

Ackermen, taking the first heat of the second round on the 31st, and also the final heat, administering a consummate defeat to J. McCarthy, of New York. September 1st he and Robinson won the double scull prize, beating Ackerman and Rodger. Courtney was next heard of at Greenwood Lake, July 14th, 1877, when he was to have rowed a match for a \$500 prize offered by the Greenwood Lake Sportsman's Club; but it is alleged that at noon of that day he drank a cup of iced tea which had been tampered by some person, and from the effects of which he became too ill to row the race. On August 28th following, however, those who had been disappointed on this occasion had the satisfaction of seeing Courtney and Riley try conclusions on Saratoga Lake, the late John Morrissey having offered a prize of \$500, an addition to an entrance of \$100 per man, to the winner of a three mile turning race, for which Fred. A. Plaisted also entered. The race was easily won by Courtney, whose time was 20.47½. This was Courtney's first appearance as a professional rower, and his next occurred September 27th, 1877, when, with Riley and Frenchy Johnson, of Boston, he contended for prizes of \$300, \$200, and \$100, in a three mile turning race at Owasco Lake, near Auburn, N.Y. This was also won by Courtney, the official time (water rough) being 21m. 29½s. It has been alleged that the time-keeper in this race made a mistake of a minute against the winner—an allegation which his previous and subsequent performances give color to. Courtney's last appearance in 1877 was in a similar race, held on the Susquehanna River, at Oswego, N.Y., October 17th, for prizes of \$200, \$150, and \$100, the first of which he won doing the three miles, with a turn, in 20.14½, beating Riley by more than a length, Johnson third. Overtures were subsequently informally made for a match with Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, but the Canadian having other plans in view, his backers declined to entertain the proposition.

Early in 1878, Courtney was negotiating for a match with Hanlan, but some mutual understanding was arrived at by which it was agreed that they should not come together until the fall. Finding it unlikely to get a match in America on acceptable conditions, the Union Springs man turned his eyes to the antipodes, and telegraphed a proposition for a race with Trickett, the Australian, to take place on Owasco Lake, N.Y., for which the American offered regal inducements. The negotiations amounted to nothing, Trickett refusing to leave home. He then proposed going to England to meet Higgins, but in the meantime elected to have a fly at Evan Morris for the American championship. With this object he inserted a proper challenge, which appeared almost simultaneously with a similar *de fi* made by Hanlan. Morris elected to row the Canadian first, the result of which race must be fresh on the minds of our readers. The defeat of Morris by Hanlan threw Courtney on his oars, and he had to bide his time until a match could be brought about with the Canadian champion, as had been agreed upon early in the Spring. During this year the American crack has been engaged in very few events. On June 19, he rowed J. H. Dempsey, of Geneva, N.Y., for a stake of \$500, at Geneva Lake, three miles with a turn. At the turning buoy, Courtney fell out of his boat, and claimed he had been upset by a sunken wire catching one of his sculls. Dempsey, after the accident to his opponent, rowed leisurely over the course and claimed the stakes. The referee, however, ordered the men to row over again on some subsequent day, a decision to which Dempsey strongly objected, asserting he had fairly won the race. What the result of the dispute was has never come to our knowledge, but the fact is that the men did not meet again for the stakes, and how the money was divided remains unknown to the public. On July 4th, for a purse of \$300, Courtney and Dempsey again met in a three-mile turning race, at Skanapetelas, N.Y., which was easily captured by Courtney, his opponent hardly being in the race at any time, although it was quite evident that the winner was making no exertion to keep his position. His final essay so far was in a regatta at Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass., on August 15th, for a purse of \$400, three miles. In this race it has been stated in the press that Courtney was engaged to appear for a consideration of \$300—win or lose. Upon being called up Courtney declined to start, pleading illness, but as thousands had assembled to see him he was prevailed upon to take his place in accord with his obligation. Although he was a strong favorite in the betting he started under a strong impression well known that he did not expect to win, if indeed he could last the race out. So strong, however, was his friends' confidence in his ability, even under this adverse circumstance, that they continued to pile their money up on him. The race, so far as he was concerned, resulted as he started. He was taken sick in his boat and had to be assisted. It was won by the colored phenomenon, Frenchy Johnson, in 21.39; Riley second, 21.36; followed by Ellis Ward and Sullivan. This concludes this hasty sketch up to the time of the Hanlan match, the particulars of which are too well known to require more than summarizing at our hands. After many meetings and propositions a conclusion was finally reached to row a five mile race at Lachine, for \$2,500 a side, the citizens of Montreal adding \$6,000 to the stake under the stipulation that it should be for the championship of America, a condition that was expressly provided against in the original articles.

EDWARD HANLAN

was born in Toronto, of Irish parents, on July 12th, 1855, and is consequently now in his 23rd year. The Hanlans having taken up their residence on the sand-bar known as "Toronto Island" when the lad was very young, he naturally became very familiar with the use of the oar at an early date. His first appearance in a race was made when he was 16 years of age, as one of a crew of fishermen. His companions were Berry, the colored oarsman, and Dinning, and their opponents Patrick Gray and two others.

In 1873 he first rowed in a shell, the contest being for the amateur championship of Lake Ontario, and he was again victorious, defeating Sam. Williams and John McKay. In 1874 he defeated Thomas Loudon in a single scull race, for the championship of Burlington Bay. Loudon, not being satisfied with his defeat at Hamilton in 1875, challenged Hanlan to meet him at a shorter distance, which being accepted, fortune again smiled on the young sculler. In the same year he also won the Governor General's medal in Toronto Bay, in two miles, single scull race, beating T. Loudon and James Douglas. In the spring of 1876 he beat McCann and Douglas, and on August 12th, of the same year, won the championship belt of Ontario offered by the Toronto Rowing Club, single sculls, two miles; and on the same day was one of the winning crew in the fishermen's race. Although Hanlan won all the sculling races with the utmost ease, his great powers as an oarsman were not fully shown until his exploits at the Centennial regatta, Philadelphia, lifted him at once to the top of the tree. On the first day of the single scull heats (4th September), he pulled against Harry Coulter, of Pittsburg, and H. Thomas, of London, beating them with the greatest ease, three miles in 21.34. Next day he rowed against Pat Luther, of Pittsburg, who had beaten Higgins of London, and Morris of Pittsburg, the day before, and Fred. Plaisted, of New York, who had defeated McKeel of New York, and came in as he liked in 21.54½. On the 6th he rowed the final heat for the championship against Aleck Brayley, who had beaten Greene of London, and Ellis Ward, in a previous heat, and defeated him in 21.09½, which, up to that time, was the fastest on record for that distance, and which continued to be the *premiere* make up to August 28th, of last year, when it was cut down to 20.47½ by Courtney, at Saratoga. It may, however, be stated here that doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of the measurement of the course, which some think may have been short. Hanlan next appeared in the regatta on Silver Lake, at Plympton, Mass., June 13th, 1877, when he was defeated by Fred. A. Plaisted, of New York, Frenchy Johnson, and others, through a broken outrigger. June 25th, 1877, he rowed in the second regatta at Silver Lake, and won the first prize, beating Frenchy Johnson and Daniel Driscoll. At the Boston Fourth of July Citizens' Regatta Hanlan was ruled out by the judges for fouling Plaisted. Hanlan made a match for a five-mile race for \$2,000 with Wallace Ross, and the race took place October 15th, 1877. Hanlan won with comparative ease, and no time was taken. Early this year Hanlan defeated Plaisted in a two mile race on Toronto Bay, and subsequently beat Morris easily in a five mile race at Pittsburg, and Wallace Ross on the Kennebecasis, the latter upsetting. His easy victory in the regatta on Kempenfeldt Bay over the principal Canadian and American oarsmen, excepting only Courtney, is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES.

Many readers of fiction still living can remember the time when the black-haired, black-eyed girl of romance was as dark of soul as of tresses; while the blue-eyed maiden's character was of "heaven's own color." Thackeray damaged this tradition by invariably making his dark heroine nice, his fair heroine a treacherous siren. Becky is blonde; Emmy, brown; Betsy Amory, as she herself avers, is "blanche et blonde"; the exemplary Laura is of a darker tint. Even Argelica, in the "Rose and the Ring," the affected and insincere Angelica, is yellow-haired; while the honest Betsinda is a nut-brown maid. When another distinguished novelist made the criminal Lady Audley a blonde (if we have not absolutely forgotten her adventures, Lady Audley was little better than one of the wicked) blonde miscreants became quite the order of the day. Occasionally their locks were described as "tawny;" but they were never dark. At the same time the ebon and lustrous tresses and olive complexion, which captivated our ancestors in books of beauty, went out of fashion. The excesses of imitative art, the curls and fringes falsely golden of today, prove that Minna would no longer captivate any pirate of taste. In another generation the balance may have shifted, and fashion, like a lady in the adventures of Henry Esmond, may dote on a black man. Meantime it is curious to note how prejudice has varied in the past, though on the whole, perhaps, golden hair has always had the better of the contest.

The ancient Gauls, as we learn from Claudian and other authorities, were warm admirers of yellow hair, *Nava Gallia crinis ferrox*. They even used a kind of soap which was supposed to make their locks golden forever. The Roman ladies, rather late in their history, employed cosmetics possessing the same virtue; but, on the whole, the Romans were people of catholic taste and

celebrated with equal fervor the dark and the golden hair, the brown and the blonde complexion. Lucretius, in a passage adopted by Molière, shows that each tint has its charm. Horace speaks of a man

*Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

The dark lover in Virgil knows how to plead his own case poetically:

*Alba lignstra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur;*  
and Ovid says of a youth at that age when, as Homer declares, "his bloom is fairest,"

*Et suberat flavæ jam nova barba comæ.*

As for Homer, he appears to have been the poet of an impartial age. He actually seems to make Odysseus fair in one passage and dark in another. Menelaus has the constant epithet *xanthos*, as the Northern Harold was Harold Fair-hair. The Greek gods, though all related to each other by bonds of blood, were of complexion as widely different as the dark and fair children of an English family. The "golden Aphrodite" and the "gray-eyed Athene," were foils to ox-eyed Hera and Posidon of the blue-black locks. The Hebrews appear to have thought it rather odd that any one should be both black and comely. If Sir Peredur, in the "Mabinogion," represented old Welsh teste, the Celts of Wales admired dark-haired women. Thus, when the knight saw the wounded raven lying in the snow, he determined, after long musing, that the bird's plumage was like the hair of his beloved, while the red blood on the white ground was the image of her complexion. It would not be difficult, however, to select fair beauties from Welsh legend—for example, Iseult of the white hands:

*The ringlets on her shoulders lying  
In their fitting lustre vying  
With the clasp of burnished gold  
Which her heavy robe doth hold.*

She is a foil, in legend as well as in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem, to Iseult of Ireland:

*Shaking back her raven hair  
With the old imperious air.*

It is probable that all races have chiefly admired the tint that is rarest among themselves. In ancient Greece, we may suppose from the impartiality of poets, that neither dark nor yellow locks were predominant, though, if we might judge from the gilt or russet *chevelure* of the colored *terra-cotta* figurines from Tanagra, the Bœotian women were notable for golden hair.

There is a class of poetry which is remarkable for its steady partisanship of fair beauties. Wherever one finds a popular song, a traditional ballad, it is loud in admiration, like the Scotch ballads without exception, of yellow hair. That tint, we believe, is rare in modern Greece, but in the love songs and short ditties of the people of the Morea and the islands the beloved has always golden hair and eyes of sapphire blue. The deserted bride sings how her lover's hair "shone like the sun" about his shoulders. In the French "Volks-lieder" the girls are almost as invariably blonde as in the songs of Heine. "Blonde is with us a synonym for *belle*," says M. Laisnel de la Salle in his interesting book on the legends and customs of the people of Berry.

The villagers say of a young man, "*il va voir sa blonde*," though the "blonde" has hair of intense black. There is even such an expression as "*aller en blonde*," to go a-wooing, which proves the universality of the belief in fair beauties. People describe a child or a grown up person with reddish hair as "*blonde comme un bassin*"—a scoured copper basin, be it understood. This saying is as old as the time of Guillaume de Lorris, who uses it in the "Roman de la Rose":

*Cheveus ot blons com un basin.  
Marot too, has  
Vierge plus blonde qu'un bassin.*

The peasants retain the ancient taste of the court and the courtly poets. M. Just Veillat says that the Trouveres used to ask forgiveness from their audience when they sang the praises of a brunette. We confess that we remember no examples of this practice; nay, in the latter semi-epic songs, the Soldan's daughter (who was sure to be dark) always won the knight from her rival, the Christian lady. In Brantôme's time the fashion for yellow hair prevailed. It may have come, with other ideas of the Renaissance, from Italy, where the Venetian ladies used to stretch their locks out over the vast brims of a peculiar sort of hat, and sit on the housetop exposed to the full rays of the sun. It was natural that painters should prefer and help to keep in fashion the Venetian locks which seem to have caught a sunbeam on their coils, and even now hold it prisoned on the canvas of Titian or of Palma.

Thus it is natural enough that Marot, preserving the Italian tradition, should make a lady say:

*Fourtant si je suis brunette,  
Amy, n'en prenez emoy;  
Autant suis ferme et jeuette  
Qu'une plus blanche que moy.*

Guillaume de Lorris was of the same way of thinking before Italy had so much influence on French taste:

*Icelle dame ot nom biauté;  
El ne fu obscure ne brune,  
Ains fu élère comme la lune.*

This popular French preference for blondes is not absolutely universal. There is a large class of songs dealing with the misadventures and woes of deserters from the army. In the district about Metz love seems to make as many soldiers run away from the colours as in the American army (according to Thackeray's ballad) the passion brings recruits to them. In that half German country, where the mass of the people should be

fair, the deserters all ascribe their ruin to dark beauties:

*Je me suis engagé  
Pour l'amour d'une brune,  
Non pas pour les caudeux  
Que je lui ai donnés,  
Mais pour un doux baiser  
Qu'elle m'a refusé.*

Another soldier asks pitifully:

*Faut-il pour l'amour d'une brune  
Être enfermé dans les cachots?*

The example of France, in the districts where light-haired people are the rare exceptions, proves that the poetical charm of blondes may be preserved in songs, even when actual examples have almost ceased to exist, or at least have become very rare. There are probably more pretty things to be said, with no great expense of fancy, about blue eyes and golden locks than about their rivals. There are an almost inexhaustible number of similes to be drawn from the sea, the sky, sapphires, turquoises, amber, metallic substances, flowers, and such other component parts of natural beauty as readily occur to the most limited imagination. The dew that on the violet lies, ebony, the plumage of the crow, and the raven down of darkness, almost exhaust the material objects which the poet of dark maidens can force into his service. For this reason, if for no other, fair beauties are more likely to retain their popularity and pre-eminence in verse.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ONE of the things exhibited at the Paris Exhibition is a clock with a pistol in it, which it appears is fired by the mechanism of the time-piece every hour. The intention of this ingenious toy is to kill time.

ROSA BONHEUR has retired for some time from the public sight. Caring more for work than for notoriety, she has devoted many years to one immense and most picturesque subject, in which horses in action take the principal part.

A COMPANY from Spain had intended to inaugurate a series of bull-fights in Paris; but the Minister of the Interior definitely stated that a positive refusal will be given to any application for permission to introduce these exhibitions into France.

M. CHODZKO, an able engineer, has just submitted to the Ministry of Public Communications a new project for a railway from Europe to India connecting Paris with Calcutta by way of Warsaw, Tiflis, and Peshawur, in so far differing from that of Baron de Lesseps, who advocated the construction of a line from Paris *via* Warsaw, Orenberg, and Peshawur to Calcutta, extending over 9,660 versts, as its realization demands only a length of 8,940 versts.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that many English pickpockets, if the reports of the French police are to be believed, are reaping a golden harvest at the Paris Exhibition. Continental workmen may surpass us Britons in their artistic taste and their appreciation of combinations in colour and form, but—say the Parisian detectives—Englishmen have it all their own way in the matters of picking and stealing with certainty and grace. Assuredly, the race of "Artful Dodgers" and "Fagins" is not yet extinct.

THERE is a Japanese in Paris who is a wonderful monument of Japanese progress. When the revolution took place in Japan the Tycoon was simply set aside, and the Mikado, the chief priest of the Empire, exalted to the supreme power. The Tycoon's brother, being for reasons of State considered better out of Japan than in it, has made himself an ordinary Parisian gentleman, and walks the Boulevards as though he never knew what it was to be worshipped as a great Prince. He neither displays his rank nor wishes it to be recognized. He likes best of all to be considered a good fellow. Practically he is poor, for part of his income goes to his family. He has no great vanity, and no restless ambition to re-ascend the throne of his fathers. He is quite happy and contented as a private gentleman. He will take "a cut off the joint" with an English friend, and enjoy it, too, as much as Thackeray did, or professed to do, and wants for nothing but to be regarded as a kindly, simple-hearted, pleasant fellow. The readiness with which he has adapted himself to circumstances is an example of the capacity of the Japanese to accept European doctrines and Western institutions without endangering their whole society.

AUTUMN.

*Down from the North old Boreas brings  
The biting frost on his icy wings,  
That touches the river sweeping by,  
And hardens the clouds in the autumn sky,  
Staining the leaf on gorse and tree,  
In gold and purple gloriously.  
But the gold and purple that tell of his breath  
Are rebiting the leaves for their early death.*

*Though the mists of the past from its twilight gray  
Old Time speeds down on his shadowy way;  
His wide silent pinions solemnly cast  
A deepening shadow on his work in the past;  
They darken the toiler striving for gold,  
Or the purple of rank that is stately and cold;  
For with gold comes age and his wintry breath,  
And with glories of purple the shadows of death.*

Halifax, Sept., 1878.

AURUS.