

Passing from the exquisite fantasy that we have just quoted we are hardly prepared for the deep chord of human sympathy so well touched in "*Out of Pompeii*" which almost succeeds it. Here the idea is of a man and rescued woman floating in an open boat on the sea after the great disaster so well known to history. He is dazed and stupified by what he has gone through and can recall nothing until the loved form of the woman lying in the stern attracts his eye, and in a moment everything flashes back to him.

I saw dim streets, and fleeing men,  
And walls from side to side.  
Reeling, and great rocks fallen, a pall  
Above us, an encumbering shroud,  
About our feet, and over all  
The awful form that bowed  
Our hearts, the fiery scourge that smote  
The city,—the red Mount. Clear, clear  
I saw it—and this lonely boat,  
And us two drifting here!

The whole piece is well written and the part unsung is not the least attractive thing about it. It is one of these poems which a person re-reads and then puts down to think about and dream about long after, the depth of feeling is so strongly and yet delicately expressed.

"*Birch and Paddle*," as it names implies, is a Canoe song and in its simple metre flows like a country stream dreamy and quiet, then suddenly rapid and angry and then gliding again into the calm serenity of a sheltered lake. Surely the author is himself a canoeist.

The "*Quelling of the Moose*" a Melicete Legend as it is called, is a parable illustrating.

"How huge a peril will shrink like sand,  
When stayed by a prompt and steady hand."

The hero is a Indian called Clote Scarp, and he alone of all the tribe dares to face a dreadful beast which descends upon them from the north. He boldly attacks the animal and it shrinks into the patient and gentle moose of modern times.

The typography, and in fact the whole get up of this little book, is worthy of praise, and reflects much credit on the the publishers, Dawson Brothers of Montreal. It can be had from any bookseller for one dollar.

I. F. A. W.

## INDEPENDENCE IN JOURNALISM.

It may be observed, as a general rule, that there are two sides to every question, but liberal-minded, indeed, the man who, in these days, realizes the fact. To most men, discussing the affairs of the country, there is but one side—their own. Impartiality in politics, is viewed with just as much horror as was the fairness of Pendennis' literary criticism by his chief:

"In the name of common sense, Mr. Pendennis," Shandon asked, "what have you been doing—praising one of Mr. Bacon's books? Bungay has been with me in a fury this morning, at seeing a laudatory article upon one of the works of the odious firm over the way."

Pen's eyes opened with wide astonishment. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that we are to praise no books that Bacon publishes, or, that if the books are good, we are to say they are bad?"

"My good young friend—for what purpose do you suppose a benevolent publisher undertakes a critical journal, to benefit his rival?" Shandon inquired. "To benefit himself certainly, but to tell the truth, too," Pen said—"that *ruat cælum*, to tell the truth....we are all party men in England, and I will stick to my party like a Briton, I will be good-natured as you like to our own side, he is a fool who quarrels with his own nest; and I will hit the enemy as hard as you like—but with fair play, Captain if you please. One can't tell all the truth, I suppose: but one can tell nothing but the truth; and I would rather starve...and never earn another penny by my pen....than strike an opponent an unfair blow, or, if called upon to place him, rank him below his honest desert."

"Well, Mr. Pendennis, when we want Bacon smashed, we must get some other hammer to do it," Shandon said with fatal good nature."

So now, it is held as a cardinal truth, that unless a journal will identify itself with one party, and proceed to 'smash' the other party, it will never do as a journal. Men look at it askance, they don't know very well what to make of it, it talks too plainly, there is too much truth in it. Partizans don't like to hear the truth about their party, it is generally not a very pleasant thing. The party must be written up, it must be praised, as the beweaponed American patriot intimated, concerning his country, to Martin Chuzzlewit, ill in the dismal swamp of Eden, there must be no faults seen, it must be bragged up. To our most influential journals, there is only one party worthy of the name—their own; the other party is a conspiracy, a combination, a ring. Politicians in these days, will not discuss questions, will not listen to reasons, they will not, in short, admit any virtues save and except in their noble selves.

Is it any wonder then that fair-minded men, men who think, who look below the surface, who look around a question—are disgusted with the state of affairs? Readers do not know what to believe: they are told in one journal what is logically shown in another to be false and absurd.

The government in one is held up as a pack of rogues, and the country not worth living in, while the other shows the contrary. The journal is the great engine of the party, whose object is to smash the other party, and whose watchword is 'Blank must go.'

We like to meet men who are positive in their opinions. A man who has no opinions is a poor creature; and he who has not the courage to own his convictions is almost