

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Some American Criticism.

From the fact of their being coupled under our notice, it is not to be imagined that the above two works are at all co-ordinate. Since, with certain allowances, a work is to be estimated by the degree of completeness with which it achieves its aim, the first duty of the reviewer in such a case as the present is to distinguish between the respective aims of the works which he has under consideration. As both the books in question fulfill easily their objects, are gracefully adequate to their aim, there is no inappropriateness in associating them, even though the one is a collection of unrelated magazine articles, and the other a formally evolved and harmoniously proportioned structure.

Mr. Stedman's work, unquestionably, is a masterpiece of what is known as creative criticism. Creative criticism may be partially defined as that which, proceeding from a reliable basis of established principles, carries with it not only warning and precept, but also, and more especially, example, stimulus, and impregnating power. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this work and its companion volume, *The Poets of America*, together form the masterpiece of the Victorian literary criticism. Nothing which Arnold himself has done, in criticism of pure literature, is as great as these two volumes taken together, if we pay due regard to sustained effort and to unity of design and development. Other great critics, English and American, with the possible exception of Professor Dowden, have to some extent lacked the exquisite fairness of judgment which one never seeks in vain in Mr. Stedman. A thoroughly eclectic spirit, a complete freedom from prejudice and fad, a superiority to temporary fashion, and the nicest sense of proportion, these, with the special qualifications of a poet super-added—imagination and skilled craftsmanship—make of Mr. Stedman an ideal critic of poetry. But to criticize rightly the song of one's contemporaries, that is a yet harder task. Mr. Stedman displays in a wonderful degree the power of setting himself apart and viewing contemporary poetry as if it were the product of past generations. He is able to raise himself out of the turmoil of minor and conflicting currents, and to note with clearness the general trend of the period. In noticing such a work as this reviewer has nothing to do but commend with reverence, and endeavor to guide his readers to the riches that lie within their reach. To speak from personal experience, I have found no other book of its class to possess, for the young writer, quite such a stimulating and awakening power. Its earnestness and sincerity cannot fail of their effect—enthusiasm without extravagance is an ever potent force. The prose style is throughout delightful, easy and spontaneous, and full of unexpected graces of figure and diction. In the supplementary chapter, which deals with the poetic output of the last twelve years, certain slight amendments are made to past judgments—which is characteristic of this critic's scrupulous fairness. In the original work a shade too much weight, perhaps, was allowed to Mr. Buchanan and to Barry Cornwall; while the pre-eminent merits of Mr. Browning and Mr. Arnold, on the other hand, received a little less than their full meed. These trifling defects Mr. Stedman has remedied with care, putting more emphasis upon them than his critics would be likely to do. The judicious and temperate manner in which he deals with darlings of the hour, such as Mr. Edwin Arnold and Mr. Lewis Morris, is beyond praise. Such writers, whom the popular opinion has extravagantly over-estimated, are too apt to be unduly depreciated by those whom, for convenience, we may term the *illuminati*. Mr. Stedman's verdict, it seems to me, will come to be accepted as final. In the minutest details, and in regard to the slightest names, there is the same careful balance preserved, the same hatred of a hasty judgment.

Concerning Mr. Scudder's volume,† it is difficult to generalize. Fairness we find always; and when dealing with names that are without the range of the "personal estimate," such as Landor and Shakspeare, the perspective is all that could be desired. These just referred to are admirably suggestive essays, fresh and well-considered. If I were treating this volume by itself, I should find myself slipping, perhaps, into the use of stronger expressions. The paper on "Emerson's Self" is not inferior, either in quality or in perspective. I do not see that this greatest of American writers could have been studied more impartially if Mr. Scudder had never seen New England. It is in "Longfellow and His Art" that we begin to notice a slight, barely perceptible, shortening of the focus, as it were. In "The Shaping of Excelsior" this change becomes very apparent. The evolution of a poem like "Excelsior," and the various changes by which the poet sought to remedy the deficiencies of the subject, are scarcely to be taken with the same seriousness which Mr. Scudder has devoted to Emerson. Longfellow was a true poet, whose best work has nothing to fear from the tooth of Time; but he surely wrote a few poems, "Excelsior" among them, which a wise reverence for his genius should move us to ignore. Every great poet has

done some feeble or ill-conceived verse; it happens in Longfellow's case that this inferior product has a quality which appeals to school-girls, to the unimformed taste in general, and so wins temporary vogue. I do not suppose that the shaping of "Excelsior" would be taken by any other than a Boston critic as subject for a deliberate essay. The papers entitled, "Aspects of Historical Work" and "A Modern Prophet" are valuable as well as readable—the latter in particular, which characterizes Frederick Denison Maurice, being a most vivid and penetrating delineation. But I think the opening essay, that on "Elisha Mulford," is the one which, most of all, challenges admiration. Even to one for whom Mulford is but the shadow of a name, the essay proves altogether fascinating. The characterization is keen, yet exquisitely sympathetic; loving, yet apparently unprejudiced. The portrait so delicately drawn before our eyes is complete, and lives.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Old Dramatists.

The latest issues of the *Mermaid* series show the same editorial thoroughness and mechanical excellence that have characterized this meritorious enterprise from the beginning. Its title, *Nero and Other Plays*, indicates the wide scope of the ninth volume, which includes the indifferent tragedy, "Nero"; Henry Porter's warm-blooded comedy, "The Two Angry Women of Abington"; John Day's delightful conceit, "The Parliament of Bees," and his less familiar work, "Humor Out of Breath," and Nathaniel Field's first—and most characteristic—dramatic essay, "A Woman in a Weathercock." A portrait of Field adds value to the book.

The frontispiece of the tenth volume† is a photogravure of the old Globe theatre. The subjects of the book are *Webster and Tovarner* and "The White Devil," "The Duchess of Malfi," "The Atheist's Tragedy," and "The Revenger's Tragedy," are included in the text. These are edited by Mr. John Addington Symonds, who contributes a brief but comprehensive critical introduction.

It is announced that the next volume of the series will be *The Plays of Wycherley*, edited by Mr. W. C. Ward, and that future issues will be devoted to the works of Ford, Ben Jonson, Otway, Heywood and Shadwell, edited by Messrs. Havlock Ellis, J. A. Symonds, George Saintsbury and others.

†*Nero and Other Plays*. (Mermaid series, Vol. IX.) Edited, with introduction and notes, by Herbert P. Home, Havlock Ellis, Arthur Symonds and A. Wilson Verity. Illustrated. London: Vizetelly & Co., St. John's, & A. McMillan. 2s. 6d. *Webster and Tovarner*. (Mermaid series, Vol. X.) Edited, with introduction and notes, by John Addington Symonds. Illustrated. London: Vizetelly & Co., St. John's, & A. McMillan. 2s. 6d.

Books Received.
Before the Coffin and Other Poems, Chiefly Unpublished. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
Heartsease and Rue. By James Russell Lowell. With portrait. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Advanced Ground on Temperance.

The general conference took advanced ground on the temperance question, as will appear from the resolution which was ordered placed in the discipline of 1888. It is as follows:—

We are unalterably opposed to the enactment of laws that propose, by license, taxing or otherwise, to regulate the drink traffic, because they provide for its continuance and afford no protection against its ravages. We hold that the proper attitude at Christians toward this traffic is one of uncompromising opposition, and while we do not presume to dictate to our people as to their political affiliation, we do express the opinion that they should not permit themselves to be controlled by party organizations that are managed in the interest of the liquor traffic. We advise the members of our church to aid in the enforcement of such laws as do not legalize or endorse the manufacture and sale of intoxicants to be used as beverages, and to this end we favor the organization of Law and Order leagues wherever practicable. We proclaim as our motto voluntary total abstinence from all intoxicants as the true ground of personal temperance, and complete legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks as the duty of civil governments.

Sound Advice to Odd Fellows.

Let us then be unwilling to let an opportunity pass by which we can encourage or induce woman to unite herself with a lodge of the Degree of Rebekah, thereby enabling her the opportunity of bringing to the light, those qualities of heart and soul which have lain dormant within her, for want of an opportunity. It is thus that we can, in a more forcible manner, bring the Independent Order of Oddfellows before the world, and make them to feel that there is reality in Oddfellowship, and create a desire for membership.—*Arg. Powers, P. G., in Voice.*

Then He Could Be Happy.

Surgeon—Now, my man, I am about to amputate your foot.
"Well, go ahead."
"I would advise you to submit to being placed under the influence of anæsthetic."
"Hang your anæsthetic! But I'll tell you what I wish you would do."
"Well?"
"Have somebody bring me the score of the ball game by innings while you're at work."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

IF ONLY.

If I could but forget to think;
Could, for today, just idly lie;
Among the grasses green and high,
And busy from the blue sky drink!
If memory for a time were gone;
If for today I could forget
That red sun must fade and set,
And rise again tomorrow morn!
Why do I dread the coming day?
This is the reason, friend! You see,
Tomorrow, ere the clock strikes three,
I have a little note to pay!
—J. H. B. in New York Clipper.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Evidently from the sparse attendance at Mr. Gubb's benefit and also at the Cecilia quartette concert, St. John folks are tired of music, whether amateur or professional. In looking over the audience at Mr. Gubb's benefit I was rather surprised to note the absence of lots of people, professed lovers of music who have both time and money at their disposal, and it is small encouragement to a man to be working hard as the beneficiary does, for the Oratorio society, for the pure love of the advancement of good music, to be greeted with almost empty benches.

I was a little amused at the almost total non-mention of Mrs. Perley's name in the morning papers, the *Telegraph* not even mentioning her and the *Sun* just printing her name. Granted, Mrs. Perley has been in better voice than she was that night, but certainly her singing, both of her solo and in the *May Day*, was the most finished singing of the evening. Mrs. Masters was evidently almost as nervous as Mr. Coster and so somewhat marred what was otherwise a favorite song very nicely sung. I always like to hear Mr. Coster (in spite of the nervousness), he always sings so conscientiously and has such a really good voice. I may be peculiar (and most people are) in their likes and dislikes, but I must confess I did not like Mr. Mayes' singing of "Anchored". This gentleman in my humble opinion has one of the finest natural organs in the city, but his method is very faulty. As to the words, one is hardly able to make them out unless one knows them very well. Mr. Mills sang well, though I have heard him sing better, and fully sustained his reputation, as about the best ballad singer in the city.

May Day went very well, the choruses being very nicely balanced, though the basses did not sound so full as I expected, seeing the number of really good chorus voices that were there. Mr. Gubb, was, (to use a vulgarism) all there—having the firm grip of his chorus that has been so noticeable in all the large concerts at which he has conducted—it being only necessary on his detecting a sign of dragging for him to look up and use his baton a little vigorously for a few beats for the chorus to recover their time and unity at once. Too much praise cannot be given to the Philharmonics for the rapid way in which they are acquiring a facility for grappling with the highest class of music, and if they continue to improve in the future as fast as in the past, the Oratorios will not have to send away to Boston for the orchestral accompaniment for their annual concerts, and so instead of being in continuous lack of funds will have the balance on the right side of the ledger.

People may think I am a little biased with regard to Mr. Morley, but certainly one of the greatest features in a musical way of the evening was the playing of the accompaniments. The wonderful power and expression displayed in Mr. Coster's song and the delicacy in Mrs. Masters' accompaniment was a great delight to myself and I know to a large portion of the audience. It is seldom one finds an organist who is such a really good pianist as Mr. Morley.

I am sorry Miss Bowden played the Tannhauser March, it wants such a tremendous lot of power to get out sufficient tone. I should have preferred hearing her play one of Beethoven's sonatas, which this talented lady would perform, I think, to perfection.

The Cecilia Ladies' quartette and Miss Park were a real treat, and the depressing effect of empty seats did not seem to have any disturbing influence on their performances. Musicians of high merit, taught by a first-class method (though I think not by *gymnastics*), they showed cultured voices, distinct enunciation and careful phrasing. Miss Van Hovenberg, the 1st soprano, had decidedly the best voice, and sang very charmingly. The "Swanee River" and the "Chalet Horn" were gems, the latter being decidedly the most difficult work of the evening, the cornet obligato being a detector of any fault of tone throughout the piece.

Miss Young, the 2nd soprano, has a nice mezzo, her solo being much enjoyed. Mrs. Lawton, the 1st alto, acquitted herself well in the quartettes, but rendered the best work in her sympathetic accompaniments. Mrs. Isham has some very wonderful low notes, but is hardly up to the form for singing a solo of the compass of "The Old Barn Window, John." The quartettes were all good, but the best were, "Massa's in the Cold Ground," and the encore to the "Donkey Cart," from the ridiculous to the sublime, viz., "Rock of Ages." Miss Park is a perfect master, or, I suppose I ought to say, mistress, of the cornet, with a really wonderful tone, great facility with triple-tonguing, and beautiful expression—the latter most noticeable in the obligato to the "Chalet Horn," the tone being carefully modulated to blend with the voice, never overpowering it once. It is a pity some of our cornet players were not present, as they might have learned something from the performance of the fair artiste. She played nicely on the other, but I think would do best to continue with

performances on the cornet, of which she is *facile princeps*.

I learn this admirable company give a concert of sacred music, in Leinster street Baptist church, next Tuesday evening, on their return from Woodstock and Fredericton. We will all go.

There was a dear old lady at the Institute, at the quartette concert, on the first night, who had a largish hand-bag, with a very sharp, aggravating snap when it was closed, and which was filled with very rustling, stiff paper—what was in the paper I don't know—but as sure as fate, when some particularly beautiful piano passage was reached, and one could have heard the proverbial pin drop, did that dear old lady commence to fumble with her bag, get the catch open and rummage and rummage amongst the stiff, crackling paper, and then shut the bag with a snap that could be plainly heard all over the house. All eyes were on her, but she didn't seem to mind. Curiosity was certainly much roused to know what was in that bag, but I don't think anybody found out.

There is some talk of the Minstrels being ready to give their performances the end of June or beginning of July. If delayed after that, it would be likely that the affair would have to be put off to the end of September, which would not be desirable. The management have secured a capital room, on Germain street, No. 85, and rehearsals are to be held every few nights. It is to be hoped there will be lots of good old darkey songs, as the only thing a person goes to a minstrel show for is to have a good laugh, if it is to be had.

I am afraid my request of last week, with regard to musical items, was a little misunderstood. I have been favored in one instance with a very long and glowing account of a wonderful performance that took place under the auspices of the social union of the P. B. church, on last Tuesday evening. It is impossible for me to ask my editors to give me half a column solid for the report of a 10 cent entertainment of this description, even if I had been there to report it myself. What I wished was, in case any persons had entertainments coming off, that they might acquaint *PROGRESS* of the fact and send tickets, that a representative might be present to report the same, if it was thought of sufficient interest to the readers of this journal.—*Voila Tout.*

I was at St. Andrew's church the other Sunday, and was pleased to find what a marked improvement there is already apparent in the choir. Miss Hea is evidently making her influence rapidly felt, and I should not be surprised if in a short time this will be one of the leading choirs of the city. I think that Miss Hea played better than ever; she has always been clever in her combinations; but I think she is improving in that and also in the pedal work. Some of the hymns were a pleasure to listen to being sung and played with much expression.

The Artillery band played some capital selections on the Square on Thursday evening, and are improving every time they are heard. I hear that the officers take a great interest in the men of the band, and also the music that is played, and this must have a good influence on the organization as a whole. FELIX.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Speaking of Angusta (Ga.) girls, the Louisville *Courier-Journal's* correspondent says "there is a fretted languor of pose which never suggests slouch." If the devil is not as black as he is painted, neither are some young ladies as pink and white.—*Washington Critic.*

"Speaking about the opening of different employments to women," observed the snake editor, "some of them are eminently fitted for a certain bank position."

"What position is that?" asked the horse editor.

"Talkative women could be made tellers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

By Commercial Cable the New York *Herald* receives the following from Berlin:—Countess Henckel von Donnersmarck gave birth at six o'clock on Saturday morning to a healthy male child, to the count's ecstasy and delight, for, although 58 years old and twice married, this is his debut as a father, thus securing at last the long hoped for heir to his vast property in France and Silesia, which otherwise would revert to a distant branch of the family. Yesterday, as a token of joy, the count presented to the happy mother a diamond necklace worth half a million marks.

Speaking of the young man who was poisoned as a result of kissing his best girl, whose cheeks were colored with cosmetics, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:—"We invite such of our northern contemporaries as are dissatisfied with the complexion of their roses to come out to Kentucky, where the roses of our sweethearts' cheeks are perennial bloomers, always warranted to wash, and paradoxical as it may sound, while their tints cannot be extracted, albeit they somehow rush over him whose lips come in contact with them as though they were a whole summer rainbow twining about him and making a Maypole of his spinal column—a rainbow, in sooth, one end of which rests in the gardens of the Hesperides and the other in a jug of sugar-house molasses."

He Gave Her Notice.

Mrs. Christopher Cross—"This is a pretty time of night for you to come home."
Mr. Chris. Cross—"Sh, m' dear! Ain't come home yet. Jes' called t' shay y' needn't sit up f' me tonight."—*Puck.*

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Pioneer lodge will initiate two candidates next Friday evening.

Three candidates will be made at a special meeting of Canton LaTour, to be held Thursday evening.

The largest encampment in the world is Eastern Star, No. 2, of Portland, Maine. It has 520 members.

On the roll of one lodge in Maine are to be found the names of 53 living members initiated prior to 1850.

Grand Master Stewart will pay an official visit to Golden Rule lodge of Carleton, next Thursday evening.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, worked the second and third degrees on four candidates at a largely attended meeting, Monday evening.

The G. R. degree was conferred on one candidate, at the regular session of Millicote encampment, Wednesday evening. A special meeting is to be called for June 13, for the purpose of working the R. P. degree on two candidates.

The Oddfellows' Mutual Relief association of Maine has been in existence fourteen years, and during that time its receipts have amounted to \$632,869.25. It has paid \$562,302 in death benefits, and has a reserved fund of nearly \$20,000.

Shawmut canton, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant, of Boston, has officially notified the brethren in St. John of its visit to this city. The canton will leave Boston Monday, July 23, at 7 p. m., arriving here 4 p. m. the following day, and will remain until Saturday morning. A band will accompany the organization.

The Rebekah Degree lodges are actively at work in the various jurisdictions regarding the question of self government, claiming that as a rule few of the members of the Sovereign Grand lodge take any direct interest in their behalf. They say that years ago it did not matter, but now with a membership of nearly 100,000 it demands more than merely passing notice.—*Baltimore Telegram.*

A writer in *Bundle of Sticks*, on "Lodge Finances," says:—

Make your dues, therefore, just as large as you can bear. Don't cripple yourselves or discourage candidates by making them unreasonable, but give yourselves a full treasury, in order that your benefits may be of some service.

As you get older you may be able to have a little surplus, and this you can invest, and thus increase your income. By prudent management you may slowly augment your investments, and add year by year to the general fund.

Then it will be safe to decrease your dues and finally bring them down to the lowest safe figure.

Don't get extravagant and spend large sums of money for mere decoration and display.

Free and Accepted Masons.

All arrangements have been completed by the Encampment of St. John, Knights Templar, for their excursion to Houlton, Maine, Friday, June 8, to be present at the ceremony of constituting St. Aldemar commandery of that place. The indications are that there will be about 40 swords in line. The 62nd Fusiliers band has been engaged to accompany the party, which will leave here by the Flying Yankee, at 6.45 local. At Fredericton Junction some of the members of the Encampment of St. John, living in Fredericton, will join in, and at McAdam there will be further accessions from the encampment of St. Stephen, Hugh de Pavens commandery at Calais, and possibly some from St. Bernard commandery of Eastport. The afternoon of Friday will be spent in viewing the attractions of the ambitious Aroostook town and in the evening the ceremony will take place, in the Opera House, a banquet to visiting knights being included. The excursionists will leave Houlton for home next morning.

Knights of Pythias.

New Brunswick and Union lodges, K. of P., have decided to hold an excursion up river June 20. The boat will leave in the afternoon, returning by moonlight.

Lodge No. 6, of Fredericton, are jubilant over the success of the order in York. The rank of esquire will be conferred on two candidates at the next meeting of No. 6.

American Legion of Honor.

The sixth call in 1888, that for assessments Nos. 130 and 131, has been issued by Supreme Secretary Warnock, under date of June 1, covering 67 deaths, of which 21 were in New York and only six in Massachusetts. The largest amount paid in was \$1,070 and the smallest \$2.64.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

It is understood that a movement is on foot to establish a new lodge in Carleton. The Good Templars have 184 lodges in Massachusetts, with over 16,000 members.

Monday evening last, Sirion Juvenile Templars paid a visit to Sirion lodge, I. O. G. T. During the evening Mrs. L. Lewis, P. S. J. T., was the recipient of a handsome silver cake basket, the gift of members of the lodge, which His Worship Mayor Thorne presented in a brief address; he also bestowed on two of the juniors books for good behavior and bringing in the largest number of candidates. A musical and literary programme followed and the meeting dispersed with three hearty cheers for Mayor Thorne.

Thursday evening a most enjoyable evening was spent with City of Portland lodge by members of Silver Falls, Coldbrook, Golden Grove, Sirion and Finch lodges. Speeches, recitations, readings and songs comprised the evenings proceedings.

Independent Order of Foresters.

Court Millicote, No. 139, of Fredericton, of which the late Rev. J. E. Reud was a charter-member, has adopted resolutions of sympathy for his widow.

Sons of Temperance.

The members of Gurney division, with a number of invited guests, celebrated the 41st anniversary of the division, Thursday evening.

TRAIN WENT OFF THE TRACK.

He Couldn't Compete With New Brunswick Cranks, Says the New York "Press."

Citizen George Francis Train is home again, crushed and defeated. Perched on the topmost rung of success in his peculiar line, George Francis Train was conceded to be the champion crank of all Christendom when he conceived the hallucination of going to the province of New Brunswick in Canada. Friends advised him to be wary of the undertaking and be jealous of the reputation he had so honestly earned, but his waywardness proved his ruin. He went down to New Brunswick utterly heedless of the fact that there were cranks in that country when he was a sensible man, and a sharp, bright lot they were. Mr. Train, saddened and subdued, is to-day a living example of their superiority. His trip was sheer madness.

His first tilting ground was in the old loyalist city of St. John, New Brunswick. It is a pretty place and seems to be sleeping and innocent, but it generally manages to keep an eye on a stranger, and if it should catch him in the act of putting on airs it at once proceeds to wake itself up and shake him off. It has no single crank who is particularly brilliant, but it has as efficient a crop of all-round men in that line as any city on the continent. It was unfortunate for Mr. Train that he chanced to visit that city. He lectured there. The first night he didn't have any audience, owing to the slight misunderstanding among the inhabitants as to what Train had come. The arrival of even a railroad train is a matter of no little gossip there, and therefore, when the dozers were sent around announcing, "The great Train is here; come to the lecture," very few heeded it. They concluded that some neighbor crank was playing a joke on them and they didn't go.

The papers next day aroused them. Natural pride dictated that no foreign crank should come to exult over them. They attended the following evening. When Mr. Train beamed upon them in an elaborate shirt front and evening dress, a chorus of "Ah! Ah! What a la la!" went up from all parts of the house. They had "caught on" to him, and a rising young lawyer, seeing an opportunity to gain popularity for himself, stood up and offered a box of cigars to the one who would through a bean shooter first hit Mr. Train on the nose, and likewise a penknife to him who would do the same by the chairman.

Mr. Train was surprised at the perfectly democratic way in which he had been received. He was more surprised when, as the performance progressed, the boys cried at his witty passages and laughed delightedly at his solemn maledictions. The bean shooters asserted themselves gradually until Mr. Train retired.

He left St. John in disgust, and went to a little village, delightful in summer, called Sussex. There he found a weekly newspaper called the *Record*, and offered his services as assistant editor. Mr. Train bought himself some lead pencils and paper and went to work. He made a success of the paper, but he ruined himself. He had to sit on the apple barrels in the corner grocery and come in contact with the local champions. The latter had nothing but contempt for him, and they resolved to teach him a lesson that he would not forget.

The legislature was about to prorogue, and, through the speaker of the house, Mr. William Fergusley, who represents the county in which Sussex is situated, Mr. Train was invited to be present on the evening of prorogation and discuss economic questions with Gil Brown, "the member from Kamouraska."

Prorogation night is a great occasion. Tall hats and crushed pellets of paper fly through the air, men's rubbers are thrown about, and a wild pandemonium is presented. Mr. Train, as has been said, was invited, and with much formality he was introduced to "the member from Kamouraska," and then both were given the privileges of the floor. Dr. Alward, the member from St. John, who is reputed to be an exceedingly keen judge of oratory which is a little off color, was moved into the chair and the battle royal was begun.

Mr. Brown was, of course, no member. Indeed, there is no constituency in New Brunswick honored with the name of "Kamouraska," and, in that particular, the watch was perhaps unfair, as Mr. Train's very careful and obsequious references to "the honorable member" were tinged with the ludicrous to those who understood matters.

Mr. Train did himself proud, but he was no match for Brown, and when the latter would break into an eloquent passage with a burst of song the ringing cheers of the legislators sounded to George Francis like the death knell of his greatness. He was beaten ignominiously in his own peculiar vein, but he was treated kindly by the members, for more than one of them had had himself to succumb to the oratorical and the musical fantasies of the only Brown.

Train went back to Sussex and endeavored to start a little poster sheet of his own, which the government refused to recognize as a newspaper, and therefore would not send it through the mails without the postage being paid. He could get no justice and he was glad to retreat.

Train was dressed yesterday in a suit of brown tweed as he sat on a bench in Madison square, and the children gambolled about him, but he was low spirited. Indeed he was angry, and was willing to talk to the reporters, to whom in years he has not vouchsafed a dressed speech.

"What do you think of Canada?" queried a reporter.

"Dominion down grade," he answered. "Foreigners not wanted; hoodlars only. My paper kicked out of post office. Look out for the crack of doom."

"You were well received in St. John?"

"Landed nicely. Good hotel. Didn't like people. Reply Academy of Music here."

"But you were specially honored in being invited to appear before the New Brunswick legislature?"

"Yes. Enlogy by attorney-general magnificent. Worthy, great man. Great literary pyrotechnics."

"Will you go back to Canada again?"

"Good-bye, Canada. Terrible excitement. My mission ended. Squelched defenders of white nigger slavery. Splendid speeches. Wild excitement. Slavery in Canada. Sir John doomed. Commit suicide. Afraid to do it. Sir John tyrant. Citizen Train hears his crack of doom."

"How do you like Governor Tilley of New Brunswick?"

"Great man. Noble soul. Psycho's friend."—*New York Press.*

**Victorian Poets* (Revised and Enlarged Edition), by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
†*Men and Letters*, by Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.