

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, VICTORIA, B. C.

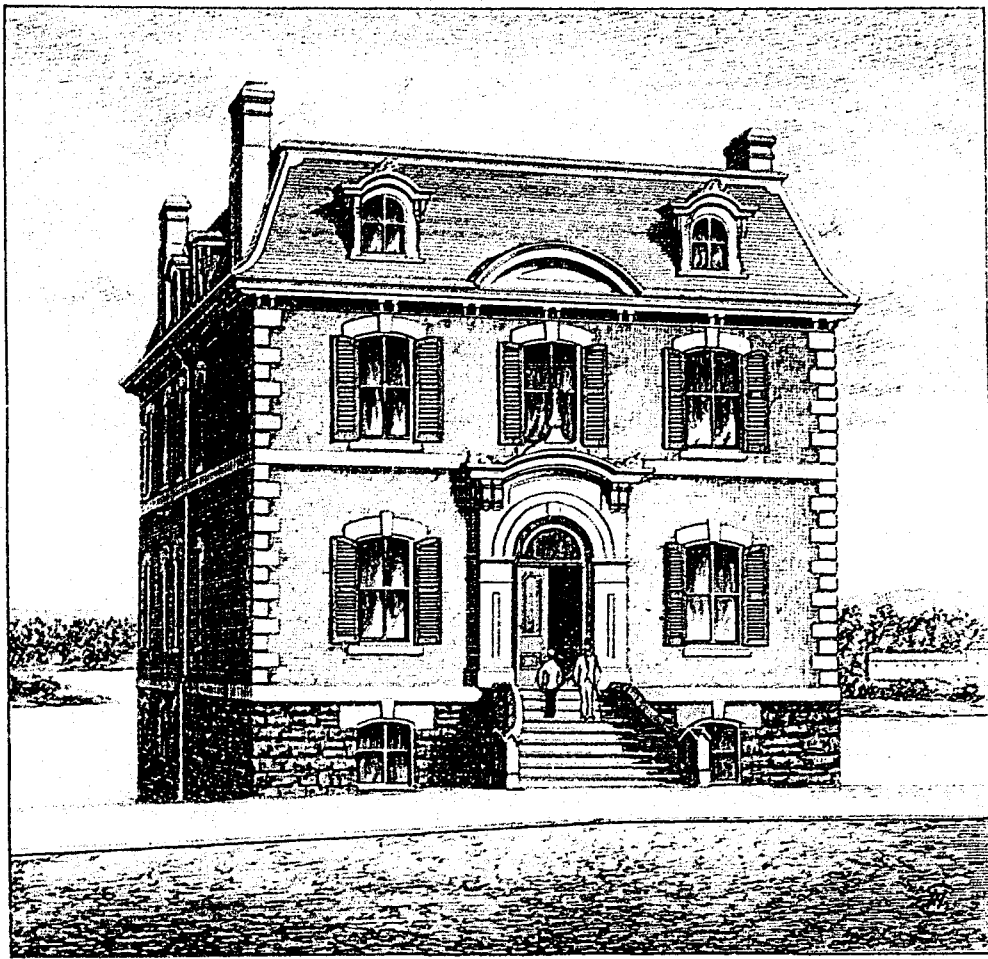
This building was erected by the Dominion Government, in the year 1875. The size of the building is 40x62; 50 feet in height. It is intended to afford accommodation for the Officers of the Customs, Internal Revenue Department, Telegraph Department, Marine and Fisheries Department. It is considered as fine and substantial a building as there is in Victoria. It cost about thirty-three thousand dollars.

WALT WHITMAN.

Rowell's *Newspaper Reporter* has the following scathing and truthful remarks:—

Walt Whitman is one whose condition illustrates the adage, "A man is never a prophet in his own country." Though an American poet of high merit, the meagre patronage accorded him by his countrymen has resulted in bringing him to absolute impoverishment. Over the water, however, his value is recognized. In England, Robert Buchanan, a brother poet, learning of his forlorn state, wrote to the *Times* a letter in which the following passage occurs: "I suggest the formation of a committee to collect subscriptions for the purchase of Whitman's complete works (which the latter is now preparing), to begin with—say 600 copies, and if the number could be extended to 1,000 or more, so much the better for the poet, so much more honor for England, so much more shame to the literary coteries which emasculate America."

This rebuke is well deserved. Too little do Americans encourage home literature. Publishers too often are the incarnation of sordid meanness. By taking illegitimate advantage of the state of our copyright laws, they secure, without recompense to the laborers, the works of the best European authors for publication, their outlay being merely on account of mechanism. They will either not pay at all for literary work or else give only such prices as forbid the hope of adequate remuneration. It follows that they are few, outside the ranks of journalists, who pursue literature. To those who do surmount the difficulties which beset their path, and elicit from the public recognition of their worth, the esteem due is immense, for highest talent and grand pluck are alone the parts which enable them to accomplish this. Whitman is one whose talents have brought him prominently to the front; but, unfortunately, they have not barred him against poverty and suffering. In his case genius and want (so far too often has been the case) are allied. Will not his countrymen bestir themselves in his behalf? Shall we rest under the stigma that our truly great men are dependent on the pittance of another people



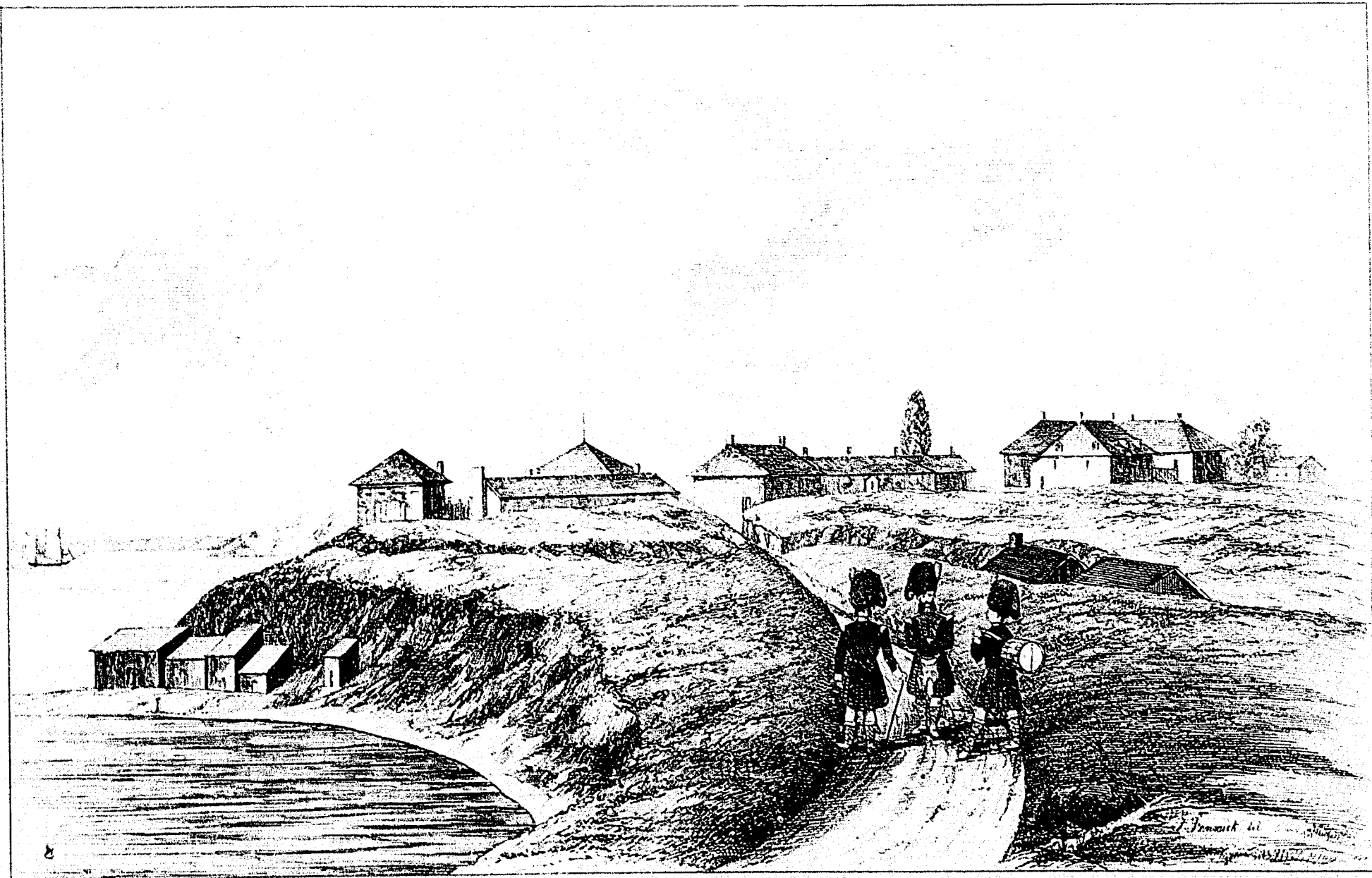
VICTORIA, B. C.—THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOAH SHAKESPEARE.

for the wherewithal to meet their daily needs! It would be not short of disgraceful to withhold a helping hand in face of the noble generosity of Mr. Buchanan. It is high time we honored and paid fewer rogues and did more to hold up merit to the emulation of the people. We appeal to our fellow journalists to ventilate poor Walt Whitman's case.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST ON JOURNALISM.

Mr. John Lemoine, one of France's greatest journalists, on being admitted a member of the French Academy a few weeks since—amongst the highest honors to which French contributors to literature, science, or art aspire—in the course of a felicitous speech, addressed to his *confrères* the following sapient words on journalism: "Journalism has been a progress and another conquest; but it has not superseded, and will not supersede, the book. You make books, and you excuse those who only make pages. Monuments and books remain as the most deliberate, most tranquil, most perfect forms of thought. The newspaper comes and a new expression to it, taking its own place and not theirs. The newspaper—that is to say, the daily extemporized word—has come to respond to the exigencies of a new civilization, whose rapidity has been increased ten-fold, a hundred-fold, by the miracles of science. The Press has pursued a parallel course to that of steam and electricity. It has been necessary to speak and write at express rate, and to photograph current history. I know, indeed, that man cannot increase his stature by one cubit, but he multiplies his means of action and expression. It is possible that maturity of thought and correctness of language lose in this hasty production; but how many ideas would perish without this sudden and immediate incorporation. Milton has admirably said—"The revolutions of ages frequently do not rediscover a rejected truth, for want of which the entire nations suffer everlastingly." Who, then in these alternations of science and tumult of license and tyranny, which we traverse ever since we have been in the world, has not experienced the irresistible need of uttering a cry—a spontaneous cry—like him by whom it was said *Rapide ipsi clamabant*? Who has not repeated Pascal's splendid remark—"Silence is the greatest of persecutions; the saints were never silent?" It is this want which the newspaper meets, and that is why journalism has taken its place in the world. More than once, when the ambition of sitting among you was suggested to me, I was told, 'Write a book.' My book I have been writing every day for thirty years, and I thank you for having discovered it."



FORT YORK, TORONTO, IN 1841.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE J. GILLESPIE.