

or so. Besides producing these sweet things, and weaving, from the jute, all manner of fabrics from coarse sacks to fine carpets, the city pours forth a great quantum of popular journals with certified circulations of so many hundred thousand per week. Of literature, in the other sense, of writing (which Mr. Hueffer has told us is the greatest matter in the world, since by it ideas are conveyed) it has given us next to nothing. If there be chatter on that head, the young Dundonian who wishes things were otherwise (he to whom the river talks as well as the football special) will cite you the Rev. George Gilfillan. It is the best he can do. With a queer and admirable attachment to the place he will try to make the most of Gilfillan, who has got into "Everyman's Library," but who is esteemed by those who prefer to accept facts instead of to play ostrich as the man who "discovered" Alexander Smith a few weeks too late.

In a recent year a great poet—perhaps the greatest living poet, no writer of commercial jingle at any rate—lectured there. What a situation! The eternal irony was at it again—for his chairman was deeply "interested" in a type of "popular" reading matter perilously like that which the poet said, in the course of his lecture, he wished the people had never been given, to the over-laying of their own tales and myths. The chairman drew his hand over his face and smiled under it. But what has one to do? One must have a prominent man as chairman; and if the chairman, when certain words fall from the poet's lips, draws his hand thus over his face but partly hiding a smile, it is perhaps better that he should feel inclination to smile than fail to see the situation even as comic, to say naught of tragic. The lecturing poet seemed a little astonished at the vigorous cheers that broke forth when he mentioned the name of one whose work he admired, one who had aided him. It was so hearty, spontaneous, immediate, that one wonders if anybody told him afterwards that the reason for that