



Editor's Table.

There is perhaps no book of poems written within the year, that has drawn so much attention as, and been the subject of so much admiration, as the volume which we have under our eyes, "Among the Millet," by Archibald Lampman. The range of thought and feeling over which the author goes displays the versatility of his gifts, while the deep introspection of most of his longer poems shows his strength of pinion. Here is a little quatrain, which is almost weird:

Why do you call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye can not, hidden faces.

"Morning on the Lièvre" is very beautiful. "The Monk" is a powerful poem. We passed on with eager curiosity to the sonnets, of which there are twenty-nine, for to us the sonnet is the crowning point of poetry. Our favourite is addressed to "The Martyrs":

O ye, who found in men's brief ways no sign
Of strength or help, so cast them forth, and threw
Your whole souls up to One ye deemed most true,
Nor failed nor doubted but held fast your line,
Seeing before you that Divine Face shine;
Shall we not mourn, when yours are now so few,
Those sterner days, when all men yearned to you,
White souls, whose beauty made their world divine;
Yet still across life's tangled storms we see,
Following the cross, your pale procession led
One hope, one end, all other sacrificed,
Self abnegation, love, humility,
Your faces shining toward the bended head,
The wounded hands and patient face of Christ.

The last strophe of "The Loons" is very fine:

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres,
Still must ye search and wander querulously,
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light,
With weird entreaties, and in agony
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

The first number of the second volume of *Le Canada Français*, published by Laval University, has just been received. It is, we are happy to say, up to the standard of the first. The range of subjects is broad, embracing history, philosophy, light literature, homiletics and another instalment of hitherto inedited documents on Acadia, from the papers of the Abbé Casgrain. *Dix Ans au Canada*, by Gérin-Lajoie, deserves to be published in a separate volume. M. Fréchette has a charming Christmas ballad: *La Chapelle de Bethléhem*. As usual, M. Chauveau does yeoman's duty, his name being signed to a paper on French-Canadian Nationality, to an European review, and to a Bibliographical summary. Our readers will be surprised to learn that this splendid quarterly may be had at the nominal price of \$2.

"How I Escaped," by W. H. Parkins, edited by Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," is the last publication of our enterprising friend, J. Theo. Robinson. It is a tale of the Southern War, in the bold, wild Blockade Running Days, and the adventures which were dared and encountered in these sturdy days are told with thrilling effect. Price, 25 cents.

A RATTLING GOOD SPEECH.

'RAH! 'RAH!

At the Snowshoe Concert, on Wednesday night last, Mr. Erastus Wiman was called out for a speech, and bravely stepping forth, he delivered himself of the following effusion, which we want our friends to read, from Cape Breton to British Columbia:—

Mr. Wiman, who was warmly received, said: I am a kind of member of this Club, for I've been initiated, and no man wants to have that experience more than once a year, for he carries a lively recollection of it away with him. (Laughter.) I like to come and visit this Snowshoe Club, and when I go away I feel that I leave a good deal behind me in this greater half of the continent.

There is a fish, the shad, that we have down in Florida on the other side, when it starts northward it grows as it comes along, so that by the time it reaches the St. Lawrence, or the St. John, in New Brunswick, it is the most perfect of its kind. And so it is with everything in the north. (Laughter.) From the north comes the inspiration that moves the world. (Cheers.) It is always the vigour and strength of the north in these big exercises of lacrosse and other sports, as in everything else, that lead the world; not your cricket or lawn tennis dude. These men glory in such manly sports, and I like myself to see them do so. I am very much gratified that I have been able to do something for the Carnival, for I look upon it as one of the assets of Montreal. The least we can do is to spend a little money in return for what we came to see; and it is a tremendous advantage to the Yankees to be able to say that they have seen such a city—one of the wealthiest and most beautiful cities in the country. Why, you have a bank that can buy up nearly all the banks in New York; you have a railway, starting from the Atlantic and ending at the Pacific, greater than any railroad in the United States. I hold that we have something to be proud of, and that we Canadians must brag a little of ourselves, because if we don't no one else will do it for us. (Laughter.) You have a hotel superior to any in the United States. I say that the Windsor has the best management of any I have ever seen, and people coming from the south realize the same fact. With a big railroad, a big bank, a big hotel, and such a sturdy lot of boys, I think we have occasion to be proud, and I am glad to be able to pay a tribute to them.

DE QUINCEY.

David Masson, M. A., L. L. D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, is best known as the biographer and editor of Milton. He lives among books and book-makers, and delights to write of them. He is an admirer of De Quincey, moreover; but it does not appear that he has given more time to the study of his life and works than to those of other men. He acknowledges his indebtedness to a chronological list of De Quincey's magazine writings, drawn up by Mr. H. G. Bohn; he has consulted the article on De Quincey in the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and he has made free use of the life of Mr. H. A. Page, "the only extensive and complete life of De Quincey in the language." But "only a little independent research," has been deemed necessary, though to this may be added a personal recollection of the "Opium Eater," and an intimate familiarity with the scenes amid which his busiest years were spent.

De Quincey's personality is not only an interesting, but a somewhat perplexing one. Partly from a love of mystifying his friends, but chiefly to avoid being bored by visitors, or unearthed by landladies who fancied themselves his creditors, he usually kept his lodging-place a secret. No celebrity of his day was less accessible, and few were better worth seeking out. In richness and variety, his conversation rivalled Coleridge's; and he was a better listener than the older man. His personal appearance did not prepare one for the rare treat of an evening in his company. A diminutive creature, dressed in "a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-colored belcher handkerchief;" list shoes covered with snow, and trousers made apparently of linen, and blackened with ink—such was De Quincey as he appeared at a dinner party in Edinburgh thirty years ago. "I, that write this paper," he said in describing Dr. Parr, "have myself a mean personal appearance; and I love men of mean appearance." He had little respect for established reputations, but his sympathy with the unfortunate or oppressed colored his whole career. He would persuade his guests to avoid a subject painful to the girl that served at table; he was never known to refuse money to a beggar, nor did he proffer it without an apology; to the day of his death, he remembered and regretted the

wretched girl whose path had crossed his own in London. His sensibilities were acute, and his sympathies quick and comprehensive; but he was neither a practical nor a wealthy man, and his philanthropy found an outlet only in occasional and petty deeds of charity. His pleasures and his pains—save those stomachic tortures that impelled him to the use of opium—were intellectual; literary, indeed, for the most part, though music, too, afforded him the keenest pleasure. His endowment of moral force seemed slight, yet he was able to overcome the opium habit, even when his daily allowance had grown to twelve thousand drops.

Professor Masson does ample justice to De Quincey's virtues, both as a man and a writer. His sketch of the essayist's life is complete enough for the requirements of the series of which it forms not the least interesting part. It gives a sufficiently clear idea of the outward circumstances of that life, and of the extent to which they modified, and were modified by De Quincey's character. He does not aim to supplant the bulkier work of Mr. Page, but, on the contrary, to inspire in the reader who is unfamiliar with the standard biography, an ardent desire to peruse it, and to possess the collective edition of De Quincey's writings. It is interesting to be reminded that the first De Quincey was issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. "In America," says Professor Masson, "almost always in advance of the mother-country in such matters, it had been perceived long ago, that De Quincey was one of the chief English classics." And as it happens, De Quincey's romance of "Klosterheim" is accessible now only in an American reprint. We cannot close without a word in commendation of Professor Masson's "Classification and Review" of De Quincey's writings, which fills the forty concluding pages of his work.

HERE AND THERE.

ANNIE MURAT.—The Empress Eugenie has been staying in Paris with the Duchess de Morny. Elderly inhabitants of Bordentown, N.J., remember the Duchess when, as little Annie Murat, she played on the sidewalk of the Murat mansion on Park Street. Her father, the improvident Prince Lucien Murat, was at that time awaiting the coming into power of the Bonapartists, while his wife, an American woman, to bridge over the pecuniary crisis, taught the young girls of Bordentown to read, write and cipher.

WANTS TO FIND THE ORACLE.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, has been visiting New York on an odd mission. He desires the rich men of that city to contribute \$75,000 to equip an expedition to excavate the site of the ancient temple of Apollo at Delphi. The Greek Government have given permission to the American School at Athens to undertake the work, and all now needed are the funds necessary to employ labour and organize an expedition. The seat of the Oracle of Delphi, according to tradition, was established in the very earliest times by Apollo himself, and at the period of the Homeric poems a magnificent temple already stood there. After it had been burned, 548 B.C., a still more magnificent edifice was reared on the same site.

AN OLD PICTURE.—One of the latest art treasures which the Stuart collection has unearthed is a remarkable oil painting which Mr. Mitchell, Consul-General of Norway, discovered in an out-of-the-way store of Moscow, and which, for several generations, had done duty in a peasant's family as a picture of Christ. It represents the vision of Charles I. on the morning of his execution. The earthly crown has fallen to the ground; the Bible is open at the lesson for the day, describing the Passion of the Saviour, and a martyr's crown is on the sacred page, while an angel reveals the Crown of Life. In Greek is the inscription, "Of whom the world was not worthy." The picture thus recovered will be brought to England and restored. It is, no doubt, the work of an English painter, and must have been taken to Russia by the fugitive Cavaliers.