

thing. She heard a shot and saw the eagle fall into the bay, and a man swim towards him. What occurred is told vividly by Monsieur de Sardines, one of the oldest inhabitants of "the Point."

An Englishman had arrived at the Point the day before, having a large amount of sporting luggage, and this morning, as luck would have it, he had been cleaning his rifles, one of which was an invention of his own, and which he claimed would throw the Snider and Martini-Henry into the shade. He had loaded it to let the then Minister of Militia try it, for he was in hopes that he would get an order to supply the militia and volunteers of Canada with a superior weapon, "the zeal of the Canadian Government, its foresight and wisdom in military and all other matters," as he said, "being well known." This was when he was opening the case to the Minister, who smiled and said: "I agree with you." Well, he had this rifle in his hand. As usual, the babies were numerous, and one little thing, just nine months old, was crawling and crowing at its mother's feet, when down the eagle swooped, seized the infant, and rose to make for its eyrie. The Englishman's name is a mystery to this day; he did not register, would give no explanation about himself; the card he gave the Minister was that of a great German firm. This noble Briton saw how it was. There was a bare chance of saving the child. If he killed it, it might as well be killed by a bullet as be torn to pieces by eagles. He lifted the rifle to his shoulder: bang! a scream from the eagle echoed along the rocky shores, and bird and infant fell into the water, separating as they fell. When the brave man saw his shot had taken effect, he threw off his coat and plunged into the cold tide. Lightly clad and an expert swimmer, he struck out for where he saw the child fall, dived, and was soon making for shore, the child held above the water in his left hand. The wharf was now filled by an excited crowd, all gazing eagerly with protruding eyes at the swimmer, the mother conspicuous with her clasped hands and streaming eyes. Among the men attracted by this feat was a young man named Fortin, who proudly wears his medal from the Royal Society. He knew something of these matters, and when he saw the man plunge into the water, he, instead of gazing idly there, shouted "a rope!" and ran to a boat moored at the end of the wharf, and by the time he returned the swimmer had neared the side of the steep wharf, and his strength was failing him, and the cold of the water was telling on him, and once both he and the baby ducked under, while the women screamed and the mother cried piteously "My child! My child!" By this time the young man had lowered the rope with a loop on it. The Englishman caught it in his right, put the loop around the baby; the child was drawn up; was found to be alive and unharmed, save for some wounds, where it had been held in the talons of the eagle. The child was placed in its happy mother's arms, who in her maternal joy forgot all about her benefactor. Not so the young man, who again lowered the rope; the swimmer caught it, was trying to adjust it round his waist, when a spasm seemed to seize him; he closed his eyes, threw up his hands, and went down to rise no more. The current from the coffee-coloured Riviere du Loup must have borne the body to the current of the St. Lawrence, which carried it out to sea, for it was never found. The eagle was got by Mr. de Belders, who had it stuffed, and it may be seen in his drawing-room under a glass covering. It is fully three and a-half feet long.

"Can you wonder," asked Madame Lalage, spreading her hands like an orator, "this spot had a charm for me? I determined to build here, and that I would call the place, not 'Crow's Hill,' but The Eyrie, the eagle's nest." Her house rose, not of timber, like those of Lady Macdonald, Mr. Bate, Sir Joseph Hickson, Mr. McGreevy, and other wealthy people, but of stone, castle-like, with a tower containing a library where four windows look to all parts of the compass, and taking in a circuit at least thirty miles wider than any other house or point in the whole Fraser Seigniorly commands. Here she invited the whole party that was with her at Cobourg, but only McKnom, Rectus and his wife, Helpsam and his, Glaucus and Mrs. Glaucus and their historiographer came. Three of us had to occupy a tent on the artificial lawn raised on the rock and deep embowered and perfumed by pine. Mr. Lalage would run down from Ottawa and stop a few days and go back again. Our kind hostess insisted on the venerable McKnom occupying a bedroom in the house and she said: "The library is a free hunting-ground for all."

A great deal of our time was spent walking, driving, bathing, sauntering on the beach, but the pleasantest chats were in the library, with its stimulating view—a place where a poet might write a Canadian epic, or a statesman plan a great Canadian policy. Here we discussed the canal tolls question; Canada's future; books; everything. Save where are the door and the four windows, all is books—Greek, Latin, German, French, English, a Hebrew Bible; Gesenius' Hebrew lexicon and grammar; extracts from the Talmud, and de Sola's Hebrew Prayer-book. On the table are the latest novels; the English and American magazines. It would make a volume to reproduce all the valuable things which fell from McKnom in this intellectual mount of vision high above the St. Lawrence, up which now we see in fancy the ships of Jacques Cartier go; now the fleet bearing Wolfe to his glorious victory and glorious death; later on the emigrant ships with Lord Palmerston's half-clad, half-starving tenantry; and to-day watch ship and pleasure boat and ocean steamer

go up and down the broad breast of this unrivalled stream. McKnom often goes to the Greek wall, and, taking down a volume of Pindar or Æschylus, talks in a way that fills those of us whose education has been neglected with a despairful enthusiasm. In days of storm—the wind from the east—we watch the waves, and then McKnom takes down his beloved Homer. One such day he read that passage in the Second Book of the "Iliad," where the breaking up of the assembly in consequence of Agamemnon's mocking speech dissuading from war is compared to the waves of the Icarian Sea, raised by the east and south winds rushing from the clouds of Jove.

"How Alexander Pope murdered that!" cried Glaucus.

McKnom: "O yes. He did not get at the meaning of Homer, who does not aim at expressing the noise and tumult with which the vast assembly broke up, but the way it was moved by a powerful impulse. Lord Derby got at Homer well, but his translation is comparatively tame. Old Chapman's rendering is the best ever made. Oddly enough, in his first edition he fell into the same error as Pope. The second simile in the passage is well expressed in Milton's imitation.

Gwendolen: "Give us the passage, Mr. McKnom."

McKnom then read the original, "and now," he said, "here is Pope's:—

The mighty numbers move,  
So roll the billows to the Icarian shore  
From east and south when winds begin to roar,  
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds and sweep  
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep;  
And as on corn when western gusts descend  
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend;  
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears.

There is nothing in Homer about 'the shore' nor about 'the roaring of the winds.' Now take Lord Derby. The crowd, we are told, was moved:—

So sway'd and heav'd the multitude, as when  
O'er the vast billows of the Icarian Sea,  
Eurus and Notus from the clouds of Heav'n  
Pour forth their fury; or as some deep field  
Of wavy corn, when Zephyr briskly sweeps  
Along the plain and stirs the bristling ears,  
So wast' Assembly stirr'd.

The word 'wavy' is weakening here, and 'briskly sweeps along the plain,' and 'stirs' are poor as translations. You have not Cowper there, have you? No? Milton is very fine. When Satan makes his defiant reply to Gabriel—

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With pointed spears, as thick as when a field  
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded growing ears which way the wind  
Sways them.

But hear Chapman—

"Hear Chapman!" cried the ponderous Mrs. Glaucus, "I'm blessed if you're not as bad as Glaucus. He is always scribbling or reading stuff like that. What's the good of such nonsense? Mrs. Lalage, I will go down and look at them playing tennis. There's some sense in that, though I don't play myself."

When she was gone, McKnom expressed his regret, saying indeed, with some awkwardness, that Milton could find in his first wife no ability for "fit and matchable conversation."

"Oh," said Glaucus, who, like many learned dons, loves to pun, "I don't mind that. I love her still."

Madame Lalage shook her fist at him, and said: "Take care, I'll tell Mrs. Glaucus; but," turning to McKnom, "pray give us Chapman's version."

"All the crowd was shov'd about the shore  
In sway, like the rude and raging waves before the fervent bore  
Of the east and south winds; when they break from Jove's clouds and are borne

On rough backs of the Icarian Seas; or like a field of corn  
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts bring easily underneath,  
And make the stiff, up-bristled ears do homage to his breath;  
For even so easily with the breath Atrides used was awayed  
The violent multitude."

Helpsam (the original in his hand): "Lord Derby is the most literal."

McKnom: "Yes; but Chapman is more Homeric."

We then turned to the Washington Treaty. This must wait for another chapter.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"FAIRPLAY RADICAL," AND PATRICK EGAN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I noticed that in your issue of 19th August, your correspondent "Fairplay Radical" is again to the fore,—his subject being ostensibly a comparison of taxation in the United Kingdom and Canada, but, as the whole drift of it shows, prompted by the desire to have a fling at poor Ireland, seasoned with side-wipes at "Land-league lawlessness and crime," "seventy years of agitation,"—just as if it were not the very same agitation that has brought about the present ameliorated condition of the Irish farmers—and with paeans on the benefits which have arisen from the putting in force of the "Crimes Act,"—from Lord Salisbury's "twenty years coercion of the 'Hottentots,'" but which, happily, have just been cut short by two-thirds.

Now I confess to being largely sceptical as to statements emanating from the pen of the writer in question,—and for reasons which, with your permission, I shall lay before your readers.

Some couple of years ago "Fairplay Radical" made a serious charge through the columns of the *Mail* newspaper against the Rev. Doctor O'Reilly, a highly respected Catholic priest of the city of Detroit, asserting that proof of the charge lay in the evidence taken before the "Parnell Commission." A copy of the letter in question having been sent to Doctor O'Reilly, that gentleman at once wrote an open letter to the *Irish Canadian*, which was published, in which he offered to pay over five hundred dollars to "Fairplay Radical" if he would point out one sentence or line or word in that evidence sustaining the charge. It is impossible that "Fairplay Radical" did not see that letter; but you may remember that I sent you, sir, a copy of it, in order that it might be sure to reach "Fairplay Radical," a communication from his pen—on I forget what subject—having appeared about the same time in your paper. In return I received a "postal" from you, saying that the *Mail*, in which the challenged article had appeared, was the quarter to which I should address myself. Anyhow, Mr. "Fairplay Radical" has never yet—so far as I am aware—claimed the handsome reward.

In your own paper of 20th May last appeared a communication from "Fairplay Radical" in which he informed the world-at-large that "Patrick Egan, the American envoy to Chili, has now got an indefinite leave of absence, and it is semi-officially announced that, without publicity being given to the matter, he will ultimately cease to draw pay—in other words he has been recalled." And then he proceeded to tell how this degradation of the American envoy (the "ex-Fenian,"—and there was the sting so far as "Fairplay Radical" was concerned) was brought about,—all by the untiring exertion of "Fairplay Radical." He told of the dreary, up-hill work he had to encounter; how he had sent copies of an article that had appeared in the *Toronto Mail* (doubtless from his own fertile pen) assailing Egan's Irish career to the *New York Nation*, whose editor being a "Home Rule Irishman" suppressed the same; how, nothing daunted, he sent an abbreviated statement of the case to a Santiago (Chili) journal, which also suppressed it; and how, finally, he got the ear of the Chilean envoy at Washington, who in turn laid the matter before Secretary Blaine, the result being that already set forth—the recall of Mr. Egan!

But alas for "Fairplay Radical's" airy structures! a copy of his letter having been sent to the editor of the *Boston Pilot*, he punctured it from top to bottom: Mr. Egan had not received "an indefinite leave of absence;" he had not been "recalled." And I read in the *Pilot* of 20th ult. that Mr. Egan's conduct as American envoy had reserved an unequivocal vindication from the pen of the Honble. Theodore Roosevelt, in the *New York Independent* of 11th idem, supplementing it with the "earnest hope that Mr. Egan's career in our diplomatic service may be long, and that in it he may rise to the highest position." You will also remember, sir, that I mailed a copy of the *Boston Pilot's* article addressed to "Fairplay Radical" in your care, in a registered envelope.

In both the above cases "Fairplay Radical" was precise to a degree,—giving chapter and verse, as it were; both have been proven to be at best but the result of highly-wrought imagination. But "Fairplay Radical" sits silent; never does it seem to appear to him that reparation is due to either of the gentlemen whom he has so maligned; (as to the amount of reparation he owes Ireland and her people it is beyond calculation). I now ask your readers whether I have proved my case; whether I am justified in my scepticism touching "Fairplay Radical's" statements, backed though they (seem to) be by authorities. And I ask, further, if it is not time that readers of respectable journals should be saved from a writer such as he of the (in the present case) misnomer "Fairplay?" Trusting you will see fit to give the present space in your columns.

Ottawa, 27th August, 1892,

BRANNAGH.

## THE QUESTION OF PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

A GOOD many things have happened since I ventured to suggest at the annual dinner of the Imperial Federation League in 1889 that the best means of uniting more closely the colonies and the Mother Country would be found in the adoption between them of mutually advantageous fiscal arrangements.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, at one time Premier of the Cape of Good Hope, subsequently advocated the same policy at a public meeting in London, and the *Times*, commenting on that speech, said: "The British Empire is so large, and so self-supporting, that it could very well afford for the sake of serious political gain to surround itself with a modern fence." The United Empire Trade League was formed under the presidency of the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, to advocate the promotion of inter-Imperial trade by the same means. That organization now numbers over five thousand members, more than three hundred of whom are members of the Imperial or Colonial Parliaments of different parties. The Marquis of Salisbury, in response to a delegation from that League, said: "Some people say that you can have these preferential taxes without an increase of cost to the consumer. . . . On these matters public opinion must be formed before any Government can act. . . . It is the duty of those who feel themselves to be the leaders of such a movement and the apostles of such a doctrine to go forth and fight for it, and when they have