

that it was not in vain he prayed that strange, wild prayer in "An Ode to the Western Wind,"

Make me thy lyre even as the forest is,

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth,  
And by the incantation of this verse  
Scatter as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks my words among mankind.

And now a hundred years from his birth, as the nineteenth century is reeling hurriedly to its close, it is indeed consoling to think that there are some of our race who survive centuries and reckon their age by eternities.

ETHELBERT F. W. CROSS.

### SHELLEY.

LIKE a fair being of another world

On this cold earth his hurrying footsteps trod ;  
Or like a star from out its pathway hurled  
Swift to rejoin its fellows and its God.

He knew the pride, the bigotry of man,

His spirit yearned to set the captive free—  
He looked with the soul's eye, and he did scan  
The groaning world, and all its misery.

The world was dull, it did not know his voice,  
His heart lay bleeding, and it passed him by :  
He could not sing to men "Rejoice, Rejoice,"  
His soul was sobbing in its agony.

In him all thoughts and all desires were blended,  
He knew the glory of the earth, the sky—  
Upward and upward still his song ascended,  
Soaring far out of sight, so high, so high.

His name shall be a beacon and a star  
Shedding its beams on sad Humanity ;  
Far in the glimmering To-be, so far  
Those rays shall shine until eternity.

His spirit doth not sleep in Death's dominions,  
The world is waking to a better day ;  
The forged fetters and the iron pinions  
In which it moaned shall all be cast away.

Triumphant Love from her untroubled slumber  
Shall rise and call the waiting earth her own,  
And of her ministers a countless number  
Shall serve and watch around her starry throne.

Time shall exalt his virtues and his fame,  
Shall twine the fadeless amaranth on his brow,  
Wisdom shall bend before his spotless name  
And weep for him who died, as I do now.

EMMA C. READ.

### PARIS LETTER.

IN France there are leagues against everything and against nothing. No less than two new leagues have been launched this week, one against the drinking of Seine water, the only supply available ; the other against the spread of cancer. Both aim to accomplish perfect cures, and no one believes in success. Perhaps they are on a par with the leagues of peace and of universal brotherly love. The associated move against cancer is an imp of the other good samaritanisms. Dr. Verneuil, whose authority cannot be questioned, asserts that since nearly half a century no progress has been made in the treatment of cancer, and that such a state of things is a disgrace to contemporary surgery. If the standard in this case for progress implies curing, cancer is not the only uncured of the ills that flesh is heir to.

The erection of cancer wards and hospitals, in which the diseased can hide their hideousness till death makes them on a par with youth and beauty, has advanced. So has surgery, in the sense that it has ranged the malady into ten groups—while saving no patient. It has vigorously worked ; as many as five operations in five months have been performed on a sufferer, but who died all the same. Poor socialist deputy Joffrin, who beat Boulanger at the general elections, was pronounced to have smothered cancer in his lip ; he expired in great agony, and yet he never smoked in his life ! Among the favoured guesses of the cause of cancer, the most generally accepted is worry and mental anxiety. Fools are said never to suffer from the malady. Of course it may be hereditary, like other diseases. Since Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir claims to rejuvenate centenarians, "Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new," he might test its efficacy in the rich cancer harvest-field of Paris.

The fight for A.D. 1900, between the French and the Germans, in which to hold an International Exhibition, is still raging. The Teuton appears strongly to be inclined to go in for 1900 and not 1898. The decision does not rest with either power. Precedents and natural advantages are in favour of the French, while the impartial urge to deal generously with Germany's first World's fair. It is astonishing that no league has ever been formed for the suppression of these big shows. If the rivals select the year 1900, they will wreck each other's scheme, for nations will hardly vote grants for both ; even 1898, treading so

closely on 1900, would be too great a demand on the purses of would-be exhibitors. Two years do not form a sufficient interval for the production of a novelty that would attract a public labouring under surfeit of exhibitions. France promises a telescope so immense that not only will it "Lick" California's, but will be able to allow a peep into the moon as if it were only three feet distant from the spectator, so that when a child cries for the moon henceforth, it can get it. Jules Verne has nothing to do with this branch of astronomy ; it is Deputy Denocle, and he only requires a mirror 120 inches in diameter and weighing eight tons ; the contractor is found to execute the order ; but to obtain the illusion of being within three feet of our satellite, the lens would have to be set on an Eiffel tower, new edition, or a mountain of equal altitude, and corresponding nearly with the summit of Mt. Blanc. Further, unless the atmosphere at this height were perfectly pure and as still as the grave, Selene would never approach to kiss any sleeping Endymion. Not to be beaten, the Germans say they will be ready in 1900 with a navigable balloon, and would transport the President of France and his invit  s to their show on the Spree. Nor does M. Flammarion intend to be cut out by these "couriers of the air"—but not "sightless ;" he expects electrical science, in eight years hence, will be so developed as to enable him to telegraph and telephone between the earth and Mars. As John Gilpin says, "may we be there to see."

France is already preparing for her general elections next year ; they will be very important, as the recent action of the Pope has brought the monarchists to accept the republic, and their votes will be cast on the side of the conservative democrats. The coming new Chamber also will have to elect M. Carnot's successor. In France there are 10,000,000 electors, and 537 deputies, or one representative per every 20,000 voters ; in England there are 637 members of parliament and 6,000,000 of electors, or one representative per every 9,000 voters. The home population of France and the United Kingdom are the same, namely, 38,000,000.

M. Pasteur is seriously ill ; his inner circle of friends knew since some time that he has been suffering from paralytic stroke number two, aggravated by intense application to obtain by exhaustive experiments an anti-vaccine for typhoid and cholera. He resides in the suburbs, near Garches, on an estate once the property of Marshal Soult, and the site is an unhealthy marsh. No wonder he is reported to be suffering from cholera. In his grounds he has quite a kennel of mad dogs, purposely hydrophobised in order to obtain the virus for the preparation of anti-rabies poek. *Similia similibus curantur*. M. Pasteur is now in his seventieth year, and since 1839 has been a hard working scientist. With the events of the world outside his laboratory he has no interest ; it is said that he only learned geography and the nature of political realms and their rulers from the foreign patients who came to be inoculated at his laboratory. Pasteur has been accused of a thirst for wealth ; the accusation is unmerited ; the man who never Kochized his humane discoveries, who never patented his industrial ameliorations connected with the preservation of wine, of fermented beverages, and of the hygiene of silk worms, can well dispense with dividends in anti-microbial filters and lion's sharing in the revenue of the anti-hydrophobia institute. He has a pension of 12,000 frs. a year from the Government for his industrial discoveries ; it is a fair question to ask, is he aware of its existence ? he lives perhaps on one-tenth of that sum, and would cheerfully give the balance, not so much to discover a comma, semi-colon, colon, dash, or exclamation bacillus, but to be able to bring the whole family of punctuation microbes to a "full stop." Pasteur sadly needs rest.

M. Le Roy is staggered at the disappearance of over 38,000 of the population. Perhaps I have discovered the little multitude. There are 16,000 barges moving to and fro on the canals and rivers of France, representing a total of 7,500 miles of inland navigation. On these boats there is a floating population of 40,000 individuals—20,000 men, 8,000 women and 12,000 children. The barges are veritable Noah's arks ; the families have all the comforts of a home ; the kitchen is on deck, so can be the dining-room, wind and weather permitting ; there are cages full of birds, and pots full of flowers ; if it be not washing day the women are plying the needles and the children neatly dressed, thumbing books or in a deep t  te-  t   with pussy or the poodle—the latter have to wear a muzzle during the passage of the barge through the department of the Seine. The barges have living on board, a total of 3,106 draught animals, horses, mules and asses to walk the plank ashore and give the men and women aid in the tow rope. The captain of a barge is often its owner, and the vessel represents a capital of several thousands of francs ; he has no rent to pay, no taxes on doors and windows ; he and his family are sobriety itself. The dimensions of the barge are sixty-six feet long and nineteen wide. By the Seine, Paris is 140 miles from Rouen, and the tug barges do this distance in thirty hours ; under the Restoration nearly a month was required for the journey. The total inland traffic on canals and rivers annually is, three and one-fifth milliards of francs, employing 700 steam tugs competing with over 10,000 locomotives.

The Chamber is to be complimented on its courage in voting M. Cavaignac out of the Admiralty Office ; he had not the pluck to obey public opinion, which had made up its mind to put an end to, once and for all, the rivalry between the army and navy when operating in foreign

expeditions, Dahomey to wit. Since three centuries these quarrellings and antagonisms between the services have existed ; they have cost France her richest possessions and are the principal reason why Frenchmen decline to emigrate to their own colonies. The Chamber has ruled, there must be unity of command, be that lodged in the army or the navy. M. Cavaignac persisted in the *non possumus* ; he was swept away without a regret, and his successor, the able M. Burdeau, installed his successor within five hours.

Consolation for Seine-poisoned Parisians : M. Ch. Rabot declares there are no microbes in Arctic Circle water, and Messrs Behal and Desvignes draw attention to "essence of soot," or "asboline," as efficacious in the treatment of consumption. Z.

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### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

IT was easy to get twelve good men and true for the first inquest. In addition to Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins, there were the constable and Mr. Terry, Messrs. Hill and Hislop, Sylvanus, Timotheus, and Rufus, with Mr. Bangs and Maguffin. The colonel was an alien, and Carruthers did not care to sit on the jury. Dr. Halbert presided, flanked by his fellow justices, and Wilkinson, though a minor witness, was made clerk. Several persons identified the slain Nagle or Nash, and gave evidence as to his relations with Rawdon's gang. Ben Toner's information and Newcome's attested confession were noted. Mr. Errol and Coristine, backed by the Captain and Ben, told how the body was found. Wilkinson and Perrowne related their share in conveying the corpse to Richards' house, and Richards confirmed their story. The coroner himself, having examined the body, affirmed that the deceased came to his death by a fracture of the skull, inflicted by a heavy blow from some blunt instrument from behind, followed by a pistol shot in front through the temple. Two persons, evidently, were concerned in the murder. Who were they ? Matilda Nagle was sworn. She repudiated the name of Rawdon. She testified that a man called Harding brought her a note from her long lost brother Steven, asking her to meet him at the barred gate in the narrows at a certain hour late on Monday morning. She went, but Rawdon would not let her go beyond the barred gate, so she called Stevy over. He came to the foot of a tree, where Rawdon told her she must stay ; and then she saw Harding run up behind him and hit him over the head with an iron bar, and he fell down and went to sleep. Did Rawdon shoot him ? She shivered, and didn't know, nor could any cross examination extract this evidence from her. Harding knocked him down with the iron bar, and he went to sleep, and she couldn't wake him. Then she went to the corpse and cried : "Oh, Stevy, Stevy, wake up, do wake up quick, for he'll come again." The court and jury were deeply affected. Old Mr. Newberry, the foreman of the jury, brought in the verdict to the effect that the deceased was murdered by a blow from an iron bar administered by one Harding, producing fracture of the skull, and by a pistol shot in the left temple by some unknown person. Thus the first inquest came to an end. The second inquest would have been a matter of difficulty, on account of the large number of people supposed to be implicated in Harding's death, had not Ben Toner, who had been called out of court, returned with three good men and true, namely Mr. Bigglethorpe, M. Lajeunesse, and a certain Barney Sullivan. These three parties, moved by the entreaties of Widow Toner, had set out early in the morning to look up the missing Ben ; and were so delighted with their success, and so tired with their walk, that they were willing to sit on anything, even a coroner's jury. Accordingly, a new jury was empanelled, consisting of Messrs. Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins, Bigglethorpe, Lajeunesse and Sullivan, Errol, Wilkinson and Richards, with the Captain, Mr. Bangs, and Squire Walker. The latter was chosen foreman. The coroner himself acted as clerk. Ben Toner had seen the deceased in company with one Newcome, and had heard him addressed as Harding. The coroner testified to having examined the body, which exhibited no shot wound of any kind, but the forehead was badly bruised, evidently by a stone, as gritty particles were to be seen adhering to it, and two table knives were still resting in the neighbourhood of the heart. The jury examined the corpse, and, led by the foreman under guard of the constable, went out across the road and over the fence into the field where Mr. Terry and Coristine found the dead Harding lying. The place was well marked by the beaten down grass, blood stains on a large boulder and on the ground, and by the finding of a loaded revolver. Carefully examining the spot, the detective pointed out, at last, the very root, not more than three quarters of an inch thick, which formed a loop on the surface of the ground, in which the unfortunate man's foot had caught, precipitating him upon the stone. Every member of the jury having examined it, Mr. Bangs took out his knife and cut it away in order to prevent similar accidents in future. The coroner did not think the blow sufficient to kill the man, though it must have rendered him insensible. The killing was done by means of the knives.