

syntactically confusing readiness. There is a wearisome repetition of metaphors, phrases, and especially of favorite words, such as *tropic*, *translucent*, *transcendent*; and of one expression in various forms, which is not strikingly poetical—'to medicine my soul'—'the medicin'd years!' &c., &c. Finally, the employment of such uncouth and doubtful words as 'gride,' 'droil,' and 'blain,' does not remedy the hopeless defect in Mr. Hathaway's verse—obscurity; nor is his poetry raised above the commonplace by his causing an 'ardent youth' of his imagining to say to him for the reader's benefit:

'They tell me, sir,
That you a poet are,—your songs do stir
The hearts of men. . . !'

THE AMERICAN SENATOR. By Antony Trollope. 1877.
Lope; Belford Brothers, Toronto.

Novels written with a purpose, after the fashion of modern days, are not always either interesting or successful in advancing this purpose; and Mr. Trollope's last effort must, it is to be feared, come under the latter category. Of this fact he himself seems to be aware, confessing in his concluding pages that a more appropriate title for his work would have been possible. In sketching out for himself the outline of his story, Mr. Trollope had evidently as a central idea, which should be the distinctive attraction to his public, the presentation of certain defects, constitutional, social, and religious, in the English system of living, and amongst the odds and ends of a novelist's property-room the medium best adapted to attain this end was the somewhat hackneyed 'American traveller,' furnished up and supplied with the unwonted dignity of a high moral purpose, but otherwise inquisitive, discursive, and self-satisfied as of yore. Into various tender spots, requiring, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, surgical treatment, Mr. Gotobed—such is the meaningless and ill-applied name he gives to his American Senator—is allowed to exercise his probing powers, the beneficial influence to the English people being conveyed through the words, writings, and speeches of this gentleman. The spectacle of hounds running their fox into the farm of a man who objects to their presence, sets this modern Quixote full tilt against the game-preserving, fox-nourishing selfishness of the landed gentry of England, while so ill is the character devised, that he is represented as without even the natural common-sense to comprehend the possibility of a sport so well known to be all-fascinating to its votaries as the hunt, having some ray of reason for its fascination, and so devoid of the commonest elements of American shrewdness as to commit himself personally to the support of a side on a

question of which he acknowledges himself to have but the faintest knowledge. Further on he is represented as being so little imbued with the spirit of a gentleman, as to needlessly and stupidly insult the pet prejudices of a clerical host, who is endeavouring, in all civility, to fill his unappreciative stomach with the best in food and wines his rectory can supply, by feeble, disconnected, and useless hits at the Establishment of which—good or bad as it may be—his host is a member. Some crude ideas upon primogeniture and parliamentary representation are aired by means more or less inartistic; but the climax of absurdity is reached when, at the close of the book, Mr. Gotobed is represented as giving a lecture in one of the largest halls in London, which draws two or three thousand people, chokes up leading thoroughfares, and leads the chief of police to whisper that if the lecture goes on any longer he will not be answerable for the consequences. It would have been better if Mr. Trollope had left to the imagination the eloquence which could so have moved London's millions. Unfortunately for himself he commits to paper the precious periods, which are so much of a kin with the tactless, meaningless, headless, and tailless grumbings of a 'pot-house politician', that we are quite sure the half-a-dozen persons who would have been drawn to such a lecture, in the first place, would have, one and all, walked out after the first quarter of an hour. The American Senator is an ill-conceived, ill-drawn character, which, whether intended as a portrait of the average American Senator or the average American gentleman, is equally unworthy of credence; one would say that Mr. Trollope had never seen either. But though the treatment of great subjects, or the delineation of the habits and manners, thoughts and words of ladies and gentlemen are, as has been shown often in the thirty or so volumes produced by his prolific pen, entirely out of Mr. Trollope's range, he has found in the padding of an excellently told marriage-hunt a field so far more congenial to his tastes and abilities, that in the fortunes of the scheming young beauty, Miss Arabella Trefoil, and her vulgar, shrewd mamma, Lady Augustus Trefoil, lie sufficient interest and amusement to make the book readable and attractive. In the calculating, somewhat coarse, and unscrupulous Arabella the author is at home; he writes of what he evidently understands and appreciates, and consequently the character, with that of Lord Rufford, whose theory is that kissing and proposing are by no means the same thing, are the best in the whole story, and the only ones distinctively worthy of commendation. There is a certain ability in all that Mr. Trollope produces, and the present is no exception to the rule. His canvas is perhaps overcrowded with figures, but the plot is not in the least complicated, and all is steered ultimately to a happy conclu-