

first on the list, to be followed by Sir Edward's new novel as soon as it issues from the London Press. These will be followed by others of the great novelist's works as occasion may demand, the above firm having obtained the right from the author of being sole Canadian publishers of his works. A large edition of the "Woman in White" found a ready sale, as well as other re-publications from the same house; and this has induced them to make use of their extensive facilities for electro-typing which they possess in their Toronto branch, for the re-production of such Foreign and Canadian volumes as it may be found advisable to issue new editions of. Hunter and Rose are now employed in getting up a new work by the celebrated Dr. Mary E. Walker, who has been induced to cross the line 45° to get her printing done at a reasonable figure.

THE DARK HUNTSMAN.—A revised edition of this powerful poem by Mr. Charles Heavysege has been published, apparently for private distribution. It bears traces of the author of "Saul" throughout, and is written under the similitude of a dream. It is evening, and in vision the dreamer, a "grim Goblin," sees one mounted on a fleet courser driving through the gloom; his visage dark, and still darker growing, as he flies fast and still faster over the dim receding landscape:

"I dreamed still my dream, and beheld him career,
Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer,—
Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,
Or avalanche urging from regions of snow;
Or star that is shot by the gods from its sphere;
He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear;
His eyes were as coals—that in frost fiercely glow,
Or diamonds of darkness."

The Goblin cries for the Dark Huntsman to stop, but he cannot stay, he has his tens of thousands of victims to slay ere night; but on the morrow he will return,—which he does, taking the Goblin with him to his infernal abode. The return of the "Dark Huntsman" is very grand; seeing as he does "half angel, half demon of doom," preceded by his pack of "Horror-tongued "Hadean hounds:"

"The Ghosts of Gehenna seemed breaking their bounds;
And aft, as from Seylla's
Vexed kennel of billows,
Sprang upwards the horror-tongued Hadean hounds;
More loud than tornado outswelled the huge roar;
The horrible hubbub could gather no more;
The pack gloomy howling went close sweeping by,
As might the loud whirlwind hoarse rave through the sky;
The Huntsman came after, full fleet as the wind,
Arent me a moment, tall, tarried behind;
Regarding me, sat with his long, levelled spear,
Loud cried, "Thou didst call me, and, lo! I am here."

A rather unpleasant fact for the Goblin, who is "taken in and done for" *Sans Ceremonie*.