

that was generated by Miss Peabody's very presence, and the wonderful precision and order that is said to have always attended the presence of Mrs. Hawthorne—as if some quality within herself wrought outward.

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the Irish writer and statesman, enjoyed every advantage to be derived from early struggles. At fourteen years of age he wanted very much to become a barrister, but owing to scarcity of funds, was obliged to abandon the idea and to take the position of a clerk in a lawyer's office, where he spent twelve months. One year later, having felt the need of immediate self-support, he gladly joined the staff of the *Cork Examiner*. Having mastered shorthand he regularly reported political and temperance meetings, working from morning until night and often right through the night. At eighteen he was engaged in reporting a celebrated criminal case at Clonmel. During the day he took full shorthand notes of the proceedings and, on the rising of the court, jumped on the coach and travelled all night until reaching Cork. There he turned out column after column of copy, took the coach back to Clonmel and filled his place at the reporter's table in the morning. In 1858 he went to Liverpool and became a reporter on the *Northern Daily Times*. There he was in turn literary critic, descriptive writer, leader writer and finally editor. About this time the paper broke down and stopped and Mr. McCarthy immediately turned his thoughts to London, although in that vast city he knew absolutely nobody. At this specially propitious stage of his fortunes his marriage occurred as, "in those days, when a young man was very 'hard up' and had no immediate prospects he got married." On coming to London, his only letter of introduction was to the editor of the *Daily News*, who, however, could give him no work and held out no hope. Mr. McCarthy did not yield to this discouragement but sent an article on chance to the *Westminster Review*. It was accepted, John Stuart Mill praised it, and thus he got his first real lift.

ANOTHER name to be added to the list of writers who had hard beginnings up the ladder of literature, is that of Louisa Alcott. At the present day it would be difficult to find the lad or the lass, the man or the woman, who does not hold delightful memory of "Little Women," than which a sweeter story was never more charmingly told. And yet, incomprehensible as it seems to us, Miss Alcott for years sent her book around from publisher to publisher, receiving disheartening refusals from them all. It finally got to be a perfect joke in the family, and they called that closely written manuscript "The Great American Traveller." Families are very unfeeling things generally to their own, and in this instance many were the jokes and laughs raised at the expense of the young writer. Miss Alcott's final triumph should serve to encourage the myriads of young writers who are to-day pestering editors all over the country, and who have at least a dozen or so of great American travellers of their own.

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IN regard to the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy," Mr. Kipling makes the following explanation:—"A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'" It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to govern their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."