the Church of England." Mr. Morrison's naive amazement at finding some good thing coming out of the Nazareth of Oxford, and a Gospel hymn written by the Tractarian Keble, reminds us of the amazement of the pious Spaniards on discovering that the heretic English had no caudal appendages.

On page 249 we are confronted with an extraordinary series of blunders. We are told that the hymn " Hark, the herald angels sing," found its way into the English prayer-book : that it did so about the year 1818 ; that about this time William III ordered a new version of the Psalms to be introduced ; that under William III, about the year 1818, the Bible was exclusively published at the University of Cambridge ; that at the date just given an anonymous printer, finding a blank page at the end, (of what?) filled it up with six hymns, of which " Hark, etc.," is one ; that this matter was not noticed at the time ; and has never been cancelled since ; that this hymn cannot be got out of the prayer-book without legislation ; that this is a curious fact ; that Ritualists have fought against it ; that Rationalists have denounced it The truth is, there is only one hymn, in the modern acceptation of the word, in the English prayer-book, the " Veni Creator Spiritus." There are other sacred songs—such as the " Te Deum," but these are usually called

canticles. Of course Mr. Morrison can plead precedents for the above-given series of "curious facts." Does not Shakespeare make Hamlet talk of Wittenberg three hundred years before it was founded? Did not Tintoretto, in his famous picture of "The Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness," arm his Israelites with blunderbusses? Did not Berengheli paint one of the "Three Magi" in the act of presenting the model of a Dutch seventy-four as his offering? And who can complain if the present writer, following the example of these illustrious men, allows himself an occasional license? He errs, however, a little on the side of boldness, when he styles St. Jerome "the earliest of Greek hymn-writers," p. 245; when he depicts (p. 232) the dying Grotius (A. D. 1645) requesting that the hymn of Heber (born A. D. 1786) on the Trinity should be repeated to him; and when he represents the "immortal" William III as doing anything at all in the year 1818.

But these are lesser matters; it is when we come to examine the versions here given of the hymns, that we are driven to compassionate the publisher who has lent his honored name to a work that, if suffered to go abroad, will bring contempt upon Canadian scholarship.

Of each of the 28 hymns in this volume there exists either the Latin original, or a Latin version of unexceptionable excellence. Of the "Te Deum," the "Dies Irae," the "Veni Creator," the "Urbs Syon aurea" we have the originals; of the remaining 24 we have in this work, one, "Rock of Ages," exquisitely rendered by Gladstone; two fairly done by Dr. Rand, and two, passably translated by a "gifted hymnist" who (p. 21) makes "malo" rhyme with "dabo." Nineteen remain, translated by an unnamed author; and these—what can we say of them? Let our readers judge for themselves.

On page 81, for

"O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,"

we have this:

"Quiescat Te mi anima,
Et somnus cludat lumina!"

On page 108, for

"Other helpers have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee, etc.,

we have:

"Aliud non auxilium
O relinque ne solum
Verto Te miserrimus
Attamen carissimus."

Again, page 123, for,

"Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,"

we have:

"Calore cuncti sub solis
Ferantque aptos honores."

On page 32, for,

"O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious
All blessing and all-blest,"

the author says, in a jaunty way: "We, in accordance with our custom, would look at this hymn *through* a mediæval dress, same measure—" and here is the "mediæval dress, same measure," a rag of it at least:

Undique victor throno
Sedebit inclytus,
Omni terra et homo
Beans et beatus."

Again, page 186, for

"Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above."

we are asked to accept the following as the
"Latin version, same measure."

"Salvator! adsis Tu mane,
Periculis feram ante,
O semper in Te quiescam
Ad seculorum seculum!"

Mr. Morrison's work needs a little revision.

R. G. SUTHERLAND.

"An Account of the Battle of Chateauguay," by W. D. Lightfoot, M. A. Montreal: Drysdale & Co., 1889: 8vo., pp. 32; 25 cts.

In these days, when what should be national spirit, is in danger of becoming merely provincial, the publication of this admirable study needs no apology. The lecture was delivered before the "Chateauguay Literary and Historical Society"; a society organized at Ormstown, Que., to foster Canadian patriotism by encouraging the study of Canadian history and Canadian literature. Mr.

Lightfoot has made himself master of all the facts, has carefully consulted all the authorities, and the result is before us. An appendix is given with a number of notes bearing on the battle. Prefixed to the pamphlet is a striking portrait of the heroic DeSalaberry, from a line engraving in the possession of Gerald E. Hart, Esq., and a map of the scene of the victory is appended.

Jacques Cartier ; Par N. E. Dionne. Quebec : L. Brousseau, 1889 ; 12mo, pp. 332, \$1.

His Excellency, the Lieut-Governor of Quebec having offered a prize for the best account of the "Life and Voyages of Jacques Cartier," M. Dionne had the honor of coming off victorious in the contest. He has certainly taken great and praiseworthy pains to construct a readable and reliable biography of the famous sea-captain and discoverer, Jacques Cartier. Evidences of his industry, his research, and his loving appreciation of his hero, meet us on every page of this interesting volume.

The name of Jacques Cartier should be dear to Canadians. To him indisputably belongs the title, "The Discoverer of Canada." Other adventurous seamen, such as Eric the Red, the Normans, the Basques, the Bretons, Jean Denys, Thomas Aubert, or the Florentine Verrazano may, before him, have touched at Newfoundland, Labrador, or Cape Breton, but they made only short visits, and not one of them penetrated to the interior of Canada.

Capacity, devotion, courage, diligence, experience—these are the qualities that mark the great men of all ages, and of all nations ; and these are the qualities that we recognize in Jacques Cartier. Humane in his dealings with the natives, prudent in his management of his subordinates, intrepid in the face of dangers, unselfish in all the transactions of his life, loyal, with an enthusiastic loyalty, to his church and to his king, Jacques Cartier is one whom the ages as they pass must salute with respect.

In the hardy sailor of St. Malo, then, M. Dionne has a worthy subject for his pen, and he has treated it worthily. The unromantic

details—upon which however, accuracy of narration depends—are fully given. The information obtained from parish registers, court records and official documents is cleverly woven into the author's clear and enthralling relation ; while there is a certain Robinson Crusoe element in the story which will not render it less attractive to the reader. The description of voyages and dangerous landings ; of scenery and strange interviews with new peoples ; of the arts and devices for winning confidence ; of sudden perils when a moment's hesitation, or betrayal of nervousness would have brought down swift destruction ; all this contributes to the pleasure with which we have read the "Jacques Cartier" of M. Dionne.

R. G. SUTHERLAND.

"Le Chateau-Bigot," by J. M. LeMoine (printed for private circulation), 1889. pp. 8 : paper.

An interesting monograph upon the remains of an old building at Charlesbourg, near Quebec. The chateau begun by Talon, enlarged and finished by Bigot, is now the property of M. L. Brousseau, to whom these pages are dedicated by the accomplished author. Those who have read "A Chance Acquaintance" by Mr. Howells, will remember the "Picnic at Chateau-Bigot." For frontispiece there is an engraving of the ruins, taken from "Harper" for January 1859.

L'Etudiant : a Monthly Review ; pp. 16, edited by the Rev. F. A. Baillarge, Joilette, Que. ; \$1.00 a year ; (to teachers and students, 50 cts.)

The December number continues the editor's extracts from his "Dairy of Travel" ; an article on "The Battles and Victories of the Church" ; a warning against the "Too Frequent use of Favorite Phrases" ; a description of "A Day in the Country" ; a sonnet on "Brotherly Love" ; a review of "L'Outouais Superior," by A. Bués ; an account of "The New Confraternity on Behalf of the Souls in Purgatory" ; the "Law Entrance Examination Questions" for October last ; a brief summary of the events of the month etc. A wrong number.

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HAMILTON, JANUARY, 1890.

Over five million copies of "Horner's Penny Stories for the People" have been issued. Cheap literature sells.

* *

The ages of five members of the Stationers' Company of London, England, who have died within a year, total 381 years, an average of 76 years each.

* *

A Mr. Ernest Benson has written a book, "How I lost £250,000 in two years." What troubles the average man of to day is how to make such a snug fortune, not how to spend it. And yet the book is said to be having an immense sale.

* *

The card catalogue, which is now considered an indispensable adjunct of every modern library, is also being largely adopted by business men, banks and others. It is far ahead of indexes for keeping lists of addresses, that are subject to frequent changes, in strict alphabetical order.

* *

Lost, Strayed or Stolen from the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Bill No. 124—An Act to amend "The Copyright Act" passed

at the 1888 session of the Parliament of Canada. Some people fear the poor Bill is hopelessly buried beneath the red tapeism of her Majesty's Colonial Office. A liberal measure of thanks will be accorded any person who can give any definite information on the subject. Apply to Sir John Thompson (the "Father" of Bill No. 124), or Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P. (one of Bill's admirers), Ottawa.

* *

Technical education is making good headway in Ontario, and our young people of the near future will have every facility afforded them for becoming proficient in the special branch of art or science that may be selected. The Hon. G. W. Ross Minister of Education, is a firm believer in the good to be secured through the medium of Art Schools and evening classes for artisans engaged during the day; and he is doing a grand work in encouraging these institutions and classes. And yet we cannot help thinking it will be just as well not to have too much night work; for the boy or man who puts in a hard day's work needs the evening hours for relaxation and amusement. Let us keep to the daytime as much as possible, for study.

THE ABBE BOIS—THE CANADIAN
ANTIQUARY.

The tomb has recently closed over a writer whose name was a by-word for antiquarian pursuits in the Province of Quebec, and whose publications on historical subjects have reached far beyond the land of his birth—the Abbé Bois, F. R. S. C., Maskinongé, P. Q.

Louis Edouard Bois, first drew the breath of life on September 13, 1813, in an old tenement, corner of Notre Dame and Sous-le-Fort streets, lower town, Quebec, on the spot where the founder of the city, Samuel de Champlain, had erected the "Habitation de Champlain," two centuries previous. At a very tender age he was sent to the English school kept by Mr. Marsden, the father of the late Dr. Wm. Marsden, where doubtless he acquired that knowledge of the English idiom which enabled him in after life to prosecute in Eng-

lish as well as in French his indefatigable and deep researches in matters of history. M. Bois completed his education at the Quebec Seminary and College of Ste. Anne. He was inducted in holy orders in 1837, and removed in 1848 to the flourishing old parish of Maskinongé in the district of Three Rivers, where he expired in September last, after a prolonged illness, having been in charge of this cure forty-one years.

The old curé made a noble use of his pecuniary means and leisure hours for the promotion of historical studies and publication of rare documents unearthed by him in the dusty and neglected vaults of parliament, where were stowed away in dire confusion the priceless provincial archives. Aided by powerful friends in Parliament and a devoted publisher in Quebec, Mr. A. Coté, the Abbé Bois succeeded in obtaining public grants of money and private help to have republished in 1855 the Cramassy collection of the "Rélations des Jésuites" and the four volumes of MSS. which Haut Jean Blanchet induced the Mousseau Government to edit.

More than once the writer of these lines has had occasion to thank the learned man for valuable information freely tendered on Canadian topics. The historian Parkman, also, is not slow in giving the Abbé due acknowledgement for documents used by him in writing his late volume, "Wolfe and Montcalm," and one of the pleasant thoughts of the old antiquary during his failing years, was the recognition he received from the founder of the Royal Society of Canada, Lord Lorne, by the diploma conferred placing him amongst the twenty original members of the French section of the society. The following, though not all of them bear the author's signature, are his chief works:

1. Notes Biographique sur Monsignor de Laval: A. Coté et Cie, 1848.
2. Notes sur l'Île d'Orleans, A. Coté et Cie, 1850.
3. Études et Recherches Biographiques sur le Chevalier Noël Brutart De Sillery, 1855.

4. Notes sur Michel Sarrasin, Médecin du Roy à Québec, 1856.

5. Le Naufrage de l'Auguste, 1860.

6. Notices sur les Explorations de Soto, Joliette, Marquette et La Salle, 1861.

7. Éloge Historique de M. le Marquis de Montcalm—(annota) Extrait du Nuveau de France, 1861.

8. Études Biographiques sur M. Jean Raimbault, Archiprêtre, 1870.

9. Notice sur M. Joseph O. Leprohon, 1870.

10. Études Biographiques sur le Colonel M. Dambourgés, 1875.

11. Esquisses du Service Postal, 1759-1875, 1875.

12. Étude Historique sur le Juge Adam Mabanc, 1884.

Also an innumerable series of articles in the press.

We learn that his vast collection of MSS., notes and autographs, medals, engravings, and splendid library of historical works was bequeathed by him to the Seminary of Nicolet.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, Nov. 30, 1889.

YE BOOKE SHOPPES OF OLDE ENGLANDE.

There are probably few readers of the CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHER who have not at one time suffered more or less—in pocket—from the infirmity known as bibliomania. For my own part I confess that, though the attack with me has long passed its acute stage, and I can withstand any of the temptations of a Canadian book-stall, with its inevitable paper-covered books and periodical literature, I cannot get past a second-hand book shop in an English town without "gritting" my teeth and looking abstractedly toward the sky or on the pavement till I am safe to the next corner. If I hesitate or take one look at those musty old volumes with their infinite variety of binding, size and condition, I am gone. Nothing will then restrain me from an exploration of those rickety shelves. One thing about an English bookseller's shop

gives pleasure to these explorations, and that is that the explorer is never looked upon as an intruder or a nuisance if he does not buy. You may walk into a book-shop here and without a word to any one, proceed to look through the books for hours and then walk out without having bought a single volume, and without a comment by look or word from the shopkeeper. You are not pestered to buy this or that work, or peppered with questions as to what you want. The shopkeeper anticipates that his visitors know what they are after, and that if they find what they want they will let him know. Thus the bookworm feels at home in these haunts, and the bookseller loses nothing by letting him have free scope.

I have in my mind a haunt in Manchester that is typical of ye olde Englishe second-hand book shop. You go down an irregular flight of stone steps—for whoever saw a flight of steps in England that was anything else but irregular?—and find yourself in a dark and dismal basement with queer recesses and tiny cloisters, where on any but the very brightest days you could no more make out the title of a book than you could see the canals of Mars with the naked eye. And yet of a night, when all is murky and dreary on the street, you would feel it worth paying a shilling admission to be here foraging among these brightly lit cloisters, or seated on the stools provided at every one of the odd old book racks that fill up every part of the main chamber; a flickering grate fire in one corner, with a heavy English mantle over it, and rows of books on and over that, imparting a home-like air to the whole place.

Such curious old characters resort here to buy books or kill time! After becoming a habitue of this literary lion's den myself, I got to know many of these customers and their peculiarities. Here is one old gentleman, dressed in a rather shabby frock coat and a silk hat of ancient date, and wearing a nose that covered at least two-thirds of the apparent area of his features. He was a retired merchant of unknown wealth, and his hobby was the collection of prints. He never

went outside of steel engravings or lithographs, and none of the curious old books to be found here had the slightest temptation for him. He was good pay, and never beat the shopkeeper down; as there was little need to, indeed, for the prices were always low. The benevolent-looking old proprietor rarely asked more than a shilling for any book he sold, and rarely gave more than threepence for any he bought. His den was an out-of-the-way place in an out-of-the-way street, with a low rent, and he made his living by buying and selling cheap. He turned over his books in much the same way as a grocer shovels out his tea and sugar. Like most of his class, he never pressed a man to buy, and seldom took any trouble to hunt for the kind of book a customer asked for. If one came in and said, "Have you anything on Australia?" his answer would be, "There may be, sir—just look." And if the customer did not choose to investigate, he could go out. In truth, so many books came in and went out in a day that he could not have kept the "run" of them if he had tried.

But here comes another of his queer visitors—you could not call him a customer, for he was never known to buy a book. He was well dressed, gentlemanly in bearing—in short, just the man to build a shopkeeper up with the idea that he was going to buy a cart-load without the least haggling as to price—if he got what he wanted—but he never did. He would walk in, handle over books for an hour or two, and walk out again with the remark that he hadn't time to look through, but would call again; but whether he made the remark to himself, or to them, or threw it off as a general observation—like Grip, the raven, when he sat on the tombstone in the parish church at Chigwell, observing that he was a devil—no one could make out. He came in regularly and often, but was never known to buy a book. The shopkeeper has got so used to it, that if he should ever buy a book he would regard it as a sign of an early death or some other calamity to the customer or himself.

Then there is another man—a typical old book dealer—who comes in a hurry and runs his finger up and down the shelves and spots the titles with a keen and lightning glance, and when he comes upon a rare book offers sixpence for what he will take back to his shop and sell for half a guinea or a guinea.

Such are some of the types of queer people you will meet with here. Where so many curious books come from—books that one cannot find enumerated in Lowndes or any other bibliographer's manual—and, above all, how these rare volumes ever got into the hands of the penniless and illiterate people who bring them here for sale, passes one's comprehension.

One must go abroad for news of home, so the old proverb goes—and it is well illustrated in old books, for one can find more of them relating to Canada and the United States on the shelves of these old country book dealers than one could ever imagine existed, judging by what you can find in the home book stores. But it is only in the by-streets and second-hand furniture shops that you may ever look for bargains, for they have been so hunted up by American tourists that anything, however worthless, relating to America, is marked up to absurd figures by dealers in the "regular trade," especially dealers who issue catalogues. But even now one will find in England more old books on America than one can ever hope to get in the book stores of this country, and on the whole, at more reasonable prices. E. B. B.

Check List of Canadian Plants, by Jas. M. Macoun :
Ottawa ; Cunningham & Lindsay, 1889 : pp. 68 ;
50 cts.

This is a complete list of the Phainogamous and Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of Canada. While based upon the catalogue issued by the Geological and Natural History Survey of Canada, it includes a large number of recently discovered species. Where names have been changed, the old name is given as well as the new. The list should be in the hands of every student of Botany.

NEW MUSIC.

The following new music has been received from the publishers, Suckling & Sons, Toronto. It will doubtless acquire adequate appreciation from lovers of melody :

"The Song That Reached My Heart," words and music by Julian Gordon. 50 cents. The words are tame. Although some of the phrases seem familiar, the music is melodious and easily within the range of a baritone voice. The refrain of "Home, Sweet Home" is skilfully introduced.

"The Parisian Lancers," by Henry Bourlier. Toronto : 75 cents. This will prove a favorite. The music is simple, the rhythm is well marked and delightfully suggestive of the figures. On the cover is a representation of the Allan liner, *The Parisian*, brilliantly done.

"The Kettledrum," a military parade, by Paul Sohmer. As its name implies, this piece is sprightly in its movement, but it need have no terrors for musicians of a tender growth.

"Toujours a Toi," a waltz for the piano, by E. Fraser Blackstock. A very pleasing production.

"My Heart's Delight," a piano polka, by M. Martin.

"God Bless our Broad Dominion," by R. S. Knight. Toronto : 10 cents. A very effective addition to our somewhat brief list of national and patriotic songs. It is written for a baritone voice, with chorus for first and second tenors and a bass. We confess that we are unable to understand the last verse. It reads :

"In peace or war our Guardian,
Be Thou our Father still,
And what Thy wisdom sees is best
Shall be our Father's will."

Possibly, for the words, "our Father's" in the last line we should read "Thy children's."

ART SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Management of the Toronto Public Library, a deputation from the Toronto and Parkdale art schools, consisting of Dr. White, Major Carlaw, Warring Kennedy and John Ingles, was present. Their business was to impress on the board the necessity of establishing technical schools of science and art, which they propose to be placed under the board's control. A report on the question had been drawn up at the request of the library management by Mr. John Galt, which stated that elementary schools were the kind wanted. It also gave an estimate of the money necessary in such a scheme, taking into account the grants which the city and Government would be likely to give, and the fees charged the pupils. There are at present three art schools in Toronto, in each of which some of the subjects of elementary science are taught, and the proposal is that two others be founded, and the scien-

tific course extended. Dr. White enlarged on the report and explained many of the details of the project, and Major Carlaw also spoke on the subject. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who was the only one present of a deputation from the Trades and Labor Council appointed to interview the board on the question, was then called upon to give his views. He said that he hoped representatives of the working class would be consulted, and that the project would not follow the example of others of the same kind and lose sight of its original purpose. The workmen, he said, had been accused of opposing such schemes, even when they conduced to their own advantage, but he declared, with a few exceptions, it had always been the desire of the labor party to see the establishment of better facilities for technical education. The board then proceeded to its regular work. Mr. Galt's report was considered too important to be hastily dealt with, and after being received was laid on the table for future consideration.

Before adjournment, it was moved and carried that Judge McDougall, Dr. Pyne and the Chairman, E. P. Pearson, be appointed a deputation to visit and examine some of the technical art schools of the United States.

The deputation visited several technical schools in the United States, and, on their return, reported that in their opinion to take up the work of science teaching would be beyond the scope of the Library Board, and, after due consideration, the Toronto Board have come to the conclusion that they will not take hold of the work. In the meantime \$2000 has been voted for the work by the Toronto city council, and a sub committee of the council appointed to devise some plan for beginning the work; and it is to be hoped that active steps will be taken soon, as the result will be watched with interest in other cities in the Dominion.

A PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto City Council, Ald. McMillan moved the following resolution:

"That inasmuch as the management and control of evening classes for the purpose of imparting practical scientific instruction to the artisan and working classes of the city has been by recent legislation placed in the hands of the Free Library Board, be it resolved that the Legislative Committee of the City Council be requested to apply for an amendment to the Free Libraries Act, empowering the City Council to appoint three additional

members on that board, said additional members to be chosen from the ranks of the working classes, in order that the parties more directly interested in the success of these classes may have some share in their management."

The resolution was adopted without discussion.

TWO CANADIAN EVOLUTIONISTS.

The little city of Kingston, on Lake Ontario, has given the world two leading evolutionists of our time, Grant Allen and George J. Romanes, both now living in England. Grant Allen's father, a retired clergyman of the Episcopal Church, still resides in Kingston. Although his son has made botany his principal theme, psychology is the subject on which he hopes to write his most valuable work. Mr. Romanes' recent "*Origin of Human Faculty*" is perhaps the weightiest contribution to the development theory which has appeared since Herbert Spencer laid down the pen. Curiously enough, while two of the foremost evolutionists of the day are Canadians, one of the chief critics of their doctrine is also a Canadian. Sir William Dawson, of Montreal, is generally regarded by orthodox Churchmen as the successor of Agassiz in championing the Mosaic account of creation. —*N. Y. Sun.*

"Papa," said a young woman, "where have you been all afternoon?" "In the library, reading the paper." "Oh, won't you tell me what the news is?" "The news?—Go and ask your mother. She has been for half an hour on the back fence talking to the woman who lives next door." —*Commercial Traveler.*

Friend—What are you doing all day in the Cooper Union Library?

Newspaper Humorist.—You see, one of my jokes has been published in a New York paper, and I am watching the people reading the paper to see if somebody don't laugh over it. A fellow almost giggled yesterday. —*Texas Siftings.*

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RECENT CANADIAN BOOKS.

Publishers are asked to send a copy of every book and pamphlet issued, to ensure correct and complete entry and notice. c. indicates that the book is copyrighted. Books of foreign origin, entered as copyright, are marked c. ed.; translations, c. tr. A colon after initial designates the most usual given name, as: A: Augustus; B: Benjamin; C: Charles; D: David; E: Edward; F: Frederic; G: George; H: Henry; I: Isaac; J: John; L: Louis; N: Nicholas; P: Peter; R: Richard; S: Samuel; T: Thomas; W: William.

All books are bound in cloth unless otherwise specified.

W: BRIGGS, Toronto.

- Swan, Annie S. Across her path, 50c.
 Briar and palm, \$1.
 Gates of Eden, \$1.
 Mistaken, 50c.
 St. Veda's, \$1.
 Sheila, \$1.
 Wrongs righted, 50c.
 'Glenelg.' Broken shackles. Ill. c. pap. 50c.;
 cl. 75c.

W: BRYCE, Toronto.

- Haggard, H. Rider. Allan's wife. c. ed. pap. 30c.
 Long Odds and Hunter Quar-
 termin's story.

J. A. LANGLOIS, Quebec.

- Miller, J. N. Register d'Inscription et d'Appel pour
 les Ecoles Catholiques François de la Province de
 Quebec. 9½x15in. 22 p. pap. 25c.

J: LOVELL & SON, Montreal.

- Barrett, Frank. Kit Wyndham.
 Lyall, Edna. A hardy Norseman.
 Marryatt, Florence. Mount Eden.
 Mathers, Helen. Hedri.

- Robins, G. M. Tree of knowledge.
 'Spirito Gentil.' Earth born. pap. 50c.
 Winter, J. S. Buttons.
 Woods, Kate T. Hester Hepworth.

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

- Campbell, Lady Colin. Darell Blake. pap. 30c.
 Farjeon, B. L. Toilers of Babylon. pap. 30c.
 Kennard, Mrs. E. Matron or maid. pap. 30c.
 'Rita.' Sheba. pap. 30c.
 'The Duchess' A life's remorse. pap. 30c.
 Veitch, Sophie F. F. The dean's daughter. pap. 30c.

ROSE PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

- Champner, Elizabeth W. Witch Winnie.

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON, Toronto.

- Kingsford, W: History of Canada, Vol. 3. \$3.

WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY., Toronto.

- Wolfe, J. E. Gold from Ophir, a new book of Bible
 readings. 12mo. 308 p. \$1.25.
 Fulton, Rev. Justin D. Why priests should wed.
 12mo. 352 p. Ill. pap.
 50c.; cl. \$1.25.
 Is it Mary or the lady of
 the Jesuits? 12mo. 56 p.
 pap. 15c.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Catalogues received are entered in this list without charge. Fuller particulars published for 5 cents (2½d.) per line.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

- Clark, A. S., 34 Park Row. Odds and Ends No. 29.
 Dodd, Mead & Co., 753 Broadway. Catalogue No.
 22, Miscellaneous, Standard and Rare Books of-
 fered at low prices for immediate sale. 4to, 80 pp.
 Francis, David G., 17 Astor Place. Clearance cata-
 logue, No. 94.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ENGLAND.

- Clegg, James, 10 Milnrow Road, Rochdale. Cata-
 logue No. 16, 1889.
 Hitchman, John, 51-52 Cherry st., Birmingham.
 Catalogue No. 162, Jan. 1890.
 Kinsman, John, Millbair Road, Plymouth. Catalogue
 No. 57, 1890.

London.

- Baker, Thomas, 1 Soho Square, w. Catalogue (Theo-
 logical) No. cclxv.
 Edwards, Francis, 83 High street, Marylebone, w.
 Catalogues No. 177 and 178.
 Gray, Henry, 47 Leicester Square, w.c. Random
 Catalogues, Nos. 113-114.
 — Catalogue of Americana and Coloniana. No.
 114 A. S. I.
 Harding, George, 6 Hyde St., New Oxford St. Cat-
 alogues of old and modern books comprising Amer-

icana, etc., dated October, November, December,
 1889.

Higham, Charles, 27a. Farringdon St. e. c. Theo-
 logical books, No. 193, Dec. 1889.

Maggs, U., 159 Church St., Paddington Green, w.
 Catalogue No. 86, Dec. 1889.

Palmer, Clement S., 100 Southampton Row, w. c.
 Clearance catalogue, Part lix.

Quaritch, Bernard, 15 Picadilly. Catalogue No. 100.
 SCOTLAND.

Brown, William, 26 Princess St., Edinburgh. Cata-
 logue No. 79, 1889.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Brunox, Georges, 7 Rue Guénégaud (près le Pont-
 Neuf.) La Bibliophile Parisien, November, 1889,
 illustrated, including a fine copy of "Chansons de
 Laborde." Prix, 6000 francs.

Chadenat, Ch., 21 Quai des Grands-Augustins. Le
 Bibliophile Américain. Bulletin Trimestriel, No.
 4, -Febrier, 1890.

Mayer, Godfrey, 47 Rue Richer. Portraits and paintings
 relating to America.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY.

Hiersemann, Karl W., 2 Königsstrasse. Catalog No.
 51, Americana; No. 59, English books

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