

The mind's alembic? Yet is not the use  
We make of circumstance dependent on  
The nature of the mind on which it acts,  
As the same light is broken into hues  
As various as the quality of that  
On which it falls? Are we what we are made?  
Yet, Wentworth, should the destinies decide  
The battle 'gainst thee, that proud head shall fall  
To scare the foes of freedom, and dispose  
Of one chief pillar of despotic power:  
For I foresee thou wilt work ceaselessly,  
Brain, heart, and hand against thy former friends.

(Exit Pym. The door opens, and Wentworth is seen walking  
up and down his library thinking aloud. Recurring to  
Pym's "lecture on virtue," as he calls it, he bursts forth in  
scornful apostrophe.)

Wentworth. 'Tis ever so! We are so wise and good  
Till the wild devil is stirred within the blood.  
But, oh, 'tis a relief that it is over.  
Poor Pym, thy words were thrown away on me.  
My soul full-joyed of its new-wedded love  
Hath for thy solemn homily no room.  
For stage effect 'twould have no doubt been grand  
To those who like that kind of rhapsody:  
But in my brain, to such fine sentiments  
Cold, and preoccupied with sweeter thoughts,  
They stir no feelings in the tragic vein.  
Who'd work for clowns, if he might for a king?  
The King's a better master than the *plebs*,  
Whose smile is stale and worthless: his is life,  
And breaks in offices and rank upon us,  
That Saville stand below me in the shire,  
Concerns me more than what the Commons think.  
But what is all this hubbub about rights,  
This dust, the stock in trade of the whole tribe  
Of demagogues of all times, which they raise  
To blind us to their true aims—place and praise?  
I know the tactics of the busy brain  
And hear the beating of those subtle hearts.  
Through all the fair disguises of pretence  
I see the man. They don't impose on me.  
Would not Sir Eliot, fierce declaimer though,  
Clutch with hot haste this joy; at least, if shame  
Should not prevent him; and, e'en thus, I doubt  
He never could forego the tempting prize.  
The child yields to the sugar-plum that tempts,  
The man to his; and when we do not yield,  
The trap is baited not enough, or not  
With the right kind of bait, or not with skill:  
We are not tempted temptingly enough.  
Virtue's not absolute, but less or more,  
And to the seeming, though so strong, is strong  
But by comparison—more strong than his.  
Who hath with fiercer passions weaker will  
And lower conscience to control their force:  
Or, with a potent will, whose passions grip  
The bit between their teeth and hold it there,  
Whirling the rider, spite his better sense,  
Into the flowery meadows of delight,  
Where horse and horseman share the sweets alike—  
Will even helping to more daring deeds.  
Some men are born to such ambitious dreams  
They force them to their ends. Alas, good friend,  
Thy argument hath fallen on dull ears,  
For I must somehow climb to power. 'Tis vain  
To try to curb the passion that impels  
Man to his object, when the spur of sense  
Is planted deep into the reeking side  
Of this high-mettled and aspiring nature.  
Locked in the teeth of will, as in a vice,  
The passions hold the reason; and the soul,  
Stung with fierce pain, bounds madly to the goal  
Towards which the craving passion from the first  
Had bent the vulture eye of appetite.  
But, oh, those speeches! Like a hideous dream  
With nightmare and all horrors, how, like ghosts  
Of murdered men, they rise to torture me!  
Yet was't for me a dire necessity.  
To know their man they had to feel his power,  
And they have felt it. Why did they insult  
And sting me into vengeance? In my shire  
Prick me for sheriff, and, so, like a snail  
Tie me to home? Set Saville above me?  
Poor figurehead! Great Heavens, who could stand  
Such wanton insult! Let them chew the cud on't,  
And suck out all its sweetness. They must learn  
That they have found their master. But the King,  
What must he think of me? But I'm resolved,  
By zeal and energy outrunning all  
To make his Majesty as absolute  
As ever King of England was before him—  
From all conditions and restraints absolved,  
Free to imprison, tax, make peace or war,  
And do his will on all unruly subjects.  
And so rub out all memory of the past.  
I'm now my olden self: 'tis in the blood  
To rule the herd, not court their suffrages,  
To beat down all opponents, peer or people,  
And make the King a true Lord Paramount,  
Brushing aside with careless hand the flies  
That buzz and bite and vex his royal soul—  
Your Prynnes, Pym, Bens, and such odd names and natures:  
And I'll be Wentworth, the great Duke and Dux,  
The trusted minister, the King's right hand,  
And peers and gentles shall bow down before me.

J. A. ALLEN.

### THE MEANS OF LIVING OF LITTERATEURS IN CANADA.

LOW thinking produces mean living. That we have too  
much mean living among us—especially in our  
politics—and, conversely, that high thinking is necessary  
to our national welfare, and that we should do all we can  
to increase it, are propositions not hard to agree with just  
now. We Canadians are glad to turn at times from the  
sickening revelations at Ottawa to the minds who are win-  
ning us honour in literature and pioneering the higher  
interests of the country in science, art and patriotic  
thought. The uniform popularity of "Canadian Even-  
ings" and the warm interest our writers receive are evi-  
dences of this. Long live all those who make us think  
what is nobler or more beautiful! God bless every soul  
among us imbued with any sincere desire for the improve-  
ment of himself or others! We possess some who are  
capable of large achievements in the finer walks of thought,  
and to whose powers any country might turn with pride.  
I need only name such as Lampman, Reade, McLennan,  
Roberts, Kirby, Kingsford, "Fidelis" and W. W. Camp-

\* Levelled, as they had been by him with all the tremendous  
energy of the man against the despotic acts of the King's Government.  
And he had seemed so wholly earnest.

bell. When one looks into the state of intellectual mat-  
ters among us closely, however, it becomes evident that we  
permit a difficulty to lie in the way of nearly all efforts of  
the kind which is of the gravest character, and dwarfs the  
results so much that they are insignificant in value com-  
pared with what is lost. I mean the difficulty of obtaining  
a living here such as can be got by the same people in  
other countries. Looking upon the matter therefore as a  
vital one for the country, indeed the one problem at pre-  
sent before our litterateurs, let me raise the question:  
*How can the money resources open to litterateurs in Canada  
be made adequate?*

When an author begins to take to writing it is fair  
that he should be put pretty severely to proof of what is  
in him, and at the beginning therefore difficulties of author-  
ship are not to be regretted. It is otherwise when he has  
shown by his regular entry into the great magazines or by  
passing other recognized standards, that he possesses  
genius. Then the country should want him. Whether it  
does so or not, it needs him and will be more ignorant and  
more open to by-word if it does not secure his talents  
toward its own bettering. The actual state of things,  
nevertheless, is that while we admire, we stand still and  
stare at him. We do ourselves the honour of asking him  
to read his works at a "Canadian Evening" or two, but  
we do not provide the promoters of the entertainment  
enough to pay even his full expenses. We do not buy his  
books; we borrow them. We do not find places for him  
in the civil service; we leave that field for party hacks to  
scramble for. We ignore him in the universities, because  
when we want professors we want the inferior represen-  
tatives of infinitesimal movements in other countries rather  
than those who are alive to what we ourselves intellec-  
tually need here and to-day. What is the consequence?  
The infallible logic of the situation is, that we lose him.  
The noblest thoroughbred must eat; he cannot live on  
being stared at all day in the stable. If we cannot stir  
ourselves and find a corner for him in our pastures of  
Canada, he will shake off our dust from his feet and,  
driven by hunger, depart—for places less stupid.

This monetary question can be solved in part in  
several ways:—

1. By improvements in the Canadian market for home  
books. It would be easy to take up the experience  
of volume after volume of undoubted merit and show that  
they are nearly always a loss to the author, for the book  
market, which is everywhere somewhat precarious, is here  
without organization for either advertising or distribution.

The best remedy I can recommend to numbers who  
ask me about the way to bring out their books is to accept  
the fact that in Canada we must rely much on the sub-  
scription list. "More especially," I am constrained to  
add, "one must, as a business man, place insistence on  
your covering at least the costs of publication by a  
subscription list obtained *before you issue*." If the last  
three words are neglected, there is dire regret later. Good  
books are subject to this necessity as well as weak ones.  
The improvement I would propose as most feasible is for  
some active agent with a love for the work to take up the spe-  
cialty of Canadian books as an occupation, and develop it.  
He could undertake publishing for authors, make up esti-  
mates of cost, give advice, take hold of subscription lists,  
put together uniformly bound sets of the best works so as  
to push them by sub-agents, act for collectors of Canadian  
and American stock libraries, and so forth; and by these  
means, and extending the business, I think a level head  
could work out a good living. Can such a man be got?

2. Some people think the solution lies in the *litterati*  
making their living in other vocations. This is not true  
beyond a very limited extent. The author who enters  
ordinary business is lost to work of the finest class. He  
must choose between the one career or the other; for the  
world will, assuredly, demand all his best energies in busi-  
ness, or refuse to deal with him. Even high class journa-  
lism will leave him too little proper leisure.

3. The Civil Service is the proper place for him. The  
French-Canadians understand this, and have provided  
for nearly all of their literary men in that way. So in  
France, and so in all European countries. Why we Eng-  
lish-Canadians should be so slow and thick I do not under-  
stand. One must express particular surprise that none of  
our leading politicians have taken up the matter, if merely  
for their own personal credit. How much more would  
have been thought of Sir John A. Macdonald abroad if,  
in recounting his life, it could have been said of him  
that he had been the patron of native literary men and  
artists! Our Cabinets do not seem to contain a single  
English-speaking man of independent intellectual taste.  
Why cannot a few members of the dominant party take  
some well-selected names to the Premier and press the  
matter as one which would reflect credit on the Govern-  
ment? If the thing were well done they would be agree-  
ably surprised at the wide-spread satisfaction evoked. I  
know the field and I know there would be that satisfac-  
tion.

4. The universities are the quarter in which the  
greatest and most blamable neglect of Canadian abilities  
has taken place. These institutions are so absorbed in  
themselves that they are more or less blind to all the new  
movements going on around them. They originate  
almost nothing. They stand aloof from the actual politi-  
cal and social needs of their own communities. They are  
filled with foreigners, worthy enough men, but who, with  
few exceptions, are unable to throw off the atmosphere of  
their early training and apply themselves to exactly what

is wanted to raise this political organism higher and  
improve it. The student feels no call, in these centres, to  
go out and be a citizen, to attend to living problems, to  
study the actual beautiful around him, to think the best  
thoughts for himself. He is at best made a poor mirror,  
and not a spring of truth, beauty and patriotism. It  
would be different if men like Lampman, Kingsford,  
Reade, Campbell, Withrow, Scott, Carman, or the late  
Goodrich Roberts were more abundant in the chairs.  
Principal Grant, of Queen's, is a notable example of the  
strength a university man of the right kind can give to  
all that is pure and desirable in a country. Professors  
Ashley, of Toronto, and Clark Murray, of McGill, are  
similar exceptions. We cannot do without patriotism and  
fresh fountains and currents of home-borne thought and  
feeling. To all this it is answered that what is wanted  
by the universities in each case is the man of the most  
thorough general proficiency in his subject. "Well, gen-  
tlemen, if that is your final determination," I reply, "take  
the clothes in place of the soul, and be short with it. But  
I say to you once more, that you *owe* these positions  
to our struggling, intellectual men, and you owe its own  
life-bread to the nation. Have you ever considered the  
trials you leave upon the bitter hearts of so many brave-  
souled strugglers for our national uplifting?"

I hope some others will take up this question and see  
if some practical movement which will remove the reproach  
upon us of letting our best men starve can be organized.  
I have known some good being done by merely seeing a  
member of Parliament about it. It is such a practical  
matter that the Royal Society should take it up.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

### NEW YORK LETTER.

ADA REHAN has now a play that must cause her a great  
amount of satisfaction. Not only is it one that dis-  
plays her beauty and dramatic talent exceedingly well,  
but the playing of it announces to the public the honour  
paid her by the great poet who is responsible for the lines.  
When Lord Tennyson first composed his comedy he  
expected the part of *Maid Marian* to be taken by Mary  
Anderson, or one of the well-known English actresses,  
but after seeing Miss Rehan he determined that the play  
should be hers, and altered it to suit her. "The Forest-  
ers" is a charming comedy, charmingly rendered, and is  
sure to draw crowded houses during the brief season that  
is set apart for it at Daly's, till April 23. One could  
wish that Sir Arthur Sullivan's contributions, in the shape  
of ballad, music, choruses and solos, had been even more  
generous; those that are given are so delightful. Miss  
Cheatham's song, "The Bee Buzz'd," is undoubtedly the  
most attractive of the solos, the dainty and bewitching  
way in which she "hums" round her doting lover, on each  
occasion bringing down the house. "The Foresters" is  
written in the quaint, fanciful diction of the days of Robin  
Hood, and the Laureate's poetic similes and imagery run  
happily through the piece. I saw Mr. William Dean  
Howells and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner among the  
audience at the opening performance, as well as many  
other persons of note, literary and otherwise, who were  
present, doubtless out of compliment to the gifted author,  
or through interest in this production of his old age.

The Health and Food Exposition at the Lenox  
Lyceum has been one of March's attractions. Upon the  
payment of twenty-five cents one was admitted to view  
the tastefully arranged bottles, and partake of the dainty  
refreshments offered. The Exposition was held by the  
Retail Grocers' Association, and was used by the owners  
of different brands of household goods as an advertise-  
ment. Each possessor of a booth paid \$50 for the pri-  
vilege of erecting it, and another \$50 if, as was usually  
the case, there was buying and selling over the counter.  
The "Quaker Oats" booth was a pretty feature, William  
Penn, in his broad-brimmed hat, gazing down upon us  
from a pedestal formed of "Quaker Oats" boxes. Pretty  
girls in Quaker costume stood below descanting on the  
merits of their particular preparation. Miss Lillian Rus-  
sell's face suddenly confronted one modelled in "Gilt  
Edge" butter, and three lovely girls in snow-white wigs  
and white satin tights, represented the attractions of  
"Hire's Root Beer."

The Cushing process of refining liquors was shown  
forth by means of a working model of the invention, a  
most interesting machine, which appears to do its work  
perfectly. A very pretty scene, in glass and tinsel, of  
the "Sunset" Vineyard, illustrated the California brand  
of that name; while samples of any liquor the visitor  
chose to call for were presented by the "Sunset" repre-  
sentative to emphasize the superiority of the vintage.

There were three things which particularly took my  
fancy, and which would, I am sure, interest any house-  
keeper. One was a fruit and vegetable knife, parer, slicer  
and corer combined, with which one could accurately regu-  
late the thickness of the slice, see that naught but the  
peel came off in the paring, and which could be safely  
used by a child; it was such a cheap and satisfactory little  
instrument that it took my eye at once. The manufac-  
turer is Clarke, of Wakefield, Mass. Then there was an  
all but impossible anomaly: a perfectly pure preparation  
for the teeth, which is pleasant, inexpensive and will  
renovate the most disreputable of molars. The preparer  
of this dentifrice, who rejoices in the euphonious patro-