

alexandrines are the form of the national poems, in which greater stress is laid upon clear, forcible expression than upon chiselled metres or elaboration of language. What is lost in smoothness is atoned for by manlier vigour; and these poems are apt to please, not so much by single excellence as by a harmonized strength, which the readers of his more youthful poetry were far from suspecting possible from his pen. If it is no injustice to M. Frechette, one may venture to refer to an analogous change in the manner of Victor Hugo.

But, it may be objected by a reviewer of this review, what does all this prove?—for it cannot be said from this showing that the Canadian poet is the originator of a new school. Perfectly true; but it is not given to every one to be a great inventor. Some things are much better than that form of self-seeking vanity which displays itself in eccentricities, or in paradoxical theories of poetry with applications touching the burlesque. One of these better things is to follow the lead of a master greater than one's self, a duty which M. Frechette has assumed with a modest confidence that has assured him success. He has played no tricks with metre or rhyme; he has not even invented a new and fantastic stanza; but the materials he found to hand have been employed patiently and conscientiously, in the hope of a reward which posterity is certainly preparing for him, and of which he has already reaped the first-fruits.

And now, as readers of critiques generally expect a *bonne bouche*, let us see what our poet has to offer in the shape of almost the only love poem he has ever published, the purest, sweetest verses that have left his pen. The theme of "Renouveau," which is inscribed to his wife, is as old, perhaps, as the poetic art, but perfection of form covers the weakness of age. A walk in the autumn woods, with the sight of a deserted nest, brings up a flood of recollections of past happy springtides. That happy season of pairing stands out in contrast with the present, gray with the sere of falling leaves. Then, in the old days,—

Le soleil était chaud, la brise caressante :
De feuilles et de fleurs les rameaux étaient lourds,
La linotte chantait sa gamme éblouissante
Près du berceau de mousse où dormaient ses amours.

Alors au souvenir des ces jours clairs et roses,
Qu'a remplacé l'automne avec son ciel marbré,
Mon cœur, — j'ai quelquefois de ces heures moroses,
Mon cœur s'ennuie devant ce vieux nid délabré.

Et je songeai longtemps à mes jeunes années
Frôles fleurs dont l'orage a tué les parfums ;
A mes illusions que la vie a fanées,
Au pauvre nid brisé des mes bonheurs défunts.

O jeunesse, tu fuis comme un songe d'aurore,
Et que retrouve-t-on quand le rêve est fini ?
Quelques plumes, hélas, qui frissonnent encore
Aux branches où le cœur avait bâti son nid.

Time, however, passes a soothing hand over these sorrows, when the poet seeks his home :—

O Temps, courant fatal où vont les destinées,
De nos plus chers espoirs aveugle destructeur,
Sois bête ! car, par toi, nos amours moissonnées
Peuvent encore revivre, ô grand consolateur !

Au découragement n'ouvrons jamais nos portes ;
Après les jours de froid viennent les jours de mai ;
Et c'est souvent avec ses illusions mortes
Que le cœur se refait un nid plus parfumé.

Does not this "love of old loves and lost times" remind one, even in its consolation, of the immortal "Tristesse d'Olympio"? What more can be wanted to show that the poet can feel, not only the thrill of patriotism which unites him with his own people, but also that wide-reaching sympathy which makes him a singer for humanity? It is on these grounds that I venture to place M. Frechette definitely before the American reading public as the first landmark in the history of Canadian literature.—*Paul T. Lafleur, in Atlantic Monthly.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MADLINE, AND OTHER POEMS. By James McCarroll. With a portrait of the author, and an introduction by Charles Loton Hildreth. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke and Co.; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

This dainty book of poems will possess, apart altogether from its merits, interest for many Canadians, especially those who resided in Toronto twenty years or so ago. For among the clever contributors to the *Grumbler*, the satirical paper of those day, and to other Canadian publications, was the author of this volume. To those who remember the man it is needless to praise his poetry or to describe its qualities; to those who did not, it will only be needful to quote some stanzas here and there to show that he has power of expression as well as depth of feeling. It happened a few years ago that the writer recited, in the hearing of Nicholas Flood Davin, some stanzas from "The Grey Linnet," found on page 176 of the present volume. "Aha!" said Davin, "there's beauty; the man's a poet who wrote that, who is he?" And he asked to have the poem transcribed, and was delighted to find the author, then residing in New York, a fellow Irishman. The principal poem in the book, the one at all events placed foremost in the author's estimation, "Madeline"—which reminds the reader, in quality as well as measure, of Hood's "Hero and Leander"—is not, we think, the one which best deserves the place. Many will prefer the address, "To the Right

Hand," which is grave and philosophic, whimsical and didactic, by turns. Errors, he reminds us, are but the husks of truth, and the stripping off of these the method of all progress:

Only a myth can serve those higher needs
Where fact would but discomfiture entail;
There's something in the errors of the creeds
That each time lifts us higher up to fail;
And though we never may the light unveil,
The denser darkness of the gloom recedes
As each succeeding height we slowly scale,
Until at last below us calmly lies
A faint reflection of the upper skies.

In "The Grey Linnet" he makes the little warbler conscious of his tame and russet plumage, but therefore all the more eager to dazzle by his song, for

On finding he can't reach your soul through your eyes,
He steals in through the gate of your ears.

And again, as marking the compensations of Nature, he says of "The Humming Bird,"

The song denied your throat is heard
Among your wings.

Delicate are the lines on page 98 where the gratitude of a flower for a shower of rain is compared with those:

How few, who feel affliction's chastening rod
Are like the poor pale, thirsty, little flowers,
With their weak faces turned towards their God.

There is something of grandeur in the poem written during the American Civil War and entitled "Amen:"

They are the children of one sire,
And both have claims alike on Thee:
Then stay the work of sword and fire
And let the freed-men still be free.

Lines to the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada are throbbing with patriotism. "In thee," says the author, meaning the Prince, "In thee, Britannia clasps us closer to her breast;" and he would like the Heir Apparent to feel

That thou hast a citadel in every loyal heart
Where thou canst rest amid a thousand bloodless victories.

Canadian reminiscences are to be found throughout the volume, as for example the lines written at Peterboro'; also "The Prisoner," naming the gaol across the Don, and "The Bridge of Sighs," as the Desjardins Canal is named after the dreadful accident which befell there. In the thirty specimens of humorous poems will be found some good illustrations of the author's lighter vein. For example, the Impromptu (p. 310) on seeing the balloon "Europa," made of Irish linen, ascend at Toronto:

Why in commerce, Ould Ireland, I'm glad you're beginnin'
Just to hould up your head and to "never say die,"
For, begorra, I'm sure that your beautiful linen
Never went off before half so quick or so high.

Quite Swinburnish are the stanzas describing "Ino and Bacchus," while the lines on page 142, if set to music, would make a delicious love song; and this reminds us that Mr. McCarroll is a musician and composer as well as a poet, and the Toronto Vocal Society might add a desirable number to its repertoire should it prevail upon the author to set to music "Up in the Moon," page 238. No one who has felt the charm of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will wonder at the admiration expressed in various poems in this collection of that writer's delightful qualities. In the appendix may be found half a dozen warm acknowledgments from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of tributes the writer has paid to their genius. The poems entitled "Dawn," and "The Sea," display fine imagery. We have looked in vain in the volume for "Insula Sacra," which expresses the passionate love of a Celt for the isle of his birth, and which, if we remember aright, finds place in Dr. Dewar's collection of Canadian poetry. We take a reluctant leave of Mr. McCarroll's attractive book, expressing the hope that many Canadian readers will possess themselves of a copy; for it is, as Mr. Hildreth says in his preface, "full of flowers and sunlight, the notes of birds and the murmur of streams." Genial hopefulness, as opposed to pessimistic gravity, is the keynote of his verse.

SWEETBRIER. By Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This entertaining little book is the story of the development of a young country girl who comes to make her home with wealthy relatives in the city. She has beauty, health and a good disposition, but is unused to polite society and inclined to rebel against those little usages which in city circles are indicative of good breeding, and which cannot be violated without loss of social standing. Little by little she comes to see, however, that what she calls independence is really rudeness, and that by persisting in ignoring social rules, she is not only drawing ridicule upon herself, but is making it very unpleasant for her friends. With her willingness to be taught her improvement is rapid, and she develops into a charming young lady, not only in outward manners, but in those graces which are of the heart. The story is sprinkled with hints which will be of immense service to girls who wish to know of the minor customs of society, but who have as yet had no opportunity of learning them.

A WORK entitled "Le Vite dei Pittori, Scultori ed Architetti Veronesi," is being published in parts in Verona. It was written between 1768-1836, and has been preserved in MS. in the Public Library of that city. It offers a precious material for the history of art, dating from the earliest time to the present, as the index containing the lives of 500 persons sufficiently points out.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LLOYD BRICE has succeeded the late Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice as editor of *The North American Review*.

THE J. B. Lippincott Co. have advices from Paris that they receive from the jury of award in the Exposition a gold medal for the merit and excellency of their publications.

MR. W. BLACKBURN HARTE has decided to abandon journalism for literature, and is now engaged on a number of articles dealing with Canadian topics for early publication.

THE report goes that Messrs. Macmillan will publish in the autumn a new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson, consisting partly of verses recently composed and partly of old ones.

THE firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston and New York, has been awarded a gold medal for the excellency of its display, at the Paris Exposition, of books by American authors.

"LIFE and Letters of Maria Mitchell" is the title of a book in preparation by a sister of Miss Mitchell. The correspondence is rich in letters of Herschel, Humboldt, and other famous people.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, author of "The Light of Asia," has a son with literary ambitions. The young man is writing a romance entitled "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician."

THE lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, recently vacated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, has been conferred on Mr. John Wesley Hales, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.

HER MAJESTY the Queen has been pleased to cause letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal granting a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Royal Historical Society, of which Her Majesty is patron.

A MEMORIAL signed by about one hundred persons of literary note was sent to the Home Secretary, at the end of July, praying for the remission of the unexpired portion of Mr. Henry Vizetelly's sentence.

SOME Boston literary and newspaper men will bring out a new paper early in the fall. It will, it is said, be unlike any other paper published, and will be backed heavily with capital.

IVAN KUKULIEVIC DE SACCI, one of the most distinguished savants and authors of Croatia, has just died at the age of seventy-three. His historical researches were wide, and he has left many contributions to science and *belles lettres*.

THE British Museum has bought the splendid Prayer Book which the late king of Bavaria, Ludwig II., ordered from Franz Fleischutz, and which is adorned with copies of the decorations of the famous so-called "great church treasure." The price paid was 37,000 marks.

ANOTHER illustrated weekly makes its appearance, this time in New York, devoted to literature, the arts and sciences, politics, and general topics. It is called *Le Nouveau Monde*, and addresses French-Americans and speakers of French in Canada, Mexico, and the United States.

THE Bedford Edition of Shakspeare is announced by Frederick Warne & Co.—a red-line, pocket edition, in which all the plays and poems, a memoir and a glossary are comprised in a dozen volumes measuring 3½ by 5 inches each. Notwithstanding the diminutive size of the page, the type is fairly large.

PROF. JOHN A. PAINE, who wrote an article on "Pharaoh the Oppressor, and His Daughter," which attracted wide attention when it appeared in *The Century* two years ago, contributes to the September number of the same magazine a fully illustrated paper on "The Pharaoh of the Exodus, and His Son."

DIDEROT, the celebrated editor and director of the "Grand Encyclopedie," which was published in Paris, 1751-80, in thirty-five volumes, received only the very modest annuity of \$200 for his services in this colossal undertaking. The work cost nearly \$1,600,000, and brought the booksellers \$2,000,000 of profits.

AN anecdote of Dickens is related in *The Athenæum* which attests anew his great kindness of heart. An old servant, supposed to be faithful as he had been long in the novelist's service, robbed him of about \$350 to cover some betting losses, and Dickens, instead of letting him go to jail, or retaining him on a promise not to repeat the offence, retired him on a pension of about \$300 a year.

THE literary remains of Schiller have just been removed to the "Schiller-Goethe Archive" at Weimar, whither the contents of twenty cases have been conveyed. They contain his library and some MSS. Whether they contain anything of value hitherto unpublished remains to be seen, but in any case we have here the MSS. of his work well preserved.

ON the 14th of August Düsseldorf celebrated her 600 years of existence, and it is customary to publish some volume bearing on its history on this date. This year will be marked by Ferber's "Historical Wanderings through the City of Düsseldorf." His references to the old houses of the city are said to be derived from sources not hitherto printed, and when we remember that they include those of Heine, Cornelius, Jakobi, von Ense, Immermann, R. Schumann, Freiligrath, and others, the book cannot fail to be of interest to other than the natives of the city for whom it is written.