

the capitals in Europe and mighty engines pound their way up that slope. Day and night, year after year Russian diplomats and Turkish agents, German savants and English tourists, Princes and peasants, mistresses and maids, and all the fotsam and jetsam of humanity pass silently across our paths like ships in the night.

If you wish to see another of these cameleon scenes pick your way thro the motley crowd or some steamer bound for the newer Indies. There an imperious, Haytian, minister, black as night, jostles the newest Rawdon Crawley departing to his governorship, full of vice-regal dignity; there swarthy Portuguese merchants from Demerara and delicate creoles from Cuba eye each other; there well-knit English sportsmen and aristocratic planters from Jamaica stand aside to see Danish and Dutch and French officials settle down to the pleasures of the table. Surely never since the days of Imperial Rome have such discordant elements been gathered into one family. Never were such opportunities presented for the studies of man.

There is another world—a world of pure comedy. Force your way into the crowded compartment of a suburban train, or better still, travel on a bus from Victoria to the Bank. Lucky is the man who rides behind an offended Jehu. Watch how he heads off his competitor, guilty perhaps of some breach of faith or etiquette. Heedless of byelaws and

police he holds his own at every point. A few yards are lost in dropping an old lady, he cuts a corner and is in front again. Merchant and messenger-boy alike neglect their business and stay to see the finish. Chaff flies fast and furious. At last the Bank is won. The hat goes round, Tony Weller wipes his brow and smiles approvingly upon us all, we fade away, the bells sound, the world moves on. Happy the day when Captain Cuttle is there to make a note on't.

These and a thousand similar scenes pass before our eyes daily wherever men and women ebb and flow along the highways of life. How often we are blinded and see them not at the time, but we shall not fail to recognise the mirror when it is held up to man, the majesty of the express, the humour of the bus-vision granted to Turner on the Cornish viaduct and cleared to Frith at Paddington. How vain to suppose that the advent of steamers and trains rob life of its romance. It was in the midst of the busy scenes of commerce and travel, the greatest writers found their inspiration; there inimitable characters were the sublimed essence of multiplied humorous and pathetic incidents and personalities. How much wider the scope to-day, how many more scenes pass us in review, how much harder the task but how much more enduring and universal will be the appreciation the new "Epic of Movement" will evoke.

G. R. F. Prowse.

PERCIE W. HART.

MR. HART'S STORY, "Harv. Pelley's Salvages," was published in our July number, and for this month we have obtained another of his yarns of our northern seas. I quote the following sketch from "The Author's Journal:"

"Mr. Hart, best known by his

tales of mystery and the sea, was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on January 27, 1870. He received his education under a famous Latin scholar, Dr. Edwin Gilpin, at the English High School of Halifax. Naturally inclined to an out-door life, he early took advantage of the