

started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundations of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labour, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the thoughtful man, shading his brow with a green umbrella, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Towards the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

The next morning the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress, if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow, with large red spots.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it; it will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince; "and as we go so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow, with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by what seemed to be sixteen other lunatics, cannot now be known; but, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg that, for your sake and my own, you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a Prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten." After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itohy, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make a splendid cellar in which to keep my wines and provisions."

WE welcome to our table *The American Queen*, which under its new management is making rapid strides. It is one of the most readable and fresh of the society journals, fashioned to some extent on the lines of the most successful English papers of its class. It makes a feature of crisp paragraphs of comment upon current events. But most notable is it for its series of society portraits, from the pencil of Mr. Frank Fowler, drawn in crayon or charcoal. Among the portraits already presented are those of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the beautiful American girl, Miss Chamberlain. It is said the leading society women of New York and Boston will be portrayed, which will certainly create abundant interest in the journal. One feels curious to know just what the ladies most deeply concerned themselves think of the scheme.

BOOK NOTICES.

AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

As this novel drew near its completion in the *New York Tribune* there were many surmises as to whether it were going to prove the novel of American life which every one professes to be looking for, yet unable to find. To us the search seems an idle one. Who is so amiably sanguine as to expect that his vision will ever be blessed with the sight of a novel whose superiority over all its predecessors will be so distinctly marked, so indisputable, as at once to compel the united homage of the myriad American critics of myriad mind? It does seem to us that Mr. Fawcett's novel may, with little risk of serious dispute, be designated as the best novel of New York society. The tone, colour, atmosphere, surroundings, characteristic of this society are rendered with such unhesitating accuracy; every stroke is so adequate, needing no blundering repetition; the story is so well wrought; the actors so skilfully deployed; the interest so strong and sustained; that we feel no hesitation in saying that we have before us the most successful work yet done in this field. Mr. Fawcett has a singular felicity of phrase and epithet, and a piquant way of saying things new and unexpected, which combine to keep one on the alert through every sentence. His wit is keen, and in its utterance terse. His humour is somewhat shy, somewhat fastidious, making its appearance but seldom and never calling forth more than an exceedingly well-pleased smile. His descriptive power is great; by a few effective touches, subtle and poetic in

their sympathy, he paints a scene so potently real and vivid as to suggest spontaneously all the details not in actual word recorded. After reading this story, the poor, crude, cheap, cold brick cottage in the suburbs, the bleak winds off the ice-burdened flood of East River, the vulgar, chiding wife, the lumpy oppressive heat and knife-like chill in the meagre room, the quarrel, the ill-cooked meal left standing untouched—these become a past bitter experience of one's own, lightened only by the deep love between the child and the brave but unfortunate father. Then the sordid life amid the dirty sidewalks, foul gutters, battered beer-shops, and irredeemable ugliness of Green Point, and the pitiful end, followed by the solitary, desperate flight of Claire, all cut themselves ineffaceably in the memory. The later scenes, in sharpest of contrast with these, are almost equally vivid. Perhaps the only fault one can find with the construction of the story is a too rapid shifting of the scenes, which rather causes the reader to look in upon the results of progressive change in Claire's mental and moral attitude, as she pursues her ambition, than suffers him to watch the actual development. This may not be a fault at all, however. It certainly conduces to the swift movement of the plot. The character of Claire is a strange and unique creation. Her bloodlessness and hardness in ordinary life bring the ardent devotion she inspires in clear-headed friends just to the verge, perhaps, of the incomprehensible. On second thought, though, the remembrance of her fascinating beauty demolishes this criticism. Yet it seems almost unnatural that the heartless mother should have dropped so completely out of the daughter's mind in the days of the latter's prosperity. We can sympathize with Claire in that she was unable to forgive her mother; we can hardly pardon her ability to forget her. Mrs. Twining, small as is the part she fills in the story, is one of the most powerfully conceived and perfectly drawn of all Mr. Fawcett's characters. She is one of the finest achievements among the minor characters of modern fiction. Mrs. Rideway Lee is a daring and original creation; and Mrs. Diggs, with her mental alertness on every subject under the sun with the exception of "poor Manhattan's" weakness, is inimitable. Mr. Fawcett's genius is however nowhere more manifest than in the unexpected *denouement*, taking place within some nine or ten pages of the end, whereby Claire's heart is awakened, and her character redeemed, by sudden realization of her husband's strength and nobility, and by the deep love for him which leaps into being out of the ruins of her selfish ambition and arrogant self-conceit.

MEMORIES OF CANADA AND SCOTLAND. By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

When one so prominent by position as Lord Lorne becomes a candidate for literary honours, he need hardly expect to hear many impartial Canadian judgments passed upon his work. What Mr. Arnold calls the personal estimate is apt to persuade the critic in one direction or the other. If the critic have a slight *tendresse* for imported Governors-General, if the glitter of rank and title be somewhat dazzling to his vision—nay, if his natural love and enthusiasm for the Mother Country be combined with nothing more objectionable than an honest satisfaction with our present colonial standing, he will be ready to see a good deal more virtue in this volume than can be extracted from it. If, on the other hand, to his sensitive democratic nostrils, whatever proceeds from an aristocracy be offensive,—if he cannot, without compromising his dignity, discover any good in an Earl, then the Marquis's work runs risk of gaining an equally erroneous verdict. Unmitigated abuse and unstinted gush are alike uncalled for by this modest volume. It consists of speeches made by his Lordship during his administration, a number of original poems upon Canadian and Scotch subjects, and some metrical translations from the Gaelic. The speeches have some merit, chiefly negative. They answered effectually the purposes for which they were intended, and no one would have called attention to their deficiencies had not they received a fictitious importance by being collected and preserved. They are not provocative of discussion, or apt to challenge criticism, or even, as a rule, very readable in their lightness. They lack originality, freshness, pith, fibre, but they are natural and unaffected. They breathe their author's sincere and cordial enthusiasm for Canada. And when they rather hopelessly fail to catch the real spirit of the Canadian people, it must be remembered that his Lordship's facilities for observing this were not great. One marked excellence they display whenever its presence is permissible—a manly, wholesome, and sunny humour characteristic of their author. Upon the poetical portion of the volume we are disposed to set a somewhat higher value than upon the speeches. Without containing anything that could justify a claim to genius on the part of Lord Lorne, these poems frequently possess a quiet dignity and sweetness of diction such as are seen in the stanzas on Quebec. They evidence health of mind and body, sincere delight in out-door freedom and beauty of Nature, and for the most part careful workmanship. There are occasional lines and