

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

In *The Literary World* "George" asks: Who was "Sir Walter Vivien," of Tennyson's "The Princess?" And his son Walter? Was the latter a college friend of Tennyson's? Where is the mansion described in the introduction to "The Princess?" Am I wrong in stating that, to my knowledge, there are at least two scholars in Montreal who are able to answer these queries.

In Britain copyright runs for forty-two years from the date of first publication, or for the author's life and seven years from his death, whichever term should be the longer. The problem, then, is to find the date of publication of the poem, which you will probably be able to do by consulting the author's works in some library.

Frederick Noel Paton, in his *Chaucer*, of "The Canterbury Series," says that, with all his faults, Chaucer is the "Father of English Poetry," and that, "surpassed in versatility only by the unapproachable genius of Shakespeare," his writings pre-eminently belong to what De Quincey defined as the literature of power.

Madame Craven, of the La Ferronaye family, author of that extraordinary work, in two volumes, "A Sister's Recital," *Le Recit d'une Sœur*, has just published in French the life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the eminent writer, sister of Lord Granville. Another work of this most gifted French writer, who was married to Mr. Craven, an Englishman, is "The History of a Soul," lately set into English.

I offer my readers the following quaint and touching bit of verse, from a warm friend and admirer of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

LIL.

[The so-called flower of the Calla is not a blossom at all. It is a blanched leaf. Nature is full of these freaks.—*Grant*.]

There is a flower, so precious and so frail,
That Nature, fain to fence it all she can,
Hath bid unfurl a lovely leaf, snow-pale,
To shield it from the ruder touch of man.
Thus, like a rosebud in a priceless bowl,
Thine own bright purity outshines thy soul.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., B.C.L.

All Hallows E'en, 1885.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart regards the collie as the old indigenous dog of the British Islands—at once the deerhound, otterhound, terrier and shepherd's dog of the Scottish Gaels. Fingal's dog Bran, he says, was just an exceptionally strong and clever collie; nor would it be easy to persuade him that the faithful "Argus" of Ulysses, in far-off Ithaca, three thousand years ago, was other than the genuine collie of the same breed as the Fingalians, more than a thousand years afterward, in the hunting-grounds of mediæval Scotland and Ireland.

In her last book of Essays, Mrs. Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, has some odd sayings. In spite of a slight prejudice against medicine, or rather surgery, as a profession for women, she has some eminently practical remarks to make on that subject, and her belief in woman's "business faculty" leads her to point out several branches of usefulness in which unmarried women might earn their living. On the marriage question she has certainly the courage of her opinions, and in the article "For Better, for Worse," she makes the wife's duty, under certain circumstances, almost the exact contrary to what is ordinarily inculcated.

The venerable Ontario judge who wrote "The Legend of Marathon," reviewed some weeks ago in these columns, will perhaps be interested to learn that, at the age of eleven years, Elizabeth Barrett Browning composed an epic on "The Battle of Marathon," of which Mr. Barrett, her father, was so proud that he had fifty copies printed and distributed. Its author criticizes her early work in later years, but the epic was evidently a noticeable piece of work for her age.

Professor J. S. Blackie contends that, while Latin, in its relation to Italian is a dead language, modern Greek, in its relation to ancient Greek, can in no sense be called a new or a different language. He seeks to prove this by copious quotations from a Greek translation of "Hamlet"

received by him from Athens the other day. The versatile Professor is certainly doing his best to create an universal interest in the language of Greece, but whether he will slay that "Hellenism" he so much detests is doubtful. It is a strange fad of the Professor's to write a few words in Greek on all his envelopes.

In the historic Isle of Iona, where St. Columba's monks copied and illuminated many Psalters and Gospels, a press has now been established which should revive something of the island's ancient glory in that direction. Several curious books have already been sent out, including forms of prayers used by ancient Hebridean sailors and Ossian's "Address to the Sun." All these works are roughly printed in outline, and then illuminated in water colours by the girls of Iona. This is a repetition of history of which the old monks of the "island of the waves" little dreamt.

TALON.

THE LAMENT OF DELILAH.

BY AMY ELEANOR HULL.

Naught now is left me but to mourn and weep,
And sob, and sigh, and grieve in troubled sleep;
No hope again to lie 'neath whispering trees,
Lulled, sweet and soft, to rest by evening breeze.
For I have done to death a nation's pride,
And God of all the Hebrews have defied—
And woe to Sorek sweet, that she should bear
On her green smiling breast a child so fair
To look upon, so black and false within,
So weighted down with guilt and hateful sin.

His form was like a mighty forest tree,
And his strong arms, when they enfolded me,
Like clinging ivy, which doth never fail,
And against which nor winds nor storms prevail.
His skin was like the polish'd iv'ry, fair
And smoothed by the soft hand of Time; his hair
Was black and burnished as the raven's wing,
His voice was sweeter far than song to sing.

As from the rising of the East's clear day,
I felt from out his eyes a mystic ray—
A ray that pierced my soul and set it free.
As love-sick youth doth seek the trysting-tree,
Or "panting hart" the limpid, "cooling streams."
I sought his heart and there forgot in dreams
All else beside its throbbing, pulsing beat,
Which filled my burning veins with rapture sweet;
And night and day and all eternity
Seemed merged in blissful rapturous ecstasy.
Thus all to each, we loved, and envied not
Our Father's perfect Paradise, nor wot
We that a noisome reptile there some day
Would drag its loathsome, dank and slimy way.

The Philistines him from my circling arms
To steal then came. To tempt me of my charms,
They conversed much and long, nor thought to spare
In offering jewels rich, and silver rare.
But the sweet spell of love lay on my soul,
As dew-drops in the pure, white lily's bowl,
Or in the rainbow's shimmering tints a beam
Of purest sunshine; so their silver's sheen
Did nought avail, until its gleam laid bare
The deepest secrets of my soul, and there
I saw an all absorbing wild desire,
Prompted by vanity, to be still higher—
To equal Him in all the world most high,
Whose might cried from the earth unto the sky;
And as mad mothers do their loved ones slay,
I sought the power of my beloved to stay.

Three times his god-like head unto my breast
I did entice, and there made my request.
With lips pressed close unto his own, he said
Were like pomegranates, rich, and ripe and red.
As if beguiled, he answered as I bade,
But ever rose up, strong as staunchest blade,
Scatt'ring the vain Philistines as he moved,
And e'er resistless to the foe he proved.

At last he spake, his head upon my knee,
His tender eyes raised softly unto me
With love and rapture scarcely ever known,
As if he felt but me, all thought else flown.
Lulled, then, by sweet caress he, smiling, slept,
While, from the shadows, quick his en'mies crept.
I raised a gleaming steel with curs'd hand,
And on my knees his locks fell, strand by strand,
And seemed, the tendrils, as they quiv'ring fell,
To pulse, and throb, and breathe of pains from Hell.
To pulse, my lord! Samson, awake!" I cried.
"Awake, my lord! Samson, awake!" he sighed,
"The Philistines be on thee now!" he sighed,
And stretched his goodly limbs, then stood as one
Bereft of mind, by woman's guile undone.
Then slow he turned to where I, cowering, stood,
And gazed with loathing in his glance, so good
And kind erstwhile, and I, in wondrous dread,
Did prostrate fall, and bid him strike me dead.
Unfit to touch, he spurned me from his side,

And e'en the lords, mocking, did me deride,
And called me false, though I had tamed their foe,
And cast their silver back. In deepest woe
I saw them then strike out those eyes, whose light
Had led my soul to dreams from darkest night,
And drag him from me, as the sun from day,
Or from its mate some wounded bird of prey.

I hide myself from out the mocking crowd,
Whose laughing daughters now are all too proud
To even touch my trembling form; whose men
Do, jibing, fitly call me "one of them,"
"A warrior bold, the mightiest in the land,
Conquering, not by sword, but woman's hand."

I wander in lone groves untrod by man,
Where o'er my brow the pitying breezes fan;
I look for rest by rushing streamlets, where
The pebbled waters sing forever, "false and fair,"
And shudd'ring tree-tops murmur back; and stare
The wildest beasts; the birds do pass me by,
And brush I the sweet flowers' dew they die,
For I am cursed and scorned by them as well
As God, whose home is Heaven, whose footstool Hell.

The hair he loved to smooth is streaked with care,
For the hand of Sorrow hath been revelling there;
The light within the eyes he oft hath said
Were sweetest stars of night is quenched and dead;
The lips are pale that once his lips did press,
And wan the cheeks that flushed to his caress,
For gaunt despair forever there hath wrought,
In furrows deep, her agony of thought.
But worse than all, this heart, whose sweet
Glad throbs were all for him, for him each beat,
Is black, and sore, and scorched within my breast,
With but a single prayer—for peace—for rest.

MILITIA NOTES.

Colonel Villiers, D.A.G. of the 10th Military District, is spending his holiday among his old Hamilton friends. He is most enthusiastic about his new Winnipeg quarters.

Lieut.-Col. J. W. McGlashan lately died at Palestine, Texas, and his remains were brought to his old home, Montreal. He was the father of Captain McGlashan of the 38th Dufferin Rifles, Brantford.

The Lansdowne challenge cup, won by the New Brunswick team at the last Dominion Rifle Association matches, has arrived at Ottawa. There are one hundred and thirty-three ounces of solid silver in it and it cost four hundred and twenty dollars. The duty on it would be over eighty dollars, but an order-in-council will probably be passed admitting it free, as is customary in such cases.

"Linchpin," in the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, says that the two first regiments to enter Quebec after its capitulation by the French in 1759, were the last to leave it in 1871. To an officer and detachment of the Royal Artillery, escorted by the 6th Royal American Royals, was given the honour of hoisting the British flag at the Conquest, and upon the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Quebec the Union Jack was handed over to Col. Strange by a detachment of the R. A. and the 60th Rifles.

The death of Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., D.C.L., took place on the 16th ultimo, in the 52nd year of his age. Col. Duncan studied at Aberdeen University, from which he received the degree of LL.D., and subsequently the degree of D.C.L., from Kings College, Windsor, N.S., as the *Record* informs us. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, and served with distinction on many occasions. During the Nile expedition Col. Duncan commanded at Wady Halfa on the line of communication, and for his services was made C.B., and received the war medal. He is the author of "The History of the Royal Artillery," "The English in Spain," and several works on military and colonial questions.

His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, has been pleased to make the following appointments upon his Staff, viz: To be extra aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Philippe Landry, 61st Montmagny and 1st Islet Battalion; Lieut.-Col. John Russell Armstrong, New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. James Pennington Macpherson; Lieut. Arthur Edmund Curren, 1st Halifax Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. George Dudley Dawson, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers; Lieut.-Col. Edward Gaylor Prior, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Major Charles John Short, Regiment of Canadian Artillery; Major Hector Prevost, 65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles. To be honorary aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Hewitt Bernard, C.M.G.

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings; "but silence is the best yet discovered."

Like a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

The sinner is the devil's miller, always grinding; and the devil is always filling the hopper, that the mill may not stand still.

No man or woman of the humblest can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.