Tuesday, January 21, 1908

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VICTORIA' SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

Commemoration Jubilee of the Indian Mutiny

noration of the jubilee of the Indian Mutiny 700 officers and men, ve-terans of that campaign, were entertain-ed at dinner at the Royal Albert-hall by the proprietors of the Daily Telegraph, says the London Times. The old sol-diers came from all parts of the king-dom, the War Office, the India Office, and the Admiralty having co-operated with the organizers in order to make the list of the guests as complete as possible list of the guests as complete as possible. ЛТ

Such as reside at a great distance from London arrived on the previous night bdged by their hosts in the vicinity of the nd were lo Many of the old warriors, from bert-hall. infir. mity or other cause, were unable to accept the invita-tion, and to these, 660 in number, Christmas hampers were sent. At the Albert Memorial the commemora-tion began with a review by Lord Roberts, which was tion began with a review by Lord Roberts, which was witnessed by a large gathering of the public. The in-spection evoked great interest and during its progress Lord Roberts frequently stopped and conversed with one or other of the survivors. Colonel Sir Neville ('hamberlain was in charge of the parade, and the band of the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry— the old 32nd Foot, the defenders of Lucknow—played a selection of music. election of music. Inside the hall there was a gay and inspiring scene

Inside the half there was a gay and inspiring scene is the old soldiers walked to the tables in the arena. The platform was occupied by the band of the Royal Artillery, in front of whom hung a number of banners aptured during the Mutiny; while the grand tier was reserved for the officers and the relatives of the meets and other porecast invited in vas reserved for the officers and the relatives of the mests, and other persons invited in great numbers accupied the rest of the hall. The balconies were lib-rally decorated with trophies of flags and shields, he Star of India forming the basis of many of the rophies, while the names of the heroes of the mutiny vere emblazoned in bold colors on the walls. Lord loberts, who went through the Mutiny as a lieuten-nt, presided at a long table on the platform, where here were many distinguished guests, including Lord urzon of Kedleston, General Sir Dighton Probyn, Mr. tudyard Kipling, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Cerr, Admiral Sir H. Stephenson, General Sir Godadvard Alping, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter err, Admiral Sir H. Stephenson, General Sir God-ev Clerk, General Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Alfred Lyall, eneral Sir Harry Prendergast, General Sir Robert iddulph, and General Sir W. Nicholson. The old Biddulph, and General Sir W. Nicholson. The old soldiers were enthusiastically cheered as they took their places at the board. All wore their war medals conspicuously displayed across their breasts. Many who were lame were tenderly helped to their places by Guardsmen, or by their friends, but the majority were upright, well-preserved men who bore their years bravely. The Royal Artillery band played a se-lection of music while the dinner was in progress, and the last air played before the speeches was "The Campbells are Coming," by Piper Angus Gibson, of the Black Watch, the only surviving piper of those

the last air played before the speeches 'was' "The Campbells are Coming," by Piper Angus Gibson, of the Black Watch, the only surviving piper of those who took part in the Mutiny. The toast of "The King" having been honored, Lord Roberts read the following message from the King, which had just been received:--"I shall be glad if you would make known to the veterans who are assembled at the Royal Albert-hall today under your chairmanship my great satisfaction at learning how large a number of the survivors who took part in the memorable Indian Mutiny of 1857 are able to be present on such an interesting occasion." I speak in the name of the whole Empire when I say that we deeply appreciate the conspicuous services hat we deeply appreciate the conspicuous service, endered by them and their comrades, who have now

rendered by them and their comrades, who have now passed away, under most trying circumstances, and with a gallantry and an endurance which were the means, under Providence, of saving the Indian Empire from a grave perif." (Cheers.) Lord Roberts also announced the receipt of the following telegram from the Viceroy of India, dated Calcuta, December 22:—"Hearty good wishes to his-toric gathering of the Indian Mutiny veterans, whose services in the hour of peril can never be forgotten." Lord Kitchener cabled: "Please convey the hearty greetings and good wishes of the Army in India to Mutiny veterans. Their past gallant deeds are not forgotten in this country. We all wish them a plea-sant evening and a happy New Year." The chairman added that he regretted to say that three old field-marshals, who had hoped to be present, and all of whom took part in the Mutiny, were unable to be there—Lord Wolseley, Sir George White, and Sir Evelyn Wood. Evelyn Wood.

Lord Curzon, who was received with loud cheers, that day-for it was a ceremony much more taking part that day-for it was a ceremony much more than a festival-was the natural complement to an incident that occurred at the Delhi Durbar, close upon five ars ago.

An Incident of the Delhi Durbar

There they were commemorating the coronation of ur King, whose gracious message had just been read. n a great amphitheatre, built within sight of that amous ridge, were assembled the princes of India, the ivil and military officers, and the representatives of II the peoples and races of the mightiest empire that least and West had ever seen. Suddenly there walked

vant of the nation. (Cheers.) Perhaps the old sol-diers before him would recognize in him rather the Lieutenant Roberts of 1857 (cheers), who trained his gun at Delhi upon the breach in the wall, who met the dying Nicholson in his litter inside the Kashmir Gate, who three times raised aloft the regimental color on the turret of the mess house at Lucknow (cheers), and who won his Victoria Cross along with the recantured standards on the battlefield near Futvant of the nation. (Cheers.) Perhaps the old solthe recaptured standards on the battlefield near Fut-

tengur. But might they not also feel that along with Lord But might they not also feel that along with Lord Roberts and the heroes who sat at the same table with him, for all they knew, the spirits of the mighty dead might be looking down upon that banquet that after-noon—the gentle and fervent soul of Henry Lawrence, part soldier, part statesman, and wholly saint (cheers); John Lawrence, that rugged tower of strength, four-square to all the winds that blow; Nicholson, the heroic paladin of the frontier; Outram, that generous and galant spirit, the mirror of chi-Nicholson, the heroic paladin of the frontier; Outram, that generous and gallant spirit, the mirror of chi-valry (cheers); the grave and high-souled Havelock (cheers); Colin Campbell, the cautious but indomit-able veteran (cheers); Hugh Rose, that prince among fighting men; and many others whose names he saw there on the walls around him—Neill, Hodson, Inglis, Peel, Chamberlain—whom there was not time to des-scribe? Neither let them forget the Viceroy, Can-ning, calm amid the tumult, silent in the face of oblo-quy, resolute through all upon the great and crown-ing lesson of mercy. (Cheers.) And along with those let them not forget all the hundreds more of _un-known and inconspicuous dead, who were not the less heroes because their names were not engraved on known and inconspicuous dead, who were not the less heroes because their names were not engraved on costly tablets or because their bodies rested in un-marked Indian graves. (Cheers.) Equally with their comrades they were the martyrs and the saviours of their country, equally with them their monument was an empire rescued from the brink of destruction, and their epitaph was written in the hearts of their coun-trymen. (Cheers.) The ridge at Delhi which they held against such overwhelming odds, the residency at Lucknow, which they alternately defended and stormed, the blood-soaked sands of Cawnpore—all these were by their act the sacred places of the Bri-tish race; for their sake we guard them with rever-ence, we dedicate them with humble and holy pride, for they were the altar upon which the British nation for they were the altar upon which the British nation offered up the best and bravest in the hour of its su-preme trial. (Cheers.) But he thought there were other memories than those of woe and anguish which

the Mutiny might suggest. Often as he had wandered the Muttiny might suggest. Often as he had wandered in those beautiful gardens at Lucknow, which those of them who were before him would not recognize now, where all the scars of slege and suffering had been obliterated by the kindly hand of nature, and where a solemn peace seemed to brood over the scene, he had been led by those conditions to discern a deep-er truth and a more splendid consolation. Primarily they reminded them of the deathless bravery and en-durance of the British soldier (cheers)—never seen to greater advantage than during that awful summer, with the scorehing Indian sky alternated with the with the scorching Indian sky, alternated with the drenching rains of the monsoon and when cholera and pestilence, and every attendant horror stalked abroad positiones, and every attendant norror statised abroad amidst the camps. But they also reminded them of the equal gallantry and constancy of our Indian troops (cheers), who fought side by side with their British comrades in the trenches, and died in the same ditch; and also of those hundreds of native attendants, faithful unto death (cheers), who clung to their Eng-lish masters and mistresses with an unsurpassed de-votion (Cheers) and perform most of all the merhas masters and mistresses with an unsurpassed de-votion. (Cheers.) And, perhaps most of all, they re-minded them that when all those dreadful passions had been slaked a spirit of forbearance breathed in high places, and there sprang from all that chaos and suffering a new sense of peace and harmony, bearing fruit in a high and purified resolve. Never let it be forgotten that the result of the Mutiny was not mere-ly an England victorious but an India maelfied with y an England victorious, but an India pacified, united, and started once more upon its wondrous career of advance and expansion. The bitterness had gone out of the minds of those in India as it had out of ours, and the blodstains had been wiped out in the hearts of both, just as in that beautiful garden at Lucknow they were covered up with the brightness of verdure and the blossoming of flowers. (Cheers.) And so they were brought to their duty of that after-noon. First and foremost it was to render praise and thanksgiving to Almichty God Wiberenthit thanksgiving to Almighty God, Who wrought that great deliverance, whose accents were heard even in the shriek and roar of Delhi and Lucknow, but Who spoke again and spoke last, as He did of old in the still small voice, of mercy, and forgiveness, and re-conciliation. (Cheers.) And then, honor let it be to conclutation. (Cneers.) And then, honor let it be to the living and honor to the dead, honor to the Euro-pean and honor to the Indian, whom neither distinc-tion of race nor religion could keep apart in that pit of suffering and death; honor to the officer, and honor to the private, who served side by side without distinction of rank; honor to the men and honor to

the women who faced those perils with equal fortitude and devotion (cheers); honor to the sailors who served the naval guns (cheers); honor to the surgeons who attended the stricken and wounded (cheers); (cheers) honor to the chaplains who administered the last rights to the dying and the dead. And finally, praise and glory let it be to the dwindling band of warscarred heroes whom they saw before them that af-ternoon (loud cheers), and who by their presence there had reminded them of their immortal services, and being reminded in return, as he hoped, of the dying gratitude of their country. He gave them the health of the surviving veterans of the Indian Mutiny, and he associated that toast with the name of hero of 1857, who was still their hero in 1907, en-deared to the pation by half a century of service and sacrifice not one whit less glorious than that of his youth.

uth. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Lord Roberts, on rising to reply, was warmly ecred by the veterans. He said he could assure Lord Curzon that they, old soldiers and sallors, who were privileged to serve in India during the Mutiny of 1857, had listened to his eloquent speech with the keenest interest. Lord Curzon's tribute of praise and appreciation of the men who took a leading part in quelling that Mutiny was cordially endorsed by all of them, while those of them who had the privilege of them, while those of them who had the privilege of assisting them in their difficult work were greatly gratified by his kind recognition of their efforts. (Cheers.) He wished that the duty of responding to the toast could have been undertaken by some one with more claims than he had (cries of "No, no") to speak for the spirits of 1857, but the lapse of 50 years had carried off all those to whom the country then looked to protect its integrate and to guerd its then looked to protect its interests and to guard its honor. They who were left were little more than boys at that time, and there was no one alive now who held at that time, and there was no one alive now who held any position of responsibility at that period. He thought he should be acting in accordance with the wishes of all those present if at this point he offered to Lord Burnham their most sincere thanks for that sumptuous entertainment (cheers), and assured him that they appreciated the kindly and pariotic senti-ment which induced him to suggest and to take upon himself the whole burden of carrying it out. But they must all feel that this commemoration was an honor must all feel that this commemoration was an honor not paid to them, but to the memory of those by whose skill and courage that great epoch in our Indian history was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. was not upon them who were present that the bur-

den of the crisis rested; it was upon the men whose names were inscribed around that hall, and who had long since passed away. Some-perhaps the greatest of them-died during the Mutiny, either by the hands of the enemy, as did Sir Henry Lawrence and John Nicholson, or struck down, as so many were, by dis-ease, and by the severe strain upon mind and body. How heavy that death-roll was might be gathered from the fact that very few of the men who held pofrom the fact that very few of the men who held po-sitions of authority when the Mutiny first broke out in May, 1857, were alive in December of that year. The Commander-in-chief, Sir George Anson, suc-cumbed to cholera within a few days of taking the field on his way to Delhi; Sir Henry Barnard, who succeeded him in command of the Delhi Field Force, died of the same disease within a month; his suc-cessor, again, General Reed broke down after being in command for only a few days; and although the fourth commander, General Archale Wilson, held on until Delhi fell, exposure, climate, and responsibility

fourth commander, General Archdale Wilson, held on until Delhi fell, exposure, climate, and responsibility told severely upon his health. It was the same with the civil authorities. Mr. Colvin, the Governor of the Northwest Provinces, sank quite early in the day in the fort at Agra from the effects of overwork, anx-lety, and responsibility. His successor, Colonel Fraser died from much the same causes after being in office huite a short period. He could not refrain from mendied from much the same causes after being in office quite a short period. He could not refrain from men-tioning a few with whom he was personally acquaint-ed. It was upon John Lawrence, when he suddenly found himself cut off from all communication with the rest of India, that the responsibility devolved of maintaining peace and order on the Afghan border amongst the warlike tribesmen of the frontier, throughout the Punjab, and the country as far south as Delhi. History had recorded how nobly he had re-sponded to the task, and how ably he was supported by Herbert Edwardes and Sydney Cotton at Pesha-war, Robert Montgomery at Lahore, Brigadier Cor-bett at Mian Mir, Cooper at Amritsar, Edward Lake at Jalandhar, George Ricketts at Ludhiana, Douglas Forsyth at Umballa, and many other able and true men. At Delhi Archdale Wilson would have found his task still more difficult had he not had around him such men as John Nicholson, Baird Smid, St. George Campbell, Edwin Johnson, William Hodson, and Donald Stewart. (Cheers.) Of the men who formed the original garrison and behaved so heroic-ally during the defence of Lucknow he called to mind Henry Lawrence, John Inglis, Banks, Gubbins, Om-maney, Fayrer, Fulton, and McLeod Innes. The sole survivor, Colonel Bonham, who himself was wounded more than once, he was glad to say was amongst them that day; and last, but certainly not least, Case, Lawquite a short period. He could not refrain from mensurvivor, Colonel Bonham, who himself was wounded more than once, he was glad to say was amongst them that day; and last, but certainly not least, Case, Law-rence and McCabe, of the 32nd Foot, the regiment which was called "the backbone of the defence." (Cheers.) Among those who for nearly three months, in their endeavors to relieve the beleagured garrison, struggled manfully against the difficulties and hard-ships inseparable from campaigning in India in the hot and rainy seasons, he remembered Outram, right-ly called "The Bayard of the East," Havelock, Robert Napier, Neill, Fraser Tytler, William Olpherts, and many others. Then of the men who took part in the relief of Lucknow he could recall Colin Campbell, Hope Grant, Mansfield, William Peel, Adrien Hope, Frank Turner, David Russell, Edward Greathed, and Charles Blunt. It was a matter of great regret that Hope Grant, Mansfield, William Peel, Adrien Hope, Frank Turner, David Russell, Edward Greathed, and Charles Blunt. It was a matter of great regret that Major-General Mowbray Thomson, the sole survivor of the Europeans who so nobly upheld the British character at Cawnpur, was unable, on account of ill-health, to be there that day. Another person to whom he must allude was Lord Canning, the Governor-Gen-eral at the time, who, though new to India, proved himsélf worthy of the high position for which he had been selected. There were two men who, to his mind, were the most remarkable of our fellow-countrymen at that time in India-he meant Henry Lawrence, the statesman, and John Nicholson, the soldier. Of all the men he had ever served under none of them im-pressed him in the same way as Nicholson. Of Henry Lawrence it was not too much to say that but for his influence over the natives, which prevented the Se-poys at and about Lucknow mutinying until he had time to make the Residency fairly secure, and but for his foresight in storing it with a vast amount of sup-piles, not one of the 2,000 more men of Outram's and Haveick's force who Joined the original garrison there on September 25, could have been saved, but must have perished either from starvation or at the hands of the enemy. He could not conclude without calling to mind the heroism of our country-women and the valuable services of the native soldiers during that eventful time. They who were feted there that day remembered what the men did by whom India was saved in 1857, and they were proud to think that they were privileged to serve with them. They had all gone to their rest, their "Last Post" had been sounded, and even the youngest amongst them could not have long to wait for the summons to join that glorious band. Might they, his friends and comrades, be prepared, when their "Last Post" should sound, to obey that summons. (Loud cheers.)

Some Selected Poems of Whittier

HE London Times, reviewing the book just issued, "Poems of Whittier," with an in-troduction by Arthur Christopher Benson," says:

There are some great writers who can reign over our minds only as composers.

Whenever their power is relaxed we rebel against it. They start with so much liter-ary parade that they provoke us to ques-tion because they have none. They do not aspire to conquer or even to persuade. Indeed, they seem to conquer or even to persuade. Indeed, they seem to have written as if they were talking to themselves and without any thought of a reader. Therefore we are as indulgent to their writings as to letters or diaries not written with a view to publication. It is seldom that we can give this kind of indulgence to modern poetry, because modern poets are apt to be conscious that they are doing something unusual in writing poetry at all, something that can only be justified if it is very well done. They are afraid that Horace will be quoted to them, and their anxiety to prove that they are not mediocre is so obvious that it that they are not medicare is so obvious that it makes their readers suspicious. Now Whittier was not troubled with this anxiety. If any one had told not troubled with this anxiety. If any one had told him that he was a mediocre poet he would have re-plied quite sincerely that he knew it. He felt, no doubt, that he had a right to make verses if he chose, and he made them without asking himself whether they were justified by their excellence. If he had had any scruples in the matter at all, they would have been Puritan scruples, not whether he in particular but whether any man in the world, had a right to make verses. But he was a Quaker, and had learnt to believe that righteousness is not all resistance to make verses. But he was a Quaker, and had learnt to believe that righteousness is not all resistance to human nature. He was ready to think that some de-light as well as all sorrow comes from God. Yet his own delight in nature was so keen that he had some misgivings lest it might make a pagan of him. Mr. Benson in his introduction to this selection from his poems quotes this passage from a letter: "The soft green of the meadows is climbing our hills. I find myself terribly rooted to the world. . . Old mother earth seems sufficient for us." Here he does express 1 find myseit terribly rooted to the world. . . . Old mother earth seems sufficient for us." Here he does express some faint Buritan scruples; and his poetry is often injured by such scruples. He is too anxious to prove that earth is only a symbol of heaven, when the real impulse in his verse is a delight in earth for its own sake. He very seldom had the true mythical imagination of Vaughan, though he was always straining after it. If he had been content with his own natural vein, he would have written about green fields and flowers as simply as Herrick. But this straining of his after an imagination to which he could not attain does not put us on our guard against him like the straining of a poet who tries to write better than he can. Whittler never, except in his po-litical verse, assumes a style fit only for emotions deeper and stronger than his own. When he tries to prove what he does not feel he does not pretend to feel it. He is content to reason, and seems to be quite aware when he reasons lamely. He knows the truth, and does the best he can to establish it. He is not a prophet, and he would not have us take him for one. He is only an ordinary man, feeling and tainking out his own imperfect conception of the universe. His poetry, then, is not at all great and not often beautiful. But it is an example of the spirit in which man who is not a great poet should write a man who is not a great poet should write verse; and it is an encouragement to such men to do their best. Whittier could be perfectly serious without thinking himself a great man. He never tries to amuse or pretends to trifle, so that he may trick us into listening to him. He is neither frivolous nor pompous. The defects of his verse are all natural and unconcealed. They are simply defects and not excrescences. He was not a man of genius, and, as Mr. Benson tells us, he was born and grew up in a society indifferent to all kinds of art. His family had long been Quakers, and they were poor. No doubt all long been Quakers, and they were poor. No doubt all their higher emotions went into their religion, and it their nigher emotions went into their beilgion, and it was a religion which did not encourage emotion. But it was also a religion that did not corrupt emotion either into sentimentality or into wrath; and, so far, it was not unfavorable to the development of a poet. it was not unfavorable to the development of a poet. But every artist, if he is ever to be a great master, must learn his art in his youth from other masters; and Whittier, in his boyhood, had scarcely any books, good or bad. He knew the Bible well. He heard Burns read aloud; and he read Shakespeare, Cowper, Grav's Elegy and one of the Waverley novels to him-Gray's Elegy, and one of the Waverley novels to him-self. But he had, of course, no encouragement to resen. But he had, of course, he encouragement to re-gard poetry as an important part of human life, and he can never have abandoned himself to the writing of it. Thus he was always, as Mr. Benson says, "hampered by his slender outfit, by the stiffness that "hampered by his slender outfit, by the stiffness that comes from a want of early mental exercise." But the worst defect in his education, no doubt, was that he was never taught to think or to regard thinking as a serious business; and thus he had no training for that kind of imaginative reasoning which he often at-tempted in his poetry. This would not have mattered so much if he had been content, like Herrick, to make good verses about the things which pleased him. But he tried to do more than that. He tried to apneal to he tried to do more than that. He tried to appeal to the intellect, and yet he had never been taught to take the intellect quite seriously. Thus he often, like Longfellow, fails to satisfy the intellect, when he draws a moral from the things which please him; and there are many of his poems which would be better without their concluding verses. If he had been trained to think, his intellectual conscience might have been as sensitive as his moral conscience; it the intellect, and yet he had never been taught to take

would have preserved him from a good many forced platitudes, for he would have known that a good cause does not justify any kind of reasoning. Yet even his platitudes do not set one against him, like the literary artifices of more clever writers; for there is no intent to deceive in them; he seems to offer them humbly enough, and to be aware of their inadequacy. They do express his own convictions and are not uttered so that we may think him a better man than he

So far we may seem to have done nothing but of-fer excuses for Whittier, and poetry cannot be de-fended with excuses. Whittier was born just a hun-dred years ago—to be eract, on December 17, 1807— and if his poety had no positive qualities, it would be mere waste of time to write about it now. But it has positive qualities, though they are not very cons-picuous. It is better than it seems at a first reading, and it pleases more in the mass than in single pieces. As Mr. Benson says, we need pay no attention to his political poems. He wrote them from a sense of duty, and they have all the literary defects from which the rest of his verse is free. In them he felt himself free test of his verse is free. In them he felt himself free to throw off his Puritan restraint, and they seem to prove that his Puritan restraint was good for his art. They are written in a style beyond his powers, and are full of the conscientious but uninspired rhetoric are full of the conscientious but uninspired Thetofic of the pulpit. Otherwise he is quite free from rhe-toric. He is always rather a talking than a singing poet, and he does not strain his voice with trying to poet, and he does not strain his voice with trying to talk too loud. The true lyrical passages in his verse are few, and they come in those rare moments when he does succeed in attaining to the mystical imagina-tion of poets like Vaughan, when the earth does be-come to him significant of heaven. Thus in a poem called "The Grave by the Lake," he expresses his be-lief in the divine love for men of all creeds, and in a beautiful verse he finds a proof of that love in the impartiality of nature:

us the more because it is shy and not self-indulgent. He is afraid of indulging himself too much even in his enjoyment of nature, and his passages of descrip-tion are never too rapturous, even when he describes the sec the sea:

I draw a freer breath-I seem

Like all I see— Like all I see— Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam Of sea-birds in the slanting beam— And far off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

He is always good upon trees, and these are pretty verses about his own life in the image of a tree—

That tree still clasps the kindly mould, Its leaves still drink the twilight dew, And weaving its pale green with gold, Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play And there at times the spring bird sings, And mossy trunk and fading spray Are flowered with glossy wings.

The most interesting of his longer poems seems to us to be that one about a Quaker meeting from which we have already quoted two lines. In this there is a curious likeness to some parts of "The Angel in the House," which Whittier, perhaps, had never read. It

The elder folks shook hands at last, Down seat by seat the signal passed. To simple ways like ours unused, Half solemnized and half amused, With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest sense of glad relief expressed Outside the hills lay warm in sun; The cattle in the meadow-run Stood half-leg deep; a single bird The green repose above us stirred.

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East and West had ever seen. Suddenly there walked into that arena, unexpected by the audience and un-announced, a small and tottering band of veterans, some of them in civil dress, others of them in old and fraude the particular the metallic some of them in civil dress, others of them in old and frayed uniforms, but all of them bearing the medals and the ribbons on their breasts that told a glorious tale. The whisper went round that they were the In-dian survivors of the Mutiny, who had been bidden to that famous scene of their heroism and their bravery hearly 50 years before. As soon as this fact was known a roar of acclamation burst from that vast as-semblage, and, smid shouting and tears-for even emblage, and, amid shouting and tears-for even strong men broke down and wept—the veterans, the heroes of the great rebellion, passed to their ap-pointed seats. (Cheers.) What India did for its Indian veterans on that occasion England, by the lib-erality of a great newspaper and its proprietors, was doing for the English survivors that day. (Cheers.) And those of them in that great hall who were privi-leged to be present were gazing for the last time upon one of the supreme pages of history hefore it was and to be present were gazing for the last time upon ine of the supreme pages of history before it was urned back for ever and, stored away on the dusty helves of time. They in the crowd were there to ender their last tribute of gratitude and respect to hose who had written their names upon that page a letters that would never die; and those veterans here there to answer the last roll call that they would hear together upon earth in the presence of their old sere there to answer the last roll call that they would hear together upon earth, in the presence of their old comrades and before their old commanders. (Cheers.) He supposed that to the bulk of Englishmen present that day the Indian Mutiny of 1857 was already a tradition rather than a memory. It happened before many of them were born. Already it was receding, into the dim corridors of the past, and was surround-ed with an almost mystic halo as one of the great na-tional epics of our race. (Cheers.) But to all of them, young or old, it was one of the combined tragedies oung or old, it was one of the combined tragedies nd glories of the British nation—a tragedy, because here were concentrated into those terrible months he agony and the suffering almost of centuries; a lory, because great names leapt to light, high and unobling deeds were done, and, best and most endurng of all, there sprang from all that have and dis-ster the majestic fabric of an India united under a ingle Crown (cheers), governed, as we had tried to gle Crown (cheers), governed, as we had tried to fern it, and were still trying to govern it, by the nciples of justice and truth and righteousness ieers)—a spectacle which, if the entire Empire re to shrivel up tomorrow like a scroll in the fire, uid still be a supreme vindication of its existence i its accomplishment in the history of mankind. heers.) What a thought it was that they had re that day in that great hall the actual survivors that immortal drama, the men—and, he dared say at immortal drama, the men—and, he dared say, the women, might he not say the heroes and the nes? (cheers)-who fought together in these swept trenches, and behind those shot-riddled icades, and to whose deathless valor and endur-it was owing that "ever upon the topmost roof banner of England blew." Let them count it the idest moment of their lives that they were there neet them that day, the first of duties to pay them benor perhaps too long delayed (cheers) the most on perhaps too long delayed (cheers), the most us of memories to have assisted in that com-pration, and most of all did they congratulate and these veterans, would congratulate them-that there in the chair was the foremost of lose survivors. They was the foremost of survivors, the veteran Field-Marshal Lord (Loud and prolonged cheers.) They saw in hero of a score of campaigns, the proven of our national honor, and the trusted serTherefore well may Nature keep Equal faith with all who sleep, Set her watch of hills around Christian grave and heathen mound.

Passages such as this, however rare they may be, make us trust the poet who wrote them, and set us searching for latent beauties in the sense of his least promising verses. They are both natural and sur-prising, true flowers of the mind, and of a mind not used to force its flowers; and they may be easily overlooked, because their beauty depends upon the context, and there is nothing in the context to attract our attention. In Whittier they are short "and far between," sometimes so short that the reader update een," sometimes so short that the reader, unl he is expectant of them, will run over them. In his poem about a Quaker meeting there are two lines about one

Who loved not less the earth that light Fell on it from the heavens in sight;

lines the felicity of which it would be easy to miss, just as the felicities of Vaughan were missed until Wordsworth discovered them. We do not know whether Whittler ever read Vaughan; but he appears to have read Marvell, since he says in his "Proem" that he has not "Marvell's wit and graceful song," and there seems to be a faint echo of Marvell's pe-cular music in much of his verse. Very likely he was drawn to Marvell by the idea that he was a Puritan poet, and felt that he could enjoy his Puritan flowers of fancy without misgiving. Of modern poets Wordsworth had the most influence upon him, and there is an echo of Tennyson in some of his verse. But his real affinity is with the poets of the seven-teenth century, because he lived in a society much nearer in its intellectual state to them than to Words-worth or Tennyson. He describes nature with the simplicity of Herrick, and he tries to reason about it with the precision of Vaughan. He has not the in-stinctive modern sense of the vague significance of natural beauty. His enjoyment of its quite simple and it becomes significant to him only by an effort of his intellect. For him earth is earth and heaven heaven, and he cannot find the one in the other lines the felicity of which it would be easy to miss, his intellect. For him earth is earth and heaven heaven, and he cannot find the one in the other, though he tries to discover the connexion between Yet that he understood Wordsworth is proved poem which he wrote upon him, a poem which by the poem which he contains this verse-

The sunrise on his breezy lake, The rosy tints his sunset brought, World-seen, are gladdening all the vales And mountain-peaks of thought.

This could not be said of Whittier himself, but his description of nature are often vivid and sometimes imaginative, as in this verse from "Summer by the

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep, Light mists, whose soft embraces keep The sunshine on the hills asleep !

Then follow some commonplaces about the sooth-ing effects of nature, and then the inspiration returns in this verse upon Death:--

That Shadow blends with mountain gray, It speaks but what the light waves say,— Death walks from Fear today.

We can see that Whittier had the varying moods a poet, and his expression of th moods interests

This might have been written by Patmore, except that Patmore's simplicity is always a little more conscious. Then follows an apology for the Quaker worship, both reasonable and sincere. His friend tells him to worship God out of doors, and he replies:

But nature is not solitude: She crowds us with her thronging Her many hands reach out to us, Her many tongues are garrulous; Perpetual riddles of surprise, the offers to our ears and eyes! ie crowds us with her thronging wood; She will not leave our senses still, But drags them captive at her will; making earth too great for heaven, She hides the Giver in the given

If this is Puritanism, it is Puritanism that Plato would have understood. Then follow some rather in-tolerant verses against Ritual; but Whittler is never intolerant for long, and he conti

I know how well the fathers taught, What work the later schoolmen wrought; I reverence old-time faith and men, But God is near us now as then; His force of love is still unspent, His hate of sin as imminent; And still the measure of our needs Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds; The manna gathered yesterday Already savours of decay: Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown, Question us now from star and stone.

This has often been said before and since, but never better. Whittier is impressive here because he is perfectly serious. If he doubts at all, he doubts against his will and not for effect, and he speaks of doubt only as a reason for charity. Poetry such as his, though it may be very splendid or exciting, has a peculiar value of its own; in the first place because it may reconcile the narrower kind of Puritan, and in a peculiar value of its own; in the first place because it may reconcile the narrower kind of Puritan, and in the second, because it may reconcile the narrow lover of beauty to the best kind of Puritanism. Whittier in his verse is always trying to mediate between his own ideas and feelings, and we may be sure that nothing would have pleased him better than to know that he had done something to mediate between the two classes of men whose misunderstanding of each other has done so much mischlef to both.

One night at Brooks's when Coke was present, Fox, in allusion to something that had been said, made a very disparaging remark about Government powder. Adam, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, who heard it, considered it a personal reflec-tion and sent Fox a challenge. At the time appointed For went out and took his station standing full face tion and sent Fox a challenge. At the time appointed Fox went out and took his station, standing full face to his adversary. Fitzgerald pointed out to him that he ought to stand sideways. "What does it matter?" protested Fox. "I am as thick one way as the other!" The signal of fire was given. Adam filled, but Fox did not. His seconds, greatly excited, told him that he must fire. "Til be damned if I do!" said Fox. "I have no querrel.". Whereupon the two adversaries he must fire. "I'll be damned if I do!" said Fox. "I have no quarrel.". Whereupon the two adversaries advanced to shake hands. "Adam," said Fox, com-placently, "you'd have killed me if it hadn't been for the badness of Government powder."--The Bellman.

At the conclusion of Lord Roberts's speech the At the conclusion of Lord Roberts's speech the whole assembly stood while the "Last Post" was sounded by the bugiers of the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the defenders of Lucknow. Mr. Ben Davies then sang "Recessional," and Mr. Lewis Wal-ler recited a commemorative poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling entitled "1857-1907." The proceedings closed with "Auld Lang Syne," sung by Miss Muriel Foster and Mr. Ben Davies, and enthusiastic cheers by the veterans for Lord Burnham.

FRENCH WRITERS ABHOR ALCOHOL.

Those usually numerous and well-intentioned be-ings who hold serious converse with themselves at this season, debating whether to swear off on New Year's Day, may be interested in some replies received by a French periodical which sent an enquiry to at-tists and writers asking if it were necessary for them to drink alcohol, and what they drank. M. Sardou replied that he holds alcohol to be a polson. He could not stand half a glass of brandy. He never had resourse to alcohol as a stimulant to do his work. On the other hand, he drinks coffee three times daily. He does not sleep well at night unless he has half a cup of coffee without sugar after dinner. cup of coffee without sugar after dinner.

cup of coffee without sugar after dinner. M. Saint-Saens says, pleasantly: "I drink when I am eating and drink when I'm thirsty, chiefly min-eral water and wine without excess, and a little beer, because I rarely find good beer. I fear alcohol be-cause I have an easily irritated liver, and I drink lit-tle of it, but I don't totally abstain, depending on my state of health. I never take alcohol as an incitement to work, nor any other stimulant, although sometimes I drink coffee if my head is heavy. If I can have good, cold, fresh water. I prefer it above all drinks."

M. Marsenet, repeating the question whether alcohol was to him a happy excitant, from the point of cohol was to him a happy excitant, from the point of view of musical composition, replied that he did not think so, since he had always preferred to abstain from clarets. He drank a little alcohol, at most an occasional sweet liquor. He did not believe it was an intellectual stimulant. It might whip one up, but later it proved depressing. For himself, he never worked better than on an empty stomach. The green and yellow muses were tragic and deadly counselors.

Vincent D'Indy, being religious in drinks as well as art, as one critic says, takes benedictine and char-trouse. He works cheerfully without cognac, but it adds to his excitation. The intellectual faculties stand a good chance of being vitiated if due to fictitious aids like alcohol.

In a certain school of Washington there was one ad who would persist in saying "have went." One day the teacher "kept him in," saying: "While I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times."

gone fifty times." When the pedagogue returned he found that the boy had dutifully performed the task, having written "have gone" fifty times. On the other side of the pa-per, however, was this message from the absent one: "I have went. -Harper's Weekly.