

which is full of striking features. Mr. Mercer Adam, of Toronto, has discussed the North-West Rebellion, and one of these days we are promised a volume from an able pen on the battle fields of Canada. So long as too much is not attempted by single pens, our literary workmen are not likely to make many mistakes. Material we have in plenty. Concentrations of idea we should encourage.

Our American friends are devoting, these days, a goodly share of their attention to subjects connected with Canada. Mr. Charles H. Farnham, of *Harpers' Magazine* has given ten years of his life to a conscientious study of French Canadian home and forest life. He has fished and hunted all through the Province of Quebec, and familiarized himself with the habits and customs of the country people. He has penetrated the cities of course, and the results of his labours have from time to time found expression in the leading American magazines. About Christmas time, this year, Mr. Farnham will bring out, through the Harpers of New York a sumptuous volume dealing with the topic he has made his own all these years. The illustrations, I hear, are to be especially beautiful. Mr. Farnham's book will contain fully a third more matter than he has published in the serials. And one feature about his work, which promises to be especially valuable and useful will be the chapter on our system of education.

Adirondack Murray has also in the press of a Boston publisher, a picturesque and pictorial volume, entitled "Daylight Land." It will treat largely of wilderness land, and trench on a section of territory little known as yet to our people. Our great North-West region will find its historian in this bright American writer, who, though extravagant at times, is a perfect master of descriptive writing. How he came to call his new book "Daylight Land," is interesting. When the work was half written he was still beating about for a title. But one day a friend with whom he was travelling, struck by the constant light in the northern latitude, exclaimed, "Why, this is daylight land!" Murray, who is always quick to seize a point or an idea, instantly cried out, in a burst of enthusiasm, "Why, man, the very thing, I will call my book 'Daylight Land.'"

A lady called on me the other day with a charming note from my friend, Bourinot, who writes able and constitutional books, and sends to the English magazines strong studies of Canadian life, order, and civilization. This lady proved to be Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, of Hooperston, Illinois. Hooperston is a suburb of Chicago, and it ought to be proud of having as a resident so amiable and gifted a citizen as Mrs. Catherwood. The lady came to Quebec to see the old city and to visit the shrine of Bonne St. Anne, that Mecca of all good literary Americans, that village which has given Murray the subject of a poem, and Joaquin Miller the plot of a story. Well, Mrs. Catherwood is engaged on a very strong piece of work, which will run through three or four numbers of the *Century Magazine*.

It is a story based on the early history of Canada, and it will be honoured with a preface from Francis Parkman, who has a high esteem for the author. I am told, when Gilman of the *Century* read the manuscript, he was entranced beyond measure with its beauty and originality, and he at once sent for Henry Sandham, formerly of Montreal, to whom he entrusted the task of illustrating the work. The story is full of life and animation. But Mrs. Catherwood loves Canada and its history so much that she will not stop at one romance. Her flying pen was immediately secured for a six months' tale for *St. Nicholas*, and she is engaged just now in putting the finishing touches to that story. We hope to see it in the beginning of the year.

And now, I have one more thing to say about American authors and Canadian subjects. Perhaps, I ought not to call Annie Robertson Macfarlane, of New York, an American. She is a very intimate friend of mine. She was born and brought up in St. John, New Brunswick, and she is as good a Canadian as ever lived. She went off to New York one day, and immediately took a good position in that great literary centre. She writes the book reviews for the *Nation*. She has sent admirable papers to the *Post*, the *Critic*, and the publications of the Harpers. One of her pert, short stories appeared in Harpers' Christmas paper, and her novel, "Children of the Earth," part of its *locale* in Nova Scotia, was one of the books of the year in which it appeared. Miss Macfarlane spent a portion of the present summer in Quebec, looking over old manuscripts in the archives of the Province, and of the Literary and Historical Society. She read many old books relating to our early times, and she will produce the result of all this intelligent study—a grand book—in the course of a few months. It will form a volume in Putnam's series, the "Story of the Nations," which has already gained a foothold in Europe and America. Miss Macfarlane's book will tell the story of the French in Canada, and we may, with every confidence, expect a really valuable work. The style will be graphic, and its accuracy will be unquestioned.

Quebec.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

THE education of the Indians should be compulsory. The Government must leave no free will in the matter to the parents. The children must be educated into our American civilization. This does not mean that the parent shall have no choice of schools, for he should be allowed to send his child to a private or missionary school if he prefers; but to some school that comes up to the standard he must send his child.—*The Independent*.

PRIVATE letters received from Madras record an important step taken by Lord Connemara in the enlightened policy which has marked his governorship of the Province. Hitherto it has been the custom that the post of Government Pleader should be filled by an Englishman. The office falling vacant, Lord Connemara has bestowed it upon a native member of the Bar, a new departure which has spread profound satisfaction throughout the native community.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR A THEATRICAL BENEFIT PROPOSED FOR WILLIAM DIETZ, THE PIONEER OF CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS.

As in the days of old so is it now,
Not for themselves the patient oxen plough,
Great benefactors bear the toil and pain,
While other men inherit all the gain.
Bold Pioneers who pierce the wilderness.
Through pathless woods, with labour and distress,
Drenched with the rain, or numbed with bitter frost;
Now in the rapid river's surges tost;
Now in the blinding snowstorm wandering lost;
Climbing the mountains, or descending low
The rocky gorges—onward still they go
Undaunted, through extremes of heat and cold,
Prospecting, till they strike the yellow gold.
Enriching thousands, and the barren fame
Their sole reward—to give the place a name,
Thus William Dietz (in whose behalf I speak)
Is hailed discoverer of William Creek—
Look on your thriving city, growing fast,
Then think of all the toil through which he past,
To delve beneath the streams of Cariboo
Unearthing wealth to cheer and comfort you.
Oh! Let poor William share the comfort too!
Broken with toil, and racked with cruel pain,
His weary feet have brought him home again
To seek a refuge—sick—distrest and poor—
Oh, brothers! Friends! Let him not wander more.
Ye generous miners, earn yourselves the praise
Of cheering William Dietz' declining days.
To think, when sitting by your snug fireside,
Feasted and full, that he, neglected, died,
Will make you blush with unavailing shame,
And poison all your pleasure, when that name
Hereafter shall be spoken—when men say:
"After a life of toil he made his way
Into Victoria—through each thronging street
He dragged his wasted form on crippled feet.
With evidence of wealth on every side,
Fruit of the labours his young strength supplied;
Perhaps a proud emotion stirred his heart,
'Of all this glory I'm the greater part.'
Too busy with their stores and crowded wharves,
His toil enriched them—and they let him starve,"
It must not be! No, by your glistening eyes,
Brimming with tears of pity and surprise,
I feel it will not be—each noble heart
Is stirred to charity, and I, assured, depart.

WM. H. PARSONS.

REALISM REGENERATE.

M. ZOLA IN A NEW ROLE—"THE DREAM," A PURE AND WHOLESOME NOVEL.*

WE do not profess to be deeply read in Zola and his works. That we know the author and his productions at all is due to the fact that the literary calling brings the critic into contact with a wide field of intellectual effort, where uncleanness sometimes has to jostle with cleanness and where orthodoxy has, often a bad half-hour with heterodoxy. "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "La Terre," and the rest of the malodorous novels of the chief representative of the school of French Realism in fiction are not to our liking. We wish we could say that they are not to the liking of any reader of fiction. That they are nauseous to the taste of all who love a good novel, who are jealous for the repute of literature, and who in any degree care for the novelist's art, must be accepted as truth; though, unhappily, the present-day indiscriminate reading of fiction is not assuring that the fair repute of literature or regard for the novelist's methods or his art are matters of much concern to the mass of readers. In the main, we fear, the reverse obtains, else we should not see so much literary rubbish read, or know that writers such as Zola and his school have so large a following. Zola, we are aware, has on many and sometimes weighty grounds been defended, just as there are defenders of the early erotism of Swinburne and the "naturalism" of Walt Whitman. He has been termed the Thackeray of France—but a Thackeray who stooped lower in his choice of subjects than did the author of *Vanity Fair*. His partisans speak of the "truth" of the sickening scenes and incidents set forth in his novels and the photographic fidelity and pitiless force of his delineations of character. Indelicacy, they tell you, is not the leading characteristic of his writings, nor are they necessarily demoralizing in their tone and drift. His novels, it is claimed, are true pictures from life; photographs, which are never made attractive, save by the skill and vigour of the literary artist, and impressed on the reader's mind by the realistic methods of a keen and practised dissector of human character. We are not here, however, defending the author; nor are we careful to be even just to him, for he belongs to a school which the clean mind must honestly loathe, and whose work, until purged and made regene-

* "The Dream." By Emile Zola. Translated by Eliza E. Chase. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: William Bryce.