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Canada's Response to Thomas Hardy: A Look at Nineteenth-Century Literary Attitudes

During the nineteenth century Canada took more notice of Thomas Hardy than Hardy took of Canada, but not nearly as much as his reception in Britain and America would lead one to expect. For Hardy, Canada served as a conveniently vague and distant place to send several of his characters: where Susan Henchard and Newson spend "several years without great worldly success",[1] and whither, in "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions", the socially ambitious Halborough brothers ship off their alcoholic father and his gypsy wife in order to free themselves from future embarrassment. Canada, in turn, accorded Hardy little special recognition. His books do not appear to have been readily available in British North America until the late 1890's, and it was not until the twentieth century, when scholarly appraisals began to be published in the university magazines, that Canadians properly acknowledged Hardy to be a great and influential writer. Much of Canada's reaction to Hardy is due to its literary climate during the late nineteenth century.

In the May, 1899 issue of the *Canadian Magazine* its editor, John A. Cooper, records the following anecdote:

> Six men of education and culture were taking dinner in a private room in a city restaurant. The conversation turned on to the current novel and its value. Finally, some one suggested that each person write the names of his five favourite English authors on a slip of paper and hand it to one of the men for examination. The Bible and Shakespeare were barred. When the result was summed up, the vote stood as follows: Scott, 4 votes; Carlyle, Dickens and Kipling, 3 each; Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray and Ruskin, 2 each; Eliot, Pope, Leckie, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold one each.

Cooper then adds:

> No mention was made of Anthony Hope, Marion Crawford, Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Richard Harding Davis, Frank R. Stockton, Justin McCarthy, J.M. Barrie, Hall Caine, William Black, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James Lane Allen, Harold Frederic, Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman, Thomas Hardy, George Du Maurier, William Dean Howells, or the score of other familiar names of the last few years – only Kipling and Stevenson.[2]

Cooper does acknowledge that "the educated Canadian is conservative", but in his own list of unmentioned authors Thomas Hardy lies buried beneath a heap of names of second-rate novelists, thus indicating Hardy's lack of particular significance even to the editor of one of the most successful Canadian periodicals.

In the late nineteenth century Canadian literary taste was heavily traditional. And to counter the influence of American books and magazines, some Canadian journals also encouraged it to be heavily nationalistic. The popular *Canadian Magazine* paid far more attention to Canadian writing than to American or British writing, and appears to have eagerly reviewed nearly every Canadian novel published. The ideals of this conservative literary nationalism were expressed by W.A. Fraser in his 1899 address to the Canadian Press Association when he called for goodness and godliness in Canadian literature:

> What we need here in Canada . . . is a literature that abounds in stories of strong, true, beautiful deeds. But above all else we must have Truth. . . . Strength begets Truth, and Truth makes Strength God-like.[3]

Fraser aptly recommends Burns, the Bible, Shakespeare, Scott and Kipling, and commends Canadian newspapermen for work that is "clean and wholesome and virile". In 1896 the *Canadian Magazine's* reviewer of Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty* revealed the same combination of conservatism and nationalism when he pronounced Parker "Canada's greatest novelist" because "his works are wholesome and fruitful, bright and interesting, polished and refined. His historical romances compare with the best work of this class in the English language. He is progressive and stable. He is never flippant and always instructive."[4]

The desire of Canadian critics for "wholesome" literature derived in part from the lingering influence of Sir Walter Scott. In an unpublished paper on the literary influence of Scott in Canada, Robert L. McDougall discusses the import of an address delivered during the Scott centenary celebrations by Goldwin Smith soon after he arrived in

Toronto in 1871. Under the adapted title of "The Seven Lamps of Fiction", Smith enunciated the principles extracted from Scott that informed his – and most nineteenth-century Canadians' – expectations of literature: Reality, Ideality, Impartiality, Purity, Humanity and Chivalry. When he helped to establish the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* in 1872 and founded the *Week* in 1883, Smith brought to these two important Canadian periodicals his literary principles. In the *Canadian Monthly* George Eliot more or less replaced Scott as the standard by which other writers were criticized, but only because she was found to contain the high moral tone that Smith so admired in Scott. The Scott standard still held strong in 1893 when the *Week's* unidentified reviewer of Edmund Gosse's *The Secret of Narcisse* deplored the book's "very painful, even disagreeable" subject and "very unsatisfactory" ending, and advised Gosse to "go and sit at the feet of Walter Scott who will teach him the good and the right way."[5] And in 1895 Graeme Mercer Adam, former editor of the *Canadian Monthly* and *Rose-Belford's* and associate of Goldwin Smith, declared that "Not unsound at heart is the society that still devours the novels of Scott, appreciates the biting but wholesome satire of Thackeray, and laughs over the kindly caricatures of Dickens."[6]

Thus in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when literary circles in Europe and America were preoccupied with innovation and with expanding the scope of the novel, most Canadian critics and readers required their literary entertainment to conform to the time-honoured aesthetic that the function of literature is to teach and to delight – and to support the *status quo*. In the pages of the *Week*, Canada's most erudite literary and political journal of the 1880's and 1890's, one can perceive the genuine anxiety of a conservative intelligentsia who expected literature (especially the novel) to provide entertaining reinforcement of social and moral norms, only to discover that the novel was more and more frequently challenging and undermining the institutions so carefully nurtured in a colonial society. Because the *Week* encouraged intelligent debate, it published critics of widely varying opinions. Sara Jeannette Duncan was among the most radical when she welcomed the innovations of French and American novelists:

> The novel of to-day may be written to show the cumulative action of a passion, to work out an ethical problem of every-day occurrence, to give

> body and form to a sensation of the finest or of the coarsest kind, for almost any reason which can be shown to have a connection with the course of human life, and the development of human character. Motives of this sort are not confined to any given school or its leader, but affect the mass of modern novel writers very generally, and inspire all those whose work rises above the purpose of charming the idle hour of that bored belle in her boudoir, whose taste used to be so exclusively catered to by small people in fiction. The old rules by which any habitual novel reader could prophesy truly at the third chapter how the story would "come out" are disregarded, the well-worn incidents discarded, the *sine qua nons* audaciously done without. Fiction has become a law unto itself, and its field has broadened with the assumption.[7]

But for the most part Howells was distrusted and Zola reviled. In 1890 an anonymous writer in the *Week* complained that "our Zolaists revel in the disgrace of humanity. They rejoice to show our coarseness, our selfishness, our animality. Has humanity nothing but these qualities? Is it not striving towards something better? Has it not in some measure attained?"[8] Graeme Mercer Adam, never one to mince words, frequently lambasted the "loathsome realism and putridity of the school of Zola and France",[9] which revealed "the gutters of a foul and prurient imagination".[10] And Louisa Murray attributed to France's democracy the source of that country's taste for "literature in which the worst vices, diseases and deformities of debased humanity are employed in the services of a degraded art, of which M. Emile Zola is the great high priest."[11] Not all Zola's critics were so abusive; an 1892 reviewer of *Money* confined himself to regretting that the book had been translated into English, and acknowledged that "Zola possesses as a novelist undoubtedly great qualities, which we feel sure will be recognized by those who would grant him nothing but passionless obscenity."[12]

While the usually anonymous and presumably various book reviewers of the *Week* did receive favourably some psychological novels, including *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* they frequently revealed a distinct bias towards "The good old romantic and imaginative novel of our grandmothers' time."[13] George Stanley Adamson, writing in 1891 on "The Coming Novel", confidently predicted a literature which would reject the realism of Zola in favour of a more romantic realism, including, not unexpectedly, "a high moral tone".[14] Two years later, Conan Doyle was hailed as "the modern Sir Walter Scott",[15] and in 1894 the review of an American edition of *The Cloister and the Hearth* welcomed Reade with a distinct sigh of relief: "How truly refreshing is this good, old-fashioned romance in contrast with present day realism and psychological analysis: a happy substitution indeed."[16] We may conjecture that this was the same reviewer who greeted *The Prisoner of Zenda* with the announcement that "The good old days of romance are with us again: Crockett, Weyman, Hope, Parker and others are giving us excellent matter, in an excellent manner, and we are indeed truly thankful for a renewal of the literary feast with which Scott and his fellows delighted our younger hours."[17]

Because the Scott standard was so strong, and French realism so repugnant, some well-intentioned critics were simply baffled by the moral ambiguities presented by the more daring English-language novelists. In 1895 the reviewer of Grant Allen's *The Woman Who Did* chose to interpret it as "a powerful argument for marriage", but was disturbed because "the tone of the book is so peculiar . . . [that] the dull-witted will entirely miss his point . . . and see in the degradation and downfall of the 'woman who did' a noble self-sacrifice where they ought to see an ignoble perversion." When he concludes by asking "what are we to think of Mr. Hardy's Tess, of Mr. Moore's Esther Waters, of Mr. Hall Caine's Kitty Cregan, of Mr. Wilde's Dorian Grey, — and of Mr. Grant Allen's Herminia?"[18] this writer poses the dilemma of a new world culture which has managed to survive and develop by clinging to its inherited old world traditions, only to discover that the old world itself has been changing so rapidly that those traditions are barely relevant.

One would expect Thomas Hardy, as one of the more controversial British exponents of realism, to have figured prominently in the Canadian disputes regarding the purpose of the novel, but such was hardly the case. In 1887 the *Week* published an interview with Howells in which he stated that "Hardy is a great, I may say, a very great novelist. His pictures of life are life itself. . . . His truth and sincerity are admirable."[19] The remark appears to have passed unnoticed. After virtually ignoring Hardy, except for a review of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* in 1886,[20] the *Week* suddenly announced in its "Literary and Personal Gossip" column of May 1, 1891:

> Mr. Thomas Hardy is, perhaps, after Mr. George Meredith, the most remarkable of living English novelists. He has great imagination, keen humour, a fine feeling for tragedy, and a power of expressing himself in language whose purity and choice of phrase is surpassed by no writing that we

> can call to mind. His range of talent is remarkable. The rollicking rustic fun of his Dutch picture "Under the Greenwood Tree" is at the opposite pole from that touching pathetic tale, "A Pair of Blue Eyes", yet both are lit up by an illuminating distinction as rare as it is delightful.[21]

For the next four years this column printed occasional tidbits about Hardy, but it was not until 1895, when Macmillan's cooperated with Copp Clark of Toronto to reissue Hardy's fiction in its Colonial Library series, that Hardy began to receive serious critical attention. Hence it appears that not just literary conservatism, but also the state of Canadian publishing militated against Hardy's favourable reception.

In *Hardy in America,* Carl J. Weber demonstrates that much of Hardy's American popularity was due to competition between publishers for British books which were not covered by international copyright and which could therefore be pirated. While some American editions of Hardy's novels sold for as little as three cents, few of these pirated editions appear to have reached Canada – or at least the literary editors of Canadian periodicals. Nearly all the books reviewed in the *Week,* the *Canadian Monthly* and the *Canadian Magazine* were published in Canada or the United States, which meant that British books were not generally reviewed until they appeared in North American editions. The Imperial Copyright Act of 1842, which forbade the reprinting of British books in Canada and charged 12½ per cent import duty on American reprints,[22] did not affect the *Week's* enthusiastic reception of some British novels, notably *Marius the Epicurean* and *Robert Elsmere,* but it certainly appears to have prevented Canadians from reading Thomas Hardy.

Whatever the reasons -- taste, nationalism, copyright – nineteenth-century Canadian periodicals contain little more than some short reviews of Hardy's novels and a few references to Hardy himself. When all this material is assembled it may appear to contradict my statement that Hardy was generally neglected, but Hardy received far less attention than did George Eliot, Tennyson, Swinburne, Kipling, Meredith, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Wilkie Collins, Gilbert Parker, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank Stockton, James Marion Crawford, Grant Allen, and many other popular literary figures. From 1872 to 1882 the *Canadian Monthly,* later *Rose-Belford's Monthly,* reviewed only two works by Hardy, one a short story. In the *Dominion Illustrated* from 1888 to 1892 Hardy is mentioned twice.

During the eighteen months of its existence in 1896 and 1897 *Massey's Magazine* printed one reference to Hardy. In the *Week*, Hardy was almost ignored until 1895. The *Canadian Magazine's* "Books and Authors" column mentioned Hardy occasionally, and in 1897 and 1904 this journal published the first Canadian articles devoted entirely to Hardy. *Queen's Quarterly*, founded in 1893, neglected Hardy until 1928. I have found no indication that any Canadian magazine reprinted any of Hardy's stories, novels or poems; from 1878 to 1881 *Rose-Belford's* serialized three works by Wilkie Collins.

The earliest reference to Hardy that I have found in a Canadian periodical is the *Canadian Monthly's* 1875 review of *Far From the Madding Crowd.* The reviewer labels Hardy a follower of George Eliot, belonging to the "psychological, realistic or analytical" school, but (echoing Goldwin Smith's principles) he regrets that Hardy lacks Eliot's moral idealism: "The total absence of the ideal element is indeed the main defect of the book as a work of art. This is a mistake that George Eliot never makes." He does recommend the book to "those who prefer subtle insights into character and motive, shrewd remarks, and quaint humour", but he finds the characters less interesting than those of "that charming novel",[23] *A Pair of Blue Eyes.*

Of all Hardy's novels, *A Pair of Blue Eyes* apparently satisfied nineteenth-century Canadian literary taste most successfully. As late as 1895 the writer of the *Canadian Magazine's* "Books and Authors" column declared that "Tess may have a warm corner in many hearts, but his Elfride, the girl with the 'pair of blue eyes,' will always be able to arouse my pity and my sympathy."[24] And in 1897 David Christie Murray (an Englishman, but writing to Canadians) mourned "that the author of *A Pair of Blue Eyes* should have written [*Jude*] is a matter at once for astonishment and grief."[25] While the *Week's* reviewer of Macmillan's reissue of *Blue Eyes* recognized that "it is not nearly as powerful as 'Tess,' " he hastened to add that it "is not disfigured by the coarseness of Mr. Hardy's last book. Why did that author not continue in the strain of 'The Trumpet Major?' That book was an exquisite picture of homely life."[26]

Disapproval of Hardy's lack of moral idealism underlies the castigating review of "The Distracted Young Preacher" which appeared in *Rose-Belford's* in 1880. The story was published in New York in 1879 with Beatrice Mary Butt's "Hester" as number 41 in Appleton's Handy

Library series. Hardy's light, ironic treatment of the ministry and liquor smuggling incurred the wrath of the reviewer, who panned the tale on all possible grounds and sardonically concluded that " 'Hester' is even more worthless than its companion."[27]

Hardy received little subsequent adverse criticism until the controversies sparked by *Tess* and *Jude*. Indeed, some of the complimentary references to Hardy indicate that the writer was either naive or surprisingly radical. In "Reading", the first of his series of articles titled "Talks with Girls" published in the *Dominion Illustrated* in 1892, Hubert Barton recommended Thomas Hardy and George Meredith "for the best work by living authors". One would suspect that Barton knew nothing of *Tess*, except that he also recommended Ibsen, who "deals with delicate subjects, but is profoundly serious in his treatment of them."[28] The *Canadian Magazine's* "Books and Authors" columnist also ignored all controversy when he welcomed the Macmillan's Colonial Library reprints. The first to appear was *Tess*, which, according to the columnist, had already attained wide circulation in Canada, and which he obviously found inoffensive:

> It is a book which will repay reading, and which elevates as well as interests. It deals with a sad phase of life, yet one which strikes often in forceful reality. But, after all, if one should wish anything, one would wish that Tess, the unfortunate, had suffered a better fate.[29]

Subsequent volumes were enthusiastically received, the only critical remark being that "in descriptions of rustic life and of persons whose moral ideas are, to put it mildly, unconventional, Mr. Hardy may justly claim pre-eminence."[30]

In the 1890's low-brow appreciation of Hardy began to appear in such tidbits as the paragraph in the *Dominion Illustrated* which informed its readers that the driveway up to Hardy's door was "studded with skulls taken from a neighbouring church yard", that he made "something like £1,800 a year out of his novels", and concluded by adding that he "is considered by some critics to be the greatest of living romancers."[31] In 1892 the *Week's* "Literary and Personal Gossip" column revealed that Hardy, unlike some other modern writers, had not succumbed to the typewriter,[32] and in 1896 the *Canadian Magazine* provided a very sympathetic verbal portrait of the novelist.[33]

In 1895 Hardy was belatedly introduced into the disputes about modern realistic fiction, and for the next few years he bore the brunt of conservative critics' attempts to re-establish moral idealism as an aesthetic norm. Writing in the *Canadian Magazine* on "Recent Fiction in Britain", Graeme Mercer Adam decries the "licence" and "loathsomeness" of the modern novel, which has become "the vehicle for the revolting outpourings of a medical treatise or for the depicting of inconceivably callous pictures of disease-smitten heredity." He especially deplores novels by or about women in which "one has to wade through scenes of such revolting detail as to make parts of the book abhorrent to the pure-minded reader", and cites *Tess* as an example:

> The effort to be realistic, and to depict actual life with an unsparing hand, is in truth an unpleasantly painful one, and leads the modern novelist into many an extravagance and libel on the race. Even Mr. Hardy, great writer as he is, has been led away by this dangerous gift – witness his *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* – into unpleasant paths which he hitherto knew not, and to the depicting of unsavory details, which he was not given to in his earlier creations.[34]

Clearly Mr. Adam had not read *Jude*.

But David Christie Murray had. In his 1897 condemnation of Hardy's realism, Murray avoids Adam's emotionalism and simply states that "Mr. Hardy is just as sincere in his belief that he is right as I and the rest of his critics are in our belief that he is wrong." A stalwart member of the "old school", he believes that "an essential part of the fiction writer's duty is to be harmless." Murray castigates Hardy for wasting his time on Sue Bridehead, an abnormal character who does not represent humanity, and for thereby encouraging feminine hysteria: "The one kind of person to whom *Jude the Obscure* must necessarily appeal with the greatest power is the kind of person depicted in its pages, and the tendency of the book is unavoidably towards the development and multiplication of the type described."[35] Murray regrets that Hardy has chosen to betray his greatness by becoming modern, a sentiment shared by the *Week's* reviewer of *Return of the Native*, who in 1896 declared: "We are of the party who believe that Hardy has hopelessly deteriorated for the present, and we believe that no better tribute can be paid to his fame than, when he publishes a new book, to leave it severely alone and re-read one of his earlier works."[36] And *Massey's*, reviewing the serialized version of *Jude*, found it "one of the most harrowing of the recent neurotic creations".[37]

Murray's moral standards were echoed by Lindsay S. Garrett in his 1907 article on "The Essence of Hardyism", but nowhere does Garrett also echo Murray's opinion that in spite of his errors Hardy is great. Instead Garrett systematically disparages Hardy's realism, descriptions, plots, characterizations, women, rustics, and treatment of nature. According to Garrett, Hardy violates technique and "the rational belief that fiction is the art of producing in literary form a convincing, beautiful, as well as constructive portrait of some select phase of life." Garrett finds Hardy's realism – the "laboured expatiation on that which is of no interest in itself" – especially objectionable, and his belief that story is necessary to bring out character leads him to the amazing conclusion that *A Laodicean* is in some ways better than *Far From the Madding Crowd.*[38]

Garrett's article was the last in this series of vituperative criticisms of Thomas Hardy. As the century turned, Canadians learned to accept realism – at least in foreign novelists. In 1904 Haldane MacFall wrote an appreciation of Hardy for the *Canadian Magazine,* the tone of which is indicated by the opening sentence: "Through dreamy, sincere eyes, the large soul of Thomas Hardy looks out upon a sad world for which his great heart aches with infinite pity."[39] Less sentimental was A. St. John Adcock's 1923 article in the same magazine, which generalized about Hardy's compassion, sincerity, and "gospel of disillusion".[40] The most perceptive discussion of Hardy to appear before the essays in the university periodicals was an unsigned review of *The Dynasts* in the March, 1904 issue of the *Monthly Review.* The writer welcomes *The Dynasts* as an answer to the ending of *Tess,* and while he is slightly disturbed by Hardy's omission of religion and of Nelson's famous prayer, he admires Hardy's efforts to work out the meanings of existence and the problems of human will.[41] Appearing at a time when most Canadian criticism of Hardy was distinguished by emotional outburst or bland appreciation, this article is remarkable for maintaining a cool, scholarly approach that did not characterize Canadian treatments of Hardy until twenty years later.

By the time Hardy began to receive attention in Canadian university periodicals, he had been absorbed into the canon of acceptable authors and had ceased to be a subject of controversy in the more popular magazines. Discussions of Hardy no longer exhibited the colourful emotionalism of Graeme Mercer Adam; in the hands of such scholars as George Herbert Clarke, Pelham Edgar and Douglas Bush, Thomas Hardy joined the ranks of famous writers who were to be criticized with objectivity and dispassion.

FOOTNOTES

1. Thomas Hardy, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (London: Macmillan, 1963), chapter iv.
2. John A. Cooper, "The Strength and Weakness of Current Books," *Canadian Magazine*, 13 (May 1899), p. 10.
3. W.A. Fraser, "Literature – An Address Made at the Recent Annual Banquet of the Canadian Press Association," *Canadian Magazine*, 13 (May 1899), pp. 34-35.
4. "Books and Authors," *Canadian Magazine*, 7 (June 1896), p. 190.
5. Review of *The Secret of Narcisse*, by Edmund Gosse, *Week* 10 (6 Jan. 1893), p. 135.
6. G. Mercer Adam, "Recent Fiction in Britain," *Canadian Magazine*, 4 (Jan. 1895), p. 219.
7. Sara Jeannette Duncan, "Outworn Literary Methods," *Week*, 4 (9 June 1887), p. 451.
8. "The Modern Novel," *Week*, 7 (1 Aug. 1890), p. 549.
9. G. Mercer Adam, "Some Books of the Past Year," *Week*, 2 (15 Jan. 1885), p. 103.
10. G. Mercer Adam, "Realism Regenerate," rev. of *The Dream*, by Emile Zola, *Week*, 5 (8 Nov. 1888), p. 799.
11. Louisa Murray, "Democracy in Literature," *Week*, 6 (2 Aug. 1889), p. 55.
12. Review of *Money*, by Emile Zola, *Week*, 10 (16 Dec. 1892), p. 61.
13. G. Mercer Adam, "Some Books of the Past Year," *Week*, 2 (15 Jan. 1885), p. 103.
14. George Stanley Adamson, "The Coming Novel," *Week*, 8 (17 July 1891), p. 528.
15. Review of *The Refugees*, by Arthur Conan Doyle, *Week*, 10 (1 Sept. 1893), p. 952.
16. Review of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade, *Week*, 11 (2 Feb. 1894), p. 232.
17. Review of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Anthony Hope, *Week*, 11 (20 July 1894), p. 809.
18. "Recent Fiction," *Week*, 12 (15 March 1895), pp. 374-75.
19. "The Critic," "Mr. Howells on Some Modern Novelists," *Week*, 4 (21 July 1887), p. 552.
20. Review of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Thomas Hardy, *Week*, 3 (1 July 1886), p. 552.
21. "Literary and Personal Gossip," *Week*, 8 (1 May, 1891), p. 353.
22. H. Pearson Gundy, "Literary Publishing," *Literary History of Canada*, ed. Carl F. Klinck (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1967), p. 183.
23. Review of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy, *Canadian Monthly*, 7 (Jan. 1875), p. 99.
24. "Books and Authors," *Canadian Magazine*, 6 (Nov. 1895), pp. 97-98.
25. David Christie Murray, "My Contemporaries in Fiction. vi. Thomas Hardy," *Canadian Magazine*, 9 (May 1897), p. 40.
26. "Recent Fiction," *Week*, 13 (27 Dec. 1895), p. 115.
27. Review of "The Distracted Young Preacher," by Thomas Hardy, *Rose-Belford's Monthly*, 4 (Jan. 1880), p. 101.
28. Hubert Barton, "Talks with Girls. 1. Reading," *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, series 2, 1 (Sept. 1892), pp. 516-19.
29. "Books and Authors," *Canadian Magazine*, 5 (Sept. 1895), p. 412.
30. "Books and Authors," *Canadian Magazine*, 6 (Apr. 1896), p. 580.
31. "Literary and Personal Notes," *Dominion Illustrated*, series 1, 7 (19 Sept. 1891), p. 286.
32. "Literary and Personal Gossip," *Week*, 9 (12 Aug. 1892), p. 589.
33. "Books and Authors," *Canadian Magazine*, 7 (Sept. 1896), p. 394.
34. G. Mercer Adam, "Recent Fiction in Britain," *Canadian Magazine*, 4 (Jan. 1895), pp. 218-19.
35. David Christie Murray, "My Contemporaries in Fiction. vi. Thomas Hardy," *Canadian Magazine*, 9 (May, 1897), pp. 38-41.
36. "Recent Fiction," *Week*, 13 (10 Apr. 1896), p. 476.
37. "The Literary Kingdom," *Massey's*, 1 (Jan. 1896), pp. 56-57.
38. Lindsay S. Garrett, "The Essence of Hardyism," *Monthly Review* (Toronto), 27 (June 1907), pp. 59-67.
39. Haldane MacFall, "Literary Portraits. ii. Thomas Hardy," *Canadian Magazine*, 23 (June 1904), p. 103.
40. A. St. John Adcock, "Gods of Modern Grub Street. 1. Thomas Hardy," *Canadian Magazine*, 61 (May 1923), pp. 33-38.
41. "The Dynasts," *Monthly Review*, 14 (March 1904), pp. 1-12.