

most all the material used in the construction and operation of this road, was obtained in our own country, and wrought by our own workmen. All honour to the builders of this road. They have earned the praise, and deserve the success which they are already winning. They have built on Canadian soil an electric railway which is unsurpassed on this continent, may we not say in the world. They have demonstrated the adaptability of electricity to the requirements of a railway, and for 12 long miles along the winding river brink they offer, at a reasonable rate, to the Niagara visitor, an extended view of surpassing grandeur, such as has never before been available. From the broad-bosomed, lake-like expanse, off the old Queenston shore up the winding mountain way he goes to the higher level, whence, looking backward, his eye beholds the noble river curving far below towards the distant lake, while, to the left, lies the fertile plain dotted with orchards. And now the deep gorge with its rugged sides scarp-ed by the wearing waters of the turbulent river, attracts him, with its clearly defined strata laid bare. Soon the broad basin of the eddying whirlpool is reached, where poor Webb ceased to swim. Then comes the awful onset of the whirlpool rapids, with their writhing, foam-capped billows. Next the bridges are reached and passed, as are the great Falls; here the cultivated beauty of the Park now soothes the eye, and the Dufferin Islands lend their added charm to the scene. Now the cruel, foaming rapids recede, and from the outspread, calmer waters of the upper reach, peace and quiet restfulness are found at the terminus on the low-lying bank of the Chippawa Creek. As Canada may fairly challenge any country to provide a twelve mile ride by rail of more stupendous and surpassing interest, so may she include in her challenge, the road which affords the ride.

T. E. MOBERLY.

Toronto.

MUSIC.

The whistling wind in some stray nook,
The rustling of the forest leaves,
The sound of ocean when it heaves,
The murmur of the babbling brook;

The thrilling song of a lark on poise,
The warble of some mating bird,
Were the first measures man e'er heard
Save the soft music of his voice;

Till from a quaint, sea-echoing shell
Some love-lorn god in wandering found
And idly strung burst forth the sound
That ravished men and gods as well.

Since then the tale to tell were long,
From savage couch to sweetest lute,
From strident gourd to organ-note,
And music's triumphs wed with song.

ALEX. F. CHAMBERLAIN.
Worcester, Mass., June 28th, 1893.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

There are a good many sweeping criticisms, in which ordinary and in other respects comparatively harmless individuals have for long been accustomed to indulge. These criticisms are, if possible, conveyed in a few words under the pleasing, but misleading, idea that a stupidity with a rhythm in it is an epigram. The famous "Victor Hugo! Victor Hugo et toujours

Victor Hugo!" is an example of a man's—not to say a great man's—life-work being summed up in a phrase which is repeated by many who are absolutely ignorant of that life-work. However, as Herbert Spencer himself admits, there is usually in the opinion of the majority some small element of truth.

Byronism is a word familiar to many who would deprecate with judicious energy the idea of reading Byron. The "eternal monologue" of Byron is the disparaging comment of people who have never tested the value of the monologue. It is a pity that a man should be summed up by his faults; it is a far greater pity that characteristics should be set down as faults simply because they are not understood.

When they repeat their "Victor Hugo, et toujours Victor Hugo!" they are in a sense unquestionably right. The author of *Hernani* is not the impersonal creator of an *Othello* or a *Lear*. It may be Hugo who is speaking, it may be his own personality that he is continually thrusting forward, but the words embody no mean and vulgar thought; the personality of the man is well worthy of expression. And yet, when they have snarled their "Hugo!" they think that they have said all, impotent as they are to measure the transcendent force of this same "Hugo."

And if we examine the "eternal monologue" attributed to Byron, we must admit that it is equally true and at the same time equally unjust. Every one is more or less familiar with that splendid lyric in the third canto of *Don Juan*. Of these, however, not a few are oblivious to the irony, more biting, perhaps, even than usual, of the lines immediately preceding it; *Don Juan* in toto is—Byronic, that is to say, to be talked of rather than read.

And after all this mockery, has the poet forgotten self while he reviews the liberty and the doom of Greece? No; it is Byron who is speaking, we can never forget it, even in a single line. It is of Greece with her glorious past that he is speaking, and of that other Greece seemingly untouched by the inspiration of the dead. It is to modern Greeks that he is speaking, trying to infuse into their stunted souls the glory of the pagan days, the energy of the pagan manhood. He shares something of the sorrow and the shame of Greece, but much of the bitterness is his own. In contrast to the fiery passion of "The Isles of Greece" we would mention a very different poem on the same subject, the "Aux Ruines de la Grece Palienne" of Casimir Delavigne. In this poem also there is fire; but while one sees Byron and always Byron in the English lyric, there are no such personal traces in the French.

O sommets du Taygete, o rives du Pénée,
De la sombre Tempé vallons silencieux,
O campagnes d'Athènes, o Grèce infortunée,
Où sont tes affranchir tes guerriers et tes dieux?

There is a mournful sweetness in these opening lines, but we can see in them nothing to compare with the first two stanzas of "The Isles of Greece." Another note is struck, the note of reproach, of scorn.

Non, ta gloire n'est plus; non, d'un peuple puissant
Tu ne reverras plus la jeunesse héroïque
Laver parmi tes lis ses bras couverts de sang,
Et dans ton cristal pur sous ses pas
Jaillissant,
Secouer la poudre olympique.

Compare Byron's

In vain—in vain! strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

It would be interesting to compare further these two beautiful lyrics, to contrast, for example, the stanza commencing:—

"Guerre, guerre aux tyrans!"
with the

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks"—but it is in the climaxes of the two poems that the real antithesis is reached. Byron ends with the passion of despair, Delavigne with the triumph of dawning hope. With Byron the

"Place me on Sanium's marble steep" is in reality the end of an exquisite monologue; with the Frenchman, however, it is otherwise.

O sommets du Taygete, o debris du Pénée,
O Sparte, entendez-vous leurs cris victorieux?
La Grèce a des vengeurs, la Grèce est délivrée,
La Grèce a retrouvé ses héros et ses dieux!

This is not the voice of an artist stricken with the weariness of life. Delavigne sees before him the suffering of Greece untainted by his personal ennui. From the limitless aspirations of her past he draws some lingering hope of her future. Pessimism and disgust fall before the significance of sorrow, and sorrow itself is illumined by hope.

La Grèce a des vengeurs, la Grèce est délivrée,
La Grèce a retrouvé ses héros et ses dieux,

rings with a nobler and manlier strain than

Place me on Sanium's marble steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

However exquisite may be the music. And why? Because the one has voiced his own emotions, his own disgust, while the other has lost his personality in the universality of suffering and possibility. The Frenchman has struck the higher, the impersonal note. His last words are Greece! Greece! with the other it is still the first person of the "eternal monologue," beautiful, passionate, but still subjective, self-absorbed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. VAN HORNE.
To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I call your attention to the following recital, from the columns of the Montreal Herald, of date Dominion Day, July 1st:—

"Smith's Falls, Ont., June 30.—The village of Merrickville has been shrouded in gloom, this week, on account of the death on Sunday, under most painful circumstances, of Mr. Michael McDonald, vice-president and manager of the Merrickville Home Co. The telling of the story of his death involves the recital of a most reckless and foolish act on the part of the deceased, which resulted in the loss of his life. He had been to Montreal on Saturday, and took the fast express for home in the evening. This train is not timed to stop at Merrickville, and this Mr. McDonald knew; but, it appears, he has been in the habit of jumping from trains, and no doubt had his mind made up to jump from the start. At Kemptonville he was warned by the conductor that the train