

was no respecter of persons. As such we should take them, that the literary offence of their publication may be the less.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

IS IT PLAGIARISM?

Some time ago the reviews and magazines discussed at much length some very curious coincidences of thought and expression which occurred in the writings of many of the greatest literary men. It was shown that great writers had in many instances written exactly what had been written years before by other great writers; and that frequently the words employed to convey these ideas were so nearly alike as to leave little room for doubt that either plagiarism had been rampant, or that the proverbial kinship between great minds extended not only to ideas but to words and phrases. The instances which were presented during the course of this very interesting discussion, attracted considerable attention at the time, and though many were disposed to take a charitable view of these similarities and to ascribe them entirely to chance and accident, or at least to unconscious copying; others maintained that they were evidences of the fact that not even our greatest philosophers and poets have been free from the literary crime of plagiarism. I have lately met with an instance of this kind. I will mention it and leave it to others to form their conclusions. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a very clever and sprightly poet, and the successor of Mr. Howells in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A little poem of his entitled "A Comedy," has lately been going the rounds of the press and is as follows:

"They parted with clasps of hand,
And kisses and burning tears;
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years.

Met—as acquaintances meet—
Smilingly, tranquil eyed,
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and of that,
The notions that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat—
And he in black for his wife.

Ah! what a comedy this is,
Neither was hurt it appears;
She had forgotten his kisses,
And he had forgotten her tears."

Now there is nothing particularly new in the fancy of this little poem; nothing particularly novel or striking in its story of forgotten flirtation or unremembered embraces and tears. But it does seem to me that it bears a striking resemblance to one of Swinburne's poems "An Interlude," which tells exactly the same sad tale of faithless memory of somewhat similar performances, and to which reference must be made, for Swinburne's verses are too long to quote here. Mr. Aldrich is more concise and piquant, but the story is the same. As I have said, this alone would not warrant one in assuming that there has been any plagiarism on the part of Mr. Aldrich. More curious still, however, is the fact that the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Swinburne occur in "A Comedy." Look for instance at the last stanza of "An Interlude."

"And the best and the worst of this is,
That neither was most to blame;
If you've forgotten my kisses,
And I've forgotten your name."

It may be that I am mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that either Mr. Swinburne has copied Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Aldrich has copied Mr. Swinburne. Perhaps it is merely a coincidence; if so, it is a curious one.

R. D. M.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ADRIEN LECOQUREUR's beautiful picture of "An Easter Frolic" has served our artist as a model for his cartoon this week, which will find the Ministers enjoying themselves at home each after his own fashion, though possibly not exactly as the engraving represents them. That such a performance would be indeed an "Easter Frolic" cannot at any rate be denied, and we commend the idea to the consideration of Sir John.

THE beautiful memorial to the Emperor of Germany, which we illustrate this week, is taken from the pages of the *Leipzig Illustrated Times*, where it appeared in honour of the birthday of the Emperor William, celebrated on the 22nd of March last.

THE WAR IN PERU.—We present our readers with a series of interesting views from the seat of war in Peru. The victorious Chilians, who were represented as being eager to sack the beautiful city of Lima, and reduce it to ashes, have behaved exactly as a brave and chivalrous people would be expected to treat an unfortunate and prostrate enemy. They have, it is true, imposed hard terms upon the Peruvians, and propose to occupy their principal cities until the utmost penalty is paid; but the moment Lima surrendered, all hostilities ceased. There was no pillage, no destruction of buildings. Good order was at once established in Lima and Callao, and life and property were as secure as before the invading army took possession. It is to be hoped that the destructive war that has just ceased will lead to the establishment of a union among the South American republics under one general government. This would make a powerful nation, and instead of wasting their strength in

useless wars, the several states could unite in developing their vast natural resources and educating their people.

LOBSTER SPEARING IN CANADA.—This sport is pursued in the Indian fashion by torchlight. A dark calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row; one to hold the torch so that its light will fall through the shallow water and light up the bottom to show the lobsters crouched among the seaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which it requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and picturesque, as the boat creeps along under the shadow of the bank, and the torch casts a Rembrandtish light on the occupants and on the overhanging trees. The captive lobsters sometimes make very unpleasant occupants of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

OUR illustrations of Victoria, B.C., we owe to the kindness of Mr. Nelson of the British Consulate, Panama. The photographs were taken when the volunteers were in camp last summer, and although perhaps a little unseasonable will have a personal interest, we believe, for many of our readers. Others of the same series are in hand and will appear in our columns from time to time.

MR. SWAN'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The largest and most complete application of Swan's electric light has been the lighting of Sir William Armstrong's mansion at Cragside, which is depicted in our illustration. The electric current is generated by one of Siemens' dynamo-electric machines, to which the motive power is supplied by a turbine of six-horse-power worked by the overflow of a lake three quarters of a mile distant from the house. The dynamo machine is placed close to the turbine, and the electricity is conducted by a double line of copper wires to the house.

Mr. Swan's lamp is exceedingly simple, as it consists of a bulb of glass about two inches in diameter, containing a thin carbon conductor supported by two platinum wires, which, where they pass out of the bulb, are hermetically sealed into its wall by fusion of the glass around the wires. The air contained in the bulb is thoroughly exhausted, and the consequence is a degree of durability in the carbon and an absence of sooty deposit on the glass.

The chief peculiarity of this lamp is the wonderfully thin and elastic filament of carbon, as thin as a hair, and almost as hard and springy as a steel wire. When the electric current traverses this filament it becomes white-hot, and emits a soft and perfectly steady light. As the bulb contains no air or other gas capable of combining with carbon, the filament does not burn away, but lasts without change for many months.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The third annual meeting of this, the fourth club in point of seniority of formation on the Continent of America, was held last Friday, (1st April, 1881), at head quarters, Montreal Gymnasium on Mansfield St. The following are the officers for 1881 then elected:

Captain—Chas. J. Sidey, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal, (re-elected unanimously.) Hon. Sec.—Horace S. Tibbs, Director L. A. W. for Canada, (re-elected unanimously.) 1st Lieutenant—Albert T. Lane, Consul L. A. W. for Montreal; 2nd do—Jas. D. Millar; 3rd do—G. Maitland Smith; 4th do—Chas. A. Whitlam; 5th do—G. De Sola.

The whole active membership of the Club joined the League of American wheelmen in September last and will be largely represented at the Annual League Meeting on 31st May in Boston.

The first Annual races will be held in September, when good prizes and a fine track will draw the Best Yankee performers as well as the brethren in the West. A club picture is now in the hands of Mr. Raphael, the well known artist, in which "Dizzy" the cent dawg who is game for his forty miles any day, will occupy a prominent position.

The opening meeting will most likely be held on Good Friday. There is a good deal of ice on the country roads which wants a warm rain to wash it away.

AMUSEMENTS.

Lent has certainly not stayed the course of amusements whatever other effect it has had upon society, and this week there has been rather a plethora of good things. To begin with the music. Tuesday was the first of Mrs. Otis Rockwood's chamber concerts. I was sorry not to see a better attendance at what proved to be most enjoyable to lovers of classical music. This may I fancy be attributed in part at least, to the effect of counter attractions, and partly to the prevailing tendency to wait and hear the result of the first of a series and be guided by the report of one's friends as to future attendance. If this be the case we are sure the subsequent recitals will be well patronised as the audience was of the best class and testified heartily to their enjoyment of the programme. The D minor trio Mendelssohn was entrusted to Messrs. Reichling, Heard and Wills, and was wisely enough divided in two, as its length is apt to pall upon an ordinary audience. Mrs. Rockwood was

apparently suffering from a cold but had a decided success in spite of it; especially in her rendering of the scene and aria from "Der Freyschutz." Signor Bogdanoff is possessed of a melodious voice of unusual compass and showed to great advantage in "Sognai" and Mattei's popular "Non è ver." The programme also included a duet by Mrs. Rockwood and Signor Bogdanoff the delightful "Guarda che bianca luna," which was in my mind the gem of the evening; and closed with a double trio by some of Mrs. Rockwood's pupils.

I have had occasion before to allude to the dramatic and musical criticism of the local papers, and this concert gave an amusing instance of what it is worth in the majority of cases. The programme as printed included two numbers by Mr. Arthur Graham, who was unable to appear in consequence of a severe cold, nevertheless the *Gazette* gave him full credit for his imaginary share in the performance, a compliment for which Mr. Graham was less grateful than might have been expected. Thursday night was to have been the last concert of the Mendelssohn choir and as Litta was announced for the same night at the Queen's Hall, I was contemplating the disagreeable necessity of endeavoring to be in two places at once, when the difficulty was solved by the postponement of the former concert on account of the illness of Mr. Warren of Grace Church, New York, who was to have taken part in it. Litta was in good voice and sang the aria from the *Puritani* "Qui la voce," in her best style. She has a pure fresh voice and her method of vocalization is very good, but her singing lacks refinement, perhaps in part due to her pronunciation, which both in English and Italian is very faulty. Surely this is not ineradicable. Miss McLain who accompanied her has I think one of the most remarkable contralto voices I have ever heard, entirely spoiled by a dreadful style. It is an astonishing pity that she should not do more with such a wonderful organ than she seems likely to at present. Mr. Cleveland the tenor, has his voice well under control and in the duet with Litta in which he first appeared, promised unusually well. Perhaps the intense dislike which I have for "Alice where art thou" prejudiced me against his rendering of it, and surely, oh surely the *Chicago Tribune* must have been making fun of the poor man when it credited him with an "excellent stage presence." By the way, the press has a good deal to answer for in the matter of criticisms of this troupe. It was a little hard of the programmist (that is right is it not?) to quote that remarkable article of the *New Orleans Times* about Litta's voice being "exactly suited for floriture music," and about her "decorating" the polacca (or polonaise) "Io son Titania" "with high staccato notes and chromatic trills, etc., etc." What is floriture music? I have looked it out in the dictionary without any success. And I want to know who is responsible for the somewhat remarkable statement that "Mlle. Litta reached the zenith of dramatic and musical art and set all Europe in a blaze." No wonder the writer put it in italics, which are his not mine. If I were not afraid of shocking your cultivated readers, I would say "Draw it mild." To return to our muttons, I must say a word in praise of Miss Zeline Mantey's violin playing which was very delicate and graceful and the treat of the evening to me. Mr. John Skelton is a very clever young performer on the cornet who was however unfortunate in instituting a comparison with Levy who was so recently here.

THE concert of the Mendelssohn choir is announced for the 23th instant.

During the week the Theatre Royal has been well filled to witness the representation of "Daniel Rochat" by one of Collier's combinations. The play has some fine dramatic situations, but on the whole is a little devoid of consistency of purpose, and much of the disagreement and suffering is brought about by inadequate causes, or so at least it seemed to me. The hero and heroine are engaged to be married in France, do actually go through the form of civil marriage, and are then separated by the reluctance of the husband, who is a Voltairian, to undergo the religious ceremony which the lady considers indispensable. So far so good, but when the husband does consent, the wife requires witnesses, and when he admits her claim to them too, she makes fresh trouble about unhappy futures, etc., protesting the while that she loves him better than life; the end, perhaps the most satisfactory that could be devised under the circumstances, being reached by the divorce of the parties without the consummation of their marriage. The shortcomings of the play however were redeemed by the excellent acting of Miss Carey as the heroine. She reminded me very forcibly at times of Miss Neilson, and will, I fancy, do well in a similar line of parts, though she may never be what Neilson was. Mr. Lemoyne was excellent as the unbelieving doctor, the bridegroom's friend, and Miss Ida Vernon as Mrs. Powers was quite a match for him. Mr. Ramsay, too, made a decided hit as the susceptible young gentleman, Casimir Fargis, in love with the heroine's sister. The acting on the whole was in excellent taste and the play, which in parts is a little what we are accustomed to call French, was saved from anything offensive by the entire absence of anything like salacity in the performance.

Supp's comic opera "Boccaccio" is on this week at the Theatre Royal, but I have not as yet been able to see it.

MUSCVA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD Beaconsfield's condition is but little changed.

TRICKETT has challenged Boyd to a single scull race.

THE Roman Catholic College at Rimouski was burned down.

Rev. Henry Varley is to contest Northampton against Mr. Bradlaugh.

AN ancient Indian battlefield has been unearthed by recent floods in Georgia.

THE flood in the south of Spain is said to be the most serious inundation of the century.

THE striking west side car conductors in Chicago have succeeded in bringing the car company to terms.

THE British Government has notified Greece that in case of war she is not to expect any help from England.

THE Rev. Mr. Mackonochie's appeal against his sentence of deprivation has been dismissed by the Court of Appeal.

LORD Carlingsford (Mr. Forster) has been appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of the Duke of Argyll.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria and the Princess Stephanie is fixed for the 10th of May.

A COLLISION took place in Ireland recently between the police and populace near Ballaghadrin. Two persons were killed and several wounded.

SOME seven thousand looms are idle in Belfast, owing to a partial strike in the linen trade against a ten per cent. reduction in wages.

OXFORD won the Varsity boat race easily, finishing four lengths ahead in 21 minutes 56 seconds. The Cambridge crew were fagged out at the end of the race, while the Dark Blues finished quite fresh.

VARIETIES.

CAVAGNARI'S PLUCK.—A Peshawur correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette* tells the following anecdote about the late Sir Louis Cavnari: Many, many years ago, young Cavnari was a shockingly bad rider; but, in spite of a naturally bad seat, and regardless of constant falls, he would attempt to ride any animal. One evening at mess, having been chaffed about his frequent "pips," he undertook to ride any one there a steeplechase. The challenge was accepted, and the next day the race came off. The conditions were, that whoever got first over the last jump was to be the winner. Young Cavnari, riding all legs and arms, led nearly the whole way, and on arriving at the last jump put his horse at it. The animal did not quite clear it, and came down, giving his rider a most awful cropper, on the right side, however, of the jump. Cavnari's cap flew off in one direction, his spectacles in another, and he himself was, to all appearance, badly stunned. He recovered himself, however, in a couple of seconds, and standing up, whip in hand, ashy pale, exclaimed, "I've won, anyhow."

TRIBULATIONS OF AMATEUR POETS.—Several amateur poets are in trouble. Rodney McGellan has been compelled to pay a verdict of \$300 in a breach of promise case at Barrie, Canada, the evidence of his promise being the following verse which he wrote to the plaintiff:

Long have I loved, but some strange spell
Forbade my heart its tale to tell.
Here, take this card, and simply feel
The love my lips dare not reveal.

Henry Horace Dade, of San Francisco, sent an enemy a postal card on which was written an original and highly personal song, with this refrain:

Everybody, everybody knows, knows knows,
You're the very biggest best that grows.

Dade's effort has cost him a fine of \$50. W. R. Newhouse, of Philadelphia, wrote some rhymes about the fickleness of William John and circulated them in printed slips. Here is a sample verse:

If you centre your affections on a youth like William John,
You'll be likely to discover the foundation they are on.
For a fascinating cruiser like this individual
Isn't apt to be contented with a solitary gal.

A threat of lawsuit induced Newhouse to sign an apology, and collect and destroy all the copies he could find.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.