

mence, you can send your articles through me. I will retouch them before sending them to Gifford."

I do not know whether Thomas profited by his brother's offer. When Sir Walter's famous novel "Waverley" appeared, the rumour ran in Scotland that the romance was the work of Thomas Scott. Some newspapers have gone so far as to say that the best novels of Sir Walter belonged to his brother. That was going a little too far. Sir Walter wrote to his brother in America: "'Waverley' has an enormous success. I send you a copy. The rumour runs here that you are the author. Send me a novel in which you are to put all the humour you have, and I assure you I can sell it for at least £500. To encourage you, you can draw on me for £100 when you send me the manuscript, thus you will be sure you have not lost your time. You have more humour and talent for description than many well-known writers. What you need is the practice of composition. If 'Waverley' is mentioned to you, say nothing. I do not wish to pass you off for the author of a work you never saw, but if the public absolutely insists on believing it, and to give you £500 for trying your hand in romance, I cannot see why you should refuse the chance to make a little fortune."

Curious thing, none of Thomas Scott's compositions have been preserved.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### In October.—A Dirge.

In October, in October,  
When skies are darkly grey,  
Sad are all the winds from over  
The night-clad hills of day;  
A dirge sweeps through the desert town,  
A moaning fills the plain;  
The golden-rod is beaten down,  
The aster weeps in vain.

In October, in October,  
The winds amidst the trees  
(Oh, most weary, dreary rover!)  
Hath sound of many seas;  
The broken rain, encompassed so,  
In fear drives o'er the moor;  
The leaves are hurried to and fro,  
As wrecks bestrew a shore.

In October, in October,  
I ponder o'er the past:  
All the wildly sweet is over—  
Too fair it was to last!  
I watched the last flower yesterday  
Its blighted petals shed;  
Alas, so soon youth steals away,  
And green-leaved wreaths are dead!

KEPPEL STRANGE.

### European Affairs.

THE laying of the foundation stone of the International Exhibition Bridge across the Seine, by the Czar, was a happy thought. The bridge will be called "Pont d'Alexandre III," after his father. The ceremony will have, of course, for corollary, the inauguration of the bridge in May, 1900, by the Czar, simultaneously with the opening of the Exhibition. It is to be hoped the Kaiser will be conspicuous by his absence. As to the political output of the Russian visit, it will make both nations more resolute than ever to march hand in hand. How far the union of hearts will stand the test of adversity, time alone can show. The absence of all sign on the part of any of the six powers of reducing bloated armaments, while the trend is in the opposite direction, deprives faith in the permanent duration of peace of all its robustness. Till the Emperor returns to St. Petersburg, and nominates Prince Lobanoff's successor, less his ignoble Turkish policy of giving the Sultan a free hand at quieting by exterminating the unfortunate Armenians, with France bound to acquiesce—the future outline of Russia's diplomacy will not be visible.

However, the position taken up by England must control in a degree the march of diplomacy in general. The Balmoral interview is accepted, as it is hoped to have led to a loyal explanation on behalf of both empires, and more especially by cutting short the organized intrigues by interested

states to keep England and Russia apart, and at logger-heads. The determination of Lord Salisbury to remain in community of membership with the other powers, while upholding his own country's views and following no slavish lead, secures Britain from the great danger of being isolated and if ever crippled by a crushing coalition, she would be plucked as bare as a worm. Blucher's ejaculation when viewing London from the summit of St. Paul's: "My God, what a city to sack!" must never be forgotten either by Cockneys or—some South Africans. A member of the diplomatic ring, his lordship will be always able to select partners in every diplomatic game, since each power has its own axe to grind.

The Sultan's conduct is closely watched; he commences to perceive that after all a coalition could be formed to get rid of him. Better, if the unfortunate Turks would cleanse the Yildiz Kiosk themselves. As well expect the leopard to change its spots as for counting upon a *mea culpa*, with or without the breast thumps, by Abdul-Hamid. Humanity has long ago weighed him in the balances. The concentration of the fleets near the Dardanelles will soon convince "The Shadow" he cannot live eternally by playing the European powers against one another.

It is a quarrel less between sisters of one family, to record an agreement between Italy, and France as the foreign representative of Tunisia, upon commercial tariffs and consular rights. It is to be hoped that Italy and France may soon be able to negotiate trading treaties between themselves. England possesses, while grass grows and water runs, the most favoured nation clause privileges with Tunisia, as also with Madagascar. These are flies in the pots of French ointment. It is the fashion to cuckoo-repeat that the cause of the coldness between England and France is due to the Egyptian occupation, as if any man out of a lunatic asylum believed that were the situations changed, France would quit the Nile valley for the beautiful eyes of John Bull. It is because the latter has to resist Roger Bontemps, who when he secures a grab like other States, frames tariffs to exclude the outside barbarians. Few people but desire to have a share in the world's sunshine. Fair, not prohibitive duties are best.

At last the secret has leaked out how some French restaurants are able to give for one franc two plates of meat, half a bottle of wine, a vegetable, and bread *à discrétion*. The chief of the detectives has personally arrested the head of a band, truly of assassins, red handed. They were entrusted with the carting away of all condemned meat by the sanitary inspectors, to be destroyed; instead, they seasoned it with petroleum, and sold it surreptitiously as *petite viande*, to the restaurants which miraculously feed thousands for a sum that would never cause clients a pang, when the *quart d'hème de Rabelais* arrived. The arrested, along with the van load of putridities, laughed at being found out, avowed two of his aids had been poisoned by eating too freely of his wares, and he attributed his own robust health to avoiding the stuff.

In honour of the Czar's visit, the big bell of the Sacré Cœur strikes the three *Angeluses* daily. But citizens seem to have no leisure to stop a moment to pray.

There is one dram shop in Paris for every twelve adults of the population.

In the contracts executed for the works of the 1900 Exhibition, every employé must be secured one day's rest in every seven—he may choose his own Sabbath. At present the latter is "lundi."

The capital is intoxicated with joy, the booming of cannon, the loud hurrahs, the waving of flags, of handkerchiefs, hats, aye and bonnets; the happy faces, the exchange of warm greetings, the embracings and the fraternizations. It is an event well calculated to make the French forget past disasters and feel they are born again. The Czar has caught the infection of Queen's weather from Her Majesty, as the weather, gusty, but dry and bracing, could not be more appropriate for a royal entry. Not thousands, but millions of spectators: no suffocating pressure, the multitudes spreading backwards on each side resigned at their inability to see anything; gratified to be in the vicinity of the echoes from the front, and only ambitious to boast of the ceremonial entry, "I was there." The welcome given to their Russian Majesties more than realized what was anticipated. The programme of visiting the lions of the capi-