

## RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"O Tempora! O mores!" says F.C.E., "may now be translated: 'What a character the *Times* has made for itself through Mr. Walter's heedlessness of Mr. Buckle's warning.' And then he nudertakes to comfort staunch Tory friends of the Thunderer by assuring them that the great organ of British opinion has passed through many a worse strait than even being "Pigotted," in proof whereof he refers us to the parody on Coleridge's "Devil's Walk." The hero is our own vexatious familiar. Vade retro me, Satana!

M.P.'s welcome contribution appears in our present number

From one whose name is honoured by all our readers we have received this composition of his near kinsman, which we mark "Valde" with both pencils:

"RISPETTO."

We lie in dreams and take no thought of time.  
The ripples play with pebbles on the shore,  
And from the distant city floats the chime  
Of bells, and rings in echo o'er and o'er.  
The stars that shine down on us through the night,—  
How far away! yet not beyond our sight.  
Ah, then how near us is her sweetness brought!  
Can time and space set bound to love and thought?  
Kingscroft, March 21, 1889.

Most of the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have doubtless read or heard of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." That most charming picture of child-life—the life of a boy trained under the sweetest, truest and most loving of motherly influences, made its first appearance some five years ago in *St. Nicholas*. It was written, by special request, for that delightful periodical, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, a lady who had already made her mark in the world of letters by several novels of undoubted merit and deserved popularity. The model for the little heir to the Earldom of Dorincourt was Mrs. Burnett's own son, Vivian, whose affectionate ways, originality of thought and expression, and rare faculty of making friends with rich and poor alike suggested the characteristics of what has now become a type both in juvenile literature and on the stage.

Mrs. Burnett had exceptional advantages for drawing such a portrait. A native of England, her early life had been spent amid English scenes and had made her familiar with the salient points of difference between English and American society. There was no improbability whatever in the little boy of Captain Errol's young widow turning out, through successive deaths in his father's family, the heir of a great noble house. The plot is, therefore, as probable as Cedric himself is true to nature.

Before the story was completed as a serial it had won a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, which falls to the lot of few tales in which children are the heroes or heroines. Although, save the central figure and his group of friends and kindred, including "Hobbs" and "Dick," as well as "Dearest" and the surprised and vanquished earl, and no incident, save those which arose naturally out of the circumstances brought about by the arrival of Mr. Havisham, it made its way to the sympathies of thousands of readers in the old world and the new. The demand for it in England was unprecedented in the annals of juvenile fiction, and has rarely been equalled even by romance of the more pretentious kind. It was dramatized and put upon the stage and drew crowded houses in the metropolis of the British Empire.

It was only to be expected that this example should be followed in the land of Lord Fauntleroy's birth. But who would take the "title rôle?" That was a problem which, at first sight, did not seem to be of easy solution. Where could the boy be found with beauty of person and grace of manner to personate Mrs. Burnett's creation? Not to any boy, but to a girl was that task entrusted. It was a little lady who was chosen to play the part of the little lord. The last number of *St. Nicholas* gives her history and her portrait. Her name is Elsie Leslie Lyde, and she is only in her tenth year. Her dramatic genius is remark-

able. Even before the publication of Mrs. Burnett's masterpiece she had acted *Editha* in "Editha's Burglar," an earlier production of the same lady, which had been fitted for the stage by Mr. Augustus Thomas, as well as in other characters. She was, from the issue of its first chapters, one of the most ardent admirers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and when she came to embody the part it was like second nature to her. A native of Newark, N.J., Elsie Leslie Lyde has been carefully brought up and her education is still assiduously attended to. Her photograph, by Sarony, and illustrations of her home and stage life, as well as letters from Mrs. Burnett and other friends, add interest to the pleasing sketch entitled "'Fauntleroy' and Elsie Leslie Lyde," from the pen of Lucy C. Lillie in the April *St. Nicholas*.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is (owing to its intrinsic merits and to its popularity) an excellent example of the revolution which the present generation has witnessed in that branch of literature which is addressed solely or mainly to the young. Let any one, well on in middle life, recall the "Children's Friends," the "Juvenile Manuals," the "Aids to Development" or "Home Treasuries" of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, and he will have no difficulty in recognizing the contrast, in this respect, between the past and the present. Even if we limit our retrospect to a quarter of a century, we shall be struck with the evidences not of improvement merely—for that is in the course of things—but of the degree to which books written for young people have come to rival, both in literary style and in luxury and taste of outfit, those which are meant exclusively for mature readers. That this change is due to the enlargement of the sphere of woman's influence in literature can hardly be doubted; and, though the writers who are most in favour with that important class of readers to whom "juvenile literature," properly so called, directly appeals, are by no means all of the female sex, the works, great and small, that come under that head, would be sadly diminished if the feminine element were withdrawn.

Another point to be noted is the change in the tone of such books. The mawkish, goody-goody story, with its impossible angelic girls, who hardly ever smile, and its superhumanly perfect boys, who are like nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath, are now practically extinct species in the world of letters. The modern child's book, moreover, avoids the affectation of using baby language. It speaks a healthy, simple, intelligible tongue, which young people, who read at all, quickly comprehend, even if they do not hear the same forms of speech daily in their homes. The books of the past erred either in affecting an irrational and uncalled for simplicity, or in soaring to the clouds or sinking to the depths, which no youthful mind could follow. Some of the learned conversations *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which were once thought suitable diet for children who hungered after knowledge, would have puzzled an English civil service examiner.

The change in books has been no less marked in periodicals. Such a magazine as *St. Nicholas* would have been impossible half a century ago. The best writers, the best artists, the best editors, the best printers, of the day, think it an honour to contribute to its letterpress, its illustrations, its manifold taste and charm.

The number of books constantly issuing from the press is astonishing. Twice a month the *American Bookseller* comes out filled with fresh titles of volumes written by thousands of busy pens all over the civilized world. History, travel, poetry, fiction, science, art, industry, education—the name is virtually legion, and (how did Solomon come to say it so long before the time?) "of the making of many books there is no end."

We Canadians can only envy and admire when we see an American lady, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, taking some of our most romantic subjects—"The Romance of Dollard" and "The Bells of Ste. Anne"—and weaving thereon charming pictures of the heroism and pathos and simple devotion of the days that are gone and the

days that are going. Mrs. Catherwood has insight and sympathy and what she writes is well worth reading. See her contributions in the *Century* and in *St. Nicholas*.

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,  
Restorer of lost days for whom we long;  
Bringer of seed time, of the flowers and birds;  
Sower of plenty, of the buds and showers;  
Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song;  
Revealer of blind winter's runic words,  
Relief from losing strife  
To him thou givest and to us regret.  
Wilt thou requicken ever there to life  
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills,  
Or on some primal bleak woodlands forget  
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills?

This verse is from a poem of exquisite beauty and pathos, entitled "Death in April," by Bliss Carman in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April.

We have received, through the courtesy of the esteemed author, a copy of a paper of great historic interest entitled "Le Général Sir Frédéric Haldimand à Québec, 1778-84." In this paper, which was read before the first Section of the Royal Society of Canada in May last, Mr. J. M. LeMoine reviews one of the most important, one of the most critical, and, in some respects, hitherto, one of the most obscure and controverted periods in the annals of the British régime. Apart from his tastes and long attention to this class of research, Mr. LeMoine had special opportunities for gaining fresh light on the character and career of the statesman whose administration he has undertaken to illustrate. In the summer of 1885 he visited the British Museum and examined all the documents, in print and in manuscript, bearing on his theme, and since then he has continued his inquiries, availing himself, more particularly, of the rich store of authentic material collected and classified in the Archives Bureau at Ottawa under the accomplished and conscientious supervision of Mr. Douglas Brynmner. The mass of information which Mr. LeMoine was thus enabled to bring together has tended to clear Sir F. Haldimand of many of the imputations which ignorance or prejudice had raised against him. He is here presented to us in the character of a loyal and faithful servant of the Crown, to which he had sworn allegiance, and, at the same time, as a man of integrity who had ably and faithfully guarded the interests of Canada in her hour of peril from foreign and domestic foes. Altogether, we consider Mr. LeMoine's paper a valuable addition to the history of Canada during the closing years of the great American struggle.

## FOREGLEANINGS.

Against the bar the breaking surge,  
Beyond, the ocean, swinging slow,  
From stormy tones to plaintive dirge,  
For lost ones sleeping calm below.

With rushing wings and cleaving breast  
The white ships rose into the day;  
They went and came from out the West,  
They go and come, but only they.

The white gulls circled through the spray,  
The pipers hopped in reckless glee;  
"He cometh not," they seem to say,—  
Their voices held a jeer for me.

The wild goose winged his wedged flight,  
With ringing notes, across the blue,  
And cried, till day was lost in night:  
"He never will return to you."

The rowlocks clicked, the ash oars bent,  
The fisher's boat shot o'er the bay,  
No hue from flashing blade was lent,  
The summer skies had turned to gray.

The sea, with fingers white and strong,  
Beat on the sounding keys of stone;  
There was no music in its song,  
For me it only made a moan.

The waves gleamed soft and glistened bright,  
And rippled over shingling shells;  
They only sheathed a fatal might,  
And smote the heart like crushing knells.

Rolling, they broke, and gliding near,  
Far reaching, lapped the pebbled shore;  
Their curling crests suppressed a sneer,  
And whispered, hoarsely: "Nevermore!"

M. PHAIL