

The *Montreal Witness* further says of it :—

“It is a volume to be appreciated by all lovers of natural history, but especially by those interested in the natural history of Canada. A traditional knowledge of the beaver, Mr. Martin acknowledges, is the birthright of every Canadian. At the same time he evidently holds with Josh Billings that “it is better not to know so much, than to know so much that ain't so,” and, therefore, aims in this volume to carefully separate fact from fancy. The fancy, however, is treated with the respect which the early traditions of any people deserve, the author holding that while much of it seems childish and unworthy of serious reflection, it is of vastly more profit than the fabulous accounts of the beaver which practically constitute the popular range of beaver literature. Coming to the facts of the case he shows that while Canada has been justly called the home of the beaver, the popular idea that it is its only home is very far astray, the animal having been at one time, undoubtedly, very abundant in Europe, only passing from English records as late as 1526, while the Obi river still continues to furnish a few skins for the fur market. Throughout this volume are fully discussed the Canadian beaver's life history and domestic habits: his geographical distribution; his engineering accomplishments; his economic and medical value; his importance in trade, commerce and manufactures; the methods of hunting him, and his rapid extermination; also the experiments made of late years in domesticating him, with a chapter on “Anatomy, osteology and taxidermy,” and one on “The Beaver in Heraldry.” The volume is dedicated to Sir William Dawson, “in grateful recognition of his services to students of Canadian natural history.”

The numerous engravings are by Walker, and the printing by Desbarats & Co.”

## THE DEATH OF TENNYSON.

No moaning of the bar; sail forth, strong  
ship,  
Into that gloom which has God's face for a  
far light;  
Not a dirge but a proud farewell from each  
fond lip,  
And praises, abounding praise, and fame's  
faint starlight  
Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large noon  
Where thou shalt quire with angels.  
Words of woe  
Are for the unfulfilled, not these whose moon  
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious aglow.  
No moaning of the bar, musical drifting,  
Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea;  
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,  
And Christ thy pilot to the peace to be.  
—Edwin Arnold, in *London Telegraph*.

London, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died at 1.15 this morning.

Lord Tennyson was in fair health until the middle of last week. He took moderate exercise and entertained a small party of friends at Aldworth. The first symptom of illness he displayed was a slight cold. On Thursday he became feverish. On Friday Dr. Dobbs, who had been summoned, diagnosed the attack as influenza, complicated with gout, which was attacking the extremities. Sir Andrew Clark was summoned from London, and he, after examining Lord Tennyson, declared that his condition required that the greatest care and watchfulness be exercised. Since Friday Lord Tennyson's appetite had failed, and this had been accompanied by a fever, now slightly lessening and anon heightening. The fever was attended by constantly increasing weakness.

### THE DEATH BED SCENE.

Immediately after the death of Lord Tennyson the representative of the Associated Press had an interview with Sir Andrew Clarke, one of the physicians who attended the poet laureate. Sir Andrew said Lord Tennyson's death was the most glorious he had ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in