

ized by extreme gentleness and self-control. Gradually, however, it changes, and his self-will and pride return, until at last, one day when he is thrown into a greater passion than usual, he encounters the fixed and terrible gaze of his wife, who suddenly glides from the room. He and others surrounding her are struck dumb with horror from the peculiarity of her expression and of her disappearance. After a pause, they follow, and from this point we will listen to Hunt himself. "There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times and received no answer. At last one of them gently opened it, and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from the fire as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was turned towards the fire and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At length one of them went round in front and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves."

The sequel describes the blocking-up of the apartment, which was afterwards called The Room of the Lady's Figure, and also the penitence and deep defection of the unfortunate husband. The strength of the whole tale is due to the absence of all attempts at explanation.

As the days roll by, I do not find that my remarks touching a Loan Exhibition of Fine Art bring any fruit. Our citizens are content with purchasing and owning beautiful objects; it is altogether a different thing—this proposition to place some of them where they can be seen by all. But listen to what J. Pierpont Morgan has presented to the American Museum of Natural History. The Tiffany collection, supposed to be the finest in America, was purchased by him for \$20,000 from the celebrated firm (having, of course, an intrinsic value far beyond dollars and cents), and this unique and magnificent purchase is now the property of the Museum, and through it, of the public. Henry Ward Beecher, who was a monomaniac about gems, would revel among the Pennsylvania amethysts, the Colorado topazes and the Californian pearls. There are no historic stones, but thirty-four cut sapphires from Ceylon help to vary the interest in what is principally a national exhibition. Mr. Beecher indeed had so strong and almost superstitious a liking for precious stones that he was in the habit of carrying unset gems about with him, very often in his pocket. One of these, a large opal, was his especial favourite, and after any fatiguing appearance in public it was his habit to withdraw into solitude that he might take out this stone and gaze reverently into its depths. He describes the sensation as akin to the refreshment of music upon the tired soul, and this attitude towards gems recalls a paragraph from Mr. Haweis' popular "Music and Morals," in which the author speaks of the probable existence of a colour-art, separate and distinct from painting, and akin to the charms of roseate or purple arrows, the showers of silver and azure stars and the convolutions of green and crimson ribbons, which delight us so inexplicably in fireworks. The American diamonds are, however, few in number as yet, while pearls of small size but fine lustre come from Lower California, garnets from Virginia, and amber from Montana and New Mexico.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SUPERANNUATION SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Judging by your remarks on this subject in last Friday's issue, you appear to be under a strange misapprehension as to the facts of the matter, and you represent Mr. Mulock as being so too, which, as he must have been present at many debates on superannuation, seems rather queer. You object to "Mr. Mulock's proposal to withhold a certain proportion from the salary of each official in order to provide a superannuation fund." Can it be possible that neither yourself nor Mr. Mulock should be aware that this has been done for a quarter of a century? During all these long years I have been mulct in two per cent. of my salary for this very purpose, and I maintain that I am as fairly entitled to my pension, when the proper time arrives, as I should be to the amount of an insurance policy in which I had kept up the payments during the stipulated period; and I think every fair-minded person will agree with me. And superannuation leaves plenty of room for the exercise of that frugality and forethought in which you imply that civil servants are more plentifully lacking than their fellow-worms. Not long ago a friend of mine, who had served nearly forty years, died in harness, and not a cent did his widow get of the large amount he had paid into the superannuation fund for the last twenty odd years of his life. But for his foresight and self-denial she would have been left penniless, and this phase of superannuation is an injustice which nobody seems to care much about, though I think I have heard it pointed out in the House once at least.

With the abuses of the system you hint at, I have nothing to do. They are not the fault of the civil servants, few of whom want their already slender incomes

reduced. Neither is their proportion to the whole number very large. Most of the retired men I know here are very proper subjects for pensions.

You describe civil servants as having better advantages for providing for their present and future wants than other people. Is it possible that Canadians all round should be in so destitute a state as that? If you will examine the scale of salaries, I think you will admit that a man in the civil service has not much to lay by until he gets pretty high up, higher than many ever get; and, however high a civil servant may rise, his possibilities are limited, while those of outsiders are infinite.

Although you do not say it in so many words, the tone of your article would seem to imply that the poor plundered people of Canada pay us our salaries quite gratuitously; an opinion which appears to possess people generally. I think the able gentlemen constituting the Commission which recently went round the Departments have a very different tale to tell. I know that, during their prolonged peregrinations about the "buildings," they frequently expressed surprise and pleasure at what they found. For my own part, I was delighted to see them and answer their questions, and was sorry they did not stay longer and ask more, so pleasant was their visit.

If a civil service is necessary—and no civilized country appears able to get along without one—it ought not to be everlastingly snarled at and spoken contemptuously of, as ours is. I am not accusing THE WEEK of doing this, but it is plentifully done. If the Canadian civil service is not all it should be, the Canadian people may blame themselves. It is as good as they will allow it to be, and much better than it could be expected to be under all the adverse circumstances they pile around it. They will know well enough what I mean. If they would not everlastingly bully their Ministers into making appointments for every reason under the sun save that of fitness on the part of those appointed, things might be better. But they have gone on doing this until they have effectually eliminated the class of gentlemen and scholars which once adorned the service; and this must be all right, for do not the people love to have it so?

A GREYHEADED CIVIL SERVANT.

Ottawa, April 11, 1892.

## AT EASTER TIME.

THE Spirit of mystery, in April guise,  
Wakens its witchery to the world anew;  
Some *Breath of Life* to nature hither hies—  
Lo, marvels merge to meet the waiting view!

There seems a wond'rous winging in the air,  
Like wafts of magic messages above;  
Sweet whisp'rings are astir with answer'd prayer—  
Behold, the miracles of bounteous Love!

In league with kindly skies this faithful earth  
Away behind the break of years that roll;  
She hides her secret of the body's birth,  
As Heaven keeps the seal that link'd the soul.

Here, lay we down the dust of all our dead;  
Safe the broad breast enfolds her hallow'd clay;  
But whither, whither has the Spirit sped  
Beyond the silence of that mystic way?

Oh, comes the crying of the riven heart!  
The ruthless blow and blast of piercing pain;  
The cruel, stunning pang, the bleeding smart—  
Till boding darkness haunts the hapless brain.

Ah, brooding thro' these mists of low'ring gloom  
Moves there the Warmth of some encircling Breath!  
While murmuring Voices echo from the tomb—  
"Was winter ever yet a weight of death?"

Go, search the sepulchre; no stone enbars!  
Life, Love, Soul? See! their broken bounds of prison;  
Hark! from the heights, above the bridge of stars,  
Forth swells the vict'ry chant: "The Lord is risen!"

CHARLOTTE GRANT MACINTYRE.

Strathroy, Ont., April, '92.

## LORD TENNYSON'S FORESTERS.\*

THIS new play of our greatest living poet appears simultaneously on the stage at New York, and in one of those pretty green volumes which, for so many years, have been the first dress of poems which will never be forgotten as long as the English language is read. We are informed that "The Foresters" has proved decidedly successful at New York. Perhaps Sir Arthur Sullivan's music may have helped to make it acceptable to the musical public of the great city. Perhaps, too, as *Punch* has suggested, the combined efforts of a Peer and a Knight may have been found irresistible among American democrats. But the play has no need of such adventitious recommendations. It can stand on its own merits as the composition of our Poet Laureate which is best adapted, of all he has

\* "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Price, \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company, 1892.

written, for production on the stage. We do not mean that, as a dramatic poem, it will compare with "Queen Mary" or "Becket." There are no lines which come anywhere near those on the death of Lady Jane Grey or the Martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer; nor do we get anything like the vivid picture of the age which we find in "Becket," although we must confess that we feel the air of Sherwood Forest round about us. But, for all that, it is more of a *play* than either of these two great works, and it is quite possible that it may retain its place on the stage. The action is animated, the dialogue is brisk, and the songs are delicious. Indeed, the art shown by the poet in these delightful songs is so consummate that we can quite understand an ordinary reader almost passing them over as noted for nothing but their simplicity. Let him examine them a little more carefully, and, if he likes, let him try his hand at something of the same kind, and see how it comes out.

The theme of the play is the old story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Robin Hood, according to the later legend, is here represented as Earl of Huntingdon, who is driven into outlawry by John during the absence of Richard in Palestine. Marian is the daughter of Sir Richard Lea and a god-child of King Richard. She loves and is loved by Robin Hood, but she will marry no one until King Richard comes home. Her father has raised a sum of money on his estates in order to buy back his son from captivity, and, unless he can pay the money by a certain time, his estate is forfeit—the estate on which he and his fathers had grown up for centuries. "They were born and bred on it," he says; "it was their mother—they have trodden it for half a thousand years, and whenever I set my foot on it I say to it, 'Thou art mine,' and it answers, 'I am thine to the very heart of the earth.' But now I have lost my gold, I have lost my son and I shall lose my land also. Down to the devil with this bond which beggars me."

The money is due to the Abbot of York, and the Sheriff of Nottingham, the Abbot's brother, undertakes to pay the money if Marian will become his wife. Robin could not help, even while in possession of his estates, for he had wasted his revenues in the service of Richard. But Marian knew that all would be well when the King came back, so she put off the decisive day. Along with the Sheriff appears John, sometimes as backing up that functionary, sometimes as plotting for a hold upon Marian for himself.

The first Act has three scenes; the first telling the story of the bond, the second and third of the outlawry. The second opens with a drinking song, simple as possible, but of extraordinary vigour: "Long live Richard, and down with John!" A kind of betrothal takes place between Robin and Marian before his exile; and a kind of sneer from Sir Richard that she will remember Robin until she forget him, brought from her the protest:—

Forget him? Never! By this Holy Cross  
Which good King Richard gave me when a child—  
Never!  
Not while the swallow skims along the ground,  
And while the lark flies up and touches heaven!  
Not while the smoke floats from the cottage roof,  
And the white cloud is roll'd along the sky!  
Not while the rivulet bubbles by the door,  
And the great breaker beats upon the beach!  
Never—  
Till Nature, high and low, and great and small,  
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates  
Sink again into chaos.

The second Act is headed "The Flight of Marian," and shows Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood Forest. The third Act is on "The Crowning of Marian." Both of these are full of pretty snatches of song, with some charming Fairy scenes. In the fourth Act, "The Conclusion," King Richard appears in the forest *incognito*, and the reader feels that the crisis is approaching. The only one who escapes the fate which he merits is John, of whom his confiding brother can believe no evil; but who is here represented as the able and licentious ruffian which history represents him. We would gladly give some specimens of the songs, but every one who is worthy will certainly read the volume, and perhaps we have sufficiently set forth this duty.

THE uniforms worn by the present Emperor of Germany are positively legion in number. He possesses the trappings of nearly every regiment in his service. In addition to this he has the uniforms of two or three of the regiments belonging to the kingdoms, grand dukedoms and principalities of which he is titular chief. He also possesses two or three uniforms of every European country except France. Usually twenty-two tin cases are required for the travelling uniforms of his majesty. His cocked hat, helmets and other headgear are in charge of a separate servant, and another menial has charge of his boots.

It is notable that the president of the new Anthropometric Society, the eminent anatomist and biologist, Joseph Leidy, should have been the first man to hand over his brain for examination. He died but a few days ago, and his brain and that of his brother Philip, a distinguished physician, have both been submitted to the scientific investigation from which it is hoped to discover much concerning the connection of the organ of thought with the character and achievements of the man. Certain points are already published—that the brains of the brothers were each of the same weight to the minute fraction of a grain, and that both were considerably below the normal size.