

would not stop at Merrickville, and advised to get off there and drive over; but he declined to do so, and came on. Along this part of the line trains run very fast, and it is said that Saturday night's express was making fifty miles an hour when it ran through the Merrickville yard. When it came to the station McDonald jumped and jumped to death. He struck the platform on his feet all right, marks of which were found; but 100 feet farther up the platform from where he first struck he was found weltering in his blood. He was picked up by some parties who saw him jump, and medical aid was at once summoned. He was all battered and bruised, but lingered till Sunday afternoon in great agony, when death ensued. The deceased, who was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and eight small children, was very highly spoken of in the community. He had held for some time the position of school trustee, and was a prominent member of the C. M. B. A. He had gone to Montreal, Saturday morning, to the St. Jean Baptiste demonstration, and was travelling on an excursion ticket, good to go or return by any train. Because of this it is claimed that the train should have stopped for him, and there is talk of an action for damages against the C. P. R.\*

The laws of moving bodies are not properly taught in Canadian schools, and the dire result of the popular ignorance of them is here seen. Even repetition could hardly prevent your being shocked! While we might well look for clearly uttered and widely published public warnings on the mechanics of this particular class of our disastrous and constantly recurring railway accidents, from those public servants, the professors of Applied Science, say of McGill and the other chief universities—a work in which all the popular journals could help—the main thing to-day, is prompt and intelligent action, for all the future, from the great Railway Companies.

They know what is needed, and I now ask you, with all due respect, and in the name of a deeply tried public, what the Pacific Railway management intends to do, for the future security and protection of the lives of citizens and strangers in the Dominion. I am, yours, X.

#### POSTSCRIPT TO OPEN LETTER.

It is not often that an open letter has to carry a postscript; but shocking events have dictated it in this instance. The following fresh record of sad and unnecessary destruction of life, by which a poor emigrant family, just landed from France upon our shores, have been ruined, is taken from the press dispatch of the Quebec Morning Chronicle of 4th July:—

"Paul and Jeanne Martin, and their four children, immigrants from France, bound for Manitoba, were waiting at the Union station this morning for a change of cars. The mother saw the train shunting out and tried to jump on the platform of the second to last car, holding her youngest child. She fell on the step, and then, her foot catching in a frog, she and the child were pulled under the last car. The child was cut in two, and one of the mother's legs taken off above the knee. She has since died."

Now, Sir, what is the course it would be best to pursue? In the open letter I have left this point to your expert intelligence and vast experience of railway management. The writer can only be classed as an ordinary citizen in such questions. But still, I ask, if it is not evident that notice-boards, in plain black and white, should be placed on all the stations, forbidding the stepping on or off trains while in motion? There could be nothing to prevent this being done; and, surely, the daily papers would help by repeating the notice. Now the Railway Companies are endowed by the State with full powers of police protection for the special benefit of the public. Why does not the Canadian Pacific avail itself of these powers? A prompt and vigilant police could prevent many such accidents as the present one. For the remainder, we shall have

to trust, I suppose, to the growth of intelligence and information in the people themselves. Prompt action and a sufficient police are what we now need. X.

#### THE FIRST POEMS OF THE TENNYSONS.\*

A year ago any one desiring to become possessed of this volume would have paid somewhere between seven and ten pounds for it. Now it is published anew for six shillings; with the addition of four poems, now published for the first time, which formed "part of the original manuscript of 1827, and were omitted for some forgotten reason," says the present Lord Tennyson, and we have also "Timbuctoo," the poem with which Alfred Tennyson won the Chancellor's Prize Poem at Cambridge in 1829, when he was twenty years of age.

The history of this volume is well known. It consists of a number of poems, mostly very short, by the two brothers, Charles and Alfred Tennyson, besides (what is not generally known) four poems by Frederick Tennyson, the youngest of the three poet brothers. The volume was printed and published by the Jacksons, of Louth, although the names of Simpkin & Marshall, in accordance with custom, appeared first on the title page. It has never been republished until now, nor has any part of its contents been incorporated in the later editions of Lord Tennyson's poetical works, nor have we had, until now, any authoritative statement as to the authorship of the various poems. There is, indeed, so little certainty as to the source of the poems that Lord Tennyson requests that none of them may be included in any future edition of his father's works, as even Mr. Frederick Tennyson, "cannot be certain of the authorship of every poem, and as the handwriting of the manuscript is known not to be a sure guide."

Every one will make guesses for himself, and we have, here and there, felt certain that we had detected Lord Tennyson's manner, which was all the more self-revealing as it had not gained quite its later ease and flexibility. But it is not quite easy to come to a conclusion on the subject. These are the productions of young men, almost of boys. Lord Tennyson says, "I was between 15 and 17, Charles, between 15 and 18." Moreover they seem to have been quite conscious that they were hardly independent producers. "No doubt," they say, in the additional advertisement at the beginning of the volume, "if submitted to the microscopic eye of periodical criticism, a long list of inaccuracies and imitations would result from the investigation." We are not quite sure of the inaccuracies, although undoubtedly there are occasional halting lines which would not be found in the later writings of the authors; nor can we assert that there are conscious imitations; but there are abundant instances of verses in which the influence of earlier writers may be seen. Byron, Scott, Moore, Coleridge and Milton are peculiarly clear and strong.

It is most difficult to form a judgment as to the real value of these poems. We cannot read them without one kind

of prejudice which would lead us to assign to them too little value, or another which would make us think too highly of them. Speaking as among those who had never read the whole volume before, but only parts of it, we can affirm the judgment of Mr. Frederick Tennyson in returning to his nephew the poems, "with which," he says, "I have been greatly interested, as I did not expect to find them so good as they really are." This is quite what we feel about them.

We have lighted on many poems in which we have felt the influence of writers already mentioned, but we have not space for more than one or two examples. In the "Exhortation to the Greeks," we can hardly be wrong in recognizing Byron. Here is one of two stanzas:

"Arouse thee, O Greece! and remember the day,  
When the millions of Xerxes were quelled  
on their way!  
Arouse thee, O Greece! let the pride of thy name  
Awake in thy bosom the light of thy fame!  
Why hast thou shone in the temple of glory?  
Why hast thou blaz'd in the annals of fame?  
For know, that the former bright page of thy story  
Proclaims but thy bondage, and tells but thy shame;  
Proclaims from how high thou art fallen!—how low.  
Thou art plunged in the dark gulf of thralldom and woe!  
Arouse thee, O Greece! from the weight of thy slumbers!  
The chains are upon thee!—arise from thy sleep!  
Remember the time when nor nations nor numbers  
Could break thy thick phalanx embodied and deep."

Here is another extract which reminds us of Walter Scott and Coleridge. It is the first ten stanzas of a poem, "King Charles's Vision," containing altogether thirty-two:

"King Charles was sitting all alone,  
In his lonely palace tower,  
When there came on his ears a heavy groan,  
At the silent midnight hour  
He turn'd him round where he heard the sound,  
To his casement's arched frame;  
And he was aware of a light that was there,  
But he wist not whence it came."

We have selected these two passages in illustration of our remark on the influence of earlier writers, although they are by no means specimens of the best ones in the volume. The poem, "Timbuctoo," only two years later, shows immense advance of power and traces of the influence of Milton. Indeed, we may thankfully note that the author was probably saved by Keats, from following too slavishly in the steps of Milton. We cannot say that this volume will add much to the general knowledge of Tennyson; but no student of the development of the poet's genius will open it without interest.

The war cloak of Kamehameha I., now on exhibition at Chicago, is composed of the feathers of native birds. The body of the cloak is of red feathers, while the border is of the yellow feathers of a bird now supposed to be extinct. There are probably over a million feathers in this cloak, of which the average value is thirty cents each. The Smithsonian Institution is in possession of the cloak presented by Kamehameha III. to Commodore Kearney in 1843. This cloak is insured for \$100,000.

\* Poems: By Two Brothers. London: Simpkin & Marshall, 1827; Macmillan & Co., 1893.