

were no longer required, as formerly, to have a sound general knowledge of the subjects discussed; but, like stockholders, only of the market value of the names of the men who discussed them. And as the readers, as I have said, have but a languid interest at best, either in writers on serious subjects as such, or in their writings, and when condemned to read them require them to be of recognized brand, the Colonial coming over here is likely to be triply handicapped, at once by the indifference of the public to intellectual men and things as such, their aversion to seeing unknown names discuss them, and the want on the part of the editors of a competent knowledge of the subject discussed; Mr. John Morley and Mr. Courtney of the *Fortnightly* being in my opinion the only conspicuous exceptions.

And even if he get some eminent man to interest himself for his work, it will avail him nothing with an editor unless the said eminent personage will refer to it publicly, and so prick the public curiosity; but this again men of eminence are usually as chary of doing for budding authors who have still their spurs to win, as the editors are of accepting their work. Dr. Martineau tried hard by the use of his private influence to get two leading editors of monthly reviews to accept my early essays, but without success. The public did not know my name, and that was enough for the editor!

Then again, if tired of having your magazine articles returned to you, you venture to publish in book form other but equal difficulties will confront you. The publisher will pass your Ms. on to his reader, who is generally an academic specialist, for his verdict, and the fact that you hail from a colony, especially if you are not a professor yourself, will go seriously against you, whereas did you but come from Germany, for example, it would be in your favor. My book, "Civilization and Progress," published nearly twenty years ago and last year translated into Japanese, was rejected in turn by two of the leading English publishers, and had to be brought out at last at my own expense. And in spite of its success, the same fate afterwards befell the first volume of my "History of Intellectual Development." When I told Mr. John Morley of it he said, "Oh! never mind, let me send it to my publishers with a letter enclosed." But they rejected it, too!

Even after you have published at your own expense, your troubles will only have changed their shape. Your difficulty now will be with the press. When the publishers send the press a copy of a book which they have published at the author's expense, they mark on it "from the Author," not "from the Publisher." And as the leading critical journals are practically obliged to review the books brought out by the publishers who advertise in their columns, the moment the editors see a book inscribed "from the author" they are relieved from this obligation, and as their space is limited and the pressure on it is great, it is very questionable whether you will get a review at all, good, bad or indifferent. My "Civilization and Progress" was not even mentioned until about a year after its publication, when I wrote to the editor of the *Spectator*, protesting against the scurvy treatment which I considered it had received. But it was only with the publication at my own expense of the first volume of the "History of Intellectual Development" that I got my eye on the difficulty. For on writing to one of the leading critical journals in New York on the subject, the editor quite frankly told me that he had so many of his own clients' books to review, i.e., the books of publishers who advertised with him, that he could not afford me

space. Since then I have always asked my publishers to send the press copies of my books as "from the Publisher," not "from the Author." And the moral of it is that most, if not all, of the advantages of having the name of a good publisher on your books (and there is not a better name in the English-speaking world than that of Longmans) will be quite thrown away if the press copies are sent out as "from the author" and not "from the publisher"!

Once your book is in the hands of the reviewer, it will get fair play, and your preliminary troubles will be over, for there are no men more fair or manly than Englishmen, or greater lovers of justice. If, therefore, any of our men thinking of coming over here have money enough to hold out against the multiplied obstacles which I have detailed, let them come; if not, not. For it must be remembered that during my long struggle I had my profession to support me, and so was enabled to continue afloat when otherwise I must have sunk.

"PROPERLY RECEIVED."

On the north shore of the Island of Manitoulin lies a small elevated plain, which looks down on the blue waters of the Georgian Bay from a height of two hundred feet. It is in turn looked down upon by a rocky wooded bluff, which rises irregularly to the south, and cuts off communication with the rest of the world. Upon this ten miles square of fertile soil is settled about thirty families of Scotch descent, and in spite of Government survey maps to the contrary, the place is known as "Little Scotland." Right under the edge of the bluff Dan McLean had built his house, and, by industry and frugal living, had become quite comfortable. From the situation of his home it was known as the Mountain Inn, and since the day he had laid his mother in the little graveyard, he had lived alone. Quiet and reserved though he was, his kindly heart won him many friends. It was long since Dan had been old enough to vote, but under the kindly influence of the little world in which he lived, he was still one of the boys, and no paring bee or dance was complete without Mountain Dan to take charge of the evening's proceedings. Upon the raised platform beside the fiddler he sat with a solemn dignity that frowned generously upon the youth who failed to quite grasp the full significance of Dan's stentorian "Balance four!" or "Honors all!"

It was well known that Dan and Sally Kerr, who kept house for the minister in the Bay, were some day to be married, and when Dan returned one day with Sally by his side in his new buggy, no one was surprised, and everyone was glad. She was a good cook, a first-rate nurse, and her friends were many. In a short time they were comfortably settled in the Mountain Inn, which daily became more homelike as the deft hands of woman scattered here and there their magic touches. Indeed it seemed as though they had been married for years, people said, after they had paid them their first visit. But Dan did not think so. He knew that the laws of Little Scotland were as inexorable as the statutes of the Medes and Persians. He knew that written on the heart of every strong-armed, lusty-lunged young Scot in the settlement was a law that provided for the proper receiving into their midst the bride of any who should be so uncanny as to go abroad for his wife. He knew it well, and if his easy-going nature allowed him to forget that he was a newly married man, the frequent occurrence of the above thought did not. Well he remembered how many