

ly. Come in and take a glass of wine," he said, leading him back to his own office.

"No, I thank you," he said faintly, "I can bear it. But this is dreadful sir. Is this the way that genius is welcomed to the world of letters?"

The publisher explained to him, in the kindest manner, that there was an enormous over-production of verse, and that it took a great part of one man's time simply to overhaul the cart-loads of it that were trying to get themselves into print with the imprimatur of his famous house. "You're young, Mr. Hopkins. I advise you not to try to force your article of poetry on the market. The B——, our friend, there, that is, knows a thing that will sell as soon as he sees it. You are in independent circumstances, perhaps? If so, you can print—at your own expense—whatever you choose. May I take the liberty to ask your profession?"

Gifted explained that he was "clerk," in a "store," where they sold dry goods, and West India goods, and goods promiscuous.

"O, well, then," the publisher said, "you will understand me. Do you know a good article of brown sugar when you see it?"

Gifted Hopkins rather thought he did. He knew at sight whether it was a fair, saleable article or not.

"Just so. Now our friend, there, knows verses that are saleable and unsaleable as you do brown sugar.—Keep quiet now, and I will go and get your manuscript for you.—There, Mr. Hopkins, take your poems,—they will give you a reputation in your village, I don't doubt, which is pleasant, but it will cost you a good deal of money to print them in a volume. You are very young: you can afford to wait. Your genius is not ripe yet, I am confident, Mr. Hopkins. These verses are very well for a beginning, but a man of promise like you, Mr. Hopkins, mustn't throw away his chance by premature publication. I should like to make you a present of a few of the books we publish. By and by, perhaps, we can work you into our series of poets; but the best pears ripen slowly, and so with genius.—Where shall I send the volumes?"—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Original.

#### SKETCHES IN UPPER CANADA.

I left Montreal for a flying business tour among Western friends in September last. This is not a gay month for flowers, yet the wayside was often bright with clusters of blue and white asters, the rich yellow plumes of the golden rod; and in swampy spots or along ditches, still bloomed the *asclepias incarnata*, bur-marigolds, *solanums*; while from beds of flags and sedges bristled up companies of

tall bur-reeds and cat-tails. Neither could I overlook the simple white flowers of the humble may-weed, the unbelled fennel, hybrid amaranths, Saint-John's-wort, odoriferous yarrow, the blue-flowered chicory, and the bright yellow *enothera* or evening primrose. Pretty bushes, too, oft caught my eye,—of dogwood, white-berried cornel, viburnum, elders drooping with berries, and occasional graceful sumachs.

But, raising my eye from the roadside, it was the fields beyond that most interested me. Not disfigured by stumps and stones, as in new townships, but presenting a clean, even surface of yellow stubble, indented only by their draining furrows; or they showed a rich, brown coat, covering the hopes of the coming year.

The rural scenery west of Toronto is to me most pleasing. There well cultivated fields, sweeping up from beautiful valleys, rise in billows of rich land like the swell of an ocean, their tops crested with groves of beech, birch, and maple; or a belt of them flows like a mane down their sides, filling up romantic hollows, or shadowing the banks of rivers and streams that supply the motive power to numerous mills and factories.

The well-built barns and comfortable looking homesteads, surrounded by orchards spangled with fruit (not "smiling orchards," but groaning ones, for I noticed trees cracking with the weight of their rosy-cheeked progeny), all speak of happy homes containing mothers and daughters blushing with health, and fathers and sons rich in developed or growing manhood. Descendants of the early pioneers, whose stalwart arms made war on the wooded wilderness, hewed down forests, and gave their country those fair fields so smiling with green verdure in spring and laughing so triumphantly with golden crops in the fall of each year. Loyal and prosperous have they thus labored for their own and their country's good, through the incipient stages of its colonial dependence, and having just passed the threshold of its third stage of growth to independence and self-sustaining power, they hail their young Dominion with an outburst of energy, that is building up factories, piercing the bowels of the earth, improving its cities and towns, and seeking new fields of venture.