

MARJORY DARROW.

Marjory Darrow was twenty year,  
With the perfect cheek of cream and tan,  
With the earth-brown eyes and the corn-gold hair,  
When the thrushes' song began.

Clear, clear,  
Dawn in the dew,  
Dawn in the silver dew!  
Leap, leap,  
Gold in the dawn,  
Clear. . . .

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.  
While the blue martins preened and purred  
About their doorways in the sun,  
She mused upon the world.

Sphere, sphere,  
Sphere of the dawn,  
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Fold in the dew, sphere,  
Spherical, sphere!

Marjory Darrow's brows were cool.  
While the blue martins preened and purred  
About their doorways in the sun,  
She mused upon the world.

Sphere, sphere,  
Sphere of the dawn,  
Sphere of the dawn in the dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Fold in the dew, sphere,  
Spherical, sphere!

Marjory Darrow's rebel mouth!  
There lurked the story, proud and sad,  
That braced the battle gear of war  
When the young world was glad.

Star, star,  
New to the dawn,  
New in the old of the dawn,  
Peep, peep!  
Ware of the dawn,  
Star, new star!

Marjory Darrow's heart was hot,  
Burning among the roses pale;  
For the wells of joy must not run low,  
Nor the springs of being fail.

Here, here,  
Dawn in the dew,  
Dawn in the silver dew,  
Leap, leap!  
Old in the dawn  
Here. . . .

Marjory Darrow's arms were lithe,  
And strong the beat of the blood therein:  
For love is a seraph dour and blind  
Leading his mortal kin.

Dear, dear,  
Dearest than dawn,  
Two with the scar of the dawn,  
Sweep, sweep,  
Through the drear of the dawn  
Year on year.

Marjory Darrow's eyes were wet,  
And the world was light as the dust of spring  
While far away in the aching hills  
She heard the thrushes sing.

Near, near,  
Near is the dew,  
Near is the cold of the dew,  
Creep, creep,  
Cold, for the dew  
Is near, near!

Marjory Darrow loved too well;  
But if death walked in the garden there  
The blood-red poppies held their peace,  
Nodding as if aware.

Fear, fear,  
Under the dawn!  
Under the cold of the dew,  
Sleep, sleep!  
Far in the dawn  
Fear no fear!

Then sleep crept into the bones of the wind,  
With always his one more field to roam;  
And like a hunter out of the hills  
The scarlet sun went home.

Sheer, sheer,  
Sheer in the blue,  
In the sweep of the blue,  
Leap, leap!  
Gone, thou art gone,  
Dear. . . .

—Bliss Carman, in the Independent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON AT PETROLEA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your criticism (issue Sept. 16) of Sir John Thompson's speech at Petrolea and his declaration that protection was still the policy of the party, you say: "But where did these 112,000 persons come from? Were they brought into the country by the N. P. to engage in new industries? The census gives an emphatic and crushing answer in the negative, unless others were driven out to make room for them. The sum of this staple argument, then, seems to be that if and so far as the policy of protection was the means of creating or fostering the industries which give employment to these people, it merely transferred them from some other employment, presumably farming, a transfer which many regard as of very dubious value." Such a transfer would, in my opinion, be of very "dubious value"; but may I not pertinently ask whether a great portion at least of this 112,000 persons might not be justly credited to the previously unemployed?

That these formed a large contingent of our population at the time the National Policy was adopted needs but a little looking back. Was it in 1880 that the old gaol in this city had to be made a temporary home during the winter for some four or five hundred men who could find no work to do? I beg to suggest that in all statistics of labour the unemployed should be reckoned too.

S. A. C.

POETIC NONSENSE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It may not be uninteresting to you to know that you are not the only one who finds himself unable to comprehend such poetry as that to which you refer in your article, "What Does it Mean?" of Sept. 16. We do not find such effusions in the works of such great masters as Shakespeare and Milton, and the other first-class poets are content to frame their words so that their meaning is intelligible to the ordinary reader. 'Tis true there is often a deeper meaning which may not be plain to all, but, even to one who cannot find this, there is at least a surface of common sense. But in the quotations you give there appears to be neither sense upon the surface nor meaning in the substratum; in fact, to the ordinary reader they have no more meaning than a few verses of Homer would convey to one ignorant of Greek. Both have a certain sweetness to the ear, but that is all. The following imitation may interest you, and I flatter myself that, if not so mellifluous as the original, it has, when taken in connection with the latter, far more sense:—

Rot, sweet rot!  
Sweet melodious rot!  
Sweet without sense,  
Nonsense, but sweet.  
Rot, sweet rot!  
Rot. . . .

E.

FRESH AIR FUND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you again permit us through the medium of your columns to make an appeal to the public, and at the same time to thank the friends who responded to our appeal made in the early part of August. The fund is about \$300.00 short of what is necessary to meet the expenses for the season, and we now ask the friends of the neglected children of our city for that sum, or any larger sum they may be pleased to send; any surplus will be carried forward to next year's account. The friends of this work are doubtless aware that the Fresh Air Fund is now one of several distinct branches of the Society's work.

J. STUART COLEMAN, J. K. MACDONALD,  
Secretary, 32 Church St. President.

ART NOTES.

WE have already drawn attention in our columns to Mr. Gilbert Frith's fine equestrian statue of the Queen. It was the central figure at the exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists and at the recent exhibit of the Industrial Exhibition, and has been generally admired by the public and praised by the press. We have also indicated that this model was designed for the purpose of giving the citizens of Toronto an opportunity of having, if they so desired, an imposing and beautiful monument erected as a tribute to her Gracious Majesty the Queen on the elevated ground behind the guns at the main entrance of the Queen's Park, Toronto. Mr. Frith's design, though as a model necessarily incomplete, is finely conceived and spiritedly executed. The completed work would be a noble and permanent ornament to our city and Province. No British ruler is worthier of being honoured and perpetuated in bronze than Queen Victoria, and no city in her wide domains has been more prosperous under her peaceful and beneficent reign than Toronto. It is an honoured custom in civilized countries to thus honour the great and good, to inspire the young and chasten the old by presenting to the public eye noble and impressive idealizations of the great ones of their race whose examples and memories they are incited to follow and cherish. That Toronto is not altogether lacking in this respect is shown by the monument in the Queen's Park to our patriot volunteers who fell at Ridgeway; by the statue of the Hon. George Brown in same locality; and by that of Dr. Ryerson in the grounds of the Normal School—as well as by the busts of prominent men which adorn some of our public buildings. But our contention is that Toronto, one of the chief colonial cities of the British Empire, a city loyal and patriotic to the core, has no prominent public statue of one of the noblest queens that ever swayed a sceptre and one of the purest women that ever exalted a throne. Surely it is time that our city, before this centennial year ends, should take steps in this way to testify their love—their loyalty is unquestioned—for our queen, their encouragement of dignified and patriotic art, and to provide an object lesson for our children which shall teach them to revere the memory and to emulate the virtues of our beloved Queen Victoria.

LET not your peace rest in the utterances of men, for whether they put a good or bad construction on your conduct does not make you other than you are.—Thomas à Kempis.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A CONCERT under the auspices of the Toronto College of Music was given on the evening of the 22nd inst., in the College Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Webster, two new members of the faculty. An excellent programme was provided. Mrs. Webster studied the mandolin under celebrated Italian teachers according to the original Neapolitan method, and her playing was of a high order. Mr. Webster's fine baritone voice was heard with pleasure by the large and critical audience which more than filled the College Hall. The College is to be congratulated on the new and efficient additions to its excellent staff.

AN exchange has the following story: The great baritone Lassalle, with a congenial company of fellow artists, among whom were Dunbar Price, Mrs. Blackstone and one of the De Reszkés, was one noonday in the summer time taking breakfast on the verandah of the Reservoir Hotel in Versailles, when two sad-eyed itinerant Italian musicians came along and began to play the harp and sing one of "Valentine's" songs from "Faust." A sigh of dismay broke from the assembled company, but Lassalle, who was in good humour with his breakfast and with the world, said:—

"Tenez! I'll fix them."

Pushing away his coffee he arose, and, tendering the singer a piece of silver, said:—

"My friend, I'll show you how that should be sung. You do not phrase that song properly."

Then he burst forth with his grand voice and sang the song through, to the great delight of all within range. The poor travelling musician turned green and began to tremble in awe, and finally, when the end came, he touched his hat and murmured humbly:—

"Merci, mon maitre; I will not sing again when you may hear." As he slunk off with his comrade of the harp a shower of laughter and coin followed him. He was not grateful. He was stunned."

THE London Figaro says: "A curious decision has recently been given in Vienna, and one which, if the Austrian nation were to join the Geneva convention, might make a serious difference to their copyrights. The case was one in which 'Carmen' is concerned. The proprietors of the copyright claimed from Mr. Neumann the usual percentage for the rights for performance, and the manager in reply urged that the copyright had expired. It seems that, according to the Austrian law, copyright lasts during the author's life, and for ten years afterward. When, however, the work is from the pen of several authors, copyright only lasts for ten years from the date of the first representation. The Austrian courts have held that the music of 'Carmen' being by Bizet, and the libretto by Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, the opera is the work of three authors, and consequently that its copyright expired ten years after its first performance in Paris, on March 3rd, 1875. The matter has been taken to the Court of Appeal. The importance to the Austrians consists in the fact that, by the Geneva convention, no international copyright can last longer than the term of copyright granted in the country of origin. Consequently, if Austria joined the International Copyright League, the rights in nearly every Austrian opera would cease ten years after its first performance, and perhaps long before it came to England at all. At present Austrian composers are in a worse plight, for they have no copyright in this country and anybody can perform their works."

WE are indebted to the London Musical News for the following items:—

"It is now thought that the score of Mozart's 'Don Juan' recently presented to the Paris Conservatoire by Madame Viardot, is not the original score of maestro, but only a later copy."

"THAT the mandolists are increasing in number and importance in Italy is evidenced by the fact that a competition on a large scale has recently been held at Genoa. Members of clubs from Milan, Naples, Florence, Verona, Turin, Rome and other places took part in it; judging by the interesting account of the meeting given in the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, a great deal of important concerted music from the mandolin and guitar was played, as well as pieces for solo display."

"THE annual prize given at the Paris Conservatoire for the best violin player has been won this year by Henri Marteau, who has only been a student since the middle of November last. The prize consists of a diploma on parchment, a silver medal, and a violin by Gand and Bernardel Frères, whilst a further advantage is offered to the winner in the shape of exemption from military service. There were thirty-three competitors, and the judges were Massenet, Paul Viardot, Remy, White, Berthelmer, Mudier de Monfeau and Gastinelle. A piece of Massenet's was given for reading at first sight, and besides this, Marteau had to play the first solo from Vieuxtemps's 5th Concerto, both pieces earning the enthusiastic applause of the hearers present. At the conclusion of the competition Ambroise Thomas presented the prize-winner to his wife (daughter of the late Emperor of Brazil) and congratulated him in the most complimentary terms."

"AMONG other subjects started for discussion during the present 'silly season' is the uselessness of having school girls taught the piano who possess no real vocation for this 'accomplishment.' Many teachers must be quite