

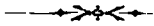
to music again and again, and sung in every concert hall and drawing-room wherever the English language is spoken.

Tennyson is far purer than Byron, but alas! not half so human; it is the latter's humanity (so to speak) which carries us with him, the passionate love of his *Corsair* is a real human feeling, not a mere lyric to be set to music. The man is flesh and blood not a beautifully chiselled statue, no halo of ethereal mist envelopes him as we read his epitaph,

He left a *Corsair's* name to other times,
Linked with our virtue and a thousand crimes."

but we see in the pirate one formed like ourselves into whom life has been infused by a great master, whereas Tennyson always appears to us as the sculptor of poetry, his characters being chastely modelled, and lovely, but lacking the living breath, which alone can make them real.

In conclusion, and in justice to the late laureate, his purity of thought is superior to that of Byron, there is not a single line or verse, which, at the end of a long life, could cause him the faintest shade of regret, and for this his poems will be treasured and admired, though we hardly think they will live as long as those of the author of *"Childe Harold."*



RATTLING OLD BONES.

Mr. Walter Besant is a clever writer, his novels are among the best published in this last quarter of our century. We have also read with pleasure many of his chatty articles in the *"Queen"* entitled *"The Voice of the Flying Day."* But there is a portion of one of the last of these to which we take exception. It begins *"Here followeth the re-opening of an old scandal,"* and proceeds to recount a *"laison"* ormorganatic marriage reported to have taken place between George III and one Hannah Lightfoot, about one hundred and forty years ago. He gives the evidence, for and against, which appears to us to be of a very vague and shadowy nature. It may have been within the range of possibility, that Hannah Lightfoot, born in 1730 and married to Isaac Axford at fourteen

years of age, ran away from the chapel door to join the Prince (afterwards George III) who was then sixteen, though we can hardly think the story savors of probability. But supposing the tale to have been true, we can only exclaim *"cul bono"* is to be served by shaking up these skeletons? George III has been dead and buried for more than seventy years, and Miss Lightfoot or Mrs. Axford, about the same period, so we really are unable to see, what good purpose is to be gained by rattling their poor old bones. There is nothing particularly interesting in trying to make two decayed skulls ogle and grin at one another, albeit one may have worn the crown of England, and we feel inclined to ask with Hamlet

"Lost thou think Alexander looked of this fashion i' the earth?"

"And smelt so? Pah!"

Yes the odor of the episode is not inviting, and it would have been more wholesome to have left the graves undisturbed. Mr. Besant should have remembered the ancient mandate *"Let the dead bury their dead,"* rather than have raked up a musty fusty legend, which, whether true or not, only gives a disagreeable flavor to his otherwise well cooked and tasty dish.

We are forcibly reminded of the concluding lines in Byron's *"Vision of Judgment"*—

"And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
"I left him practising the hundredth psalm."

Could not Mr. Besant have had a similar consideration for the king so many years buried?



Throwing Stones.

We are in receipt of a letter from the mother of a family complaining of the gossiping proclivities of a neighbour across the way, and enclosing some items in the history of the early years of the gossip herself—which, of course, are unfit for these columns. People who live in glass houses should not be the first to throw stones. The censorious man and woman should occasionally be reminded of their early years. Paying heavy toll late in life is not the Charity of which St. Paul speaks,—the Charity which is kind, envieth not, thinketh no evil,—but that is another story.



The students are big in town

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Now, on the face of this innocent looking statement, there doesn't seem much in it to a stranger, but, unless I am much mistaken, the news will cause considerable flutterings in many a Montreal dovecote and *"maidingly buzim"*. At first the studious young man preserved an animous silence, he was so quiet that we hardly knew he had come. You see, for one thing, he had not got together, as it were, and, for another thing, he had to seek rooms, to which end he assumed the counterfeit presentment of the good young man who died, and he went around the town disguised in sobriety and moral rectitude. We waited to hear from him and we have heard. Now, *"oft in the still night, his voice is near."* He is back for all he's worth. We see him again in his true character—or want of it. He parades in select gangs among the street poles with his voice uplifted in tobacco-acian song, incidentally seeking whom he may devour. He propounds the same old chestnutly interrogation to the night winds. He wants to know what is the matter with old McGill, and as there is too many of him together for the average citizen to explain to him what is the matter—our student answers the question himself and informs the whole city and neighbouring townships that old McGill is all right! You bet!! Following up the information by a series of Indian warwhoops that puts a modern representation of the Brocken scene in Faust entirely in the shade and maketh the screech-owl bury his diminished head under his wing for very shame.

We warn "that student fellow" right here that the policeman who stands at the corner of our street has got his *"heagle heye"* on him. Let him beware and *"goe sloe."*

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Let's see now? Ah—yes. About those electric cars. They are booming and rattling along in great shape and proving, despite the animus predictions of "the man who told us so," a great success. Indeed, when the current gets ahead of the motor man, they are a brilliant and a startling success, altho' the passengers do wear that *"wonder-what's-going-to-happen-next"* look, which sat so touch-