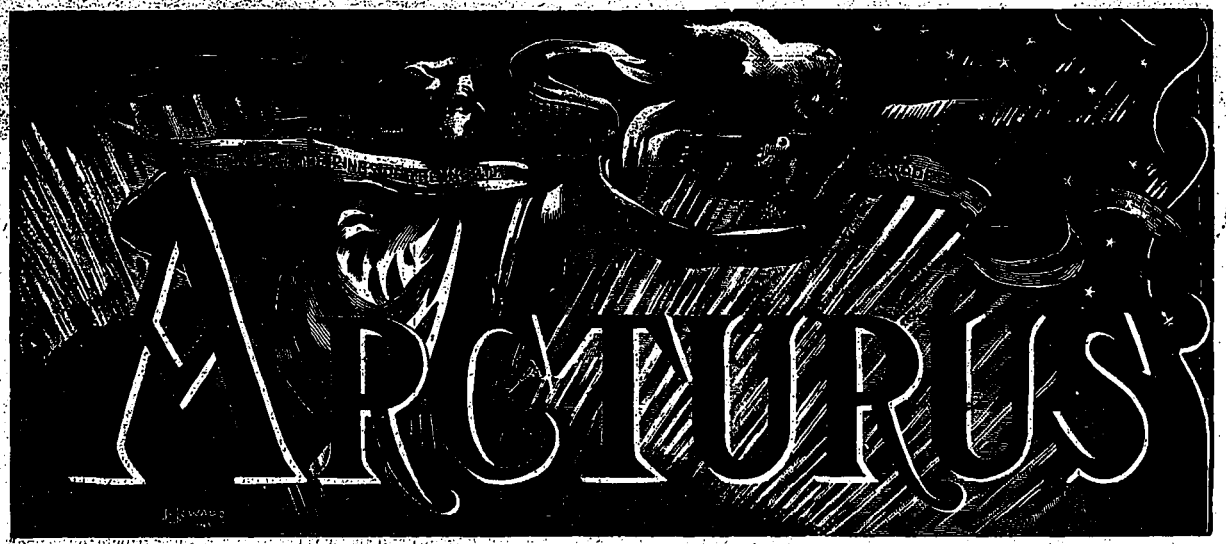

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

VOL. 1. No. 8. | *Saturday, March 5th, 1887.* | JOHN CHARLES DENT, *Editor and Proprietor.*

ARCTURUS.

Notices of the Canadian Press.

A new star has appeared in the Canadian literary firmament under the name of Arcturus. The journal is a weekly, and is under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Dent, whose accomplishments as a *litterateur* are a guarantee of excellence. Arcturus promises to deal with religious, social and literary matters and to discuss political questions from the national as distinguished from the partisan point of view. The number just to hand is an interesting and meritorious production. The editor apologizes for its imperfections on the score of the difficulties and drawbacks inseparable from the issue of a first number. But if succeeding numbers are as interesting as that with which the new enterprise is introduced, Arcturus will be a valuable addition to the periodical literature of Canada.—*Toronto Mail.*

Arcturus, Mr. John Charles Dent's new literary weekly, has received a flattering welcome from press and people. It is the most promising venture of its sort that has yet appeared upon the Canadian market. Its articles are sufficiently thoughtful to appeal to a class of readers who like a supplement to the rapid fire of running commentary which it is the province of the daily press to deliver, but the editor wisely eschews that heavy oracular style which has been the bane of so many literary weeklies. The initial number is good, and is a practical promise of better. The *World* hopes and predicts for Arcturus a long and prosperous career.—*Toronto World.*

The first number of Arcturus, "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life," issued in this city under the editorial management of John Charles Dent, makes its appearance to-day. It is fully up to the standard aimed at as a readable, forcibly written, and timely weekly paper, free alike from the pedantry which mars some pretentious efforts in this direction and the more frequent faults of slipshod and common-place writing. The articles are all interesting and thoughtful, and the editor has wisely permitted the writers considerable latitude in the presentation of their views instead of seeking to restrict their expression of opinion within the narrow limits usually marked out by party and class journals. Typographically Arcturus presents a bright and handsome aspect. It is convenient in form, and no pains have been spared to secure perfection in those details of arrangement which have so much to do with conveying a favourable impression with regard to a newspaper. Although the field of journalism seemed so fully occupied by publications of every class and grade, Mr. Dent must be credited with having struck out a distinctive line, and one which ought to find appreciation. If the standard of the first number is maintained Arcturus ought speedily to obtain a large remunerative circulation. —*Toronto News.*

Arcturus is the name of a new weekly paper published in this city, of which Mr. John C. Dent is announced as Editor and Proprietor. It claims to be "A Canadian Journal of Literature and Life." Mr. Dent's contributions to Canadian history and literature are an ample guarantee that this new journal will be conducted with taste and ability.—*Christian Guardian.*

Arcturus is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it Arcturus because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.—*Grip.*

We are in receipt of the first number of Arcturus, a new weekly journal of "literature and life," owned and edited by Mr. John Charles Dent. The literary name and attainments of the editor are of themselves a guarantee of the highest excellence in all the departments of first-class modern journalism. The number before us, although published under the inevitable difficulties of a first issue, gives promise of a bright and successful future. The salutatory sounds a clear note of thorough independence, is succinct and clearly defined in its position, withal broad in its scope and liberal in its views. The initial number contains thoughtful and well-written articles upon independent journalism, the Labour Reform question in politics, and the Bible in the schools. It also gives us breezy book and other notices, and the extraneous selections are judiciously chosen. We welcome Arcturus, and bespeak for it a prosperous career.—*Toronto Sentinel.*

Such is the title chosen for a new weekly journal just established in this city by the well-known writer and historian, John Charles Dent. Made up in handsome form, with a neatly-engraved heading, and clearly printed on toned paper, Arcturus looks the picture of good taste, and comes freighted with gems from the editor's sparkling pen. To say that its leading articles are written with exceptional force and ability is but paying a slight tribute to the fine intellectual attainments of a gentleman who has long ago made his mark in the world of letters; and under his educated touch the new journal will be an enterprise of no uncommon merit. Arcturus, both as to brainwork and mechanical execution, is a credit to Mr. Dent, and we wish it a long and prosperous career.—*Irish Canadian.*

Mr. John Charles Dent has issued as editor and proprietor a new Canadian journal of literature and life called Arcturus. It is a neatly arranged, well printed and thoughtfully written production, and ought to easily find its own constituency. Mr. Dent is the author of "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and is not only a writer but a journalist of experience. Arcturus should succeed and fill a useful position in Canadian literature. That it may do so is our wish.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

For some time past the announcement has appeared in the Ontario press that Mr. John Charles Dent, author of "The Last Forty Years," "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," and other valuable historical works, was about to establish a weekly periodical—"a Canadian journal of literature and life." The first number of Arcturus which now lies before us, is the fulfilment of the promise. Arcturus is thoroughly independent in its expressions of opinion on political, social and literary questions. The terms of subscription are $2 a year. Address, Room U, Arcade, Toronto, Ont.—*Montrea Gazette.*

We welcome to the ranks of independent journalism the newly established paper Arcturus, published in Toronto, and edited by Mr. J. C. Dent, one of the most talented and brilliant of Canadian writers—our national "Junius." We judge from its high moral tone that it seems destined to become a moulder of Canadian sentiment, and cannot be questioned as an authority in politics, literature and art. We wish it success.—*London Farmers' Advocate.*

There has been issued at Toronto a new sixteen-page, clearly printed weekly paper, entitled Arcturus. Mr. John Charles Dent, who is well known in connection with Canadian literature, is the editor and proprietor. The first number contains a department of interesting political notes. An editorial article, "An Independent Newspaper," is temperately written, but it puts forward strongly enough the idea that the future of the country is a fair matter for consideration by a thoughtful people. There is an article on "The Labour Question in Politics," one on "The Bible in Schools," a department of "Literary Notes" and of "Book Reviews," with, of course, a good portion of space given to romance-literature and to poetry. A well-managed weekly paper is a necessity for the thoughtful reader. The daily journal takes up questions as they occur hour by hour, forecasts, discusses and disposes; the weekly, having more time for consideration, and a better opportunity of dealing with developed events, can correct and give judicial opinions. We hope that Mr. Dent's journal will succeed, and that he will be able to discover that there is a large population east of Quebec with ideas and opinions on the future of Canada.—*St. John Globe.*

ARCTURUS:

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CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SINCE the close of the elections last week, the political journals have been quarrelling over the results. The *Globe* claims for the Liberals a majority of one. The Conservative and quasi-Independent newspapers of Ministerial leanings assert that Sir John will have a working majority of twenty-five or thirty. The pivotal point of the whole discussion is the attitude of the large number of members elected in Quebec as Nationalists, Independents, or "Conservatives but not Ministerialists"—men of various shades of opinion on other subjects, but agreeing in condemnation of the Government's North-West policy and the execution of Riel. They constitute the unknown quantity in the problem, and on their action the relative position of parties and the fate of the Ministry depend. The generally accepted Conservative opinion is that Sir John, following his usual course, will find means of winning over these recalcitrants by cajolery or otherwise. This opinion will probably turn out to be well founded, though, in view of the experience of the late Ross Ministry in Quebec, it is impossible to feel very sure on the point. The Nationalist element upon which the issue depended in Quebec stood firm in spite of every form of pressure brought to bear against them by the supporters of the Ottawa Government. The French Canadians are terribly in earnest over this Riel affair. It is one thing for a Government to "buy" members elected for the purpose of being bought, by subsidies which benefit their part of the country, and another to buy the representatives of the same constituents elected upon pledges of hostility to the Ministry.

As the term of the forty-ninth American Congress expires on the 4th inst., it appears altogether probable at the time of the present writing that, in spite of the deluge of bluster and spread-eagle oratory from statesmen of the Ingalls and Frye type, no retaliatory measure against Canada will be passed. Both the Senate and the House of Representatives have by large majorities adopted Retaliation bills, but the measures are substantially different. That of the Senate is strictly confined to the fisheries, while the proposition of the House is broader, and, if carried out, would result in a suspension of all commercial intercourse The deadlock will probably result in both falling through. It is likely that many of the Congressmen who blustered most loudly when these bills were under discussion, in order to please their constituents, are ready to connive at this easy way of disposing of the matter. Having said their say, and flourished in the newspapers as valiant defenders of the outraged American fishermen, they can now do the influential commercial element a service by judiciously disagreeing among themselves as to the precise mode and measure of retaliation until the time for action has gone by. As Mr. Wiman clearly pointed out at the Darling banquet in Toronto, the non-intercourse scheme would entail most serious injuries upon United States commercial interests, especially in the West. The Americans are the very last people in the world to be guilty of the kind of folly known as cutting off your nose to spite your face. If the true inwardness of the deadlock between the Washington Senate and House were revealed, it would in all likelihood be found to be a well-concocted scheme.

THE question of how the Queen's Jubilee shall be celebrated in Toronto, and what part of the expense shall be defrayed from the city treasury, is at present exciting a good deal of discussion. The consensus of public opinion seems to favour the establishment of some permanent memorial, such as a park or public square to be named in honour of the occasion; or perhaps an addition to the hospital: rather than the expenditure of public money in fireworks, music and processions. In a city the practical necessities of which in the way of additional open spaces and recreation grounds are so great, it would not be justifiable to expend a large amount of the tax-payers' money for any temporary celebration of the kind. But there are the usual number of pertinacious busy-bodies who see the opportunity of making personal profit or capital out of the occasion, and who are clamorous for a display at the public cost. We regret to see the disposition on the part of the council to shirk the responsibility of deciding, by referring the question to the people —or rather to such insignificant fraction of them as care to turn out and vote on money by-laws. There are many legitimate occasions when it is sought to lay out money in large sums for objects not strictly within the scope of city government when the tax-payers should be consulted; but

latterly the Council has abused the reference to the popular vote by appealing to it whenever the members find themselves in a dilemma, and are afraid of giving offence by a straightforward decision. This tendency is one that ought to be severely discouraged.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* recently took the vote of its readers as to the forty Englishmen who should constitute a literary academy, if such an institution were to be established in Britain on the French model. The list includes seven prominent public men, among them being the leaders of the Government and the Opposition. The contrast in this respect between Canadian and English public life is very marked. No list of Canadian literary men—exclusive of political journalists—would be likely to comprise a single member of either branch of the legislature, with the possible exception of Senator Plumb. Certainly no member of the Cabinet would be included. Politics is a much more absorbing vocation on this continent than in England. British statesmen appear to find time and opportunity, not only for literary work, but for a variety of other pursuits. Here, as a rule, the man who takes a leading part in politics does nothing else. The stress of the perpetual faction fight seems to engross his whole energy and ambition. It would be difficult to conceive of a politician in the thick of the fray finding time or inclination to write a novel or deliver a series of lectures on any subject apart from the questions of the day. There is probably no country where the literary and the political careers lie farther apart, and are popularly regarded as more incongruous than in Canada.

THE canonization of Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," by the Roman Catholic church is a somewhat significant symptom. Lately the question of what the church teaches as to the relations between capital and labour and the right of private land-ownership has been a good deal agitated. The land league movement in Ireland and the kindred labour reform agitation in America have been prolific in controversies as to the attitude of the hierarchy and the bearing of tenets of Catholicism upon doctrines which if not strictly socialistic tend in that direction. Local ecclesiastical authorities have given conflicting decisions, and in the absence of any positive *ex cathedra* utterance the whole question of what the Catholic church holds upon these points is involved in a maze of uncertainty. The canonization of More seems to indicate that such reactionary prelates as Cardinals Corrigan and Taschereau have considerably strained the authority of their office to combat ideas which the church does not condemn. Rome can hardly anathematize Henry George and Michael Davitt after endorsing the considerably more pronounced socialism of Sir Thomas More's writings.

THE Ontario Legislature has resumed its sittings, lately interrupted by the Dominion election and the general desire of the local M.P.P. to take part in the fray. It is to be hoped: or rather let us say to be desired: that the party bickerings aroused by the exciting scenes through which they have passed in the interval will not prompt them to renew the interminable warfare on the local arena. Nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which our provincial legislators habitually waste the public time and money in wrangling over Dominion issues when they should be attending to the business of the province. It is not certainly from any lack of urgent measures within their scope requiring their attention. It is unfortunate that the lines of cleavage between provincial parties are those drawn on Dominion issues. Both parties are to blame for this. The late Sandfield Macdonald's well-meant attempt to exclude Dominion politics from provincial affairs was defeated by the persistent opposition of the *Globe* and the Brown dictatorship, and in later years Sir John Macdonald's repeated onslaughts upon provincial rights have forced the Mowat administration in self-defence to assume a position of antagonism to the Ottawa Government. It is now futile to expect that the members of the Provincial House will cease to be partisans, but they should at least refrain from wasting time in fighting their campaign battles over again on the floor of the legislature, when matters of real moment claim their attention.

IT is admitted on all sides that the Ontario majority of the Dominion was only saved by the raising of the cry that the N.P. was in danger. The absence of any important issue between parties gave undue prominence to this trivial *ad captandam* question. Mr. Blake's Malvern speech came too late, and was so obviously dictated by "political exigencies," that it did not have the re-assuring effect anticipated, while it probably did much to cool the ardour of the Maritime Province Oppositionists. The fear that Grit supremacy means free trade or any material reduction of the tariff is a mere bugbear. But capital is proverbially timid, and apart from the rabid Protectionists, by whom every jot and tittle of the existing tariff is invested with an almost sacred character, there were no doubt many who saw through the hollowness of the "N.P. in danger" cry, yet adopted it as a convenient pretext to vote for a Government which they could not have supported with any show of consistency on other grounds. It is high time that the petty and frivolous distinction without a difference between the attitude of the party that established the N.P. and the party that is willing to sustain it as a necessity ceased to be an issue in politics. There is not the shadow of a principle involved. It is a mere matter of expediency with both. If any party proposed to sweep away the entire tariff system and substitute absolute free trade and the raising of a revenue by direct taxation, then there would be a question worth fighting over. The journals and public men of both parties habitually use language and appeal to principles and authorities, on the broad question of Free Trade *vs.* Protection, from which an outsider might infer that their views were wide as the poles asunder, and that some such tremendous issue as was decided when the British Corn Laws were abolished was at stake. This confusion of thought is favourable to the Conservatives. Rightly or wrongly, the majority of people of Canada have got it into their heads that the country's prosperity depends upon the maintenance of the existing tariff intact.

ARCTURUS:
A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

NEVER since Confederation has a general election for the Dominion been as indecisive in its apparent results as that of the 22nd ult. As was generally anticipated by unbiassed observers, the Ministry has been sustained, but their majority has been greatly reduced. The change is mainly due to the revulsion of feeling in Quebec. In the other Provinces there has been but little alteration in the political complexion of the representatives, the gains being slightly in favour of the Liberals. But Quebec, instead of being a tower of strength to the Conservative Government, returns for the first time a Liberal, or rather an anti-Macdonald majority.

The uncertainty of the position of many of the members elect, and the absence of complete returns, owing to the later date fixed for elections in some of the remoter constituencies, render the estimates of the precise majority on which the Government can depend the merest guess-work. But, taking as approximately correct the figures of the more moderate of the exponents of Conservative opinion, it is probable that the majority will be sufficient to enable Sir John Macdonald to carry on the Government. Certainly if he possesses half the capacity and resource of the Sir John of ten years ago, there is little doubt that he will speedily recover his position by the use of the arts of diplomacy and finesse of which he is the master, and by the lavish use of the public patronage. His opponents assert that his right hand has to some extent lost its cunning. Even some of his friends declare that he is anxious to withdraw from the cares of an active political career. Others are of opinion that he will accept the opportunity of retiring now that he can do so with his prestige unimpaired, rather than undertake the arduous and uncertain task of building up his party again for the benefit of his successor. His early retirement in favour of Sir Charles Tupper is confidently predicted by those who profess to be to some extent behind the scenes. Such a step would change the whole situation. If Sir John would find it a matter of difficulty to retain power with the reduced following which the elections have left him, it would be simply impossible for Tupper to do so. While the latter's power in debate and his abilities as a rough and ready campaigner render him invaluable as a lieutenant, he does not possess the present Premier's faculties for leadership. He has none of the conciliatory tact and personal suavity of Sir John, and his unsavoury reputation as a corruptionist who has enriched himself is not excused so readily as the Premier's use of disreputable methods for the sake of his party.

For the present, as has been said, we believe Sir John's position to be fairly secure. On the whole, however, the signs point to a deadlock in politics at a day not far distant. If the Conservative ascendency outlives the first shock of battle in Parliament and the subsequent storms of the session, it certainly will not survive Sir John's political career. As has frequently been pointed out, the veteran Premier is the only living politician who can successfully unite the incongruous elements which are now ranged on the Ministerial side. Nor is the cohesion between the Opposition forces any more assured, especially since the Rielite faction in Quebec has assumed so much prominence on that side. Any Government which Mr. Blake might form from the materials now at his disposal, joined by such political waifs and strays as always attach themselves to whichever side is uppermost, would be equally unstable and devoid of any common bond of union as a Tory Ministry without Sir John. The prospect before the country is not re-assuring. In all probability we shall witness a similar state of affairs to that which has prevailed in Britain for some years past. We shall have a succession of weak and short-lived cabinets, depending for their existence on conciliating factions and cliques having special objects of their own to promote, and falling when their support is withdrawn. Under such circumstances there would be frequent appeals to the people and a gradual reconstruction of parties. The lack of cohesion which characterizes both the heterogeneous groups labelled respectively "Conservative" and "Liberal" is the natural result of the want of any broad comprehensive issue as between parties. In the absence of great principles over which to contend, personal and side issues inevitably come to the front, and sectional claims loom up more largely in the eyes of provincial delegations than fealty to party traditions or meaningless shibboleths. It has been the study of Canadian politicians for many years not to build up parties by undertaking large measures of reform and keeping pace in legislation and the science of Government with the material progress of the country, but to look almost altogether to official patronage and diplomatic concessions to sectarian or sectional groups of electors as a means for retaining or winning power. Mr. Blake has had the opportunity of inaugurating a bolder and nobler method of statesmanship. He has not availed himself of it, but has rather sought to imitate Sir John's tactics, notably in his attitude on the Riel question, and in his eleventh-hour attempt to trim on the N.P. As a consequence the electors, disgusted as they are with the corruptions of Toryism, have not realized that any decided improvement would result from a change.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED HUMORIST.

(R. J. Burdette, in Lippincott's Magazine.)

THE arrival of a new boy in the little village of Greensborough, Greene County, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of July, 1844, interested me about as little as any event that ever occurred on the banks of the Monongahela. Other villagers came to inquire after the boy and his pretty mother; they decided whom the baby looked like, and what his name should be; they dandled him and guessed at his weight; they petted and praised him, and loved him. But I and the baby didn't seem to get on. At first sight of him I broke into pitiful wails, and brandished my fists as though I had met my mortal enemy. As the boy grew older, and opportunities for annoying him presented themselves more frequently, I persecuted him the more. I thrust my thumb into his eyes; I kicked the blankets off his sleeping form of nights; often I had fallen down-stairs with him, had not my sister Mary protected him. I have fidgeted and struggled until I thrust concealed pins into the person of that innocent, shrieking child. As the years of his boyhood came and went, more than all other people in the world I led that boy into mischief and got him into trouble; and I never got over this singular antipathy. I have been unkind to him where I would be tenderly merciful

to a stranger; I have been pitiless with him where I was gracious to my enemies. I have been the cause of all his mistakes and misdeeds: a thousand times I have been a stumbling-block in his way, and then I have smitten him because he stumbled over me. Often and often I wonder how bright and happy and good that boy's life might have been had he never met me.

The boy went West with my parents in 1846. Family traditions state that he wept aloud all the way from Greensborough to Cincinnati. Possibly he was heart-broken at leaving his native State, to which he returned long years afterwards. Six years they abode in Cincinnati. The boy grew in few years and some wisdom. He learned to read in the old family Bible, his mother teaching him his alphabet from the big initial letters. He went to school in an old market-house, somewhere near the river, in Fulton. He learned to swim in the Miami Canal, at Cumminsville. In the eighth year of his age he followed the course of empire towards the setting sun. The family took ship and sailed for Peoria, Illinois, by the overland route, the Illinois river boat, which they took at St. Louis, walking over the sand-bars most of the way from Alton to Kickapoo Bar, five or six miles below Peoria. Just before the boat reached that point, some cows came along and drank up the river. The next week, however, it rained, and the "Clipper" sailed into port. With all this delay, the steamboat reached Peoria three or four years ahead of the railroad,—which might be considered excellent time, in those days.

In Peoria, this worthy boy was thrashed by a succession of educators through a long intellectual gauntlet, beginning at "Hinman's," a model "all-round" school in its time, and extending through the grammar school to the doors of the high school. Here the rod could not follow him, and as he entered the college of the people he rejoiced to know that if he failed to spell "phthisic" when the teacher said "tizzik" he could not be caned for it. All through his school-days he hated mathematics, never stood very high in any of his classes, was poor in declamation, very fond of history, while "composition-writing" he regarded as a pleasant recreation. Whatever his theme, he treated it lightly. He soon learned that what was such an easy task for him some of the boys most dreaded, and he established a little contraband traffic with them: "I'll write your composition if you'll do my algebra." I have known him to have half a dozen "compositions" in stock, viewing with a tranquil mind a secured mathematical future. Alas for such false training! all he knows about figures now is that his manuscript averages two hundred and forty words to the page. Had he but faithfully studied his own algebra, he might now be able to write a serial story on a postal card. But he wouldn't be able to invent the story.

In 1861 he graduated from the Peoria High School with high honours, standing about third in the class. When the doors of the school closed behind him he was greatly pleased. So were his teachers. I cannot say that his school-days were pleasant to him. He has often told me, in the strictest confidence, that he never wishes he were a boy again. His teachers were kind, sympathetic, I think, and infinitely patient with him, I know; and he often wishes he had not made them so much trouble. But then, you know, school-days are not pleasant to some boys. In the summer of 1862, at the tender age of eighteen, he was invited by President Lincoln, in a proclamation issued about that time, to save the country. He did so. He entered "C" Company, Forty-Seventh Illinois Infantry, as a private gentleman, and put down the rebellion with a musket longer than himself, for he was brief of stature, being but five feet three inches short. He saved his country, although he hasn't got a deed for it yet. The government wouldn't promote him, and couldn't reduce him: so he held his rank steadily,—which is more than some generals did. At General Banks's urgent solicitation he, with a number of other private gentlemen, accompanied the Red River expedition to Pleasant Hill and back to Atchafalaya Bayou, on an excursion-ticket good both ways, conquering in one direction and running in the other, his pay going on all the same. At the beginning of the Vicksburg campaign he laid his blood-stained sword down long enough to write his first letter for publication. It was a private letter to his father, but it contained some very patriotic sentiments, couched in the earnest language of a young soldier, and it was published in the Peoria *Transcript*, greatly to the surprise of the author. He wished he had known it would be published: he would have made it longer. See what a blessed thing it is for the world of readers that authors do not know whether their articles will be published. That is the way editors stand like protecting bulwarks between the writer and the reader. Now, look at the length of this article: anybody could tell that the writer knew pretty well it was to be printed.

After the close of the war, the young veteran at once entered the profession of letters, being appointed a clerk in the Peoria post-office, where he served about two years, occasionally running as extra man on the railway mail routes running out of Peoria. All this time he was ambitious in an artistic direction. He was haunted by a presentiment that he was destined to be a great artist, and passed much of his time drawing pictures on the good manilla paper furnished by the government, and often he dreamed of painting a great historical picture as big as the side of a barn, with at least twenty dollars' worth of paint. So he journeyed to New York to see about it. After a few months' residence in that city, it began to dawn upon him that he was about two hundred and fifty years too late to be a great artist. He took his pen in hand, and began to write New York letters for the Peoria *Transcript*. One of these, "The sailing of the Arizona," pleased Mr. Enoch Emery, the editor, and he wrote to the great artist, asking him to come home, that he "might make an editor outen him." He went, and was set to work reading proof and "editing telegraph" on a morning paper, and from the day he bent over the first proof he wondered that he ever thought there was any pleasant occupation in the world outside a newspaper office. The *Transcript* was a good school of journalism, for Mr. Emery was one of the best editors I ever knew: I guess the first editor a youngster writes under always is. But he was a man of excellent ideas. When the paper was full of long editorials he scolded everybody for laziness. When it was only half filled with short paragraphs he praised all hands for industry and brightness. "Only a lazy man," he said, "will write long editorials." "Young man," he said to me one day, when I had printed something that would have looked better for our side unprinted, "it isn't knowing what to put into a paper that makes an editor; its knowing what to keep out. Any fool can fill a paper with original matter every day, but a good editor will reject three or four-fifths of all that is offered him." He never had any faith in my so-called humour, and frequently repressed my exuberant flights. "Young man," he said, "I want you to learn to walk before you try to prance." And on another occasion he said, "See here, young man, when I want anything funny in this paper I'll write it myself." He was right: the tendency of a "funny" young man is to be too funny; to be as funny as he can be all the time; to be a "grig," which is to be a bore.

Alas! I see I have glided into the upper-case I. It was my intention to keep my identity carefully concealed until the close of these confessions, and then suddenly spring the revelation upon the startled audience, "That boy now stands before you." I have seen this done with great effect in Sunday-school conventions and on Commencement occasions, although I must confess that it always detracted a little from the impressiveness of the revelation when the "boy" standing before us was bald as an egg, wore throat-whiskers, and was seventy years young. From this point my confessions will be replete with the most interesting incidents that ever delighted a listening audience, most of which I will carefully suppress. You see, I have learned "what to keep out."

On the 4th of March, 1870, I married Carrie S. Garrett, of Peoria. From this time on, so much of her hand and influence ran not only between but in the lines of my work, that whatever I wrote should have been signed "Robert and Carrie Burdette." Not only by her brave, cheery, hopeful nature—and her courage and cheerfulness I never knew to be equalled—but by her wonderful good sense and judgment did she aid me. Against her advice, shortly after our marriage I and some friends established an evening paper of our own, the Peoria *Review*. The gods loved it, though the advertisers didn't, and in one short year it died. Sincerely mourned by its numerous creditors, and leaving in my hands a library valued at about fifteen hundred dollars. I have

this library yet. It consists of one volume of Zell's Encyclopædia. It may not be worth so much money in the market, but that's about what it cost me: that precious book was all I got out of the *Review*. Since then, several times I have been offered splendid opportunities for starting a new paper to fill a long-felt want. I have never started a second one. I don't want to. I lack business capacity. If I were to print a nine-column quarto on gold-leaf, I couldn't sell it for two cents a copy. In 1874 I was engaged on the editorial staff of *The Hawkeye*, and removed to Burlington, Iowa.

My work was very easy all the time I was on *The Hawkeye*. That is, it came easily. There never seemed to be any trouble either in selecting a subject—and it's always more difficult to find the text than it is to write a sermon—or in writing the sketch. Very rarely, either at that or any other time, was there an effort to invent anything "funny." Such an effort is usually a failure. When I sit down and think—I do think, sometimes—I seldom think of anything humorous: my thoughts, with rare exceptions, are serious—indeed, rather sombre in their tendency. Of late years especially I am aware of a constant struggle against melancholy.

As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from desk-work in *The Hawkeye* office and writing altogether at home. "Her Little Serene Highness" was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplsseness more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and, so tenderly that in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless "blue pencil" became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew "what not to print"! Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness! At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one-half of a long sketch or letter, and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day, as I was gathering up the "copy" which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves with comically feigned timidity a little poem which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like a copy of the paper containing it, if published. It was "Robin's Nest," a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem; although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain-stricken fingers that could scarcely hold the pen.

In the winter of 1877 I wrote a lecture about two hours long, and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript, or remorse. The writing of that lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache,' was a comical piece of business. Dr. Charles Beardsley, then editor-in-chief of *The Hawkeye*, said to me one day, "Why don't you write a lecture?" Straightway I went home and told Her Little Serene Highness what he said. Her face lit up like a ray of sunshine. "Ah," she exclaimed, "Dr. Beardsley is as wise as he is good. I've been waiting for this for years." I was afraid to venture; but Her Little Serenity coaxed and petted and argued in her womanly way, and at last the lecture was completed. She calmly sent her little blue pencil cruising over its blotted pages, and, after making many prizes and sinking many a gallant rhetorical three-decker, she sent me out. I am afraid I didn't go out very grandly. I was badly frightened. I had no voice, no elocutionary training, no presence, no attitude, no gesture; my pronunciation was faulty, and my grammar uncertain: I had nothing but my lecture and my wife. How could I fail? The critics were kind; they were more than kind. Indeed, they have always dealt very gently with me. Possibly—I think probably—because I am scarcely worthy of the envenomed steel, but possibly because the critic is not so lurid as he is painted. There was so much money in lectures that they drew me more and more away from the desk. You see the difference between "spoken" and "written" literature? A lecture that no magazine would pay me one hundred dollars for has lasted nearly ten years, is still in steady demand, and is worth four or five thousand dollars a year. And yet that lecture has been published, in book form, ever since the first year of its delivery. But, you see, nobody reads my books. Neither do I. In time we wrote other lectures, and in time I published some books. Mrs. Burdette warmly approved of the lectures, but she earnestly endeavoured to dissuade me from publishing the books. The lectures were financial successes: in a few years the fee grew from anything I could get, to one hundred dollars a night and as many engagements as there are nights in the week. The books were colossal failures. All I ever got out of the three of them wouldn't pay me for the time spent in their compilation at a day-labourer's wages.

I drifted away from *The Hawkeye* to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the only journal with which I am now connected. Six years ago we came to Philadelphia to secure medical treatment for Mrs. Burdette, and shortly afterwards made our home in Ardmore. Here, wearied with the long struggle with pain and helplessness, Her Little Serene Highness fell asleep; and as I close this paper I miss the loving collaboration that with so much of grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance, I owe to the gentlest, best, and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should be placed, not on the head of the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brows of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

MEMBERS of Parliament come cheap. Labouchere tells the following story of a Radical member of the British House of Commons: "The atmosphere of the House of Commons does not seem to agree with Radicals. They soon want to become fine gentlemen. He remembered a case in one of the divisions with regard to the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh. About ten minutes before the division a highly respectable gentleman on the Liberal side of the House came to me and said, 'You know I have been thinking this over, and my conscience won't allow me to vote for Bradlaugh.' I replied, 'I have not got time enough to talk about your conscience—what do you want?' The member said: 'What do you mean? I am not that sort of a person;' whereupon I said, 'Do you want to be made a knight?' and the gentleman replied, 'No, you are entirely mistaken.' I next asked him, 'Have you got a wife?' and he answered, 'Yes.' 'Well, do you get asked to those crowds, those receptions at the Foreign Office?' The honourable member admitted that he and his wife rather complained that they had not, and then I said, 'You go in and vote, and I'll see that you are asked to them in the future,' and in about ten minutes I polled that patriot in." Even a New York alderman would scorn to sell his vote for such a low consideration.

IN the days of Rome's greatness one Marcus Cassius had a large cooperage at the corner of Appian Way and Mars Hill. Upon a certain day two of his apprentices sought to see which would make a better beer keg. Caius Antoninus was the successful competitor, which so maddened Titus Demetrius that he knocked in the head of Antoninus's keg with a beetle. Caius cried aloud in his agony as he surveyed the ruin that had been accomplished, "See what a rent the envious casker made." Rome's downfall dated from that day.

SAID a Nevada lawyer concerning a man who had kicked his wife down stairs: "Gentlemen of the jury, he hi'sted her! Great heavens, he h'isted her! He—the brute, once, perhaps, a man—raised his foot and applied it to the form of her who, at the holy altar, he had sworn to love and cherish."

Poetry.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST AND THE TRAMP.

Walking along a country road,
While yet the morning air was damp,
As, unreflecting, on I strode,
I marked approach the frequent tramp.

The haggard, ragged, careworn man
Accosted me in plaintive tone:
"I must have food," he straight began.
"Vile miscreant," I cried, "begone!

"'Tis contrary to every rule
That I my fellows should assist;
I'm one of the scientific school,
Political economist.

"Dost thou know, deluded one,
That Adam Smith has clearly proved
That 'tis self-interest alone
By which the wheels of life are moved?

"That competition is the law
By which we either live or die?
I've no demand thy labour for.
Why, then, should I thy wants supply?

"And Herbert Spencer's active brain
Shows how the social struggle ends:
The weak die out, the strong remain;
'Tis this that nature's plan intends.

"Now, really, 'tis absurd of you
To think I'd interfere at all.
Just grasp the scientific view—
The weakest must go to the wall."

My words impressed his dormant thought.
"How wise," he said, "is Nature's plan;
Henceforth I'll practice what you've taught,
And be a scientific man.

"We are alone; no others near,
Or even within hailing distance:
I've a good club, and now right here
We'll have a struggle for existence.

"The weak must die, the strong survive—
Let's see who'll prove the harder hittest;
So, if you wish to keep alive,
Prepare to prove yourself the fittest.

"If you decline the test to make,
And doubt your chances of survival,
Your watch and pocketbook I'll take,
As competition strips a rival."

What could I do but yield the point,
Though conscious of no logic blunder?
And as I quaked in every joint,
The tramp departed with his plunder.

Phillips Thompson.

SONNET.—DARK DOUBTS.

Black is the night; but blacker still my mind,
Whose thoughts like thunder-clouds obscure the sky
Of my fair reason. Rent in agony,
As sails, all tatter'd by the fitful wind,
In spite of all that cunning craft could bind,
My fondest hopes are toss'd about on high
And made the playthings of mad jealousy,
Whose raging frenzy no reprieve can find.

* * * * * *

Let blackness reign and blust'ring blasts yet blow
Till all the firmament with furious wrath
Be hidden from the blinded sense beneath;
From gravest dangers great escapes do grow.
Through darkest clouds the sun must later shine
As through my doubts the love that still is thine.

Paris, Ont. E. G. Garthwaite.

A well-known resident of New York, whose name is withheld, has made a proposition to the officers of the Free Library to buy a lot and erect a building for a branch. The offer has been accepted and the site will soon be selected. In addition to the above the library has lately received a gift of $10,000 from Mrs. Charles Woerishoffer and the same amount from William Ottendoffer.

Book Notice.

The Greville Memoirs, Part III. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Toronto, R. W. Douglas & Co.

The third and concluding part of these *Memoirs* has been published at last, and the "trivial fond records" of one of the most amusing gossipers of the nineteenth century have been brought to a close. The falling-off in interest from previous volumes is distinctly, almost painfully apparent. The last entry is under date of November, 1860, when the chronicler had reached his sixty-seventh year. "I have long seen," he writes, "that it is useless to attempt to carry it on, for I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world." Such a passage as this, penned in an old man's diary, goes a long way towards disarming criticism. It moreover conveys a lesson which all of us would do well to bear in mind. There must come a time when the best-trained hand shall forget its cunning, and when the lightest touch shall be all too heavy. To the author of these memoirs the time came slowly and very gradually. He had his full share of the good things which life has to give, and he has furnished entertainment for many thousands of his fellow-creatures. When he was at his best he wielded a sharp and almost vitriolic pen. Even at his worst, as he is in this last instalment of his diary, he is seldom absolutely dull. Here we learn for the first time that in the year 1854 efforts were made to bring about a marriage between Louis Napoleon and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. The foremost advocate of this match was Lord Palmerston, who on various occasions personally urged it upon the Queen. One ground upon which he urged it—that such a match would be preferable to a union with any little German Prince—was not likely to render it popular with Her Majesty. "It is incredible," writes Greville, "that he should have mixed himself up in an affair that he could hardly fail to know must be very disagreeable to the Queen, besides that the Princess is not likely to sacrifice her country and her position for such a speculation, so hazardous and uncertain at best, and involving immediate obligations and necessities at which her pride could not fail to revolt." In addition to social and political topics, the author has a good deal to tell us about the literary lions of his time. Very little of his information is absolutely new, but he throws a good many side-lights upon some of the characters. Of the poet Rogers, he says: "I have known him all my life, and at times lived in a good deal of intimacy with him, but for some years past he had so great an aversion to me that I kept away from him and never saw anything of him. He was an old man when I first made his acquaintance between thirty and forty years ago, or probably more. He was then very agreeable, though peculiar and eccentric; he was devoured by a morbid vanity, and could not endure any appearance of indifference or slight in society. He was extremely touchy, and always wanted to be flattered, but above all to be listened to, very angry and mortified when he was not the principal object in society, and provoked to death when the uproarious merriment of Sydney Smith or the voluminous talk of Macaulay overwhelmed him and engrossed the company; he had a great friendship nevertheless for Sydney Smith, but he never liked Macaulay. I never pretended, or could pretend, to be a rival to him, but I was not a patient and attentive listener to him, and that was what affronted him and caused his dislike to me."

Correspondence.

The Sabbath Question.

Editor ARCTURUS:

SIR,—I am not a bigot, not even a Sabbatarian in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and yet I think that the movement which insists on one day of rest in seven ought to be supported by all who wish well to the human race. Six days of toil, whether of brain or body, are quite enough for any one to endure without relaxation. We need rest, and if we cannot get one day in seven for rest and recreation, I really think life is not worth living. During an active life I have found the seventh day's rest a boon which has rendered life enjoyable. Throwing aside as much as I could the cares and worries and labour of the week, I have rested both mind and body for one quiet day; sometimes at home, sometimes at church, or other meeting; sometimes wandering in the sunshine amidst the trees and flowers; at the same time learning something of nature. I have been rested, refreshed, instructed. Had I to live life over again, the greatest loss I can conceive of would be the loss of the resting day,—the Sabbath. I do not feel thus on account of religious scruples, but from the experience of an ordinary lifetime I am loath to give up the day of rest.

Now, what I desire and ask for myself, it would be selfish and wrong in me to withhold from others, and as I cannot get a rig at a livery stable, ride in street cars, or sail in steamboats without forcing someone to work, I regard it a duty to forego any additional pleasure which I might obtain in order that all may have the rest which I enjoy.

The Sabbath question must come to the front and ought to be discussed, but as one point, or thought, may be enough for one letter, other thoughts must for the present remain unnoticed.

Yours, etc., REST.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE early numbers of ARCTURUS are rapidly becoming exhausted, and persons wishing to obtain complete sets cannot send in their orders too quickly.

THE *Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into Japanese, and illustrated by a native artist. This makes the eighty-first language into which the "Pilgrim" has been rendered.

THE latest thing in book advertising has been devised by a French publishing firm. A large number of men are made to walk in single file along the most frequented streets, apparently intent upon reading an open book, which they hold out before them with both hands, so that the back of the book can be seen. The public naturally wishes to know the title of this work of such absorbing interest, and finds on looking that it is a newly published novel. It is hardly necessary to add that several of the hired men could not read a line of it to save their lives.

FEARFUL and wonderful are the ways of cataloguers. A writer in *Blackwood* states that it is within his knowledge that in a certain public library Mr. Edmund Gosse's volume of poems, entitled "On Viol and Lute," was placed on the shelves among musical publications, and "King Solomon's Mines" among works on mineralogy. One correspondent of *Notes and Queries* states that he saw Tully's "Offices," at the Hartley Library, Southampton, inserted under the head of theology; and another says that a short time ago, in a bookseller's catalogue, he found Phineas Fletcher's "The Purple Island; or the Isle of Man" classified along with Manx books.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Falling in Love," speaks of fiction as follows: "I do not approve of novels. They are for the most part a futile and unprofitable form of literature; and it may profoundly be regretted that the mere blind laws of supply and demand should have diverted such an immense number of the ablest minds in England, France and America from more serious subjects to the production of such very frivolous and, on the whole, ephemeral works of art." Mr. Grant Allen's last novel, by the way, has not been republished in America. It is a West Indian story, entitled *In all Shades*.

WE have received from Messrs. Henry Stevens & Son, of London, England, their February "Catalogue of Chief Books and Pamphlets Relating to America." It contains a valuable lot of Canadiana, but the prices affixed are not what would commonly be called cheap. In fact, as any collector knows, the time for getting cheap books and pamphlets relating to Canada is past. So far as those of any real value are concerned, the demand is beyond measure greater than the supply. Even as regards many of those which are devoid of intrinsic merit, there is a steady demand on the part of State libraries and private collectors. There are not a few Canadian works which the local second-hand dealers in Toronto are much more anxious to buy than to sell.

ONE of the chief features of the number with which *Blackwood* begins the new year is "The Land of Darkness," a long story, in which Mrs. Oliphant delineates a novel idea of the "Inferno," differing entirely from all other conceptions of the same subject which have been formed by writers, whether in jest or earnest, from Dante downwards. The punishments, the sufferings, the situation, are new; mechanical modes of torture are for the most part supplanted by acute mental anguish; individualities are preserved, and the vices which had characterized humanity are found playing more fiercely and freely in the doomed spiritual nature. The story forms one of Mrs. Oliphant's series of essays in the fiction of the higher supernatural, of which "The Open Door" and "Old Lady Mary" in *Blackwood* will be remembered.

IT will be news to many of our readers that the story of Paul Revere's ride, as related by Longfellow, is in a large measure apocryphal. The poet describes him as planning a scheme by which he warned the people of Concord and Lexington of an imminent attack by the British troops. According to Revere himself, however, who left the story of his ride to his descendants—some of whom are still living in Boston—he did not succeed in reaching Concord until the inhabitants had received warning by other means. The ride, too, was by no means so devoid of interruptions as Longfellow pictures it. Before Paul had gone half a mile he met a party of British, and had to lie in a swamp for several hours till the danger was past. Procuring another horse he started again, but in a short time was called on to halt by another party of scouts. While parleying with them horsemen were heard approaching, and Paul immediately advised his captors to flee, as these were his friends. The ruse succeeded and he proceeded on his journey, but the delays were fatal to its object.

THE following story is told regarding the ready comprehension which some people profess for everything that Browning has written. One lady was talking about the matter with another, a profound Browningite. "I am sure," said the latter, "that I understood without difficulty everything that Browning wrote." "And upon the first reading?" asked the other. "Certainly." The first lady took down her Browning, turned gravely to one of the most mystical of the poems and began to read it wrong end first, that is to say, she read the last line first and then the next to the last line and kept on till she had read the whole, finishing in an animated delivery with the first line of the poem. She lent to the rhyme, more or less dubious, of the poet the music, quite undeniable, of her voice; and the new disciple of Browning drank it all in with eager ears. "There!" the reader said when she had finished, "do you mean to say that you understood that?" "Perfectly," said the other: "Nothing could be more luminous than those glorious lines, which march from their introductory statement to their irrestible conclusion like the gleaming advance of a splendid army."

IMAGINATION loves to linger about the act of death and "the moment after" it. The idea of a narrative purporting to come from one who has passed into eternity has suggested itself to many writers, and has found embodiment in efforts more or less fanciful and Scriptural. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have recently added to the number of such attempts the *Letters from Heaven*, translated from a fourth German edition. The opening chapter is a letter from a mother to her son taking up her story from the moment when he closed her eyes with filial affection.

This is both affecting and imaginative, and seizes upon the reader's attention as genuine poetry will do in whatever form it comes. The succeeding letters scarcely come up to the same high standard; in fact they drag heavily with the weight of didactic effort, and have less of narrative and more of instructive suggestion. Here and there the author falls again into the vein of fancy and gives sketches of heavenly experience. The mother who writes has been the wife and widow of a German pastor, and many little incidental touches reveal an earthly existence of placid, unselfish aims and earnest piety. The book strikes us as unequal; thoroughly good and guardedly orthodox in its statements, but rather disappointing in its lapse from fancy to pious but well-worn religious sentiment.

MR. A. STEVENSON, some of whose work has already appeared in the columns of ARCTURUS, has a well-written brief article in last week's *'Varsity* on the subject of Canadian literature. He deplores the tendency of Canadian authors to follow European models. "Imitation," he says, "is the death of art in literature as well as in everything else. Let us be ourselves. Within that limit we are greater than Shakspeare. I am not sure that the great writers of the past are altogether a blessing to us. Perhaps they are only so many Old Men of the Sea on our shoulders. It is an open question whether we should not be grateful to the Turk that burned the library at Alexandria. There are other libraries which might be burned with advantage to-day. Canadian authors have no need to imitate. The true, the noble, and the beautiful are all about them if they will but look. There are as good men and women here as in England. They also are moved by fine enthusiams, and great heroisms are wrought out here. Our sky is blue, our waters clear, birds sing here also,—our own birds—the grass is green, and our wild flowers are fair. Yet a young Canadian writer in his prize essay on 'Morning' introduces the English lark, though he probably never saw one; and certain recent Canadian poems and works of fiction have the trail of old country prejudices over them all."

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD is a name better known in England than in Canada, but it is far from unknown, even here. Many Canadians who have reached middle age will remember an excellent series of cheap sixpenny books which made their appearance in this country about thirty-five years ago. They were from the press of an English publisher, but they were sown broadcast over the northerly part of this continent, and were to be found in pretty nearly every rural home in Western Canada. One of the earliest of the series was *Recollections of William Wordsworth*, by Edwin Paxton Hood. It fell into the hands of the writer of these lines, who was then a lad of ten years. Previous to that time he had known nothing of Wordsworth, except that he was the author of a little poem in one of the national school readers entitled "The Pet Lamb." The *Recollections* were delightfully written, and from that time forward the gray-whiskered bard of Grasmere has been something more than a name. An interest was also thereby aroused in the personality of E. P. Hood—an interest which has never entirely abated to this day. A copious life of the "Poet and Preacher" has just made its appearance in England. It has been favourably received alike by the critics and the public, and is having an astonishingly large sale for a book of that class. It has not yet reached Canada, but from an advance notice in the London *Literary World* it is easy to see that the book is pervaded by a strong human interest. It is news to us to learn that Mr. Hood, like his more famous namesake, was an adept at epigram. The record has been preserved of his first introduction to Bulwer Lytton. Fascinated by the spell the author of *The Caxtons* was fastening round young and appreciative souls, the young man, Paxton Hood, ventured to call upon him. As has not been infrequent in such cases, he was told he could not see the popular patrician poet. Taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he hastily wrote:

> A son of song, to fame unknown,
> Stands waiting in your hall below.
> Your footman bids him to be gone;
> Say, mighty Bulwer, shall he go?

The impromptu proved a potent *sesame*. He was sent for, kindly received, and invited to call at Knebworth.

ARISTOCRATIC SURNAMES.

PHONOGRPAHERS complain that scarcely one English word in a thousand is spelt correctly—that is, all its letters are not sounded precisely as they are in the alphabet. And such criticism is perfectly just, though, from the force of habit, we seldom notice the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable, and sometimes even puzzling. Highly educated persons often hesitate in pronouncing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, as will be seen by the subjoined, with their recognized pronunciation:

Clanranald must be sounded as if written Clanronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the *th* is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyveden is pronounced as Livden, and Pepys as Pepis, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first *o* becomes short *u*, and they are called Munson, Punsonby. In Blount the *o* is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be pronounced as two syllables—Brawham or Brooham—but as one —Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesne, Marjoribanks, and Cholmondely —four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Cohoon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley! Cholmeley is also pronounced Chumley. Mainwaring and McLeod must be pronounced Mannering and Macloud. The final *x* in Molyneux and Vaux is sounded, but the final *x* in Devereux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the *e* becomes short *a*, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Cur! In Waldegrave the *de* is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is pronounced Bukan; Beauclerk, or Beauclark, as Beauclare, with the accent on the first syllable; and Beauvoir as Beevor. Wemyss is pronounced as Weems, and Willoughby D'Eresby as Willowby D'Ersby; St. John must be pronounced Sinjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John. Montgomery, or Montgomerie, is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Elgin *g* takes the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin—as it also does in Nigel. In Conyngham the *o* becomes short *u*, and the name is called Cunningham. In Johnstone the *t* is silent. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Heathcote, Hethkut; and Hertford, Harford. The *av* is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Abergenny; and the *n* in Penrith, which is called Perrith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourke, Burk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it becomes Gor. Eyre should be pronounced Air; and Du Plat is called Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys as if written Knowls; Menzies as if written Mynjes; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamarah, with the accent on the third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sands; St. Clark is also one word—Sinclair; and St. Leger is called Selleger. Vaughan is spoken as one syllable—Vawn; and Villebois is Vealbwoh. Villiers is called Villers, with the accent on the first syllable; Tyrwhitt is called Tirritt; and Tollemache is pronounced Tollmash, with no accent on either syllable. The proper pronunciation of a dead Conservative premier's title is Beckonsfield; Bethune should be spoken as Beeton; and Milnes as Mills. Charteris, by those moving in what Jeames calls the "hupper suckles," is pronounced Charters, and Glamis is called Glams. Geoghegan is always spoken as Gagan, and Ruthven as Riven.—*London Literary World.*

AT a recent meeting of the Burns Club in Glasgow it was resolved to erect, on a rocky point overlooking the Clyde, an obelisk as a memorial to "Highland Mary." The necessary funds will be raised by public subscription.

Hours with Contemporary Authors.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DURING the last few years, the subject of American Humour has received a considerable amount of attention at the hands of the English and the Canadian press. All the English quarterlies, and almost all the monthlies, have devoted more or less space to the theme. Canadian periodicals abound with extracts from and allusions to the humorous muse of the United States. If the British and Canadian public of the present day are not reasonably well informed with respect to the more salient features discernible in the humorous literature of the United States, the fault must rest with themselves. The works of Dr. Holmes, Professor Lowell, Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Bill Nye and a score of minor lights, have been reviewed and commented upon in English and Canadian periodicals again and again; and the criticism, upon the whole, has been sound and liberal. To several American authors, indeed, English critics have been exceptionally kind and generous in their appreciation. Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, for instance—neither of whom has met with very rapturous recognition in his own land—were, upon their first introduction to English readers, greeted with a fervour of enthusiasm which created not a little astonishment in the United States, where the eloquently expressed admiration of insular critics seemed incomprehensible.

The author whose name stands at the head of this article has come in for a share of attention along with his Transatlantic brethren, and has received perhaps more unmingled eulogy than any one of them: and yet, according to the best opinion I have been able to form, he has never received, at the hands of the general reading public of Canada, the amount of recognition to which his versatile genius and varied acquirements entitle him. The fact is, it has not hitherto been his good fortune to be discussed in suitable company. A dissertation on American Humour should be very comprehensive indeed—more comprehensive than any article of reasonable length can be reasonably expected to be—to do complete justice to a topic including writers so entirely antithetical in every conceivable respect as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and the impersonator of the itinerant Yankee showman whose "wax figgers" were confiscated down in Dixie, and who resorts to the expedient of quoting Hamlet's soliloquy "2 B or not 2 B," in order to provoke the laughter of his readers. The last named writer is doubtless irresistibly funny at times; though he is seldom or never anything more than funny. When we read his books we are constrained to grin, in spite of ourselves: though, sooth to say, we are frequently conscious of a feeling somewhat akin to self-abasement for being so easily amused. Artemus, in short, is all very well in his way; but his way is not that of the higher class of American humorists; nor do his books present any fair sample of the national humour except in its lowest development. Most assuredly his calibre is very far removed from that of the well-bred gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the subtle psychologist, and the brilliant writer of eloquent and sparkling English who has described "The Last Walk with the Schoolmistress," and who has told us the wondrous and altogether uniquestory of *Elsie Venner*. And yet, wide as is the difference between them, we not unfrequently see the works of these writers classed together—or at any rate treated together—under the general head of "American Humour." I have no particular charge to bring against such a course of proceeding. It is unquestionably legitimate, and even necessary, in a general article which professes to take something like an exhaustive survey of American Humour, to select examples from every phase of that humour. But I submit that such an article, no matter how judiciously it may be written, being restricted in its scope to the humorous element of literature alone, can convey no adequate idea of the status of an author like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, while he is beyond question in the front rank of contemporary humorists, is not a *mere* humorist. Indeed, the nature and quality even of his humour are such as to place it out of the common category.

A New York journal recently remarked that there are few things in which Americans are more thoroughly distinctive than in their humour. The humorous vein runs largely through all their walks of life. They have had a great many comic papers—mostly imitations of *Punch*—not one of which has been very long-lived. This result is accounted for upon the hypothesis that an undercurrent of dry humour prevails to such an extent throughout *all* American journalism as to render a comic paper *per se* a superfluity. "We are all of us very apt," says the journal just referred to, "to treat serious subjects lightly, and it is precisely this quality that renders our humour so characteristic. It possesses none of the airy grace of the Frenchman, nor is it based upon so solid a foundation of the 'well of English undefiled' as that of the Britisher. It is broad and irresistible caricature, rather than polished wit and satire. The American is a weak satirist. He lacks the elegance and polish of language that could make him one. Incapable in this direction, therefore, he betakes himself to a burlesque, and here it is that he finds a speciality in which he is unrivalled. Take our American school of humour altogether, it is not one to be ashamed of, nor yet to be particularly proud of. It can hardly be claimed as the humour of a refined and highly cultivated intelligence, but must rather be regarded as the exuberant fun of a sturdy intellect that is brimful of the practical, and can find relief only in its most direct antithesis."

The foregoing remarks are well and tersely put; and if applied to the modern developments of the national humour are incontestable. Of this class is the humour of Mark Twain, Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, the Danbury Newsman and Bill Nye. But there is another and more elevated class of American humorist, to whom the foregoing remarks can no more be applied than to the Rev. Sydney Smith, or any other of the best humorous writers of Great Britain: and to the latter class belongs the subject of this paper.

I suppose it will hardly be disputed that Holmes is entitled to the appellation of "Prince of American Humorists," which was long ago bestowed upon him. Certainly the only author who can venture to contest the preëminence with him is his friend and fellow-labourer Professor Lowell, whose *Biglow Papers* are so well known in this country, and who would himself be the very last man in the world to raise the question. In the present article, however, it is proposed to consider Dr. Holmes not only in his capacity of a humorist, but generally as a man of letters. I shall of course take no notice of his lyceum lectures, nor of such of his works as are exclusively professional, of which he has published several. Independently of these, he has attained a certain distinction as a poet, a novelist, and an essayist respectively; and it will perhaps be most convenient to consider him separately in each of these three aspects.

As a poet, he chiefly merits notice for sprightliness of fancy and felicity of expression—two qualifications absolutely essential to a successful writer of verses of society. He seems to have formed, at an early period of his literary career, a tolerably correct estimate of the extent and peculiar bias of his poetical powers, and has seldom attempted any very ambitious flights. The one or two pieces in which he has attempted to reach a lofty altitude are notoriously the weakest things he has produced—Miss Mitford to the contrary notwithstanding. If we wish to see him at his best (as a poet) we must read his lyrics, which are incomparably the choicest of his metrical effusions; and in this department of poetry he has certainly no rival in America. Professor Lowell, in *A Fable for Critics*, has sketched his more prominent features with singular felicity:

> "There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
> A Leyden-jar always full charged, from which flit
> The electrical tingles of hit after hit.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
> Full of fancy, fun, feeling, and spiced with satiric,
> In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
> That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'."

The only contemporary English writer who can compete with Dr. Holmes as a writer of society verses is Mr. Locker. In respect of mere mechanical finish, Mr. Locker, we think, distances

his American competitor: but in the other requisites which go to make up a successful songster of this class—among which may be enumerated genuine earnestness, delicacy of fancy, and the faculty of detecting similitudes between objects not commonly supposed to bear any resemblance to each other—I am disposed to yield the palm to the author of *Songs in Many Keys*.

Some of his best songs have enjoyed an advantage which, so far as I am aware, has been enjoyed by no other poems of modern times except the *Irish Melodies* of Thomas Moore. They have been composed for special occasions, and have made their first appearance in public fresh from the lips of the author himself, who has sung or recited them at convivial and other gatherings in Boston. In other words, the Doctor has revived, in the most staid and decorous of American cities, the practice of the bards and minnesingers of mediæval times. Aided by vocal and elocutionary powers of no mean order, some of these little effusions have won a local admiration which might not, perhaps, have been accorded to them, had they been given to the world unaccompanied by such adventitious aids. As mere occasional verses, however, they are, as a whole, excellent. Many of them display a genuine independence of thought, and a detestation of cant and humbug, blended with a broad, fervid humanity and kindness of heart, such as would compel attention even if one were to read them for the first time in the poet's corner of some obscure provincial newspaper. Happy thoughts, clothed in well-chosen epigrammatic language, are everywhere perceptible, and pungent wit, without any trace of coarseness or ill-nature, meets us at every turn. Occasionally, too, we find exquisite *morceaux* of delicate and discriminative criticism scattered here and there through the stanzas. One soul-stirring little song, composed for and recited at a Burns Anniversary meeting, contains a verse which is well worth quoting, as illustrative of the foregoing remarks. The subject, of course, is Burns himself.

> "The lark of Scotia's morning sky!
> Whose voice may sing his praises?
> *With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye*
> *He walked among the daisies*:
> Till, through the cloud of fortune's wrong,
> He soared to fields of glory:
> But left his land her sweetest song,
> And earth her saddest story."

It is probable, however, that if Dr. Holmes had written nothing but poetry, he would be little known at the present day beyond the limits of his own country, and would not be likely to be generally known to future generations, even of New Englanders. His best thoughts have been reserved for prose, in which his mind is untrammelled by the requisite conditions of rhyme and metre. Clever and sparkling as many of his verses are, the discriminating reader of his works cannot fail to perceive that the exigencies of rhythm frequently hamper his power of expression. This power of expression finds its highest perfection in his discursive essays; but it is often very noticeable in his novels.

Of novels he has written only three: *Elsie Venner*, originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1860, under the title of *The Professor's Story*; *The Guardian Angel*, published in the same magazine in 1867, and *A Mortal Antipathy*, published in its complete form no longer ago than last year. The first of these is by long odds the most noteworthy of the three.

The Guardian Angel is by no means a commonplace novel. It is written in the pleasant, racy, nervous English peculiar to the author. The humour is of more than average quality, as novels go, and is sufficiently abundant in point of quantity. The story is interesting from the first page to the finis, and contains one excellent and thoroughly original character that will probably go down to posterity. Byles Gridley, A.M., who is himself the Guardian Angel in the guise of a scholarly old man who wears spectacles, must surely have been "drawn from the life." As a whole, however, the book appears to us to be unsatisfactory, and it certainly has not enhanced the author's reputation as a novelist, which had already been established by the publication of his former and much more powerful fiction. The psychological problem presented to us in the very singular creation of Myrtle Hazard is insufficiently worked out; and all things considered, one scarcely knows whether the lot of the accomplished Mr. Clement Lyndsay, who secures her for his wife, is an enviable one or not. Viewing the matter in the light of some knowledge of the physiological theory of hereditary transmission, I am led to entertain certain unpleasant forebodings on behalf of the progeny consequent upon the marriage. The Reverend J. Bellamy Stoker is a very repulsive personage, and if such wolves in sheep's clothing are at all common among the clergy of New England, I heartily endorse the sentiment of Nurse Byloe, as to the propriety of keeping a bulldog to take the seat out of the black pantaloons of such gentry. The delineation of this character brought down upon the author's head a tremendous storm of obloquy and indignation from the orthodox clergy of the United States, while the work was coming out in monthly instalments in the pages of the *Atlantic*. In the preface, however, published when the novel was completed and given to the world in book-form, the author states very definitely that he had written upon amply sufficient data and authority. The truth of the matter is that Dr. Holmes and the "unco guid" among the clergy do not get on very well together. They accuse him of meddling with matters beyond the province of a layman. The Doctor is a sworn foe to hypocrisy and deceit, whether in matters of religion or in the affairs of every-day life, and has dealt some vigorous strokes at dogmas and creeds. It may perhaps be thought that he has occasionally gone somewhat too far in this direction, and has exceeded the legitimate functions of the novelist. However that may be, it is undeniable that by some descendants of the original New England Puritans he is regarded as a Man of Belial, and as one given over to reprobation. That he is heterodox, judged by any creed, is undeniable; but his heterodoxy never assumes the sneer of the scoffer, and in reading his fervid denunciations of Puritanical cant we have more than once been reminded of the dictum of the late Dean Ramsay, that the conscientious doubts of an honest seeker after truth are worth a great deal more than the blind and unreasoning faith of a dissembling rogue. The Doctor himself, in his clever essay on *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, says "We all need forgiveness, and there must be generous failings in every true manhood which it makes Heaven itself happier to pardon."

Of *A Mortal Antipathy* I do not propose to speak at present, as it is my intention to deal with it in a separate paper by itself. I pass on to the author's earliest novel, which, like *The Guardian Angel*, deals with certain subtle psychological problems. The master-theory in *Elsie Venner* is however worked out much more efficiently than in *The Guardian Angel*, and the work is in every respect a more telling and powerful one. It deals with the same grave and intricate question of hereditary transmission, and the influence of ante-natal accidents as brought to bear upon the moral character and entity of the offspring. To say that the author has solved all the difficulties incidental to so obscure and enigmatical a field of investigation would of course be saying too much. Indeed it may well be doubted whether any probable, or even any possible development of science can ever enable such a matter to be cleared up with anything like precision. But he has at least presented the question in such a shape as to start many quaint speculations in the minds of such of his readers as are able and willing to think, as to whether a child may not be brought into the world under such an untoward combination of circumstances as entirely to deprive it of free-will, and consequently of all moral accountability for its delinquencies, no matter how glaring. Such a subject is of course in the highest degree complicated, and the implied doctrine would be a very dangerous one to import into judicial decisions. The law can be no respector of persons. Yet the enquiry suggested can scarcely be regarded as an altogether profitless one, even though it should be productive of no other result than to make us more tolerant of the frailties and shortcomings of our fellow-creatures, and less disposed to congratulate ourselves upon our own immaculate purity and freedom from reproach.

Shortly before Elsie Venner's birth, her mother was bitten by that most deadly of reptiles, a rattlesnake, and died from the bite. The child survived, but as she grew up, the hideous nature of the serpent was partially developed within her. She was very beautiful, but her beauty was the beauty of a serpent rather than that of a woman. The ordinary studies and pastimes of girlhood were dis-

tasteful to her. When she danced, her body involuntarily assumed wriggling undulations. Her eyes were bright and glittering, and had a fell power of fascination. She lived near a precipice called Rattlesnake Ledge, the side of which swarmed with the hideous reptiles of whose nature she partook. As a consequence, Rattlesnake Ledge was avoided by everyone but Elsie herself, who scaled its side without fear and without danger, for the serpents, so deadly to everyone else, had no power—and apparently no disposition—to injure her. On the contrary, the human element in her composition seemed to endow her with a sort of qualified domination over them, for they became harmless and ceased to bite at her approach. In the end, she dies, having reached the age which naturalists assign as the ordinary limit of a rattlesnake's life.

Such is a brief outline of the story, which is sufficiently weird and remarkable in itself, and which is rendered doubly effective by the conscious power with which it is written. It would be impossible for the author to write so many pages without giving his readers a certain infusion of wit and humour, but the humorous element does not predominate, nor does it even enter largely into the composition of this book, which is not the work of a mere humorist, nor even of a mere story-teller. To any one who cares to read it for the sake of the scientific doctrines which it enunciates, the prevailing tone is one of sadness. The scene of Elsie's death, when she has outlived her serpentine nature, and has become a lovely, sweet, human girl, is very touching. One of the scenes on Rattlesnake Ledge is so graphic as to be simply terrible. The scene where Abner Briggs "follows his dog" has all the good points of the author of *Guy Livingstone* and his school, unaccompanied by the mawkishness and ridiculous exaggeration for which the works of those writers are conspicuous.

It has been said that Keats's *Lamia* and Coleridge's *Christabel* are both of them dim foreshadowings of Elsie Venner. I have no desire to claim any merit for the American author to which he is not entitled, but those who have made this statement must surely have forgotten one very material circumstance. Lamia and Christabel were nothing more, and were intended to be nothing more, than poetical abstractions; whereas Elsie Venner is presented to us as a living, breathing reality, or at all events as a possibility, and as an extreme development of a principle which is perhaps in some degree influencing every one of us in our daily conduct of life. Dr. Holmes was for many years engaged in the active practice of the medical profession in Boston and elsewhere; and, as may readily be inferred by any one who is familiar with his writings, he was and is an enthusiast (using the word in its most flattering sense) in matters connected with that profession. He is especially enthusiastic with respect to such matters as pertain to the border-land between medical and moral science. His practice in the more esoteric departments of his profession has been extensive, and in the preface to *Elsie Venner* he assures us that he has received startling confirmation of the possibility of a character like that of his heroine.

It is quite possible that the weird psychological studies of Charles Brockden Brown, with whose writings he must be presumed to be familiar, may have supplied certain more or less vague hints to the author of *Elsie Venner*. The former writer, however, is gloomy, and unwholesomely morbid. Holmes is often weird, but never morbid. His characteristic tone is fresh, bright and genial as a sunny midsummer's day. Hawthorne's incomparable *Romance of Mont Beni*, which was written and published about the same time as *Elsie Venner*, deals with a somewhat kindred theme. As an artist, I cannot, of course, compare Holmes with Hawthorne, but the Faun, like the creations of Keats and Coleridge already mentioned, is a mere artistic conception, and is not intended to pass current as anything more than the solitary communings of a poetic visionary with his own soul.

It is as an essayist that Holmes is best known to general readers; and it is in this character, I suspect, that he will be best known beyond the limits of the nineteenth century. When his first series of breakfast-table conversations appeared, in 1857, in the pages of the *Atlantic*, they were looked forward to, month by month, with scarcely less zest than was felt by the English readers of Dickens and Thackeray for the monthly numbers in green and buff. Making due allowance for a certain *bizarre* admixture of flippancy and sententiousness on the part of the Autocrat himself, who almost monopolizes the conversation, I am inclined to pronounce these essays the most delightful of their kind in the English language. Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, which are somewhat akin in spirit and tone, must yield the precedence to these witty, brilliant, eloquent and earnest monologies, which do not contain a really ill-natured word, and which are throughout characterized by sterling good sense, kindliness of temper, brilliant play of fancy, honesty of purpose, and no inconsiderable share of genius. They make no claim to comprehensiveness, nor is the author's intellect a comprehensive one, but they are the conscientious work of a manly, independent thinker, who is endowed with warm and generous sympathies, and who is wise enough not to permit those sympathies to run away with his judgment. They moreover display a most admirable proficiency in what the Country Parson has called "The Art of Putting Things." In one of the earliest of his discourses he says that "Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavour of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water." Again: "If a sense of the ridiculous is *one side* of a man's nature, it is very well: but if that is all he has to recommend him he might better have been an ape at once, and so have stood at the head of his profession." Opening the volume at random, we are sure to light upon such felicitiously expressed aphorisms as these. As a specimen of a more elevated train of thought we may refer to the passage, too long for quotation, in which human brains are compared to seventy-year clocks. The description of "The Last Walk with the Schoolmistress," already alluded to, is perhaps the most chaste and delicate piece of workmanship in the whole series, and could not have been written by an author whose training, social position, and habits of life were other than "Autocratic."

The next series, published in 1859, under the title of *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, is not, as a whole, quite up to the mark of the *Autocrat;* but the same hand is apparent, and the subjects treated of are dealt with in the same clever, semi-scientific way. None but a physician could have written the Story of Iris, nor the numerous episodes in which the Sculpin figures so conspicuously. The "young man of the name of John," who furnished so much amusement in the former series, and who is endowed with the faculty of winking with one side of his face while the other remains smooth and uncreased, is again presented to us in this volume; but he has grown older, and has shaken off some of his boyish peculiarities. We also renew acquaintance with the young clergyman, the poor relation, and the old gentleman opposite. The Koh-i-noor, a new importation (? from New York) is not much to our taste, and we feel pleased when the little episode in the back-garden relieves us from further acquaintance with him. It is in this volume that the author, through the medium of the Sculpin, propounds his theory that "Boston has opened and kept open more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live or dead men." Bostonians, one and all, are more than a little proud of their city, and pique themselves upon the intellect and cultivation of the American Athens. And justly, for probably not fewer than three-fourths of the American names which the world has agreed to consider famous, belonged to persons born in or connected with Boston.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table, which was also given to the world through the pages of the *Atlantic*, closes the series, and we are informed that we are not to expect any more lay-sermons in the guise of breakfast-table conversations from the same source. In this volume we are introduced to a host of new acquaintances, too numerous to be individually particularized. The plan is the same as in the preceding volumes, and the dialogue sparkles no-less brightly than of yore. The subjects treated of are as heterogeneous as ever; embracing theology, sociology, science, medical ethics, and what not; all of which are discussed with the flippant sententiousness with which we have long since become familiar, and which we have learned to like so well. It is interesting to trace the progress of the author's mind, as manifested in the

three volumes comprising this breakfast-table series. In one sense it may be said that he is endowed with perennial youth; for the hand has lost none of its cunning, and the style is as fresh, sprightly and vigorous in his last work as in anything he has written. But there is notwithstanding a certain mellowness and maturity of thought about the Poet that we are unable to find either in the Autocrat or the Professor.

There are certain characteristics common to all Holmes's writings, whether in poetry or prose; and with a brief enumeration of these I will conclude. There is everywhere perceptible a decided propensity for talking *shop;* and this propensity is manifested so frequently that in any writer with less taste and judgment it would become offensive. The result of his out-of-the-way professional reading is apparent in almost everything he has written; but so skilfully does he manipulate his ideas, and so cleverly does he place them before us, that they do not seem to be forced or intruded, but to arise easily and naturally out of the context. A careful reader, however—more especially if he happen to be a professional writer—will frequently detect unmistakable evidences that the context has been carefully worked up for the express purpose of introducing the theories of the author respecting matters more or less remotely connected with the medical profession. But the theories, after all, are so obviously founded upon a broad common-sense, and are so frequently well worthy of the consideration of the non-professional reader, that one does not feel disposed to find fault with the author for imparting instruction where we only looked for amusement. Many persons, for instance, will be of opinion that the Professor's remarks on homeopathy and phrenology might well have been omitted. But to most persons who have not prejudged these questions the remarks will be conclusive; and even if not conclusive as arguments, they are at all events so excellent as jokes that we forgive the special pleader for the sake of his delicious humour.

No writer ever brought to his task a greater fund of genuine manliness and good feeling. And, paradoxical as the idea may sound, herein lies the secret of his scathing satire, of which commodity we find abundance scattered throughout his various works. But it is never the satire of a cynic. It is the sentiment of a well-informed and large-hearted man, who looks upon his fellow-creatures with a sincere desire to make them better; who is inclined to be hopeful for the future of humanity; and who constantly writes with the salt-cellar within reach of his hand. He is as different from Heraclitus with his whine as from Diogenes with his lantern. If he ever manifests intolerance it is when dealing with what he considers theological abuses. Thackeray did not loathe hypocrisy and cant more sincerely than does Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Doctor's most trenchant satires have been levelled against these vices; but even in his satire he is peculiar. He can administer the most excruciating castigation with a good-humoured smile upon his lips, and without rancour or bitterness in his heart. It has been said of him that "he has a velvet touch, but a sharp claw beneath it." I think I am justified in concluding these remarks with the assertion that the claw has never been bared but in the cause of progress and truth.

A TALE OF A GRIEVANCE.

The regular Boston correspondent of the New York *Critic* waxes eloquent over the wrongs sustained by a friend of his in England. "English publishers," he writes, "are jealous publishers; and when an English magazine like *The Cornhill* or *Temple Bar* has a capital short story, or an article with the name of some one who is filling the public eye at the foot of it, the conductors do not allow the newspapers to make what those who are fond of Americanisms would call a 'free lunch' of it. A guileless friend of mine had the misfortune to become proprietor of a weekly paper in Liverpool, and having served an apprenticeship on *The New York Times*, and learned how attractive a feature its literary supplement is on Sundays, he thought he could follow the example of his journalistic Alma Mater. Though an Englishman himself, his education here had opened his eyes to the awful sterility of the average English newspaper, and he said to himself that it would surely be acceptable to his readers if he should vary the political and religious dogmatism to which they had been accustomed by his predecessor, with a sort of literary salad composed of leaves from the magazines. It was not strange that in 'making up' his first number he should turn to a copy of *The New York Times*, and no doubt he had that sense of homesickness for our rowdy metropolis which I believe no one feels so acutely as the Englishman who, once having been acclimatized here, returns to his native land. The Sunday supplement was full of good things as usual: bits from *Macmillan's, Belgravia, The Gentleman's Magazine, The Fortnightly*, and, leading all the rest, a lively short story by that excellent *raconteur* and most amiable man, Mr. James Payn. Mr. Payn's story was the very thing: vivacious, swift in its touch, unflagging in its humour; and forthwith it was transferred from *The New York Times* to *The Liverpool M——*, not, of course, without a brief word of credit to the English periodical in which it had first appeared. My friend foolishly believed that the single line of italics at the foot of the story would legitimatize the use he made of it, just as it would have done if in America he had given a similar credit to *The Century* or *Harper's Magazine*. He knew how free the American newspaper makes with the pick of the contents of these two magazines, and how courteously their editors allow the man with the paste and scissors to do what he will with them; and he imagined that a similar hospitality would be dispensed by the London magazines. In a few weeks, however, he received a note from a firm of lawyers, informing him that he had violated the copyright of the magazine in which the story had first appeared, and that legal proceedings had been begun against him, the publishers having decided that a stop should be put to a practice which interfered with the circulation of their magazine by attempts to make common property of special features which they could only obtain by a large outlay of money. These are not the words used: the actual phraseology had all the impregnable neatness of Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane. The surprised and alarmed editor at once sought Mr. Payn, who received him with the fascinating *bonhommie* that distinguishes the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Payn was sorry, but as the matter had ceased to be in his control he was obliged to refer his visitor to the publishers. The publishers were sorry, too, but they in turn had to refer him to their solicitors. The end of it all was, that in order to keep the case out of the courts my friend had to pay something over ninety pounds for the use he made of a story about four thousand words long; and ever since then he has regretted that when he wanted literature for his paper he did not avail himself of the matter which he could have bought from a 'syndicate.'"

The natural right of a woman to vote is just as clear as that of a man, and rests on the same ground. Since she is called on to obey the laws she ought to have a voice in making them; and the assumption that she is not fit to vote, is no better reason for denying her that right than was the similar assumption which has been urged against every extension of the franchise to unfranchised men. And whether men like or do not like the imputation that they are incapable of framing proper laws without the aid of women, their success in making laws has certainly not been so great as to give them a reason for disdaining women's aid. In fact the botch that men have made of the business of making laws ought, it seems to us, to lead them to ask whether the finer and quicker intuitions and more delicate sensibilities of women are not as much needed in the management of public affairs as they are in the affairs of a family. Not only are women superior to men in what our correspondent considers women's sphere, but they often bring to affairs regarded as peculiarly belonging to men an insight and a judgment which render them most valuable counselors of men. The man who scorns the advice of women is anything but a wise man. And seeing that mankind is composed of men and women, and that the two sexes are the natural complements of each other, is not the leaving of what concerns both entirely to one sex very much like the attempt of an individual to use only one leg in walking?—Henry George's *Standard*.