

The opinion amongst some Canadian publishers seems to be that the Canadian Legislature ought to dictate the royalty and import the book at the rate fixed, whether the English author is willing or unwilling; and the proposition, which to me seems monstrous, is practically admitted by the Imperial and Canadian Governments in their dictation of a royalty-rate where the book comes from one of the American pirate-houses. Upon the other hand, I do not think it is necessary for those who ask a change in our copyright law to assure us that the British author will not suffer in consequence. We have adopted a fiscal policy in Canada, notwithstanding that the manufacturers in England protested, and that they have suffered some loss by the operation of our law. In a question of this kind, the author has no more to expect than the cutler or the cloth-weaver.

J. E. COLLINS.

THREE LYRICS.

I.—A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

IMMORTAL were you named when earth was young,
Yet here, with wings where florid fire still stays,
On the cold strand of death I find you flung,
Blent with its desultory waifs and strays!

Ah! blithe and lovely Bedouin of the air,
Once to such revelling life so richly wed,
Well might I dream, while gazing on you there,
That immortality itself lay dead!

II.—TEMPTATION.

ONCE, in the bleak gray bournes where ghosts abide,
Nine spectral figures met, each gaunt and vast,
With blood-red lips, with faces hollow-eyed,
With voices like a shivering autumn blast!

Then later, to a poet whose cheek had grown
Pale with the pain balked love so darkly wins,
They glided, saying, in stealthy undertone:
"Make us thy Muses . . . We are nine black Sins!"

III.—REMEMBERED LOVE.

STILL as of old, I seem to sit
Where gods convene, with brows that shine;
The aroma still is exquisite;
Still glows the unearthly wine!

Yet Hebe, urging us to sup
With dimpled smile, no more I see . . .
But serving every golden cup,
Glides dark Mnemosyne!

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

A MONITION.

OUT of the north-land sombre weirds are calling;
A shadow falleth southward day by day:
Warm summer's arms grow cold, his fire is falling,
His feet draw back to give the stern one way.

It is the voice and shadow of the slayer—
Slayer of loves, sweet world, slayer of dreams.
Make sad thy voice with sober plaint and prayer,
Make grey thy woods and darken all thy streams.

Black grows the river, blacker drifts the eddy,
The sky is grey, the woods are cold below;
Oh make thy bosom and thy sad lips ready
For the cold kisses of the folding snow.

Ottawa.

—A. LAMPMAN.

At the unveiling of the statue of Alexander Dumas, in Paris, on the 4th of last month, M. F. Almond About referred to it as "the portrait of a prodigal who, after having wasted millions in every kind of generosity, left, without knowing it, a princely heritage. This smiling face is that of an egotist who devoted his whole life to his mother, children, friends and country; it is a portrait of a weak, easy-going father who had the rare good fortune to see himself continued in one of the most illustrious, one of the best of men ever applauded by Frenchmen."

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

A NOVEL.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It is not long ago that the last conservative resident of Bond Street, proud of his ancient possessorship and no doubt loving the big brick structure with arched doorway and dormer windows in which he first saw the light, felt himself relentlessly swept from that interesting quarter by the stout besom of commerce. Interesting the street really is for all to whom old things appeal with any charm. It is characteristic of our brilliant New York that few antiquarian feet tread her pavements, however, and that she is too busy with her bustling and thrifty present to reflect that she has ever reached it through a noteworthy past. Some day it will perhaps be recorded of her, that of all cities she has been the least preservative of tradition and memorial. The hoary antiquity of her transatlantic sisters would seem to have made her unduly conscious of her own youth. She has so long looked over seas for all her history and romance, that now, when she can safely boast two solid centuries of age, the habit yet firmly clings, and she cares as little for the annals of her fine and stately growth as though, like Troy, she had risen, roof and spire, to the strains of magic melody.

It might be of profit, and surely it would be of pleasure, were she to care more for the echoes of those harsh and sometimes tragic sounds that have actually blent their serious music with her rise. As it is, she is rich in neglected memories; she has tombs that dumbly reproach her ignoring eye; she has nooks and purlieus that teem with reminiscence and are silent testimonies of her indifference. Her Battery and her Bowling Green, each bathed in the tender glamour of Colonial association, lie frowned upon by the grim scorn of recent warehouses and jeered at by the sarcastic shriek of the neighbouring steam-tug. She can easily guide you to the modern clamours of her Stock-Exchange; but if you asked her to show you the graves of Stuyvesant and Montgomery, she might find the task a hard one, though thousands of her citizens daily pass and re-pass these hallowed spots. Boston, with its gentle ancestral pride, might well teach her a lesson in retrospective self-esteem. Her own harbour, like that of Boston, has had its "tea-party," and yet one whose anniversary now remains a shadow. On Golden Hill, in her own streets, the first battle of our Revolution was fought, the first blood in the cause of our freedom was spilled; yet, while Boston staunchly commemorates its later "massacre," what tribute of oratory, essay or song has that other momentous contest received? This metropolitan disdain of local souvenir can ill excuse itself on the plea of intolerance toward provincialism; for if the great cities of Europe are not ashamed to admit themselves once barbaric, Hudson in fray or traffic with the swarthy Manhattans, or old Van Twiller scowling at the anathemas of Bogardus, hold at least a pictorial value and significance.

Bond Street has always been but a brief strip of thoroughfare, running at right angles between the Bowery and Broadway. Scarcely more than thirty years ago it possessed the quietude and dignity of a patrician domain; it was beloved of our Knickerbocker social element; it was the tranquil stronghold of caste and exclusiveness. Its births, marriages, and deaths were all touched with a modest distinction. Extravagance was its horror and ostentation its antipathy. The cheer of its entertainments would often descend to lemonade and sponge-cake, and rarely rise above the luxury of claret-punch and ice-cream. Its belles were of demurer type than the brisk-paced ladies of this period, and its beaux paid as close heed to the straight line in morals as many of their successors now bestow upon it in the matter of hair-parting. Bond Street was by no means the sole haunt of the aristocracy, but it was very representative, very important, very select. There was even a time when to live there at all conferred a certain patent of respectability. It was forgiven you that your daughter had married an obscure Smith, or that your son had linked his lot with an undesirable Jones, if you had once come permanently to dwell here. The whole short, broad street was superlatively genteel. Nothing quite describes it like that pregnant little word. It dined at two o'clock; it had "tea" at six; its parties were held as dissipated if they broke up after midnight; its young men "called" on its young women of an evening with ceremonious regularity, never at such times donning the evening-coat and the white neck-tie which now so widely obtain, but infallibly wearing these on all occasions of afternoon festivity with an unconcern of English usage which would keenly shock many of their descendants.

But by degrees the old order changed. Commerce pushed northward with relentless energy. Its advance still left Bond Street uninvaded, but