

## SONNET.

On the sinking of H.M.S. *Serpent*, Nov. 11, 1890.

HUSH! From the balmy south a soft wind bears,  
With strange, sweet perfumes from the tropic groves,  
And sighs of hopeless lover, as he roves  
O'er vine-clad hills in search of calmer airs,  
The dirge sung by old Ocean, as he wears  
Away his stormy grief in quiet coves.  
Alas! Again have hearts whom England loves  
Found nameless graves, where stormy petrel dares  
To heaven raise his ill-attuned cry:  
Why should we love the treacherous Spanish main,  
Again remorseless in its cruelty?  
While England, for her sons, sheds tears like rain,  
While now the sobbing wind, to muted strings,  
In fitful strain, a fitting requiem sings?

Oshawa.

M. E. HENDERSON.

## PARIS LETTER.

SENATOR PROFESSOR CORNIL'S Sunday Conferences at the Lœnnec Hospital on his experiments with the Koch lymph are followed with augmenting interest. Indeed the Lœnnec Hospital has become the authoritative test-centre of the Koch discovery, and there is a fitness in things that it should be so. Lœnnec, after whom the hospital is now named, was the eminent physician who made tuberculous diseases his life study. He himself became the victim by overwork and mental strain of the phthisis he was ever endeavouring to cure. He was born at Quimper in 1781, and died from consumption in 1826. He was the son of a doctor and was reared by his uncle, also a physician, and medicine was his passion. He taught himself classics, and studied Kimri or Celtic, as savants assured him, that, was the primitive language of mankind.

One day a lady patient consulted him on heart palpitation. To render the heart sounds more distinctly audible, Lœnnec took a sheet of paper, rolled it into the form of a tube, applied one end to the lady's chest, and the other to his ear. This was the discovery of the "Stethoscope" of auscultation, by which the air expired or inspired, produces certain sounds or noises in the chest organs, each varying with mathematical precision according to the nature and the stage of the disease. Each sound has its distinct signification.

On Sunday, Dec. 7, Professor Cornil opened his lecture by announcing that he was liable to be indicted for employing a secret medicament, but that he had applied to the Home Minister for protection under such unusual circumstances. He could also be sued by any apothecary for employing a medicament whose composition had not been officially registered, the complainant receiving half of the penalty. Before undertaking an inoculation, Professor Cornil secures the written permission of the patients or their legal representatives, so that he cannot be open to a civil action in case of a death. Up to the present he declares the Koch lymph to be a proved success for indicating the presence of tuberculous; that its efficiency is certain in the incipient stages of scrofula, lupus, caries, consumption and other forms of tuberculous originating from the same bacillus; that extreme caution is requisite in administering the strength of the dose of the lymph, and that it cannot relieve advanced phthisis.

Some reactions have been observed on the kidneys, which only prove the necessity of prudence. The patients operated upon by him are progressing favourably; the cases of lupus are healing, and those of incipient consumption ameliorating. As the patients were introduced to the auditory, they bore out his opinion. Professor Cornil suggested that attention be fixed on what Koch himself advises and does, and not upon the statements of professionals in his entourage.

Connected with the death of Gambetta's father, the rather unknown fact has been declared that the deceased, of Italian origin, never changed his Italian nationality, so that the great orator himself only became French by naturalization. Thus two of the greatest men—Napoleon and Gambetta—that in modern times have left their mark in French history, were really more Italian than French.

The French press seems to have washed its hands of the Parnellites. The Americans here are turning cold towards them, but it is only fair to add they give their sympathy to Parnell for his fearlessness and incomparable tactics. It is rumoured in Hiberno-political circles that the Salisbury Cabinet will introduce the Irish Local Government Bill next Easter; that it will follow very closely on the lines of the Council Generals of France, save that there will be four provincial, instead of thirty county, councils; the voting, *pro rata* to taxation. Also, that the four councils will select delegates to form a consultative body for advising the Irish Secretaryship, which would replace the vice-royalty. In France the Government controls the receipts and expenditure of even the very communes and has the command of the city and mural police, or *gendarmérie*, and directly nominates by decree the justices of peace, the superior judges, and all legal functionaries—even bailiffs.

Since 1867, when Emperor Maximilian was shot at Queretaro, and the account of the execution so dramatically described by Henri Rochefort, from his mind's eye point of view, aided by an Ariel news messenger, nothing has equalled the sensation produced by M. de Labruyère's recital of the evasion of Padlewski. It is a *chef d'œuvre*

worthy of the descendant of the author of the "Char-acters." Neither Gaboriau nor Dumas père could surpass the account in intensity of interest. Not a line of pad. Each paragraph is exciting, each step of this romance of real life is a sensation. You follow the incident of the evasion of Padlewski and his conductor-deliverer with bated breath. The escape of the avenger of the Paris Nihilists, now undergoing imprisonment, puts all historical evasions into the shade. Labruyère's was brilliantly planned with subtlety rather than ingenuity, and conducted with an artistic skill and originality that have no precedent in point of marvellous sincerity, emotion and audacity.

M. de Labruyère, if he has not beaten Rochefort in "invention" equals him in dramatic manipulation of "facts"—the latter attested by witnesses. The Russian general, Seliverstov, who was shot on November 18 last, by Padlewski, a Pole, was an ex-minister of the Russian Detective Police. The Nihilists declared that Seliverstov had paid one of his creatures to squirm into humble Russian society here, organize a plot against the Czar, and at the proper time capture the dupes. Padlewski appointed himself the avenger of his imprisoned countrymen and co-revolutionists, and claims, like Coriolanus when he routed the Volscians, "alone I did it!"

Two rich political ladies lead the Russian and the anti-Russian parties of France. Mme. Adam blesses the Czar and eulogizes all his works. Mme. Séverine, the friend of the late Jules Vallès, is standing council for all oppressed peoples whether Russian Jews, Nihilist Gentiles, French Communists, or German Socialists, etc. She was appealed to, to "save Padlewski"; she consented, and along with M. de Labruyère, a Socialist journalist, and once editor of the Boulangist paper, the *Cocarde*, concerted the plan of evasion. After shooting Seliverstov, Padlewski was sheltered in Paris by French anarchists, who certify publicly to their having done so, while the police were searching for him all over Europe, till he was handed over to Labruyère. Padlewski, of a noble Polish family, whose ancestors fell in every freedom shriek of Poland, was transformed from a starving tramp into so aristocratic a masher, that his intimate friends could not recognize him.

He was baptized "Dr. Wolff," and merely accompanied Labruyère and his two seconds as medical help in a duel to be fought outside France—at Turin.

The party of four left Paris in a saloon carriage, electrically lighted, for Modane, the Italian frontier; they passed under the very eyes and noses of detectives. Nor did the daring stop here; "Dr. Wolff" was introduced to the station-master of Modane, the inspector of the detectives, and the local public prosecutor. Once in Italy, he was relatively free; on reaching Trieste Padlewski was shipped to a refuge country: Such was the exploit of M. de Labruyère, who stated that in addition to saving the Nihilist avenger, he wished to hit the police home for their chronic allegations that the press is of no use in the discovery of crime.

In all this absorbing romance there is one man overlooked—the Russian Jew, Mendelssohn. He is a grand-nephew of the composer, and a near relative of the German banker of that name. He is wealthy, and liberally assists all the poverty-stricken students and exiles from Russia sheltering in Paris. He is a revolutionist, but has so far not been shown to be identified with any plots. He was at once arrested on suspicion when Seliverstov was shot, and he is undergoing preventive arrest of now nearly a month's duration, and has not been allowed to see any legal adviser or friend. This is a phase of the French judicial system that sadly requires a little of the air of liberty to be let in upon it.

At the same time, a few rays of the reform might be shed over the role of the presiding judge at a trial, who is a prosecutor, not the impartial conductor of the trial. Other ameliorations might be also effected before the bicentenary of the Revolution; such as trying a prisoner only for the crime for which he has been arrested, and not adding on to the indictment the outside antecedents of his life. Another evil that ought to be extinguished is the placing in the cell of one arrested, a condemned, called a *mouton*, as a companion, but whose duty is to pump and spy the accused, and report his confidential utterances for the use of the examining magistrate. France ought to adopt the Anglo-Saxon system; when an individual is arrested, to place him next morning in the public police court with his counsel and friends at his side, and let the magistrate decide on evidence adduced whether he ought to be committed, bailed or discharged.

Z.

BEWARE of those who are homeless from choice.—*Southey*.

THE gross earnings of those railways in the United States, Canada, and Mexico which choose to make public statements continue to show in the aggregate a large increase thus far in 1890 compared with the same period in 1889. The returns for 143 roads for the eleven months ending November 30, foot up \$425,102,868, against \$390,247,948 in the same time last year, a gain of \$34,854,920. It is a noticeable fact that of the 143 roads named, 132 show gains aggregating \$35,077,171, while only 11 show decreases, these aggregating only \$222,151. The roads which indicate the falling off are all very small lines with the exception of the Ohio and Mississippi, which suffered a decrease of \$86,882, and the Mexican Railway, which lost \$100,583.—*Railway Age*.

## IN ACADIE.

SECOND PRIZE STORY. BY CHRISTINA R. FRAME, SELMA, N.S.

[Journal of Dorothy Heriot in America; written for her cousin, Georgiana Heriot, of Heriot Court.]

LONG have I been minded, dear cousin, to send thee this long letter, but Ralph hath been detained in Halifax, at first by many military duties and latterly by a grievous sickness of rheumatism. Caroline hath gone to him and I am left alone in what thy father calls a land of heathen savages.

Ah! well I know thou too rememberest the sadness of those last days at Heriot Court and the angry reluctance with which Sir George gave his consent to my coming hither. Sometimes I ponder were it not wiser to have taken the advice of our simple kindly friends, my dear mother's people, and have refused that Christmastide invitation of thine. Methinks my father never loved to have us consort much with the great folk of his worldly family.

And 'twas at Heriot that sister Caroline became engaged to Ralph Saxon. A soldier and conformer to the Church of England, both abhorrent to "Friends." That was indeed a great grief and disappointment to our parents, who wished to have given her in marriage to Jason Snow, one of our own faith, and whose goodly acres joined those of my mother's domain.

Young as I was I understood and ardently admired the quiet steadfastness that Caroline showed toward the man she loved, and when we came to know him there was that in his character and life of which any woman might be proud, a brave upright man. My father came to like him well before he died. After that sad time there followed a few quiet serene years in which my gentle mother seemed but to await the summons to join those that be risen in Christ.

In vain was all my beseeching and wild grief that still cold winter evening when I found her sitting in the twilight at her window, gazing with unseeing eyes at one beautiful lone star. She had crossed the great fixed gulf and I was alone, fatherless, motherless.

Indeed I know what thou would'st say—there was a home and a husband awaiting me at Heriot Court, but I never could bring myself to marry a man I did not like, and cousin Richard cared not for me nor I for him; it was but to please Sir George that he addressed himself to me. Alas that I should be the cause of so much dissension, for it needs must be that when I came back to Cowle, sorrowful enough, cousin Fox met me with proposals of marriage from Jason Snow. We had many words; 'twas hard to make him understand that I favoured it not. He was very wroth, cold and stern, not raving and storming, as Sir George is wont, but harder to bear. It was a woeful time for me.

Then came Caroline's letter begging me to cross the ocean to her. Gladly enough did I make preparation and journey down to Plymouth to embark in a troopship for Halifax. I made no regrets and not much sorrow at leaving my native land, for what had I to leave behind? And then I thought of thee, and a great wave of grief burst over me, and I fell a sobbing as if my heart would break.

We had a most tempestuous passage; great storms of wind and rain and many days of chill thick fog. I was very sick and at times indeed I would fain have plunged into the sea to escape my misery. Major Gore and wife, in whose care I came, both suffered much, as also their niece and many of the soldiers.

A week before we arrived in Halifax the weather cleared and we were able to be on deck. One evening I stood alone watching the sun set; the sky was all a mass of glorious colour, low banks of cloud, gold and crimson and purple mingling with the blue overhead, great green yeasty waves, and in the distance an immense iceberg whose many pinnacles reflected the colours of the sky. I stood lost in admiration of the wondrous works of Him who holdeth the balancing of the clouds, and in all whose works is perfect knowledge.

All petty desires in life seemed low and mean in comparison with the life beyond the grave, which I knew not was so near; for as I stood a great rattling and creaking of cordage sounded above my head; but, before I could look or move, a strong arm drew me aside just as a great block crashed down on the very spot where I had been standing.

"Thou had'st a narrow escape, Mistress Heriot. These great gales have so chafed and worn the cordage that . . . ." Then he stopped and looked at me standing shivering and like to faint away, and without more ado he picked me up in his arms, as if I had been a child, and carried me to Mistress Gore.

The man whom Hannah Fox would call my "Special Providence" is a captain in Colonel Gore's regiment; his name is Edward Cochrane, a very comely man, large and fair. He remindeth me much of Ralph Saxon.

The weather keeps fair. We are much of the time on deck, Captain Cochrane keeping us company; he tells us many stories of this new land of which so little is known; he hath travelled many miles in Western Canada, and beyond the lakes into the wilderness. He speaketh great words about the fertility of the soil, the abundance of minerals, and the vastness of the lakes and rivers; he prophesieth that in another hundred years the wilderness will blossom into fair cities and fruitful farms.