

hospitable owner. It is a literary man's paradise. Books, maps, inscriptions, manuscript, relics of every kind, an aviary and museum, a vineyard, flowers, fruits, and the graces of an accomplished and amiable *châtelaine*—surely the wandering foot and the restless heart might well find terminus and content in such environment. Spencer Grange loves to share its delights with all who love what its author loves. The greatest in our land and celebrities from other climes, have deemed it a privilege to be admitted within its walls; the humble littérateur is cordially welcomed. A list of those who have been thus favoured would comprise some of the most eminent writers and scholars of France, England, the United States and Canada. By Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne Mr. LeMoine is held in high esteem. When Dean Stanley visited Quebec, the former could think of no better plan to assure his learned guest against a fruitless exploration of the old city than that of entrusting him to Mr. LeMoine; and when Lord Lorne purposed founding the Royal Society, Mr. LeMoine was one of the first whose counsel he sought. The historians, Garneau and Ferland, were guests at Spencer Grange, and Dr. Parkman is no stranger in that delightful spot. Mr. LeMoine is one of the most assiduous members of the Literary and Historical Society, of which he has been president again and again. He was the first president of the French section of the Royal Society of Canada, to whose Transactions he has contributed some excellent papers. He is also an honorary member of several American Historical Societies, and is a *député régional* of the Ethnographical Society, and a member of the *Congrès des Américanistes*. In 1881 he availed himself of a much needed holiday to visit Europe, and came back with copious notes concerning notable scenes in England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Belgium, of which his readers have since had the benefit. To-day Mr. LeMoine's pen seems to be as busy as ever, and his stores of knowledge on archaeology, natural history, geography and sport seem to be virtually exhaustless. We are sure that, in presenting our readers with his portrait, we are gratifying many admirers of the author of "Maple Leaves" and "Picturesque Quebec."

PROF. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.—This is a portrait which, we are sure, will be appreciated by a large number of our readers, who are acquainted with Prof. Roberts either personally or through his works. Still in the prime of manhood, for he was born in St. John, N.B., in 1860, Mr. Roberts has won a literary reputation which is confined neither to Canada nor to the continent. What is thought of him in England our readers had an opportunity of learning from the extract from the *Athenæum* published in our last issue. He is there given a foremost place, not only among the poets of the Dominion, but among the poets of America. And yet he is only at the outset of his career. Much as he has done already, we agree with Douglas Sladen in expecting finer work from him than anything that he has yet produced. His gift is a real gift and his powers of enduring quality and sure to develop. His critical insight, which is clear and true, will keep watch over the creations of his genius and insist on a high and yet higher standard. Mr. Roberts comes of a family that has given the world great teachers in successive generations. The Rev. Daniel Bliss, from whom he is descended, was also the ancestor of Emerson. Nor is he the only poet of his line in the present generation. Bliss Carman, not to speak of others of whom the world has already heard, being also of his kith and kin. He entered on his functions as teacher and man of letters well equipped. After studying at the High School of Fredericton, he entered the University of New Brunswick, where he graduated with honours in 1879. In 1881 he took his M.A., and in the same year Canada was startled into admiration of a new book of poetry—"Orion and other Poems." Five years later appeared "In Divers Tones." Fair reputations which have lived for centuries have been built on less material and less merit than what these two little volumes offered to the public. Mr. Roberts has done much more than write poetry, however. He is one of the busiest of men. The duties which he discharges with such acceptance at King's College, Windsor, where he occupies the chair of English literature, and lectures besides on French literature and other subjects, leave little time for writing. But Prof. Roberts has learned to economize it well, and he has found leisure somehow or other, not only for his charming poems, but for a large share of critical and other work. This includes the volume entitled "Poems of Wild Life" in the admirable and wonderfully cheap series of the Canterbury Poets of Walter Scott, of which Mr. William Sharp is editor-in-chief. This is not the place for detailed criticism, but we hope before very long to have something to say as to those poems, whose strength and grace and ennobling patriotic fervour we so gladly acknowledge.

BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT.—The striking view which is here reproduced was taken just before the breaking out of the North-West Rebellion. The scene is a familiar one in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Indians are bringing in their skins to dispose of them to the company. Big Bear—whose name was so soon to become a word of terror—occupies the centre of the group, standing nearest to the factor. It was he and his companions, it will be remembered, who planned and perpetrated the cold-blooded massacre of Fathers Fafard and Marchand, and Messrs. Delaney, Gowanlock and others at Frog Lake. Even at the date of the scene here represented Big Bear was a source of anxiety to the authorities, as he was always spreading discontent and plotting mischief. His character is fully portrayed in the record of

their captivity, written by Mesdames Gowanlock and Delaney and published at the close of the trouble. He is described as a small, miserable-looking old man. The story of his pursuit and capture is one of the most stirring chapters in the history of the Rebellion. The figure next to the Cree chief is his son, Little Bear. The Indian who is seated is a nephew, and next to him is Wolverine, another son of Big Bear. The man with the long white beard is a Canadian named Francois Dufresne, who claimed to be 114 years old—60 of which, it was said, he had passed in the service of the company. He was one of those whom Big Bear captured and is possibly still alive. The others have, nearly all, gone, let us hope, to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

IV.

PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING.

"I cannot quite tell how it came about," says a writer in the *Publishers' Weekly*, "but I was thinking the other night of some of the old time booksellers and of the days when the selling of books was generally looked upon in a somewhat different light from what it is now. Then the head of the house might often be seen behind the counter, seemingly as much interested in selling as he had previously been in publishing a book." The early booksellers of Canada were men of this type. If we look for the first traces of them, we must go to our oldest British city on the Atlantic coast. The publishing trade in Halifax is, indeed, almost as old as the colony of its noble founder. Three years after the arrival of the pilgrims, whose quality, character and aims are fully described in the Archives of Nova Scotia, printing enterprise had succeeded in establishing a newspaper. We may be sure that the sale of books had preceded this venture, so that the booksellers' business in the Dominion will, before very long, be celebrating its century and a half of existence. In this province the course of events was not much dissimilar. Five years after the Battle of the Plains Quebec had its *Gazette*, a fac-simile of the first number of which is before us as we write. The earliest books published in Canada are not unknown, some of our zealous antiquaries—one of the most enthusiastic of whom is a descendant of the founder of the *Gazette*—having shed light on the subject. Some of our actual firms can also be traced back, by inheritance or transfer, to those who sold the "Dictionnaire par l'Académie," "Elo se," "Telemaque," Johnson's "Dictionary," Cook's "Voyages" and Rollin's "Histoire Ancienne," a hundred years ago. In Ontario bookselling was in a fairly thriving condition before the end of last century. Those who consult the interesting and valuable works of Dr. Scadding, who is the Le Moine of Ontario, will find some welcome particulars. We must not darken counsel by reviving the controversy as to the first Upper Canadian book. One thing is certain, that in due time it appeared and that ever since, our central province, like its neighbours of the east, has done its share of publication. It would be not only entertaining, but instructive, as revealing some stages in our intellectual progress, to give a historical sketch of the development of our publishing trade, both French and English. As might be expected, the first books printed in French Canada were French; in British Canada, English. Journalism seems, in both instances, to have kept pace with book-printing, and the circulating library with bookselling. In the Quebec *Gazette*, for December 4, 1783, as we learn from Mr. Le Moine, there is an advertisement of books for sale at Mr. Jacques Perrault's, from whose somewhat meagre list we have already quoted. Some of the books there mentioned are still standard works, but they may now be obtained for a trifle, whereas then they were too expensive for any but wealthy buyers. Cheap books are, indeed, among the boons of our age. The big-hearted Edinburgh publisher, Constable, nearly seventy years ago, expressed to Sir Walter Scott his desire to endow every decent house in Great Britain with a good library. He would make the thoughts of the great and wise as familiar in every cot as the salt pock* in the shepherd's ingle nook. That fervent aspiration has been realized—even the most important firms in both Europe and America, having to make provision for the demand.

We may begin our illustrations of the Canadian bookselling and publishing trade by some account of the young and thriving firm of W. Drysdale & Co., of this city. Like the Lovells, Dawsons, Roses, Cotés, Macmillans, C. Blacket Robinson, and other noteworthy Canadian houses, Mr. Drysdale is "to the manner born." A native of Montreal, he has had the advantage of watching the progress of the trade in the bi-lingual commercial centre of the Dominion. Though a young man, he has witnessed a virtual revolution in his chosen branch of business. After an experience of several years in the employment of others, during which he became known for his intelligence and urbanity, he founded the firm of which he is the head and which, by his knowledge of the needs of the public and his unceasing assiduity in supplying them, he has had the satisfaction of raising to one of the most important establishments of its kind in the Dominion. Of educational works, Messrs. Drysdale & Co. have from the first made a specialty. In one sense, indeed, their business is almost entirely educational. But the firm devotes peculiar attention (which the public concerned has not failed to appreciate) to school and college text books, maps, globes, charts and school requisites of every description. For cheap, but really good, editions of standard works the firm is noted. Some critics have, not without reason, satirized the prevailing tendency to consult books that treat of the great masterpieces of genius, instead of seeking delight and profit in those rich treasures of original literature. Whoever examines Messrs. Drysdale's lists will acknowledge that if any readers prefer mere gossip about great works of poetry or prose to the works themselves, it is not because the latter are not easily accessible. For these cheap editions no apology is necessary. Even those whose pockets are well lined and whose shelves are laden with costly editions of the great masters of thought and style, have welcomed those inexpensive yet not uncomely volumes, which may be used with freedom and carried in the valise or pocket without inconvenience. Thus armed, they are proof against the demon of ennui.

As publishers, Messrs. Drysdale & Co. have enriched our libraries with such works as the late Sir Francis Hincks's "Life and Reminiscences," the Rev. Dr. Campbell's "History of Old St. Gabriel Church," Mr. W. Kingford's "Canadian Archaeology," Mr. G. E. Hart's "Fall of New France," Wilfred Châteaueclair's "Young Seigneur," and other valuable works. Their business relations extend from Gaspé to Victoria, B.C., and they have always on hand a full supply of the best and latest English, American, French and other books and periodicals. A visit to their store on St. James street will satisfy inquiry on these and all the other points to which we have referred.

*Our Scotch readers need no interpreter to inform them that "pock," is the old-fashioned English "poke," meaning "a bag." In fact, it is another form of the French "poche," and we have its diminutive in "pocket."

MR. SLADEN IN JAPAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, we are glad to learn, has arrived safely in Japan. Among the first to welcome him to Japan, was Mr. J. Brooke, the proprietor of the *Japan Herald*, who a quarter of a century ago was a strong political foe, though a personal friend, of Mr. Sladen's uncle, the late Sir Charles Sladen, K.C.M.G., in the colony of Victoria (Australia). Like Sir Charles, Mr. Brooke had the honour of forming a ministry many years ago, but whereas Sir Charles was a Conservative premier, Mr. Brooke was a Radical. Mr. Brooke is doing the honours to Mr. Sladen. The *Japan Gazette*, of December 2, devotes half a column to the arrival of "Australia's Laureate," and quotes the Canterbury Cathedral sonnet which went the rounds of the Canadian and United States press. Mr. Sladen may be expected back to Canada in the spring.

Sweet souls I have known to whom forgiveness is no trouble—a plant that grows naturally, as it were, in the soil.—*Thackeray*.

The life of faith may be compared to a kind of perpetual communion, through which God gives himself to us under the outward forms of the actions of every day.

Philip Brooks says: "If we could sweep intemperance out of the country, there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses."