

inexhaustible treasures, which human ingenuity has not yet been able to turn to use. The innumerable banks and windings of the North shore teem with a countless variety of edible fish. The salmon trout and whitefish of Algoma, for example—what daintier articles of food could be looked for? And yet the supply is far below the demand. A number of Montreal and other Eastern Canadian dealers have gone up to Rossport and other points on the North Shore purposely to contract for as large consignments of the best fish caught there as can possibly be sent on.

Montreal is not, but ought to be, the great centre for fresh-water fish in Canada. Its geographical position, which stands it in such good stead in many other respects, has fitted it specially for the control of this great market. All the large tributaries of the St. Lawrence, from the Thousand Islands down to Lake St. Peter—saying nothing about those below Three Rivers which fall into tidal waters—naturally send their fish to Montreal, as any one can convince himself by visiting Bonsecours Market on a Friday, or during Lent. From the monster sturgeon to the tiny trout, all the products of inland waters are, or ought to be, there, and the very enumeration of these splendid fish would take up the best part of this column.

The reproach has gone forth, and with reason, that the deep-sea fisheries of Canada are a trade which is yet only in its infancy, and that it is a source of incalculable wealth which has been hitherto neglected. With much more reason may we charge the same ignorance of our true interests in the matter of our fresh-water fisheries. In this regard the Dominion alone should not be expected to do all the work. Each province ought to take an interest in the fisheries of its own rivers, streams and lakes, and yearly reports should be published informing the public of the progress of this great industry from year to year. There would be practically no limit to the market for our large varieties of inland fish.

TRANSATLANTIC POETS.

Edmund Gosse, an English writer of light verse, who has achieved a well-deserved name, and who writes critical papers on the letters of the day, in a becoming spirit of appreciation, has just published his views on transatlantic or American poetry. As these are not specially new, and have the merit of brevity, we shall cast a hasty glance at them. Dismissing all names before that of Bryant, Mr. Gosse grudges that most American poets a rank among the highest, but places him above Longfellow, whom he treats to the commonplace English estimate of amiable mediocrity. This lowering of the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha"—into which Americans themselves have complacently fallen—is one of the strangest anomalies of modern criticism. Longfellow, so far from being the poet of the middle classes only, is the favourite of the home-circle and the educated, and he has handled the highest problems of the mind and of the world as well as any of his contemporaries. He is, by all odds, the most popular poet of this age, and the bulk of his poems, even the shortest and slightest of them, will live as long as the language. Another fashionable fancy which Mr. Gosse has adopted is to set Emerson above Bryant, and Longfellow, even hitting that he might have become one of the greatest poets of the world. It is idle to discuss this view in presence of the published works of

the Concord philosopher, as compared with the inexhaustible editions of Longfellow, for instance.

In his opinion of Poe we are inclined to side with Mr. Gosse, who shares the general European view—English and continental—in placing that unfortunate man of genius at the head of American poets, even on the strength of the slender literary luggage which he left behind him. All the verse that Poe ever wrote you can carry in your waistcoat pocket, and you can read it all in less than half an hour. One-third of it is fragmentary; a small fraction is unintelligible, but all of it breathes a volcanic fire, and bears withal a cosmic force which carries you away even where you do not understand. Then the art, the finish of workmanship, the music of rhyme and rhythm are transcendent. What if that man had not wasted his powers while he lived, or, living longer, had reformed and gone forth into the full blossom of his beautiful mind, what masterpieces, unsurpassed in the English language, would have been given to the world. As it is, we almost feel that he is rated too highly, until we read again "The Raven," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," and a few other pieces, and then we come back to our first judgment.

There is no doubt in regard to Edgar Poe that efforts have been made among American critics—beginning with his first biographer, Griswold—to thrust him into the background because he was a Southerner, and because the cast of his mind and the inspiration of his poems were wholly Latin, but the injustice has not prevailed, and Poe holds his own place for evermore in his native land.

About another Southern poet, who was strongly popular at the North, through the influence of the charmed circle of *Lippincott's Magazine*, Sidney Lanier, we again agree with Mr. Gosse when saying that, never simple, never easy, never in one single lyric natural and spontaneous for more than one stanza, always forcing the note, always concealing his barrenness and tameness by grotesque violence of image and preposterous storm of sound, Lanier appears to be as conclusively not a poet of genius as any ambitious man who ever lived, laboured and failed.

The field of American poetry has never been broad, and, at the present time, it is even narrow. While scores of volumes leap from the press every year, very few of them survive beyond the first notices—favourable or unfavourable—which are published in the papers. A large class of clever verse-mongers, in the periodicals and newspapers, often write most beautiful things, some of which would suffice of themselves to give their author a name, but, somehow, they are dragged in the undertow of journalism and are never seen more. It is a literal fact that we have no American poem, destined to live, since the days of the school of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, the first of whom wrote gems up to the last, and the others continue to put forth, in old age, flowers as bright and fragrant as ever they gathered into posies in their youth. The cause of this dearth of poetic elevation and inspiration in the United States is a very interesting problem which no one, to our knowledge, has yet attempted to solve. It is in the nature of things, no doubt, but no doubt, too, the day will come when the culture that is being hoarded, and the ambition that is being nursed among the American people, shall blossom into a fruit of genius, and the United States shall have a poet whose work will constitute an epoch in the literature of our common language.

SALE OF PICTURES.

Mr. F. A. Verner, the celebrated artist, is in Montreal, and has instructed Mr. Hicks to sell at auction a number of his water colour sketches and a few oil paintings. This is a rare chance for *connoisseurs* and lovers of the fine arts to secure some good pictures of Indian life, prairie scenes and Canadian landscape. Mr. Verner is a conscientious artist, depicting objects as he sees them. His pictures are reliable. Many of the subjects he has painted have gone into the domain of history and legend. The buffalo is all but extinct; the Indian tepee of buffalo-hide will soon be but a reminiscence; even the bark hut made of birch bark rolls is fast disappearing, as the red men learn to settle down and till the soil. Mr. Verner's pictures, therefore, will soon be valuable records of Indian history. His skies are often excellent, both in gorgeous sunsets, transparent twilight and cool morning scenes. We hope that an appreciative audience and liberal purchasers will crowd Mr. Hicks' rooms, Saturday afternoon, 27th instant, when the sale takes place.

LITERARY NOTES.

Evans McColl, the Gaelic bard, of Kingston, was in Montreal for some weeks, disposing of the last edition of his poems.

The total expenditure for books for the Parliamentary library for the year ending May 8th, 1888, amounted to \$13,715.

Mr. James Fletcher, F. R. S., Dominion entomologist, of Ottawa, has been elected president of the Ontario Entomological Association.

J. W. Jones, a well-known naturalist, author and barrister of the Inner Temple, London, died at Halifax. He had resided there for many years.

There are only ten full students attending lectures in the new freshman class at the University of New Brunswick. There are also several occasional students, four of whom are ladies.

In the last number of the *Week* Mr. George Stewart, jr., announces "A New Canadian Poet," and gives a few samples of the young New Brunswick votary of the Muses, Bliss Carman.

It is intimated that the biography of Sims Reeves, just published in London, will be followed next year by some more detailed reminiscences, as he will then celebrate his professional jubilee.

C. H. Farnham will publish shortly a volume comprising his papers on life, society and literature, chiefly in French Canada, the result of his travels, for several years, in this Province, for Harpers.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the distinguished Australian poet and author, is about publishing, on a publisher's account, a work on "Younger American Poets," in which some of the poets of Canada will be included.

"Poems of Wild Life," edited with notes and an introduction by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, M. A., of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, will appear on the 25th October as the November number of the "Canterbury Poets."

Mr. William McLennan, of Montreal, has just published two critical papers on Henri Mürger, with translations in verse, and an appreciative insight into the methods of life and work of that man of genius. The papers appeared in the *Week*.

King's College Record is the title of a monthly devoted to University purposes, under the editorial management of Goodridge B. Roberts. From the penmanship of a note before us, are we right in making him a brother of the author of "Orion?"

Mrs. Forsythe Grant has in preparation a book on Hawaii. The author is a daughter of Ex-Lieutenant Governor Crawford. She lived for several years in Hawaii, but has returned to Toronto recently and is now living at Deer Park. The book contains selections from Canadian poets on Canadian subjects.

A SEA OF SOUL.

As little streams that start to find the sea
Proclaim with babbling tongue their voyaging,
And with proud riot make the meadows ring,
Or fill the wild woods with their noisy glee,
As of their course they tell each waving tree,
And wand'ring bird that chances near to wing;
So shallow lovers in the world's ear sing
Their tale of passion with vain minstrelsy;
But as the restless ocean's vast expanse,
Superbly splendid, solemnly sublime,
Whose music beats upon the shores of time
In rhythmic beauty—is my heart's romance,
And as no song can tell the sea's great mystery,
All silent is my soul in its deep love of thee.

Montreal.

SAREPTA.