

1859); Earl Southesk in 1859; Lord Milton in 1863; Capt. Butler in 1870; Dr. Selwyn, Prof. Macarn and Dr. Dawson of the Geological Survey.

Although the region covered by this report is fully six hundred miles farther north than Toronto, and its elevation over three thousand feet above sea level, the climate is comparatively mild. The country is largely wooded and interspersed with numerous lakes, some of which are merely evaporating bodies, while others have outlets to the river system. The timber, especially on the uplands, is very valuable.

The enormous deposits of coal and lignites that underlie an area of more than 12,000 square miles in the western part of this district alone must be considered as first in value and importance among its economic minerals. The only true bituminous coal yet found within the district is that outcropping on the Bow River. The seams vary in thickness, from an inch or two to twenty-five feet, the latter thickness occurring on the banks of the North Saskatchewan. As regards the quality of the lignite coal met with, they are pronounced to be quite equal to those of Colorado, Wyoming, and other Western States, and they compare favourably with those of Eastern America. Associated with the coal deposits there are iron ores of considerable extent. Outside of the mountains, there is very little limestone in the district. A good cement could be made from many of the clayey concretions found there.

There are few rocks in the district that can be characterized as good building stone. Gold, in the form of fine particles, is found in the beds of all the principal streams throughout this area, but especially in the North Saskatchewan, where, after the high water of the early part of the summer has subsided, it is washed out to a considerable extent.

A LEGEND OF MARATHON. Printed for private circulation.

We have here a very spirited poem or set of verses on an ancient legend connected with the battle of Marathon. "The legend," says the author, "is that of Eucles, the soldier who, after being wounded in the battle, ran from Marathon to Athens (twenty-two miles) and fell dead as he spoke the words, 'χαίρετε νικῶμεν.'" The writer speaks of himself as "a septuagenarian, afflicted in his youth with a verse-making melody in an acute form," who "finds among his ancient diversions the following legend, which seems to his partial judgment less worthy of cremation than the residue." We believe it is an open secret that the writer of this poem occupies one of the highest places on the judicial bench, and is not only an accomplished scholar, but an extremely well-read man of letters. However this may be—and we have no right to go behind the record—we give a hearty welcome to these verses, and hope they may be not only printed, as they now are, but published, which, as yet, they are not.

It is quite possible that the readers of poetry of the present day may find the garb in which this offspring of the muse appears somewhat antiquated. Readers of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and Browning (for we quite believe that there are a few persons who read Browning, as well as a great many who pretend to read him and don't) will not feel quite at home with strains which recall to some of us (who yet protest that they are by no means old men) the days when Scott and Byron and Southey were our favourite poets. Well! we do not fear to say that we still love Scott—the "Lay," the "Lady," "Marmion," and the rest—that we consider that Byron is unduly disparaged by the present generation, that even Southey had not only the power of versification, but something of the poetic fire; and we are glad to hear genuine notes from a harp which gives out the tones and harmonies of "the days that are no more."

There is a verse which connects the period of Byron with that of Tennyson:

"Endymion! Endymion!
High on the grassy peak of Latmus dreaming!
The white moon bathes thy graceful form
In radiance soft and warm—
Or being a beauteous shape of god-like seeming;
Rouse thee to waking bliss!
Thy fair lip woos the kiss
Of Artemis.
White-orbed Artemis!
Linger, oh linger in thy beauty still
On this green Attic hill.
Latmus and love await thee everywhere,
When deepening twilight hails thy beauteous light,
Silvering the eastern height,
Aptest of hours for passion's vow and prayer,
Love's legend sings no sweeter myth than this:
Endymion—Artemis."

Speaking of the mythology of Greece, the author says:

"It was a creed of light and grace,
Of soaring thought and strain sublime,
Meet for an old heroic race,
For dwellers in a sunlit clime—
It scattered o'er their glorious land
Fair shrines, earth's fairest haunts to bless,
Where, graven by Art's immortal hand,
Rose crowned, each wandering Loveliness,
And o'er truth's dazzled eyes it threw
A fairy veil of golden hue."

The descriptions of the preparations for the battle of Marathon and the progress of the fight are spirited and sometimes brilliant, and the use of the various metres employed is often exceedingly skilful. Line after line we feel a desire to quote, and we cannot be at all sure that we shall give the best or the most characteristic of the verses. There is a sense of hurrying towards the conflict begotten in us as we pass from stanza to stanza, telling us of "war from the East" speaking of "Sun-set on Marathon" and "Night on the Attic hills!" and again of "Dawn on the

Attic hills," when the "Supreme hour draws nigh." The following is moving and blood stirring:

"No halt, no pause, the fiery van
Leaps on the Persian man for man;
But ere on helm one falchion rung,
Ere arrow sped or javelin flung,
From the front rank a warlike form
Sprang, like the lightning from the storm,
And clove with swift and deadly blow
The foremost warrior of the foe.
Down the bright banner sinks!
A wild shout from th' Athenian line,
Brave Eucles hails the deed as thine!
Thy blade the first blood drinks.
The rush of Persia's charging host
Makes answer to the vengeful boast,
As, fearless in their countless might,
They grapple in the desperate height."

On page 24 we have an admirable example of the use of verse in passing from what we may call the lyric to the more strictly narrative form. We have the descent of Theseus depicted, who "hath stooped to guard his ancient home."

"There was a blaze of blinding light,
A splendour, kindling plain and height;
It passed—the war bands strain their sight—
The phantom shape is gone!
But thousands heard the distant fane
Close with a crash its gates again;
And ere the awful silence broke
A glorious harmony awoke—
A swell of triumph notes,
As o'er the Athenians' gladdened bands,
From harp strings swept by viewless hands,
An *Io Pæan* floats!

"There was silence fallen on that vast array,
On the soldiers' shout, on the war steed's neigh;
Lance and standard neglected hung,
Reins were slackened and bows unstrung."

This is excellent, and shows real poetic feeling and insight. We pass, without thinking of it, from the vision of Theseus the emotion aroused in the Grecian host to the description of their condition after it had passed away. But we must go from the fight to the mission of Eucles, the hero of the legend. The description of the appearance of the herald on the streets of Athens is very graphic.

"No voice the dreadful silence breaks,
No eager lip the question speaks;
They mark the blood upon his breast,
The wounded feet, the sullied vest,
The flowing locks all bare,
The wildness of the blood-shot eye.
Gods! Doth it fire with victory,
Or burns it with despair?"

"Now to the violet heaven's expanse
Turns wild his eye's despairing glance,
As to reproach the cruel Power
That bids him die this awful hour,
His glorious tale untold!
Hark! From the throng a low, deep moan
Spreads o'er the hush its thrilling tone.
Yon white form, cold and trembling there
Hath waked the whisper of despair,
And see—the herald's straining eye
Fires at the sound half maddlingly—
And then a new found voice
From the tired life's last effort wakes,
Though in the strife the brave heart breaks,
'Victory! Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

And so the message of the victory is told and the messenger falls dead in telling it.

"Yet his fight is won.
His country saved, his task of love is done,
And loving hands his early death-bed tend,
And home's kind eyes above his pillow bend;
Strike light, O Death!"

And here we pause, although we should like to quote the lines which tell of the "white form"—

"Kissing the death damp from the pallid brow,
Propping with tender arm the drooping head."

But we have said enough to justify our high opinion of the merits of this poem; and we may hope that the public will desire to possess the whole of it, and that this desire will be gratified.

THE returns of the accidents on British railways for 1887 show a rate of mortality which is far beyond any figures of American railways. During the year 919 persons were killed, and 3,590 injured. This, however, includes persons passing over the road at level crossings, and trespassers on the tracks—among these there being 70 suicides. But to the figures above given are to be added accidents which occurred on the premises of railway companies, but were not caused by the movement of the companies' vehicles, which make the total number of personal accidents reported to the Board of Trade by the several railway companies for the year aggregate 977 persons killed and 7,747 injured. This is equivalent to an average of 24 persons every day of the year, or one every hour, either killed or injured in connection with or as the result of the operations of the railways in Great Britain. Yet the total mileage of these railways is only about 20,000 miles, or less than one seventh of the railway mileage of the United States.—*Washington Public Opinion*.