

scious of having done no wrong, bristled up and insisted on it that the tale must and would go in, come what may of the results. The little war raged for some moments and was finally brought to a close by the Editor's flatly declaring, that unless it was printed in the *Overland* just as it was written, he would at once resign his position on the *Monthly*. Mr. Harte's services could in nowise be dispensed with, and his story was printed. The local papers, swallowed their qualms of conscience, the religious press frowned upon the unfortunate "Luck of Roaring Camp," destined to make the fortune of the Magazine and its Editor, and in moody silence all "waited for the verdict" of the great Atlantic press. In three weeks the news came like wildfire that the story was the finest tale of the Magazines of the year, that it was a perfect gem in the matter of story-telling, and the fame of the *Overland* was immediately established. The "Luck of Roaring Camp" went the rounds of the press, and papers of every shade of politics, from the greater to the lesser lights republished it in their columns. Thus by the firmness of this man of letters, who ruled down the silly squeamish sentimentality of professed autocrats, a new phase of California life is preserved to the world. A new field, rich and full of interest to everybody, is opened up. Such delightful tales as "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," and the "Exiles of Poker Flat" are the result of the acceptance of a discriminating public who knew well how to divide the chaff from the wheat, of the more celebrated "Luck of Roaring Camp."

But it is as a poet that we have to deal with Mr. Bret Harte in this paper. A pleasant volume, containing all his fugitive pieces, many of which have enlivened the columns of the Canadian and American press for two or more years back, and several entirely new poems has just been issued from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.'s House, and a very handsome book it is. The poem with which Mr. Harte's name is more generally associated, and in which his unparalleled success and reputation may be said to be based is the more familiar "Heathen Chinee." It is in every one's mouth, and the quaintness with which slang expressions are strung together is its peculiar characteristic. This has a little history in connexion with it. During the interval-work on the magazine it was written, merely thrown off as by-play, and never intended to be published at all, certainly not in the pages of California's Magazine. It was dashed off and placed among other MSS. in the editor's desk, and there it remained for some six or eight months, until one day being in want of a poem, Mr. Harte sat down to write one. His eye fell upon "The Heathen Chinee," and he read it over. A friend was with him at the time, and he passed it over to him. He was much surprised to hear the literary man beside him go into such raptures over it, and on his recommendation and solicitation the "plain language from Truthful James of Table Mountain," came out in all the glory of leaded type in the next No of the *Overland Monthly*. It "took." One paper after another copied it, photographers eagerly took up this key-note of life in California, and prints illustrative of the "Chinee" and "Bill Nye" and "Truthful" rapidly came into market. The larger illustrated papers gave full-size pictures of the episode and no poem has, it can truthfully be said, attained so enviable a