

ter; but one thing is clear, that with the appearance of the compulsory system in the United Kingdom would appear also the inefficiency of our Army for all purposes of defence in the remoter bounds of the empire.

Great Pair-Oared Race on the Tyne For £200

(From the London Standard, Dec. 22.)

The pair oared race for £200 a side between Thomas Winship and Robert Bagnall, of Newcastle, on the one part, and Robert Watson Boyd, of Gateshead, and William Lumsden, of Blyth, on the other part, took place yesterday on the Tyne, over a course from the High Level Bridge to Sootwood Suspension Bridge, a distance of about three miles and a half. This event has been looked forward to with much interest on Tyneside, and by many the challenging of old hands like Winship and Bagnall by young men like Boyd and Lumsden was looked upon with some surprise. The careers of Thomas Winship and Bagnall are well known. Few men have held such an honorable position among Tyneside oarsmen as Winship. Boyd and Lumsden have rowed in many races, but were not generally known until they pluckily entered into articles to row a double sculling race on the Thames, on October 15, against Thomas Green and Henry Thomas, of Hammersmith, for £200 a side, and which was won by the northern pair by four lengths. Soon after returning to their homes Boyd and Lumsden challenged Winship and Bagnall to row a pair oared or a double sculling match on the Tyne; and although the season for the match to be rowed in was not most suitable, the challenge was quickly accepted. Boyd and Lumsden had worked together a great deal in boats, and were qualified to row either kind of match; but Winship and Bagnall were not accustomed to row together. Since the articles were signed all things have gone on satisfactorily.—The men have most carefully trained, and did all in their power to render themselves fit for the struggle. Mr. Wm. Oldham was appointed referee.

Owing to the upper part of the river being obstructed with ice it was agreed that the race should be rowed on the lower reaches of the river. The new course was from Bill Point to Howden Dock landing stage, which is about three miles and three quarters in length. The betting was at five to four on Boyd and Lumsden. Winship and Bagnall got away with a lead of half a length, but by the time fifty yards had been rowed, Boyd and his companion rowed up and took the lead. Boyd and Lumsden rowed with great strength, while their opponents made up in fine rowing what they lacked in strength. It was evident, however, that the great strength of Boyd and Lumsden were going to stand them in good need. A quarter of a mile from the start Boyd and Lumsden were leading by nearly two lengths, and by the time half a mile was got over Winship and Bagnall were receiving the backwash of their opponents. The race was now virtually over, as the young pair were able to respond in splendid style to any efforts made by Bagnall and Winship. With ease Boyd and Lumsden landed themselves winners by about six lengths. In the last quarter of a mile Boyd and Lumsden rowed as well and as fast as they did at the start.

The London "Telegraph" on The Colonies.

In its summary of the events of the year, the London Daily Telegraph has the following in regard to the colonies:—

The Colonies—those healthy children of the Imperial Mother have been happy during 1874 in having little or no history; but a dusky daughter has been added to their number by adoption, and Fiji has become an integral portion of the British Empire. This wise annexation, some credit for which must always attach to Lord Carnarvon, was taken upon the 16th October; and while it adds to Her Majesty's dominions a group of 225 fertile islands, with an uncounted swarm of Papuan subjects, it has replaced anarchy by civilization, rendered the suppression of the infamous "black birding" easier, and given the Pacific Ocean over to Australian colonists, if they only know how to grow great. To Lord Carnarvon must also be awarded much merit for the reconciliation between Canada and British Columbia, which has most happily crowned the year. That patriotic and united Dominion—more extensive than all Europe, excluding Russia—has now no visible barrier to her growth as an elder sister in the grand family of British Colonies. To the spirit and the tact shown in these two notable measures, the Colonial Minister is understood to have added a deed of high justice, in the official despatch which has resulted from the mission of Bishop Colenso to these shores. Less popular, perhaps, than the annexation of Fiji or the settlement of the Canadian difficulty, the release of the Kafir Chief Langa lbalele will yet furnish, we think, the noblest characteristic of our Colonial Government during 1874, for it will prove at Natal and throughout the world that the motto of her Majesty's Empire is, "Be just, and fear not." From the great Australian dependencies and New Zealand almost all this year's tidings have been good.

Science an Idol Breaker.

We picked up a child's book the other day, a simple little volume of fairy lore, by that quaintest and sweetest of writers for children, Hans Christian Andersen. The dusk of a cloudy afternoon melted into twilight, and still we read on about the elves and the dream children, until the pages grew dark and our eyes strained and weary. As we laid the book aside and set musing, looking into the fire, it seemed as if the fitful shadows thrown by the flickering sea coal blaze might be the queer creatures of the story teller endowed with life; that down from those fiery caverns between the bars gnomes might peer out at us, and that the feeble ray of moonlight which struggled into our window through a rift in the driving clouds perhaps after all might bear some message to us from the sole inhabitant of the distant orb. For the moment, we lived in the supernatural world which the romance had conjured up; our boy belief in the fairies and elves came back; and then the fall of the coal in the grate dispelled our reverie, and as we struck a light we laughed to ourselves to think what the learned scientists, the grave professors, the busy students, and the sternly practical workers who read the *Scientific American* would think if they but knew what we—shatterers of false idols, whose mission it is to expose anything to the searching light of hard, unflinching truth—should, even for a

moment, have realized the fanciful creations of a cunning storyteller.

And yet we half regretted that our impossible vagaries were more fantasy; and as we thought further, it seemed to us that that regret was the same which impels all mankind to cling to some frail idea on which it once has founded its futile theories. If before the world we bow to justice of Science in toppling over our favorite idols, do we not often return furtively and alone to gather up the fragments and weep over them? Somehow the question will obtrude itself of whether we are to sacrifice all our cherished convictions because some bold deliver into the secrets of Nature stamps them with a fiat of denial. Is truth, so-called, worthy of such immolation? Let the past answer for us first.

"It is impious to believe that valleys are scooped in the fair face of the moon," said one old Italian astronomer. "There are but seven planets, because there are seven months, seven days in the week, and seven holes in a man's head," cried a learned professor of Padua. "Formally heretical and anathema!" thundered the Vatican, judging Galileo's theories. But "*e pur si muove*" (it moves for all that) muttered the sage, robed in sackcloth, he arose from his knees after swearing never again to teach the earth's motion around the sun.

"The project is vain and impossible," exclaimed the learned ecclesiastics of Spain to Columbus, as he unveiled his theories of the rotundity of the globe and of undiscovered regions. And neither they nor their generation would abandon their credence in the flatness of our sphere. Ponce de Leon clung to his belief in the fountain of youth, until death overtook him in the flowery land, where he had searched in vain. The toil of lives over the crucible failed to convince Paracelsus, or Bacon, or Lully, or scores of other alchemists, to the incidental products of whose labors the world owes some of its grandest discoveries, that the baser metals could not be transmuted into gold, nor the philosopher's stone found. But have not all these convictions disappeared before the light of truth?

There are thousands to-day who pursue as vain a fallacy, in the perpetual motion. A "professor" hinted at its possibility from the rostrum in this metropolis but recently. "There is a goodly tome on our book shelves, in which, to the satisfaction of the writer, the circle is squared and Euclid driven to confession. An "unknown force" is even now exciting credulous interest and eliciting even pecuniary aid from mistaken believers. Science is shedding more and more light into the mental darkness of the present, but few of her beams indicate the path of the future. Is that radiance to be so bright as to wither the harmless self-deceptions of the emotions, as well as the hurtful fallacies of the reason? Will those thoughts which awaken the love for the refined and beautiful be dispelled, and is this the cost we must pay for knowledge and truth? Is the loveliness of the flower and spray only to be associated with eclectic absorption of colored rays and chlorophyll? Must we associate the field blossom with parthenogenesis and bothrenchyma? Is music to affect only our understandings—not our hearts—and are frigid criticisms on modulation and harmony always to replace the varying emotions now excited by melody and rhythm? Modern geology ranks the Biblical account of the Creation, and Adam and Eve, Eden, the serpent, and the apple as much with allegorical tradition as the legend of Hercules the hydra, and the golden fruit of the