

the entertainment which the American press affords its readers, it would be equally absurd to deny the existence of much more that we can regard with nothing short of envy. Notwithstanding the fabulous wealth and reputed book-buying liberality of the great Republic, few American men of letters are pecuniarily above gaining an honest penny by contributing to the daily newspapers. The "Syndicate" system, by which a number of papers whose circulation does not conflict, buy and publish the same article upon the same date, gives the honest penny obviously respectable proportions, in many cases indeed rendering the newspaper markets more profitable than that of the magazines. The result is that much excellent work notably in essays and short stories is scattered broadcast throughout the country with no small appreciable effect upon popular culture. This system, with its obvious advantages, does not obtain in Canada. We have nobody to write the essays and the stories, to begin with; and if we had, the great inequalities that exist in Canadian journalism would effectively prevent this disposition of them. Neither the *Globe* nor the *Mail*, for instance, would deign to print anything that appeared elsewhere in the Dominion; and a community of interest between these two journals is the one millennial result which the Canadian imagination wholly fails to grasp.

On the "other side," however, the syndicate system is growing immensely and deservedly popular. It embraces not only novelettes by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and social studies by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, but sermons by Beecher and Talmage; articles on household management by Marion Harland, papers on political economy by Henry George, and last and latest, even book-reviews by distinguished critics. Julian Hawthorne is one of the first in this field of literary usefulness. Its advantages and disadvantages are manifest. On the one hand, many readers get a clever man's opinion of a book which is enjoyable reading; on the other hand, if the clever man should be cleverly unjust, many readers receive a wrong impression and a great literary wrong is done to somebody who wrote the book, and everybody who refrains from reading it—a wrong which is of course the more remediless the larger the number of people it affects and the more distinguished the name of the perpetrator. Julian Hawthorne, in his review of Mr. Adam Badeau's "Aristocracy in England" has done nobody a wrong, unless indeed, it be himself. Mr. Adam Badeau has won the regard of the American nation by giving it a Boswell-like book about General Grant—upon whose staff he served in the late Rebellion. Last year he imposed upon this regard a novel about official life in Washington and Cuba, in which a number of well-known people were soundly abused under a very thin disguise, and Mr. Adam Badeau, who was at one time U. S. Consul at Cuba, greatly glorified under a somewhat thinner one. And quite recently, Mr. Badeau approached the American public again, quite safely this time, with the result of his industrious annotations in England, where he had also the honour of serving his country for a number of years. To any one acquainted with Mr. Badeau's previous work, the contents of "Aristocracy in England" would be a foregone conclusion; and to those who have not had this privilege, Mr. Hawthorne's review conveys the same conclusion with an art that is very admirable indeed. Seldom has faint praise been dealt forth more damningly than this of Mr. Hawthorne's, or,—one instinctively feels, more justly.

I may say at once that he has done his work very cleverly. That his book should have any literary value was not, of course, to be expected. The style, in spite of a certain pretension, lacks dignity and clearness, and the author occasionally betrays ignorance of the true meaning of English words and forms of speech. All this, however, is nothing to his discredit! He has evidently taken pains to do his best, and it is not every man in the world who can afford the luxury of a liberal education.

As a servant of the American Government he has enjoyed a long residence in England, and has succeeded in finding his way into exalted circles there. But the grandeur of his surroundings did not make him forgetful of the Republic; he took notes of all that he saw, heard, or could discover, and now presents us with the results of his industry. . . . There are many facts which Mr. Badeau, knowing what he has here set down, must also have known; facts as interesting as, or more so than, any which he has recorded, and one cannot help wondering why he has left them out. It can hardly be from any tenderness for British feelings, for his tone throughout the book is almost gratuitously democratic—so much so as at times to perplex the reader, who struggles to understand how a gentleman of views so radical should have been the valued friend of the people whom he so cleverly and even sharply criticises. One would have supposed that the English aristocracy would have been more reserved. No doubt, however, this supposed characteristic of theirs has been greatly exaggerated by report. Again, if servants will tattle, the sternest virtue can scarcely avoid listening. . . . It is full of curious and even useful information, and if it omits any profound ethical or philosophical deductions from the matter in hand, no person of philosophical or ethical acquirements (to say nothing of others) will be apt to regret the omission!

The aristocracy of England is certainly a stimulating theme,

whether treated from the point of view of a vulgar tattler or a wise sociologist.

It is difficult by extracts to give any idea of the veiled irony of the whole review, the finished art which has doubtless ere this conveyed to Mr. Badeau and half of *The World's* readers the impression of Mr. Hawthorne's genial admiration, and to the other half the impression of his supreme contempt. It is almost dishonest, so double is its suggestiveness, and yet we cannot withhold our approbation, so fitting is the treatment to its subject.

It is a pity that Mr. Hawthorne, after so subtly and severely condemning the vice of "vulgar tattling" in Mr. Badeau, should proceed to supply the deficiencies of his book in that line, by a little essay of his own upon the English aristocracy which leaves nothing to be desired upon the score of evil suggestiveness. Any departure from the dignity of letters in a literary nobody like Badeau, is thrice to be condemned in this litterateur, who has fairly won the right to wear his father's spurs. That the department of literary criticism should be invaded by the catering spirit that possesses American journalism, is a thing to be deprecated. That one who bears the most honoured name in American fiction should condescend to use it for this purpose, is positively saddening.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE CONTRAST.

I.

THE merchant tires of town and trade,
And hates the pavement's rumbling sound;
He longs to move in steps not made
By one most dull, mechanic round.

In spite of his possessions vast,
And coffers high heaped up with gold,
Towards Nature's realm his mind is cast
With wishes strong and manifold.

The habits of his life have wove
His soul and body in a net,—
He cannot freely think or move,
Or his close prison-house forget.

"If I could see the fields and trees,
Or wander where some brooklet strays,"
He says, "I should have joy and peace,
And round my life with happy days."

II.

The poet stands beneath the sky,
And all the wealth of Nature sees;
The rivulet running gently by,
The woods, the fields, the birds, the trees.

But in his heart is hunger sore;
Wishes that clamour uncontrolled
Accuse his want of wealth and store,—
His coffers never filled with gold.

He tires of hopes which take their shape
To fit the heart-beats of a king;
And through the grief his verses drape,
With mocking rhythm he tries to sing.

JOEL BENTON.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THOSE who remember having visited the "Toronto Zoo" when it was first opened, six or seven years ago, would no doubt be surprised at the marked progress that has been made since then, were they to inspect the present institution, located in Exhibition Park. Of course, even now, those familiar with the wonders of the London (Eng.) Zoological Gardens and of Central Park may feel inclined to laugh at the Toronto Zoo in its present stage of infancy; but, as "great oaks from little acorns grow," so all things must have a beginning, and a good beginning is usually prophetic of a good end. The general appearance of the "Zoo Gardens," with its trim flower-beds and grass-plots, is neat and pleasing, and the little paths running here, there and everywhere, are not only convenient but picturesque. Visitors to the Exhibition this year have found it quite a relief to leave the crowded grounds for a while to spend a quiet hour in the study of Natural History, and the unbounded delight of the juvenile portion of the community alone amply repays any parent who may have entertained misgivings about the wisdom of entering the precincts of the wild animals. If the man shouting outside the Gardens is to be believed, the Zoo must be a wonderful place indeed, for his voice is hoarse with emotion as he invites the public to "walk in, and see the representation of every animal under the sun, for the small sum of one dime and a half." His assertion is doubtless accepted with a grain of salt, but the invitation is not refused, and the people flock