

money. Their fate is a forced conclusion, and, really, they deserve little commiseration.

No one falls a victim to the birds of prey which infest large cities except those who want to overreach some one else. It is in trying to despoil the New Yorker that the cunning rustic is taken in by the bunco-steerer.

The revelations of the green-goods business before the Lexow Committee were full of instruction, pointing in the same direction. By paying a round monthly sum to the police, the makers of counterfeit money were allowed to carry on their trade. They did not appear to have a single city customer. Their correspondents were small storekeepers in country towns, largely Jews, and foreigners who keep corner groceries. These people professed a willingness to buy counterfeit greenbacks at ten cents on the dollar, and to set them in circulation in sections of the country where experts were rare. But the bulk of the profits of the greengoods men were derived, not from the sale of counterfeit money but from the sale of packages purporting to contain counterfeit money, but which contained no money at all, but merely brown paper. The rustic was caught in his own trap—in trying to swindle his customers, he was swindled himself, and he was without remedy.

It is possible that a case of swindling may be made out against the blind-pool men; but when the case gets into court and Howe & Hummel proceed to deal with the prosecuting witness on cross-examination, he may wish that he had charged off his experience to profit and loss and said no more about it.

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The Song of the Lumbermen.

Shanty-men, shanty-men, quick and true of eye,
Up go your strong arms, swinging axes high,
Down come each sharp edge, making big chips fly :
Soon the tall pine tree will quiver.
There it shakes, see it lean, hit it one last blow,
Lightly now spring aside, "Look out there below!"
Thundering to earth it falls, flinging up the snow.
Way up the Gatineau River.

Lumbermen, lumbermen, at it with a rush,
Trim your top right ship-shape, lop off all the brush,
Not a bit of beaver work, limbs and ends all flush,
Never a knot or a sliver.
Come along, ye teamsters, grip it with your chain,
Chirrup up your horses till they feel the strain,
They've hauled logs as big before, and can do it again,
Down to the Gatineau River.

Spring has come, woods once dumb now are full of song,
Birds are here, flowers appear, winter has been long,
But his reign is over, and the saw-logs ice-bound throng
The hot sun shines down to deliver.
Solid ice, in a trice, cracks and breaks away :
Down it goes, in big floes, making rough horse-play
With the sticks of timber that all winter harmless lay
Out on the Gatineau River.

Up! Up! now, ye drivers, with your long pike-poles,
Mount your wooden horses, balance on the holes,
Quick, out with your spiked heel ere the mad thing rolls
You off in the current to shiver.
Then, gather them, ye raftsmen, within the circling boom,
Pack them up, jam them close, till there's no more room,
Till your raft's all snug and taut, and only wants a broom
To sweep down the Gatineau River.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

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The Other View of "Trilby."

FOR the success of "Trilby" there are, no doubt, reasons; if one shuts one's eyes to the other side of the account one might almost imagine some slight justification. In the general conception there is a certain freshness which comes as a relief amidst the hackneyed monotony of the "novels of the season." Mr. Du Maurier was fortunate in finding a field which, if not absolutely virgin soil, was at least comparatively new to most of his readers. Throughout the book, too, there is a general air of comradeship, especially when we are in the company of the three artist heroes, which is in itself very attractive. Lastly—and this is, perhaps, the most important point in accounting for its popularity—it teaches an obvious lesson of charity and tolerance, and our reading public, in spite of all protests, dearly loves a moral. There are doubtless, in addition, occasional merits in detail, amusing incidents like Little Billee's first day at the

atelier, ingenious ideas like that of the relation between Trilby and Svengali, conceptions, more or less satisfactorily worked out, of striking situations like that which closes the heroine's career as a singer. But when this has been said, the points, at once valid and important, which can be made in favour of the book, have been well-nigh exhausted.

Devoted admirers will, of course, claim much more; and it is these further claims that duty compels us to combat. Thus, much credit is claimed on the author's behalf for the creation of the heroine herself. But does he not ask us to take her charm too much on trust? The essence of "Trilbyism," we are led to understand, consisted in a certain power of being "funny without vulgarity," but it is to be noted that with the exception of the introductory "milk below" joke, the novelist forgets to give us any example of her fascinating humour. One trait, that of a beautiful unselfishness, is, indeed, brought out in the action; but, without further proof, one remains unconvinced with regard to the characteristic charm that is evidently intended to be the prominent feature of the work. Nor do Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations, so helpful in conceiving the three men, aid us with regard to the woman. In the drawings of Trilby we persistently recognize the English countess, so familiar in the pages of "Punch," but of the half-Scotch, half-Irish grisette of the Latin Quarter there is hardly a trace.

Throughout, the character drawing is done from the outside. We are never shown the workings of passion and motive inside the characters, and the only attempt at analysis is so bad that we are thankful that no more was tried. For fifteen pages does the author make his hero talk to a dog a farrago of shallow sentiment, shallower philosophy, shallowest casuistry, with no interruption save the occasional unwelcome intrusion of the writer's own personality. One is loath to introduce into criticism at all adverse any question of personality, but Mr. Du Maurier leaves us no choice. He has shown himself no respecter of the personality of others, and even if we did not wish to follow his example in this, "the present scribe," as he loves to call himself, is so thrust forward, in the novel that no consideration of the chief persons is complete if he is omitted. In a recent article by Mr. S. R. Crockett, the following passage occurs: "Some authors (perhaps the greatest) severely sit with the more ancient gods and serenely keep themselves out of their books. Most of these authors are dead now. Others put their personalities in, indeed; but would do much better to keep them out. Their futilities and pomposities, pose as they may, are no more interesting than those of the chairman of a prosperous limited company. But there are a chosen few who cannot light a cigarette or part their hair in a new place without being interesting." The trouble with Mr. Du Maurier is that he imagines himself of the third class, while really belonging to the second. That he does place himself among the "chosen few," is proved by his so frequent and unnecessary references to his own opinions and experiences and position in society. That he really belongs to the second class is surely clear enough. Who but a prig would make his heroes discuss "the immortality of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word 'gentleman,' or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray"? What man of taste would introduce himself into a gathering of all the notables of London "from the Prime Minister down to the present scribe," taking pains to imply that he was quite at home in such a circle? Truly, he has need to explain, "The present writer is no snob." The silly parade of his linguistic acquirements, the self-consciousness, the constant posing and making of sententious remarks, the elaborate digressions on the chastity of the nude and on his own aspirations, so rudely crushed by fate, to have "never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little bassinette"—these things, far more than faults in character drawing or mistakes in construction, rouse one's indignation when one hears the name of one of the masters of fiction coupled with that of such an amateur.

For, after all, it is because he is only an amateur that his work must be condemned and forgotten in no very distant future. No one but an amateur in fiction would have supposed that an artistic picture of any society could be made, or even supplemented, by the sketching, in two paragraphs each, of half-a-dozen characters, who, like the young Greek, the American oculist, and the rest, have no place in the action of the piece. One might as well hope to improve one