

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

W. W. Campbell's Poems.

Snufftakes and Sunbeams, by Rev. William Witrid Campbell. Printed for Private Circulation. Mr. Campbell's poetry is one of the latest results of that nascent of the literary spirit which is taking place in Canada now that Canadians begin to feel themselves a people. The tiny work before us—a delightful specimen of the bookmaker's art—does not contain verse of quite the same high excellence as that which Mr. Campbell has recently given us in certain of the American periodicals, but it does display all the promise of which the lyric splendor of "The Winter Lakes" and "A Lake Memory" may be regarded as a fulfilment. Mr. Campbell's note is not as yet one of any great range; but it has intensity and persistent individuality. In power of lyric description it seems to me that this poet must occupy a very distinctive place in the narrow front rank of Canadian singers. No other Canadian, to the best of my knowledge, has so rendered both the spirit and the form of our winter scenes,—unless, perhaps, Mr. Lampman in one or two instances. The sublime landscapes of the Great Lakes Mr. Campbell has pre-empted as his own peculiar field; and he is likely to hold sway there without a rival, by reason of the Swinburnian resonance and breadth of his rhythmic phrases, combined with his deep and subtle insight into external nature in her most impressive aspects. Mr. Campbell is one of those who have drunk at the perennial fountain of Keats,—a draught which always brings a blessing with it. He has also studied Poe, with admirable results to his technique. He shows the instincts of the craftsman imbued with right reverence for his craft; and at the same time he shows a sympathy for the common joys of heart and hearth which should secure his verse a warm place in the general regard. Such a quality appears in the following lines entitled:

CANADIAN FOLK SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast; Outside the gust is driving past, Outside the shivering ivy clings, While on the hob the kettle sings. Margery, Margery, make the tea, Singeth the kettle merrily. The streams are lashed up where they flowed, The ponds are frozen along the road, The cattle are housed in shed and byre, While singeth the kettle on the fire. Margery, Margery, make the tea, Singeth the kettle merrily. The fisherman on the bay in his boat Silvers and buttons up his coat; The traveller stops at the tavern door, And the kettle answers the chimney's roar. Margery, Margery, make the tea, Singeth the kettle merrily. The firelight dances upon the wall, Footsteps are heard in the outer hall; A kiss and a welcome that fill the room, And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom. Margery, Margery, make the tea, Singeth the kettle merrily. The limitations of this little collection, as to range and subject matter, we may regard as due, in the main, to its character as an offering of firstfruits. Yet we may reasonably prophesy that Mr. Campbell's chief honors as a poet will be won in the field of impassioned interpretation of nature. The field is one of boundless resources, and no one need ever feel cramped therein. That Mr. Campbell brings to the working of it a fine and pure-toned lyric faculty is evident from the following lines,

RHODODACTYLOS.

The night blows outward In a mist, And all the world The sun has kissed. Along the golden Rim of sky, A thousand snow-piled Vapors lie. And by the wood And mist-clad stream The Maiden Morn Stands still to dream.

That he brings fervor of utterance and sensitiveness to the pathos of earth, is made plain by the lines "To a Robin in November," which open as follows:— Sweet, sweet, and the soft listening heaven reels In one blue ecstasy above thy song—

And that the seeing eye is not wanting to his equipment no one can doubt who reads this lovely sonnet on

THE MEADOW SPRING.

Here, in a deep blue cavern of the sun, Like some lost jewel, in the tangled grass I lie, where cloudlets ever pass and pass, And o'er my breast the unseemly breeze run. Deep in my crystal heart, fallen one by one From out the burnished quiver of the sky, The sunbeams' golden-shafted arrows lie. O dreamer of the summer lands, but come, And, bending down, gaze on my silent face, When from the sky's high dome all clouds are furled, And I will show you, by the season's grace, What I by subtlest charm have conjured here,— A universe of beauty in a tear— A mirrored glimpse of all the glowing world.

Like others of our stronger and more original writers, Mr. Campbell is finding it necessary to win recognition at home by first securing it abroad. This is unavoidably the case in a young country with its literature just struggling into existence; for in such a case the standards by which one must be judged are for the most part outside of ourselves.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

March Magazines.

That most of the readers of the March Atlantic will turn first to Whittier's poem, "The Christmas of 1888," is a foregone conclusion, and it is quite as safe to say that they will not find it in any degree disappointing. Nor will the installments of the two serials be found to fall behind in interest. Mr. Hardy's, indeed, gaining

much in breadth and force. A two-part story, "Hannah Calline's Jim," by Elizabeth W. Bellamy, is begun and promises well. Few but fascinating pages are taken up with Charles Dudley Warner's essay on "Simplicity," which is simply and characteristically delightful. The personal element, so to say, is supplied by the Barrows' pleasant "Reminiscences of William H. Seward" and Hope Notnor's study of two soldiers of fortune, "The Keiths." Articles of both timely and permanent value are John Fiske's "Ticonderoga, Bennington and Oriskany," a luminous presentation of the British invasion of New York during the revolution; Mr. Weld's "The Isthmus Canal and Our Government," an earnest plea for the Munroe doctrine, and Mr. Cook's interesting sketch of "Some Colonial Lawyers and Their Work." The Contributors' club discusses "Some Puzzling Laughter," "A Common Vice" (hunting), and "How to Elect a President," an endorsement of the principle of proportional representation. Prof. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, which is mildly criticised for its over-abundance of detail, is the subject of the principal review. The minor notes, under the heading of "Books of the Month," are as just—and as brief—as one expects from this model department. The whole magazine is eminently readable. —Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$4 a year, 35 cents a number.

The *North American Review* for March is a strong and striking number. It opens with a charming description by General Sherman of "Old Times in California," containing many interesting reminiscences of life in that territory 40 years ago. There is a valuable symposium on the question, "Can our Churches be Made More Useful?" to which Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, and Rev. Minot J. Savage contribute. The murder of Maj. Clayton—one of the uppermost political topics of the hour—is ably considered, from the Republican and the Democratic point of view, by Hon. Logan H. Roots and Senator James K. Jones, both of Arkansas. A powerful plea for Delia Bacon is entered by Ignatius Donnelly, in a review of Theodore Bacon's life of his aunt. "Legislative Injustice to Railways" is discussed by Henry Clews; "Common-Sense and Copyrights," by Hon. George S. Boutwell; and the question, "Does American Farming Pay?" is conclusively answered by a recognized authority, Hon. George B. Loring, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture. "Humanity's Gain from Unbelief" is set forth by Charles Bradlaugh, M. P. Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce points out some errors of statement and conclusion in Prof. James Bryce's widely-read *American Commonwealth*. Dion Boucicault describes a recent incident at the Goethe society's meeting and comments on the disastrous effect of newspaper criticism on the drama. In a readable short article, Grant Allen treats of "The Adaptiveness of Nature." In the department of "Notes and Comments," "The Claim of Realism" is considered by Albion W. Tourgee; there is also a timely contribution on "Naming the New States." Several pages are devoted to reviews of recent books.—New York: Allen Thorndike Rice. Price \$3 a year, 50 cents a number.

Notes and Announcements.

French biography has just received an addition in a study of *Francis the First and His Times*, by Madame C. Coignet, translated by Miss Fanny Twemlow, and issued in America by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

Greek Influence on Christianity is the subject of the new volume of the Hibbert Lectures, soon to be issued by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

Mrs. Burnett's two juveniles, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and *Sara Crewe*, have reached a combined sale of over 125,000 copies. *Sara Crewe* has just been printed in raised letters in a special edition for reading by the blind.

Chopin, and other Musical Essays, will be the title of Henry T. Finck's new book which the Scribners have in hand for early publication. The titles of some of the papers are, "How Composers Work," "Music and Morals," "Italian and German Vocal Styles," and "German Opera in New York." Mr. Finck is the musical critic of the *New York Evening Post*, and is the author of *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*.

The second volume of the Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent's *Word Studies in the New Testament*, which the Scribners have now in press, relates to the writings of John—the Gospel and the three Epistles. The second edition of the first volume of this important work has just been issued.

A real addition to Napoleonic literature is made by the new edition of *O'Meara's Napoleon*, just issued by Messrs. Scribner & Welford. It contains a large amount of new matter in the notes and appendices, and gives the whole history of the violent controversy originally raised by the work.

Under the title, *The Dead Leman and Other Tales from the French*, Messrs. Scribner & Welford are about to issue a volume of charming stories translated from the French by Andrew Lang. Included in it are tales by Balzac, Gautier, Merimee, and others.

Laying aside the weightier works of history, Mr. J. A. Froude has taken to fiction, late in life though it be. He is reported to be writing a tale describing country life

in Ireland as it might have been in the revolutionary days of '98.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the veteran poet and critic, has been confined to a darkened room for some time, owing to the operations for cataract which he was recently obliged to undergo. It is believed that he will entirely recover his sight.

Tolstoi lately said to the Rev. T. Van Ness, an American, that he would write no more novels. "Those who read novels, the great mass of people," he said, "read them for the story; they do not look or care for the application. It is a too diluted way to speak the truth, and fails of success." He is preparing a volume of selections from other writers in support of his favorite opinions.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has written another book, which will soon be ready for publication, and the manner in which her representatives have set about disposing of the right to print this work is calculated to make the average poor writer very envious indeed. Instead of writing to offer it for sale at a certain price, Mrs. Humphrey Ward communicates with various houses, telling their agents to send in tenders for the book before 12 o'clock on the following day or run the risk of not getting it. A government with a dozen big post-offices to build could not address the humble contractor in much different language. But Mrs. Humphrey Ward is right, which is shown by the fact that the publishers have obediently sent in offers as commanded.—London Letter to *New York Sun*.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The annual meeting of the Oratorio society will be held Monday evening next in the rooms in Oddfellow's building. I have been asked to state that the copies of *Samson* have arrived, and that as the business of the evening will not take very long, it is proposed to have a look at some of the choruses of the oratorio.

At the concert closing the Institute lecture course Monday evening, the only numbers deserving of special mention were the solos of Mr. Geo. Coster, Miss Young's singing of the "Lullaby" from *Erminie* and the song Miss Massie sang accompanied by the Misses Bowden with piano and violoncello. It is always a pleasure to me and I have no doubt to a great many others to hear Mr. Coster. Outside of his splendid voice, there is no one in the city who has such a distinct enunciation. What a pity it was that the minstrels couldn't get him to sing a solo! It would have improved the performance ever so much.

It is a decided improvement that has been started lately at our concerts, viz., having choruses as regular numbers of the programmes, though they should be a little fuller than those on Monday evening, and the members as members should either know their music by heart, or have plenty of copies. It is not very effective to sing heavy choruses from opera, light though it be, with one soprano, one alto, three tenors and four basses. With such a combination a few good glee would have gone better, and been within the scope of the chorus. Miss McLaughlan was certainly very heavily handicapped with the amount of opposition entertainments, as, musical though a person may be, he must eat and sleep, and I expect that's about the only other thing some of our musical people have done of late, outside of attending rehearsals and performances.

Lent has now commenced and amongst the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics of the community there will be a cessation of local entertainments which have so crowded our time lately.

The amateur minstrel's chorus and orchestra, this year, were far ahead of last year, especially the orchestra, though they were not so well in tune on the second evening as they should have been. Mr. White, who played first violin, deserves a special word of praise for his capital arrangements of the different parts for the orchestra, as does Mr. Morley for his fine harmonies in arranging some of the choruses for male voices, especially "Come and Kiss me, Dinah darling."

I think that with the way the different voices were arranged, and the material of which the chorus was partly composed, it was a wonder the harmonized choruses went so well. Undoubtedly the best were those sung in unison. Of the soloists I will say nothing but that I think in some cases the songs were totally unfitted for the singers, and also some were very melancholy and mournful.

I see Mr. Morley was put down as musical director on the programme. He did not have the choosing of the music or the arranging of the programme and soloists, but simply taught the chorus their part and conducted. The other functions were discharged by a musical committee.

What's to be done with the balance after paying expenses? Ah, that's what everybody wants to know. It ought to foot up to something like \$350 or \$400. Quite a nice little sum to hand over to—well.

I am told that the Orpheus quartette want a new first bass, Mr. N. Littler having secured a very lucrative position in Halifax. We are sorry to lose you, Nat, but glad of your good prospects. The quartette have had one or two applications already, but have not yet decided who shall fill the vacancy.

The *Folio* for March is at hand and shall be noticed next week. FELIX.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

Hard Feeling Between His Ma and Pa—Jimmy Krangle in Exile.

I suppose you knowed there was a big trial goin' on at the police court lately between the temperance fellers and the licker fellers. Ma is a member of the union and fried more'n a bushel of donuts for Gregory's tea-meetin' last week. I tell you she's mad—mad from the foundation of her instep clean up to the roof of her head. Pa is agin the Scott Act cos he says the licker he gets now is the worst he ever drunk. "Gimme good licker," says he, "and I'm in favor of the act." And with that Pa stamps her foot on the floor and opens out on him while sister and me stand back and watches the fur fly. "Hiram," sez she "you'r a fool, that's what you are, a fool; a natural fool, a born fool, a hereditary fool and a fool by practice and profeshun. Do you think I'd married you if I'd knowed you was goin' to personate a lokomotive on legs with that headlight of a nose you got on? Do you think I'd hitched myself to a miserable, bald-headed, weak-kneed, old cripple which threatens to bring down the colliery on us any minute and haz to be disinfectet twice a week? Shoo! shoo! shoo out of my sight this blessed minute you doty old, bloom-in-nose, conkus-eyed monymoment of Kendalls spavin cure, you!" And with that Pa "shoos" out sudden, mutterin' to himself—

There iz a land of pure delite,
Wher drinks is never mixed,
Wher everybody takes 'em strate
And magistrates is fixed.

Pa sez he sposes Jimmy Krangle will be too big to notis people, now that he hez fell into a fortune. He's goin' to live in style after this, he sez. He's about the same as engaged a soot of rooms, all for himself, in Hawthorne's hotel with the brown stone front, on Brunswick street, and 'spects to spend the most of the summer there. He ain't goin' to allow himself to 'sociate with the general publix, but 'tends to move in a very retired exclusiv' circle of society. Anyone callin' on him at the hotel needn't look for havin' their calls returned by him, cos he ain't goin' to make himself common by minglin' 'round among 'em. He's goin' to put in his vagrant moments at litteratoor, pa sez, writin' "Prison Thots" for the *Moncton Transcript*. I was talkin' to Jimmy about it yesterday, and he said it was all troo, and that he was writin' some thots now, which he wanted me to critique. So I guess I'll put in some of 'em to help fill up my composition:

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTY JAILYARD.

O, Kernel Marsh, you were too harsh,
You did a dreadful deed;
I've often fee-d you in the dock,
And now you dock my feed.
I know, dear John, now I am gone,
My wails cannot a-wail;
What ailed me was my cash was short,
And now I'm short of aile.
O, Kernel Jack, my thoughts go back
From these cold drafts to warm—
When what I took in form of port
Built up this portly form.
I loved to stand and hear the band,
And when the times were slack,
Outdoors I goes and cracks my toes—
Now I must toot the crack.
Once I was fast and sinful too
And here I'm fast as sin,
Full many a jug has passed my mug
And now the jug I'm in.
Farewell, John L., a long farewell,
Yet far from well I fare;
No chari-table man should lack
A table and a chair.
But do you mind, though I was fined
Because a bar I run,
Yet now you'll find I stand behind
More bars by far than one.
O, Kernel Jack, you're off the track,
I'll never be your dupe;
How can you hope my grub to stop
When Jimmy's in the soup.
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