

are against it, as because *most* modern poets have followed their example. Among these I find Tennyson, throughout his "Princess," Mrs. Browning and Owen Meredith. Adelaide Proctor emphasizes her preference in the lines,

"There was Princess May, and Princess
Alice,
And the youngest Princess, Gwendoline."

while Cowper showed his probably to be the same in his oft-recited "Boadicea:"

"Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep to see thy matchless wrongs."

"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make a nation's laws—of pro-

nunciation," old Fletcher of Saltoun said—all but the last two words, which I have added by an unpoetical license. Happily, when Mark Twain's conductors' chorus became the rage, there was no pre-existent tendency to revive the sound, so common in middle-age ballads, of certain terminations in "er." Otherwise the effect of that haunting refrain would have been irresistible: "Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care; right in the presence of the *passenjare*!" Even as it is, it is a nice subject for speculation how many more everlasting jingles would stifle the warnings of conscience in Webster's editors, and cause the mediæval *passengère* to appear in future editions of "the Unabridged."

A YEAR IN ENGLAND: WHAT I SAW, WHAT I HEARD, AND WHAT I THOUGHT.

BY A CANADIAN.

(Continued from page 10.)

II.—THE LANDING.

DEAR SAMMY,—

SO, my boy, you are glad to find, you say, that I return as much of a Canadian as when I left my native shores. Well, you always were one of those few in this hard world that let their neighbours down easy. You might have said, you know, that I had returned as full of my narrow provincialism and Colonial conceit as ever; but, in truth, I have not brought myself back in quite the same condition as regards the said narrowness as possibly I might have done, and as I am very certain not a few do. The Canadian may not head the list in this matter, though I was often surprised to meet my fellow-countrymen

in London, and observe that their eyes were, if not blinded, to say the least, very dim, in seeing how insignificant things in general were in the Dominion in comparison with even that part of England comprised in the term London alone. But, Sammy, I did honestly try to lay aside my spectacles, as I think I told you before, and try to see things as they were. But to carry you on with me: I awoke one Monday morning to find our ship anchored in the Mersey—a very dirty stream withal, just where we were at all events—opposite the great city of Liverpool; not that I would have been able to make out our whereabouts had I not come at it by a chain of reasoning, for the fog was so dense that we could not see