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# KOSMOS.

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VOL. III.]

JULY, 1885.

[No. 1.

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## INTRODUCTION.

AS we intimated in our last number, we have changed the name of the *V. P. Journal*, which will hereafter appear as KOSMOS. We trust that our readers will be satisfied with the change, and will help us to make the *Journal* a still greater success under the new name. We shall endeavor to make it as interesting as possible, especially by the presentation of subjects more particularly Canadian. We bespeak as cordial a reception for KOSMOS as was given to its predecessor.

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“It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always, in these days, trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought to be thinking, and the thinker ought to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle: the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.”—*Ruskin*.

## COINCIDENCES.

“In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair, and fairer than that word  
Of wondrous virtues.”

**B**ASSANIO'S lips can scarce find words fair enough to express the feelings of his heart, and picture to Antonio and to us the beauties of Portia, of whose worth the wide world is not ignorant. We long to see the “sweet maiden” whose “sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.” Our curiosity and interest are aroused, and were the *fair Portia* to appear before us we would not be displeased; our desires would be somewhat satisfied though our wonder would be increased. It would indeed be a *coincidence*. The wish is often father to the thought, the thought father to the fact. So Shakespeare humoring our feelings in an instant hurries us away and excites still further our curiosity by a stolen glance at Portia, to arouse our love and sympathy for her whose “little body is aweary of this great world.”

Coriolanus muses of his mother, when, at the instant, she stands before him—

“I talk of you,  
Why do you wish me milder? would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am.”

A coincidence indeed.

Our curiosity is aroused by the startling intelligence that Denmark's ghost walks the earth at midnight hours. We follow young Hamlet's career, with him behold the wonderful soul-stirring sight, and trace the various inward conflicts between fear and duty, selfishness and affection. The wavering man is on the point of despair, when lo! the ghost stalks by, just at the moment of weakness when the fainting spirit is about to relax and give up the contest.

Coincidences they are, or may be called, and with such the great image-builder in the world's literature loves to amuse, instruct and enlighten us. “Talk of the devil, and he's sure

to appear." "Speak of the angels, and we hear the fluttering of their wings." "Coming events cast their shadows before." These are coincidences and we mark them carefully, thoughtfully, and wonderingly, and the little spark of superstition that may linger in our minds begins to glow, and our whole being becomes inflamed with wonder and mysticism. Calm, calculating thought and reflection would soon cool down the blaze and restore our minds to their proper sanity. Yet coincidences really exist, must exist, and so long as the complicated system of plans, laws and free agencies exists there will always continue to be coincidences. Strange would it be were there none. Leaving aside all spiritual intercommunication and immaterial influences, we can easily explain the fact of remarkable coincidences by the thought that such *must* exist, and that while we always notice the coincidences we do not notice the non-coincidences. It is strange that the thought of some person heralds the approach, but it would be stranger still if such thoughts *never* heralded the approach.

We are continually on the lookout for oddities, monstrosities, and apparent exceptions to so-called fixed laws. The strangeness of the coincidences is a purely personal matter: it is subjective. We are situated in a world wherein are operative many laws regulating matter and life. The powers or forces existing are all causes, and these causes must have their effects. Out of the multiplicity of causes would it not be strange if some of the results did not so harmonize in time and space as to attract our attention, and be such as to be called coincidences? Thus we may consider coincidences to be not signs of luck, chance, or superstition, but the necessary result of natural laws.

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THE difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.—*Dr. Arnold.*

EDUCATION begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection, must finish him.—*Locke.*

## CREMATION.

WHAT shall be done with the dead? This is a question that is pressing for an answer, and is increasing in importance every year. Radical youth is inclined to treat the subject with indifference; but conservative old age asks for the ancestral burial, the coffin, the mound, the flowers, and the marble headstone. Most of us are anxious to be buried beside our forefathers, and to be allowed to rest side by side with those of former generations—turning aside with some repugnance from the suggestion of cremation. But a short consideration of the question will perhaps tend to change our views materially. The grass-covered, flower-strewn cemetery seems a paradise for the dead—but only on the exterior. Could we remove the covering of earth, what a sight would meet our senses—crumbling into dust, putrefaction, dissemination of disease-germs, and (horror of horrors!) death-struggles renewed! The thought is too awful to contemplate, even in its most favorable aspect—the grave is too truly a Gehenna.

Cremation, however, presents a less repugnant sight; it accomplishes exactly the same chemical decomposition in a shorter period; it prevents grave-robberies and the possibility of live burials; it checks the spread of infectious diseases through the air and earth; it economizes space, which is one of its strongest arguments; it is more likely, by its proposed regulations, to prevent poisoning and foul crimes than the present method of burial.

We need not hesitate to adopt a custom which has been prevalent with other nations for centuries; for the bodies of those whom we prize the most in our history were thus treated—the martyrs were cremated at the stake.

An English poet has thus put his arguments in verse:—

“ Though our atmosphere is laden with the germs of fell disease,  
 And the black, polluted river wafts its poison on the breeze;  
 Though the filth of sium and alley spreads contagion far and wide,  
 Still we look upon cremation as a horror—from our side.

“ Yet within our very city graveyards festal and decay,  
Where our pale and puny children pluck the buttercups and stray;  
And at times some ‘jerry’ builder desecrates the grassy bed,  
Casting to the winds of heaven ashes of the sacred dead.

“ But the time is not far distant when this question we must face—  
Life and health will be the problem for this growing populace;  
For the custom now prevailing like its followers must die,  
And the urn will claim our ashes, closed for aye to mortal eye.”

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### BLOOD WONDERS.

BY PROF. FERDINAND COHN, OF Breslau University, Germany.

#### I.

THOSE who have visited the museums of the old cities will remember the peculiar feeling that crept over them at the sight of the instruments of justice and of torture here commonly collected and preserved, the legacy of earlier times. Here lies in rank and file apparatus of rare form such as only the inventive cruelty of the middle ages could contrive—the thumb-screw and the stock, the Mecklenburg instrument and the Pomeranian cap, and all those frightful instruments of torture the mere names of which inspire terror. The steel glistens and everything is in order, as though at each moment it was to be brought into use. And while the traveller smilingly tries the sharpness of the edges, in the joyous consciousness that a more enlightened age has put forever out of use these witnesses of the barbarous administration of justice, yet at the same moment a shudder seizes him as he thinks of the blood that has cleaved to these instruments, of the lamentation and the tears which they have extorted, of the innocent lives which through them have so often been offered up.

In the history of nature we meet with phenomena which fill us with a similar mixed feeling. These appearances are in themselves of an anything but extraordinary kind, often indeed of little scientific interest; but the superstition and religious fanaticism of earlier centuries has, now on this

ground, now on that, attached itself to them, and out of harmless natural phenomena made subjects of wonder and of dread, which in their turn, upon the history of men, have exercised an important, often a terrible and bloody influence. With satisfaction do we to-day give ourselves up to the conviction that, since science has brought to light the true nature of these appearances, a pernicious abuse of them is henceforth no longer possible. And yet we cannot repress a shudder when we think of the unhappy victims which, in former times, must indispensably accompany the appearance of these phenomena.

In all those times in which by the side of faith superstition has been exercising a weighty influence in the world's history, we hear of innumerable *wonders* which are everywhere interrupting the course of nature, considered now as immediate punishments from God, now as portents of dread events to come. Stones are rained from the clouds, demons are at work, graves vomit forth their dead, spectres are seen, caves suddenly open, water changes into blood, portents fiery and otherwise are seen, now in the heavens, now on the earth. The more educated an age, the purer its religious and philosophical conceptions, and rarer will portents be, and they would already have entirely ceased if those minds had ever entirely died out, which, incapable of clear contemplation and keen reason, are on that account, even at this day, all the more predisposed to belief in miracles.

In the eighteenth century, when the strife after enlightenment not infrequently degenerates into superficiality, all those wonders and portents with which the annals of the notoriously superstitious Romans, but above all the chronicles of the middle ages are replete, were summarily classed as pure creations of the imagination, or as gross intentional deception. A deeper and more thorough investigation has, however, since shown that at the bottom of many so-called portentous appearances there lies in fact a true natural phenomenon, which in truth does not possess that unusual significance which earlier ages

attached to it, and which, both by the exaggerations of the reporters' and by additions of all kinds, were commonly disfigured beyond recognition. Thus, for example, for a long time the numerous ancient and modern testimonies to the so-called showers of fire and stones were explained as lies, until these phenomena were, since the beginning of this century, established as scientific facts (meteor showers). Even in many cases in which the account of a wonderful appearance bears evidence of deception, intentional or otherwise, it is still to be observed that at least the belief in the same, or in the report relating thereto, has its root in some unusual or striking phenomenon which was strangely interpreted and surrounded with a mysterious importance.

A proof of this is furnished by the innumerable accounts, which we meet among all peoples from the earliest to the latest times, of signs and wonders *in which blood plays a prominent part*. According to these accounts, from time to time, on the most varied materials, *blood* has suddenly appeared,—now in food, now on clothes, now in standing water, now in rain, on walls or on rocks, reddening fields of snow or surfaces of seas. These appearances have always attracted the attention of the people, who, interpreting them after their own manner, have ever regarded them as grave and ominous. But only in latest times has science recognized the fact that here also there is a region open for her researches. And since then she has for the first time made herself mistress of a realm which, up to this time, had been used exclusively as a field of exercise for superstition and fancy. Accordingly it has become possible, in the first place, to do justice to facts which past centuries had refused to acknowledge as such, and further to array the same in the ranks of known natural phenomena, to which the popular belief was accustomed to oppose them as *wonders*.

Bread enclosed in a cupboard over night becomes covered with *blood*, which collects itself in red drops; another day blood appears on all kinds of food; specks of blood appear suddenly on garments and on furniture, and disappear again with-



out cause or without anything having transpired to bring this strange occurrence into relation with the things of everyday life. A fish-pond, a ditch, or any small body of water becomes colored, first green, then red; and if the water has been dried up by the sun, spots of blood remain everywhere. Or on the highest peaks of the Alps, in the region of eternal ice, where at length the last trace of life disappears in endless winter; or on an island beneath the polar skies which never knows the spring, suddenly the dazzling pureness of the snow vanishes; it becomes green, and the coloring appears all the livelier as the eye, in the uniform whiteness of all around, is less accustomed to the light play of colors; presently the color changes to red and appears at last to be rivalled in brilliancy only by the carmine. Or suddenly, in far-extending tracts, a lake, or even the sea, begins to glow with a purple shimmer in the bright sunshine; far as the eye can reach it sees a red surface; a few hours afterwards the sun becomes clouded, and the water is again clear; another day and it appears again in its bright mantle.

Such spectacles must ever have powerfully swayed the emotions of men. They did not harmonize with the regular round of observations which nature furnishes; they accordingly were attributed to the immediate influence of a higher power which stands over and beyond nature. In reality these phenomena are by no means so entirely isolated as one would suppose from the impression they made upon those peoples by whom they were so frequently observed. Very often victuals become covered with a white, green, or blue coating; very often there appears on walls, stones, or trees, a dark green or yellow color; very often the water of our ditches and ponds becomes a beautiful green. But no one is surprised if bread moulds; and green is so peculiar to water that we can scarcely separate the ideas. These colors could not, indeed, attract the attention; and, in fact, we find among the older writers scarcely an indication that they were ever observed, or at most deemed noteworthy, in earlier times. But what made the kindred red colors so

noticeable among these peoples, and lent to them such a striking influence over their religion, their traditions and even their history, was their similarity to blood. For in almost any case they saw in these appearances real living blood, which had fallen from heaven, or was changed by transubstantiation. In truth, some of these phenomena resemble blood to a deceiving extent, while others on the contrary suggest, even to the liveliest fancy, nothing analogous to it; but indeed a sharp observation was never characteristic of those wonder-loving people who are susceptible only of superficial impressions. Accordingly we read everywhere and at all times of nothing but *blood* on foods, of water changed into *blood*, of *blood-rain*, of *bloody dew*, and so forth. That mysterious nimbus which adheres, in the eyes of the people, to the blood as the seat of the soul, transferred itself immediately to these colors, and won for them a notoriety which few natural phenomena enjoy, and gave them at the same time a significance which can only be explained by the following consideration: That blood is indeed a unique essence, and that it is the abode of the soul, is a belief that reaches back to the earliest times. But if the Deity held it time to interfere in the course of natural events, and that, too, in such a mysterious way, then must this be taken as a proof that the government of the world is disturbed by cruel deeds or unnatural events. Thus the bloody phenomena appeared as signs of God's wrath, as omens of misfortune and punishment on account of past crimes, like to "the bloody shadow which coming evil casts before it." To this idea there naturally became attached the desire of appeasing the offended Deity by the annihilation of the guilty ones. Accordingly the persecution and even the execution of numberless victims were, until the latest times, the immediate consequence as often as such an appearance was anywhere observed. It may well be said that the history of the red, blood-simulating colors in the annals of mankind is written in blood.

Already in our oldest poem, the *Iliad*, we find passages which bear testimony to such views. When Jupiter is enraged at the

Achæans he causes dew dripping with blood to fall from heaven; and when he mourns his dear son Sarpedon, who has fallen far from home, he makes blood to stream in showers to the earth. When Cæsar was to die a comet appeared in the heavens and other wonders besides:—

“Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.”

In reference to which a Roman is made to remark:—

“When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let no man say  
‘These are their reasons; they are natural;’  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.”

We may add, that with such an answer all mankind for long centuries remained satisfied.

In later times all these traditions concerning blood-wonders have been explained as fables; but a few decades since Natural Science took the opportunity to engage itself with this question, and through it we are in a position to show that in many of the so-called portents of ancient times a color like to that of blood was in reality observed; that similar colors appeared even nowadays in many instances; that they are far from opposing themselves to the other natural phenomena as exceptions; but that, on the contrary, they allow themselves to be brought with much greater facility into the region of the known laws of nature. Thus vanishes the nimbus which formerly hovered around these appearances, and the interest which they shall henceforth possess rests now upon entirely different considerations from those wherein the superstition of the past ages sought it.

A complete list of the blood-like appearances said to have been observed in ancient times, with their probable scientific explanation, may be found in the works of Chladni, Nees von Esenbeck, and Ehrenberg, who have, by a course of thorough investigation, cleared up this wide and dark region. I shall

confine myself here to the consideration of a few of the most important, and particularly such as appear of special historical interest.

A part of these red colors are plainly of inorganic origin; they come from the same substance to which blood itself is known to owe its red color, namely, *iron*. Iron is found everywhere in nature, in all plants and animals, in all earths and waters; but in some particular regions it is found in such quantities and in such combinations as to impart to the soil a more or less deeply red color. Such districts are distinguished by their red soil, as, for instance, Westphalia. Rocks and mountains also appear red, especially such as are made up of the so-called red sandstone. Everyone knows the rhyme relating to the little island in the North Sea:—

“White is the sand,  
Green is the land,  
Red is the strand—  
These are the colors of Heligoland.”

It is also related, concerning the barren mountains of Judæa, that they present a red and parched appearance; and to this cause may perhaps be attributed the striking fact that so many names of places and peoples in the Syrian coast-land bear in them the signification of *red*, as, for example, Edom, Idumæa, Phœnicia, Erythræa, and the Red Sea.

Rivers which flow through such red soil will, especially at high-water, be more or less reddened, since the swollen and over-flowing waters will carry off with them innumerable particles of red oxide of iron. This we may observe at times in the Oder, which, at certain times of the year, presents a rust-red appearance. Probably similar circumstances hold in the case of other rivers, which, like the places above mentioned, have significant names; as, for example, the Red Main, the Red River in North America, and so forth. The Euphrates also appears red at high-water. In small streams, and especially in standing lakes, the coloring rises even to blood-red, and might to an irritable fancy very easily furnish ground for belief in the

common supposition of the changing of water into blood. Thus Lucian relates a marvel which occurred in connection with the river Adonis, which rises from Mount Libanus. This river changes its color at a certain time every year, becomes red, and colors the sea to a considerable distance from its mouth. This is regarded as a sign for the inhabitants of the city of Byblus to put on their mourning apparel; for they believe that on those particular days on the mountains of Libanus the god Adonis is wounded. Hence the name of the river. "But," adds Lucian, "a man of Byblus, who appeared to speak the truth, gave me another cause for this appearance. The mountain of Libanus, it seems, from which this river flows, has a very red soil; the violent storms which there hold sway at these seasons bear the dust into the stream and give it a bloody color. Thus blood is not the cause of the phenomenon, but the soil." On a similar circumstance rests the true explanation of the bloody color of a river which Pansanias mentions, in the land of the Hebrews, near the city of Joppa. It is said to owe its color to Perseus, who washed into it the blood of the sea-monster slain at the rescue of Andromeda.

Dust which rises from red, ferruginous earth has naturally, also, a reddish color. If it is whirled aloft in large quantities by wind-storms, it will cause the sky to appear burning red; if it is again thrust to the earth by showers of rain, it may in turn color the ground red. Red dust will often be carried for miles by storms; it even appears as if the ascending breezes from the torrid zone bore with them continually such showers of dust, and often some time discharged it again in northerly regions, in winter coloring large snow-fields, in summer causing red rains. These showers, mostly of red, but often also of grey, or yellow dust, have been shown of late to consist, for the most part, either of meteor dust or of dust borne by the trade-winds.

—*Translated from the German by W. J. Chisholm, B.A.*

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KNOWLEDGE comes, but wisdom lingers.—*Tennyson.*

## LETTERS FROM HELL.

HERE we have a book with a terrible title, and more terrible than its title. It is a chamber of horrors and flowers. The writer reveals a wonderful energy of imaginative and descriptive power, linked with an epistolary ease and naturalness, which produce a startlingly vivid effect upon the reader. In these thirty letters from hell, the horrors of the state described are pictured with such power and with such a regard for the law of continuity, that one is compelled to feel that "something like this may be." This dread existence is represented as simply the projection of the sinful life in this world. It is called "the world of consequences." No brimstone and flame are mentioned. It is the memory of buried hopes, of the selfishness and narrowness of life, of its wasted opportunities, the sad knowledge of "how blessedly fruitful life might have been," the continued delusions of sin, the reign of the law of habit, which holds the soul with an iron grasp and "impels each wretched being, with an irresistible impulse, to imitate his life on earth," and the unquenchable desires that rage in the heart, which make the hell described in these pages.

The horrible, and the pathetic and tender, mingle strangely and continuously in the book. The painful description of the agonies of the sorrowing spirit as it feels the force of "the moving springs of hell, insatiate desire on the one side and remorse on the other," linger like a spell upon the heart, and one must be moved almost to tears, to step out of the awful shadows of despair into the bright and saintly presence of Aunt Betty, whom the lost soul remembers, and is blest in remembering, or into the sunshine which surrounds the angelic character of Lily, and the pathetic interest awakened by the trustfulness and beauty of ruined Annie.

Aunt Betty was one who had given her life for others, and she shed the aroma of a holy life wherever she went. She is seen on the bright side of "the great gulf." Placed in cold contrast to her, is one whom the lost soul used to call "mother," a perfect lady, eminently proper in everything, faultless in

beauty, deportment, and outward piety, devoted to the world, living for the approval of society and winning it, "clothed in spotlessness as with a garment, she was a lady to the least movement of her finger, to the minutest folds of her dress," yet the closing horror of the book is the description of the son's feelings in meeting this model of propriety in the region of dissatisfaction and despair. George MacDonald describes this scene as "in every respect—in that of imagination, that of art, that of utterance—altogether admirable and in horror supreme." And moreover, we all feel that such a life and fate lie quite within the circle of the possible.

It is terrible how this book unmasks false and hollow ways. In hell they have their festivities, their dances, their "at homes," with all the grace and beauty, compliment and courtesy ever seen in this life, but the decorations do not hide the hearts they often cover here. "Supposing you walk up to some old crone, saying with your most engaging smile, 'Delighted to see you,'—thinking to yourself at the same time, 'I wish she were at Jericho,'—I leave you to imagine the figure you cut. . . . But even to this one gets used in hell, fortifying oneself with a kind of frivolous impudence, without which intercourse would be unbearable."

They are represented as cracking jokes in hell. At their banquets, loose jokes and ribald anecdotes pass between the pleasures of the table, but satisfaction is an illusion. "We preyed on our miserable selves, eating and drinking, leaving a nauseating feeling of emptiness, the very jokes being unbearably stale."

Hell is represented as a fine place in which to study history. Many of the great historic personages are to be met with, and contemporaries of them all. A vein of cruel irony and satire runs through the book. The lost soul congratulates himself that having been a man of fashion in this world he falls in with a "nice set" below. They have no lack of literature—fiction, biography, poetry, criticism, and theology. The books arrive first, then the authors, then the publishers. All the fashions, and all of fashion's fools for all the centuries are to be seen, and

what a medley of absurdities! Hell plays high carnival, decked in all the follies and vanities of the past. "What a man soweth that shall he also reap."

One thing is forgotten. "Do you marvel that I speak of God? Ah! me. He is still our God. And we know that there is a Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners, who loved them unto death, even the death of the cross. But we know nothing of the way of salvation. Everything is forgotten, even the name of the Saviour. We consume ourselves in efforts to remember were it but the faintest remnant of saving knowledge, but alas! it is vain. *Not even His name.* Could we but remember that name—call it back to our hearts—I doubt not—I doubt not—even we might be saved. But it is gone. It is too late—too late."

There is in this truly remarkable book a husk of improbable statement covering a rich kernel of truth. The motto verse is, "that he may testify unto them, lest they also come to this place of torment." The great run the book is having must do something to check the spread of that limp and lavender style of theology which is unscientific, because it is not sufficiently serious. Science, if it teaches anything, declares the seriousness of life. The laws, those undergirders of the world, which control the vastest and hold the minutest, are not to be trifled with. Nothing can escape from their power nor fly from their presence. They are as omnipresent and as inexorable as the Deity. Life, with all its hopes and fears, trembles in the bosom of great, grinding, cruel, all-crushing Nature—and is safe. Danger and Death sleep in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the ground we tread upon, and woe would be to us were there not protecting wings waving everywhere. Nature is grand and beautiful, but she is tremendously in earnest, and all theology which does not mirror her in this mood is unnatural, and therefore untrue. This book will waken many to the natural grandeur and sublimity of life.

We cannot escape from our past. We cannot shun the future into which we are plunging. In that future what awaits us?

PHAM.



## NOTES.

THE Canadian Institute of Toronto has taken a step which must be heartily commended by all, the collecting and arrangement of an Archeological Museum. The gathering together of relics of this sort has been left to a late day, but "better late than never," and we hope the endeavor will prove successful. The address, for any wishing to communicate in reference to this museum, is "Canadian Institute, 43 Richmond Street, Toronto."

THROUGH the kind permission of Mr. John Lesperance, of Montreal, we give our readers the benefit of a portion of an article read by him before the Royal Society, in May, 1884. The author, it will be observed, has reserved for further notice two poets with whom many are already familiar—Sangster and Heavysege. Canadian poets are not, as a rule, honored in their own country, and it is with no small feeling of pride that we find such little gems as are here revealed brought forth to our notice from time to time. We need a national literature, encouragement to "home production," and an honest appreciation of honest effort. There has been little to stimulate us yet, perhaps, but we think we can develop a literature, even as a colony. Let our poets be heard from. We hope to present more along this line in the course of the year.

DEBTS.—These luxuries are enjoyed by nations outside of Canada, therefore let us not pride ourselves too much on our possession. Mulhall, the London statistician, presents the British Association with a few facts which we reproduce. The debts of the leading nations in 1884 were in millions of dollars as follows:—France, 4,975; Great Britain, 3,780; Russia, 2,775; Austria, 2,540; Italy, 2,190; Germany, 1,670; Spain, 1,650; United States, 1,525; Spanish America, 975; India, 800; Turkey, 740; Australia, 580; Egypt, 565; Portugal, 535; Holland, 420; Belgium, 390; Japan, 335; Canada, 190; Roumania, 135; South Africa, 115; Norway and Sweden, 100; Greece, 90; Den-

mark, 60 ; Servia, 20. Grand total, \$27,155,000,000. Of the above sixty per cent. are for war, and forty per cent. for improvements. Of debts contracted since 1848, however, fifty-five per cent. was for peace, forty-five for war. He concludes by predicting that in order to compete with America, Europe would be compelled to disband her armies and pay her debts. Let us hope so.

“FETICHISM. A Contribution to Anthropology and the History of Religion.” By Fritz Schultze, Ph.D. Translated from the German by J. Fitzgerald. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York. “A most interesting work, and a highly valuable research into the origin of religious ideas. The form of religion investigated by the author is Fetichism, which is the religion of savages everywhere. How the savage comes to suppose that stocks and stones and all manner of ‘unconsidered trifles’ exert a controlling influence on his fate, and that they must be propitiated by religious service, is most entertainingly and at the same time most learnedly set forth in this volume. The reader will here find a logical and entirely satisfactory account of the origin of most of the superstitious ideas and practices which still survive among civilized peoples.”

*La Nature*, in a late number, contained an interesting account of some scientific experiments undertaken at the physiological station at Paris to determine the nature of walking, running, marching, together with the best methods of improvement. One conclusion arrived at is stated as follows:—“The shape of the boot has considerable effect upon the quickness of the march. In order to determine the best form of marching-boots, buskins have been made with heels which can be regulated, by revolving plates, so as to be of any height from half a centimetre to six centimetres—(N.B., centimetre equals about two-fifths of an English inch.) From the experiments it is seen that the quickness of the step increases in proportion to decrease in height of heel. This result tends to an increase in the length of the step, and it is also noticed that the step increases in

length and quickness when the length of the sole considerably exceeds that of the foot. Beyond a certain limit, however, the precise determination of which can only be made after many experiments, the length of the sole causes a noticeable fatigue."

WE are indebted to Mr. Horatio Hale for a copy of the Transactions of the Buffalo Historical Society, Vol. III., just published. The remains of Red Jacket, the famous Indian orator and leader, together with those of several compatriots, were reinterred in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, October 9th, 1884, with fitting ceremonies. The volume, in addition to full accounts of the above, contains also other interesting papers on the Iroquois, contributions by Mr. Hale, of Clinton, Gen. Eby S. Parker, and accounts of the Centennial celebrations at the Indian reserves at Brantford and Deseronto. The appendix contains several appropriate poetical contributions, the first by Miss E. Pauline Johnston, a Mohawk Indian girl, from Chiefswood, Ontario, who was one of the invited guests of the Buffalo Society. She concludes as follows:—

" And so ere Indian Summer sweetly sleeps  
She beckons me where old Niagara leaps;  
Superbly she extends her greeting hand,  
And, smiling, speaks to her adopted land,  
Saying, 'O, rising nation of the West,  
That occupy my lands so widely blest;  
O, free, unfettered people that have come  
And made America your rightful home—  
Forgive the wrongs my children did to you,  
And we, the redskins, will forgive you, too.  
To-day has seen your noblest action done  
The honored reinterment of my son.' "

Societies like the Buffalo Historical Society cannot but be helpful in stimulating the public to the study of national events and the present and past history of localities. We wish that there were many such in our own Dominion. Something has been done; but the societies of the United States have too often attracted the attention of Canadians and monopolized the energy which might have centralized in our own country.

This has been felt also in literature ; Canadian literarians have been compelled to seek publication in the journals and magazines in the country to the south of us. The cause has been the lack of encouragement at home, and the result, a tardy development of literary production. The literature of Canada is impeded and opposed at almost every point ; but we hope that the day will soon come when a national, unprejudiced, unsectarian journal will give "a local habitation and a name" to the uncertain, diffuse writing which we now term Canadian literature.

SLANG.—"There is nothing more curious than the vitality of a class of words never employed in good society, and never admitted into any dictionary. While we all claim theoretically that vocabularies, and even academies, are necessary for the preservation of a language, we yet find in practice that these base-born brats, these children of thieves and outcasts, have a vitality of their own," so says T. W. Higginson, reviewing an old book, "The Life and Adventures of Henry Tufts," in which is compiled a glossary of the cant, flash, or slang expressions of Boston crooks of nearly a century ago. A few may prove interesting to those who have had no knowledge of or experience with this light-fingered, light-worded "gentry." Blower means a woman ; clout, a handkerchief ; crab, a shoe ; crack, to break open ; to be dead up to, to know well ; do, to rob ; cove, a man ; gentleman, a crowbar ; jigger, a door ; longtag, a coat ; grub, victuals ; oliver, the moon ; pops, pistols ; napping his bib, crying ; horney, a sheriff ; qua, a jail ; rum-cove, a gentleman ; slangs, irons ; topt, hanged ; wibble, an auger ; yapster, a dog. Many of the above have not yet disappeared, while others will recall old scenes from Dickens. Some of our English words, upstarts, have lost the mark of their low breeding and are established in the higher circles, such as tie, bore, bother, kidnap, cab, puff, etc. We notice two others, mob, slang for *mobile*, a fickle crowd, and cop, shortened from C. O. P., chief of police. The latter were also called peelers from being the creatures of Sir Robt. Peel.

SEA-SURFACE.—Things are not always as they seem, nor even as we have been taught to understand them. Water seeks its own level, we have been told; but when we studied it more carefully we have learned that the surface of the water, the ocean for instance, is not a plane but curved, being the surface of an almost perfect sphere—that a “dead-level” is something practically unknown on this earth. This piece of knowledge must be again qualified, it seems, and all owing to a little experiment—the ticking of a clock and swinging of a pendulum. Let us hastily run over the evidence and follow the course of reasoning. A clock is wound up and as the great spring uncoils itself the wheels and works are kept in motion. The movement is regulated by the swinging of the pendulum, and the swinging of the pendulum is caused by the attraction of the earth, the force of gravity. When the clock is started, the pendulum is lifted by the hand and allowed to fall, the attraction of the earth pulls it down, faster and faster, it swings beyond the lowest point of vibration until gravity stops it; again it falls, and thus back and forth it vibrates in regular movement until the force wound up in the clock is all run down or out. The swiftness and rapidity of the swinging pendulum will depend upon the force of gravity; if there were greater attraction the bob would swing more rapidly; if less, it would swing less rapidly, and the clock would run slow. It has been found that a pendulum will swing faster in an island in mid-ocean than in either of the opposite continental shores, about eight or nine times more each day; that is, will vibrate some nine times more on the island than on the continent every twenty-four hours. It is on such small observations as these, that many of the great scientific discoveries have been based or commenced. How can we account for the nine extra swings? For a long time we have been told that it was because the earth was denser beneath the oceans than beneath the continents. After careful investigation, some scientists of Germany have put forward another very acceptable theory, viz., that of “lateral continental attraction and oceanic deformation.” By the attrac-

tion of the continents the oceans are drawn up along the shores, being lifted hundreds of feet on some coasts, are thereby drawn away from the centre, and islands that otherwise would be submerged appear above the surface. These islands are *nearer* the centre of the earth than the continents, and therefore, the force of gravity is greater, and the swinging of the pendulum faster on the mid-oceanic island than on the continent.

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#### EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

YALE spends \$7,000 yearly for her boat crew.

THE average salary of the American College Professor is said to be \$1,530.

THE scholarships and fellowships given at Oxford amount to \$500,000 annually.

DALHOUSIE had 50 law students and 25 medical this year, and McGill had, all told, 525 on her books.

THE average salary paid in public schools to male teachers in this province is \$422, to female teachers, \$271.

THE University of Vermont has the oldest student on record. He is 83 years old, and is said to be a specialist in Sanscrit and poker.

IN England, one man in every 5,000 takes a college course; in Scotland, one in 615; in Germany, one in 213; in the United States, one in 2,000.

ROME has a lady Professor of Latin and Creek, Miss Ginlia Oavaelari, who is 25 years old and has been educated at the University of Bologna.

IN Quebec, some districts pay their teachers an average salary of \$77 per annum; \$72 is frequently paid, the teacher being required to heat the school building.

It appears from the *Publisher's Weekly* that in 1883 three thousand four hundred and eighty-one books were issued; in 1884 four thousand and eighty-eight. One-fourth of the latter is fiction.

THE attendance in the public schools of England is shown by a recent report to have risen within a few years from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000, and as a result the number of juvenile criminals has diminished considerably.

OUT of a population of 25,000,000, England sends 5,000 students to her universities; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6,500 students; and Germany, with 48,000,000, has 22,500 students in its various universities.

A UNIVERSITY is to be opened in Iceland next year, also an American College at Shanghai, China. Chicago University will likely be closed, owing to financial difficulties. Alabama University is so full that she is compelled to refuse application until more accommodation is furnished.

IN 1866, out of 104 head masterships of High Schools, sixteen were from Toronto, three from Victoria, five from Queen's, four from Trinity, and seventy-six classed as miscellaneous. In 1885, out of 103, fifty-eight are from Toronto, twenty from Victoria (and Albert), twelve from Queen's, nine from Trinity, four classed as miscellaneous. Should Victoria enter confederation the new University will certainly have an overwhelming influence in the schools, though Queen's does not seem to suffer much from her small number of representatives in the schools.

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Let us, by all wise and constitutional means, promote intelligence among the people as the best means of preserving our liberties.—*Monroe*.

KNOWLEDGE carries with it influence over the minds of others, and this influence is power.—*General John A. Dix*.

## ENGLISH POETS OF CANADA.

IN treating of the English poets of Canada, you will perhaps be surprised to learn that the field is a very wide one, and I must at once draw the line between the writers who have published only casual verses, however excellent many of them may be, and those who have produced works of a more ambitious and enduring description. I shall touch upon the first without any strict regard to chronological order, and without further insistence than the limits of my paper will allow. *Place aux dames!*

The most distinguished names of our female poets are those of Annie L. Walker, Pamela S. Vining, Augusta Baldwin, and Mrs. P. L. Haney. The principal work of Harriet A. Wilkins, of Hamilton, is her "Acadia," which has reached a second edition. Jennie E. Haight, formerly a teacher in Montreal, rises considerably above the ordinary standard, while the verses of Mrs. Moodie have sustained the reputation which this gifted lady has achieved in the department of romance. Helen M. Johnson published a volume of poems in 1856, which has since become very rare. She was cut off prematurely in 1863, in her thirtieth year. Miss Murray's poems, especially on Scottish subjects, are full of interest, but she will be chiefly remembered as a successful writer of fiction. Mrs. Faulkner published, in 1850, a volume of poems under her maiden name, Roda Ann Page, and the title, "Wild Notes from the Backwoods," sufficiently indicates its character. A distinguished Irish-Canadian name is that of Rosanna Eleanor Mullins, better known as Mrs. Leprohon, whose numerous poems, sacred, narrative, descriptive, lyrical, elegiac, and society verses, were gathered into one volume in 1881. Mrs. Leprohon was endowed with many attributes of the poetic faculty, and several of her pieces will always find a place in any selections from Canadian poets.

In the roll of male writers, which I shall abbreviate as much as possible, I may mention James McCarroll, Frederick Wright, R. J. McGeorge, W. F. Hawley, F. H. Dewart, E. J. Chapman,



Thomas McQueen, H. F. Darnell, John May, J. R. Ramsay, John Massie, J. G. Hodgins, Robert Stuart Patterson, J. A. Allen, Samuel Payne Ford, Robert Sweeney, D. J. Wallace, J. H. King, W. H. Hawley, Donald McIntosh, William P. Lett, T. Cleworth, John Scoble, James McIntosh. Alexander McLachlan has sometimes been called "the Canadian Burns," and he certainly deserves special commendation for all his efforts in favour of our country and its literature. His publications are numerous, among which are three small volumes of poems, the last of which, entitled "The Emigrant," is much the best. Isidore G. Ascher, formerly a lawyer of Montreal, but now a resident in London, published "Voices from the Hearth," in 1863, which at once secured for him a leading position among our minor poets. He still publishes occasional pieces under the familiar name of "Isidore." "Alazon and other Poems," was put forth in 1850 by William Wye Smith, formerly of Toronto, and he has been a prolific writer, in prose and verse, ever since that date. The reputation of John Breckenridge goes back to 1864, when he published at Kingston "The Crusades and other Poems," including lengthy pieces, such as "Napoleon Bonaparte" and "The French Revolution" and "Laiza." This volume is now out of print and very scarce. If Mr. William Kirby had not achieved so high a reputation in the domain of fiction, especially by his valuable historical novel "Le Chien D'Or," we should be disposed to linger more over his verse. His "U. E., a Tale of Upper Canada," appeared in Niagara in 1859, and we have had the pleasure of reading several contributions of equal merit since that time. Mr. Kirby is a thorough Canadian both in verse and prose. John F. McDonnell, a young Irishman of Quebec, has written a number of very spirited lyrics, and, if he had not died prematurely, would certainly have established a reputation. W. O. Farmer, a youthful lawyer of Montreal, is destined to fill the void made by McDonnell. He has pathos, imagination, enthusiasm, and a delicate ear for cadence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Farmer will continue to cultivate the Muses with devotion. There is matter for regret that Mr. George Martin

does not write more frequently, and that, after assisting Charles Heavysege in the publication of "Saul," he has not thought fit to print a collection of his own poems. It is a further pity that Martin Gerald Griffin has become so absorbed in politics and the cares of militant journalism as to neglect his uncommon literary ability. Mr. Griffin has that facility of verse and instinct of good taste which are inherent in the poetic temperament, and of all the productions I have read from his pen, there is not one that is not decidedly superior. It is sufficient to say of Mr. Cleveland, of the Eastern Townships, that he has succeeded in breaking the charmed circle of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and that several of his compositions have been laid before a wide public in the pages of that fastidious and exclusive periodical. It is, once more, unfortunately due to the narrowness of my space that I can only barely allude to two men who, by their transcendent talents and the prominence of their positions, would almost merit the honors of a separate page. The two greatest orators of Canada were also very considerable poets. There is a swing in Howe's verse, a breeziness in his fancies, a rush and roar in his transports, well in keeping with the wild music of those waves within whose sight his infancy was cradled. I would suggest that a careful selection be made of Howe's poems, and that they be published in cheap form for distribution as prizes or otherwise in our schools. They breathe the true native spirit. Somewhat the same may be said of McGee's "Canadian Ballads," which might very properly be detached from the bulky volume containing his other poems and published separately. Thus would the country have another link of sympathy with the memory of the martyred orator and poet. I have now to speak of one who needs no introduction to lovers of Canadian literature, and certainly none to his Fellows of the Royal Society—Evan McColl. His first published volume dates back to 1836, under the title of the "Mountain Minstrel," containing poems in Gaelic and attempts in English song. In 1838, and simultaneously with a second edition of the "Mountain Minstrel—the best proof of that work's success—appeared

"Clarsach Nam Beann," a contribution to Gaelic letters which at once placed him in the front rank of the Celtic bards. Hugh Miller called him "the Moore of the Highlands." During his long residence in Canada, Mr. McColl has frequently published poems on subjects of varied public interest, and it was hoped that the time would come when he would commemorate the second half of his martial life by putting forward his Canadian poems. He has done so. A handsome volume, published simultaneously in Toronto, Edinburgh, and Inverness, appeared in 1883, and is announced as containing the English poems of the author. These are considerably over two hundred in number, presenting an almost infinite variety. We have the "Mountain Minstrel," complete, which is a desirable acquisition; and we have, in the second half, the songs that were mostly written in Canada. Our poet has maintained his popularity for so many years, and the characteristics of his genius are so well known and appreciated, that we need scarce do more than thank Mr. McColl for bequeathing to his countrymen this beautiful memorial of a long life devoted to poetry. Nor will the father live alone: he will survive in his offspring. I have detached the name of Mary J. McColl from among the female poets, purposely to set it beside that of her venerable parent. Her "Bide a Wee," a handsome little volume, was published at Buffalo in 1880. When an authoress is introduced into the world of letters with such sponsors as Longfellow, Whittier, Wendell Holmes and Joaquin Miller, she requires no poor words of recommendation such as I might utter to-day. I shall only repeat in one line what I wrote more at length, in a review of the work at the time of its publication, that Mary McColl gives promise of such poetic qualities as must place her by the side of the principal poets of America, if she continues to give due attention to her natural gifts.

It is one of our standing regrets, and a source of discouragement, that we have not been able to maintain a literary periodical of our own. The loss is the greater because there is a vast store of talent in the country, which only requires a proper

channel of publication to produce most substantial results. The *Canadian Monthly* is a case in point. That magazine never really rose beyond the tentative stage, but, even so, it served a most useful purpose by giving a voice to several of our young singers. We all remember the writings of "*Fidelis*," and all of us have been delighted at the felicitous conceptions of Mr. Dixon, of Ottawa, and of the Rev. P. Mulvany.

With all due respect, I cannot overlook the name of our distinguished colleague, Mr. George Murray. He is known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion as a ripe and refined scholar, and what may be strictly denominated the type of a purely literary man. Throwing a well-known lapidary compliment into the present tense, we may truthfully say of him : *Nihil quod tangit non ornat*. Without dwelling on those other services to Canadian literature with which his name has been associated for years, it were empty praise to repeat that his verse is set in so perfect a mould that it becomes a fit subject of study and imitation. Unfortunately, his poems have not yet been collected in book-form. But I hope I shall be guilty of no indiscretion in saying, and I am sure the Royal Society will be delighted to learn, that an eminent colleague has the material of a volume ready, and has been persuaded by his friends and admirers to publish it within the not distant future. When Charles Mair, the young poet from Perth, Ontario, put forth his "*Dreamland and other Poems*" in Montreal and London, I fancied I discovered in them the germs of the Canadian Swinburne. There was a freedom and dash in the metre, an effervescence in sentiment, and a bloom of imagination which gave promise of a golden harvest, but unfortunately Charles Mair has abandoned his province and his Muse, and has since devoted his entire mental energies to trade in the Northwest.

Our dramatic compositions are unaccountably rare, with the exception of those of Heavysege, which I cannot here notice. Chief among the others is "*Prince Pedro*" of Dr. J. H. Garnier, of Lucknow, in the county of Bruce, which I have had previous occasion to pronounce a performance of exceptional

worth. The plot revolves on the terrible story of Inez de Castro, which is one of the darkest pages of Portuguese history. The author has the true dramatic instinct; his intrigue is developed with ingenuity, the dialogue is in perfect situation, the characters are sharply drawn, and the *denouement* (can we not find an English equivalent for that eccentric stage word) is a striking culmination. I venture to pronounce "Prince Pedro" one of the best contributions to Canadian dramatic poetry, and to recommend its more general perusal. I am given to understand that Dr. Garnier has other important poems in preparation.

The first work of the well-known author, J. J. Procter, was published in Montreal in 1861. It was entitled "Voices of the Night." Although it appeared at a period of literary depression, the vogue of the work was such as to inspire the author with the confidence that he had struck the popular chord of feeling, and ever since his name has stood honorably before the public. I am happy to inform the Society that, only a day or two ago, I had the honor and pleasure of receiving an advance copy of a second volume from the same pen, entitled "Black Hawk and other Poems." The numerous pieces composing this work are not of uniform excellence, but their general character is such as to enhance the reputation of the author. Mr. Procter is one of the recognized poets of Canada, and his claims cannot be overlooked.

Few of our poets have the sweep and vigor of Samuel James Watson, now, alas! gathered to his fathers, whose single volume, containing the mellifluous "Legend of the Roses," and a drama of great power and force entitled "Raolan," was published in 1876. It at once took a high rank among cultivated readers, Longfellow and Emerson showing in a marked manner their appreciation of its merit and value. The long poem is exceedingly rich in apt allusion, graceful comparison, and delicacy of expression. There is hardly a halting line in the whole legend, which is full of pretty fancies and tenderly-turned conceits. The drama is quite in keeping with Watson's other work. It is of a graver mould, and the incident, dialogue and grouping of characters

are managed with consummate art and taste. The pity of it is that Watson was so soon taken away from us. He was one of the few that were not born to die.

On my third visit to Canada, in 1865, I read one evening in the portico of the St. Lawrence Hall, in the Montreal *Telegraph*, now defunct, the following poem :—

“ Good night ! God bless thee, love, wherever thou art,  
And keep thee, like an infant, in His arms !  
And all good messengers that move unseen  
By eye sin-darkened, and on noiseless wings  
Carry glad tidings to the doors of sleep,  
Touch all thy tears to pearls of heavenly joy.

Oh ! I am very lonely missing thee ;  
Yet, morning, noon, and night, sweet memories  
Are nestling round thy name within my heart,  
Like summer birds in frozen winter woods.

Good night ! *Good night !* Oh, for the mutual word !  
Oh, for the loving pressure of thy hand !  
Oh, for the tender parting of thine eyes !  
God keep thee, love, wherever thou art ! Good night !

“ Good night, my love ! Another day has brought  
Its load of grief and stowed it in my heart,  
So full already, Joy is crushed to death,  
And Hope stands mute and shivering at the door,  
Still Memory, kind angel, stays within,  
And will not leave me with my grief alone,  
But whispers of the happy days that were  
Made glorious by the light of thy pure eyes.

Oh ! shall I ever see thee, love, again,  
My own, my darling, my soul's best beloved,  
Far more than I had ever hoped to find  
Of true and good and beautiful on earth ?  
Oh ! shall I *never* see thee, love, again ?  
My treasure found and loved and lost, good night.

“ Good night, my love ! Without, the wintry winds  
Make the night sadly vocal ; and within,  
The hours that danced along so full of joy,  
Like skeletons have come from out their graves,  
And sit beside me at my lonely fire.—  
Guests grim but welcome, which my fancy decks  
In all the beauty that was theirs when thou  
Didst look and breathe and whisper softly on them.

So do they come and sit, night after night,  
Talking of me to thee till I forget  
That they are mere illusions and the past  
Is gone forever. They have vanished now,  
And I am all alone, and thou art—where?  
My love, good angels bear thee my good night !”

When I had read once, I paused in admiration and astonishment. I read again, and still the wonder grew. Here was a kind of triple sonnet, written in blank verse, and signed with fictitious initials: but I felt there was a soul in them. The reflection I made was: “The man who wrote these lines is a poet, and I will hear of him again.” Five or six years elapsed, when in 1870 appeared the “Prophecy of Merlin,” by John Reade. I procured one of the first copies, and, after attentive reading, my judgment was confirmed. King Arthur has been borne away in a barge to the vale of Avalon, and Sir Bedivere, the last of the Knights of the Round Table, lifts up his voice upon the beach and weeps. Merlin comes forth, and, after staunching his wound, consoles him with a prophecy of the happy days that are to replace the golden era of Camelot. Three queens shall reign in the favored land, a triple sisterhood beneath one crown,—Britain, and Albyn, and green Innisfail. The description of the arts and sciences in this new time is of surpassing beauty. Merlin then gives a glowing description of Prince Albert, the consort of this Queen; adds a brilliant picture of the Crystal Palace and the first London Exhibition; makes a touching allusion to Canada, “the far land beneath the setting sun;” and concludes with a tribute to Prince Arthur, who had, at that time, passed a year among us. After this, Merlin disappears and leaves Sir Bedivere alone upon the strand among the dead. Merlin goes and Bedivere is solitary, but we are happy, because we are in possession of the most perfect poem ever written in Canada, a fit pendant to Tennyson’s “Idyls of the King.” The same volume contains a number of other beautiful compositions. Those bearing on Scriptural subjects, such as Vashti, Balaam, Rizpah, Jubal and Jephthah, being specially remarkable. In a magazine article, published a few years ago,

I meane bold to say that, with the exception of Longfellow, Mr. Reade is the best sonnetteur in America, and I am proud to say that my judgment has been ratified in high quarters. I should be embarrassed to choose from his sonnets; and must content myself with one example of his softer and more mythical mood, in ballad metre:—

- “ In my heart are many chambers, through which I wander free ;  
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light ;  
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,  
And I enter in the stillness of the night.
- “ But there's one I never enter,—it is closed to even me !  
Only once its door was opened, and it shut for evermore ;  
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like the sea,  
It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.
- “ In that chamber, long ago, my love's casket was concealed,  
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could win ;  
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be revealed,  
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.
- “ Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber door,  
Till—she came at last, my darling one, of all the earth my own ;  
And she entered—and she vanished with my jewel, which she wore ;  
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.
- “ She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes  
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that chamber door,  
And the memory of that moment is all I have to prize,—  
But *that, at least*, is mine for evermore.
- “ Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was my love ?  
Did she think it but a bauble, she might wear or toss aside ?  
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove  
A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.”

About four or five years ago, when I was editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, I received a small copy-book containing a number of short poems, written out in a school-boy's hand. A modest letter accompanied it: Would I kindly look at the pieces, and, if I found any that were suitable, would I kindly give them a corner in my paper. I at once plucked out this flower of a sonnet and published it:—



" At Pozzuoli, on the Italian coast,  
 A ruined temple stands. The thin waves flow  
 Upon its marble pavements ; and in row  
 Three columns, last of a majestic host  
 Which once had heard the haughty Roman's boast,  
 Rise in the mellow air. Long years ago  
 The unstable floor sank down, and from below  
 The shining flood of sapphire—like the ghost  
 Of youth's bright aspirations and high hopes,  
 More real than castles in the air, and laid  
 On some foundation, though of sand that slopes  
 Seaward to lift again—it comes arrayed  
 In olive sea-weeds ; but a raven mopes  
 Upon its topmost stone, and casts a shade."

I felt sure that we should soon hear from this New Brunswick boy again. And so we did. In 1880, there was published in Philadelphia a dainty little volume, entitled "Orion and Other Poems," by Charles G. D. Roberts. You all remember with what pleasure and applause that publication was received. The poem from which the book takes its name is simply a gem of purest ray serene. While Ænopion, the King of Chios, immolates unto Apollo a tawny wolf, his hunter, Orion, makes his appearance upon the scene with

" The grandeur of the mountain for a robe,  
 The torrent's strength for girdle, and for crown,  
 The sea's calm, for dread fury capable,—"

and stands

" Without the laurel's sacred shade  
 Which his large presence deepened."

In reward for his services, the hunter craves the hand of the snow-breasted nymph, Merope, but the king, while he feigns to consent, fills a wine-cup with a Colchian drug and presents it to the unsuspecting servitor, who falls asleep upon the beach. Two slaves are then despatched to pour poison upon his eyelids, by which these are deprived of light. A troop of maids beloved of Doris then rises out of the sea, and grouping around the prostrate giant they sing a chorus which, with strophe and antistrophe, is cast in the best Greek model, and not unworthy

of Swinburne. Orion hears and arises groping, and after a grand apostrophe to Night, a voice, thrice repeated, bids him hie to the hills, where he shall behold the morning. On his way up he grasps a forgerman from a smithy behind a jagged cape, and, hoisting him upon his shoulders to guide his feet, he reaches the crest of the mountain

" Ere the fiery flower  
Of dawn bloomed fully."

There his beloved appears to him, and he recovers his sight just as the rosy light of morning falls upon her beautiful face. The twain then retire to Delos, being escorted over the waves by bands of Nereids at Poseidon's bidding, and in that island's consecrated shelter they spend a blissful existence. There is a marked imitation of Tennyson in this poem, but its original character is equally marked and stamps it as the author's very own.

"Ariadne" is the second of the classic poems in the volume. The picture of the heroine lying on the sea-beach forms a picture that lingers in the mind :

" She lay, face downward, on the shining shore,  
Her head upon her bended arm ; her hair  
Loose-spreading fell, a heart-entangling store ;  
Her shoulder swelling through it glimmered more  
Divinely white than snows in morning air ;  
One tress, more wide astray, the ripples bore  
Where her hand clenched the ooze in mute despair."

The subject of the poem is Bacchus' wooing and winning of the maid, the account of which is aglow with the poetry of passion.

"Launcelot and the Four Queens" is another Tennysonian reminiscence, but so exquisite is the workmanship that a special charm pervades it all. See how Launcelot du Lac is depicted asleep :—

" 'Neath the fruit-trees' latticed shade  
An errant knight at length is laid,  
In opiate noon's deep slumber sunk ;  
His helm, well proved in conflicts stern,  
Lies in a tuft of tender fern  
Against the mossy trunk.

“ A robin on a branch above,  
 Nodding by his dreaming love,  
     Where four blue eggs are hatched not yet,  
 Winks, and watches unconcerned  
 A spider o'er the helm upturned  
     Weave his careful net.

“ The sleeper's hair falls curling fair  
 From off his forehead, broad and bare,  
     Entangling violets faint and pale ;  
 Beside his cheek a primrose gleams,  
 And breathes her sweetness through his dreams,  
     Till grown too sweet they fail.”

Four queens of great estate come riding by, and very properly fall in love with the sleeping knight. They weave a spell of witchery above his eyes, and bear him homeward on his shield by the aid of their men-at-arms. He is locked up in a high chamber and plied with the wiles of the beautiful queens, but remains faithful to Guinevere, and is finally rescued by one of the damsels of the court. Let the Royal Society send a word of greeting to Mr. Roberts, and encourage him to go on cultivating a talent which must inevitably lead him to fame.

JOHN LESPERANCE, F.R.S.C.

OVER the fire-place in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone :—

If the B mt put :  
 If the B . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquaries, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the Œdipus of that famous fraternity :—

If the grate be empty put coal on [:]  
 If the grate be full stop [.] putting coal on [:]

## AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

**S**UDDENLY the gavel of *Campephilus* sounded sharp and strong a quarter-mile away. A few measured raps, followed by a rattling drum-call, a space of silence rimmed with receding echoes, and then a trumpet-note, high, full, vigorous, almost startling, cut the air with a sort of broadsword sweep. Again the long-roll answered, from a point nearer me, by two or three hammer-like raps on the resonant branch of some dead cypress tree. The king and queen were coming to their palace. I had come as a visitor to this palace, with the hope of making the acquaintance I had so long desired, and not as an assassin. She was quite unaware of me, and so behaved naturally, her large gold-amber eyes glaring with that wild sincerity of expression seen in the eyes of but few savage things.

After a little while the male came bounding through the air, with that vigorous galloping flight common to all our woodpeckers, and lit on a fragmentary projection at the top of the stump. He showed larger than his mate, and his aspect was more fierce, almost savage. The green-black feathers near his shoulders, the snow-white lines down his neck, and the tall red crest on his head, all shone with great brilliancy, whilst his ivory beak gleamed like a dagger. He soon settled for me a question which had long been in my mind. With two or three light preliminary taps on a hard heartpine splinter, he proceeded to beat the regular woodpecker drum-call—that long rolling rattle made familiar to us all by the common red-head (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) and our other smaller woodpeckers. This peculiar call is not, in my opinion, the result of elasticity or springiness in the wood upon which it is performed, but is effected by a rapid, spasmodic motion of the bird's head, imparted by a voluntary muscular action. I have seen the common red-head make a soundless call on a fence-stake where the decaying wood was scarcely hard enough to prevent the full entrance of his beak. His head went through the same rapid vibration, but no sound accompanied the performance. Still, it

is resonance in the wood that the bird desires, and it keeps trying until a good sounding-board is found.

It was very satisfying to me when the superb King of the Woodpeckers—*pic noir à bec blanc*, as the great French naturalist named it—went over the call, time after time, with grand effect, letting go, between trails, one or two of his triumphant trumpet-notes. Hitherto I had not seen the *Campephilus* do this, though I had often heard what I supposed to be the call. As I crouched in my hiding-place and furtively watched the proceedings, I remember comparing the birds and their dwelling to some half-savage lord and lady and their isolated castle of medieval days. A twelfth-century bandit nobleman might have gloried in triggging himself in such apparel as my ivory-billed woodpecker wore. What a perfect athlete he appeared to be, as he braced himself for an effort which was to generate a force sufficient to hurl his heavy head and beak back and forth at a speed of about twenty-eight strokes to the second!

All of our woodpeckers, pure and simple—that is, all of the species in which the woodpecker character has been preserved almost unmodified—have exceedingly muscular heads and strikingly constricted necks; their beaks are nearly straight, wedge-shaped, fluted or ribbed on the upper mandible, and their nostrils are protected by hairy or feathery tufts. Their legs are strangely short in appearance, but are exactly adapted to their need, and their tail-feathers are tipped with stiff points. These features are all fully developed in the *Campephilus principalis*, the bill especially showing a size, strength and symmetrical beauty truly wonderful.

The stiff pointed tail-feathers of the woodpecker serve the bird a turn which I have never seen noted by any ornithologist. When the bird must strike a hard blow with its bill, it does not depend solely upon its neck and head; but, bracing the points of its tail-feathers against the tree, and rising to the full length of its short, powerful legs, and drawing back its body, head, and neck to the farthest extent, it dashes its bill home with all the force of its entire bodily weight and muscle. I

have seen the ivory-bill, striking thus, burst off from almost flinty-hard dead trees fragments of wood half as large as my hand; and once in the Cherokee hills of Georgia I watched a pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*) dig a hole to the very heart of an exceedingly tough, green, mountain hickory tree, in order to reach a nest of winged ants. The point of ingress of the insects was a small hole in a punk knot; but the bird, by hopping down the tree tail-foremost and listening, located the nest about five feet below, and there it proceeded to bore through the gnarled, cross-grained wood to the hollow.

Of all our wild American birds, I have studied no other one which combines all of the elements of wildness so perfectly in its character as does the ivory-billed woodpecker. It has no trace whatever in its nature of what may be called a tameable tendency. Savage liberty is a prerequisite of its existence and its home is the depths of the woods, remotest from the activities of civilized man.

From a careful study of all the holes (apparently made by *Campephilus*) that I have been able to find and reach in either standing or fallen trees, I am led to believe that this jug-shape is peculiar to the ivory-bill's architecture, as I have never found it in the excavations of other species, save where the form was evidently the result of accident. The depth of the hole varies from three to seven feet, as a rule, but I found one that was nearly nine feet deep and another that was less than two. Our smaller woodpeckers, including *Hylotomus pileatus*, usually make their excavations in the shape of a gradually widening pocket, of which the entrance is the narrowest part.

It is curious to note that, beginning with the ivory-bill and coming down the line of species in the scale of size, we find the red mark on the head rapidly falling away from a grand scarlet crest some inches in height to a mere touch of carmine, or dragon's blood, on crown, nape, cheek, or chin. The lofty and brilliant head-plume of the ivory-bill, his powerful beak, his semi-circular claws and his perfectly spiked tail, as well as his superiority of size and strength, indicate that he is

what he is, the original type of the woodpecker, and the one pure species left to us in America. He is the only woodpecker which eats insects and larvæ (dug out of rotten wood) exclusively. Neither the sweetest fruits nor the oiliest grains can tempt him to depart one line from his hereditary habit. He accepts no gifts from man, and asks no favors. But the pileated woodpecker, just one remove lower in the scale of size, strength, and beauty, shows a little tendency towards a grain and fruit diet, and it also often descends to old logs and fallen boughs for its food—a thing never thought of by the ivory-bill. As for the rest of the red-headed family, they are degenerate species, though lively, clever, and exceedingly interesting. What a sad dwarf the little downy woodpecker is when compared with the ivory-bill! and yet to my mind it is clear that *Picus pubescens* is the degenerate off-shoot from the grand *campephilus* trunk.

Our red-headed woodpecker (*M. erythrocephalus*) is a genuine American in every sense, a plausible, querulous, aggressive, enterprising, crafty fellow, who tries every mode of getting a livelihood, and always with success. He is a woodpecker, a nut-eater, a cider-taster, a judge of good fruits, a connoisseur of corn, wheat, and melons, and an expert fly-catcher as well. As if to correspond with his versatility of habit, his plumage is divided into four regular masses of color. His head and neck are crimson, his back, down to secondaries, a brilliant black, tinged with green or blue in the gloss; then comes a broad girdle of pure white, followed by a mass of black at the tail and wing-tips. He readily adapts himself to the exigencies of civilized life. I prophesy that, within less than a hundred years to come, he will be making his nest on the ground, in hedges or in the crotches of orchard trees. Already he has begun to push his way out into our smaller Western prairies, where there is no dead timber for him to make his nest-holes in. I found a compromise-nest between two fence-rails in Illinois, which was probably a fair index of the future habit of the red-head. It was formed by pecking away the inner sides of two vertical parallel rails, just above a horizontal one, upon which, in a cup

of pulverized wood, the eggs were laid. This was in the prairie country between two vast fields of Indian corn.

The power of sight exhibited by the red-headed woodpecker is quite amazing. I have seen the bird, in the early twilight of a summer evening, start from the highest spire of a very tall tree, and fly a hundred yards straight to an insect near the ground. He catches flies on the wing with as deft a turn as does the great-crested fly-catcher. It is not my purpose to offer any ornithological theories in this paper; but I cannot help remarking that the farther a species of woodpecker departs from the feeding-habit of the ivory-bill, the more broken up are its color-masses, and the more diffused or degenerate becomes the typical red tuft on the head.—*Condensed from an Article by Maurice Thompson.*

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#### OUR FUTURE WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

**H**OWEVER long the use of the letters "A.M." and "P.M." for distinguishing the two halves of the civil day may survive, says a writer in the last number of *Nature*, it seems probable that the more rational method of counting the hours of the day continuously from midnight through twenty-four hours to the midnight following may before long come into use for a variety of purposes for which it is well adapted, even if it should not yet be generally employed. It seems proper, therefore, to consider in what way ordinary watches and clocks could be best accommodated to such a mode of reckoning. To place twenty-four hours on one circle round the dial instead of twelve hours, as at present, seems the most natural change to make; but, in addition to a new dial, it would involve also some alteration in construction, since the hour-hand would have to make one revolution only in the twenty-four hours instead of two. And there would be this further disadvantage, that the hours being more crowded together, the angular motion of the hand in moving through the space corresponding to one



hour would be less—in fact, one-half of its present amount. It is to be remembered that, in taking from a clock, persons probably pay small attention to the figures, either those for hours or minutes, the relative position of the hands on the dial probably at once sufficiently indicating the time to most persons without any need of reference thereto, but it would be by no means so easy to pick up the hour from a circle containing twenty-four, and especially in the case of public and turret clocks. There is also the question of change of the motion-work to which allusion has been already made—necessary if the hour-hand is to make one revolution only in twenty-four hours—a practical question in regard to which the watch or clock maker could probably best speak.

There is another way of adapting ordinary watches and clocks to the twenty-four hour system, which, if the watch is intended only for the reckoning of local time, seems deserving of consideration. It consists in making the hour figures shorter, not necessarily at all less distinct, and placing two circles of figures round the dial, an inner circle with hours from 0 to 11, and an outer circle with hours from 12 to 23. The hour-hand would thus point to 1 and 13, and to 2 and 14, etc., at the same time, it being understood that the hours 0, 1, 2, etc., would be reckoned in the morning, and the hours 12, 13, 14, etc., in the afternoon, a convention to which people would soon accommodate themselves. On such a plan a watch would only require a new dial, no change of wheel work being necessary, so that it could be very readily applied to existing watches, and so sooner promote the use of the twenty-four-hour system. Persons might, perhaps, object to the introduction of two hour-circles from an artistic point of view. But, after all is said, the question whether one circle containing twenty-four hours, or two circles having twelve hours in each, be preferable, is one to be settled only by a consideration of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the two proposals, in regard to which it would be interesting to learn what business men and others, on the one hand, and practical watchmakers, on the other, may

have to say. There are conditions under which the one circle of twenty-four hours would certainly be the more advantageous, and clearly it would be well that system only should if possible be used.

As regards clocks, there is the further question of striking the hours. For public clocks we could not go on to twenty-four. It may be a question whether in large towns one stroke only at each hour might not be sufficient indication, though even this rule probably could not be universally applied.

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#### THE PHENOMENON OF ELECTRICITY.

THE question whether or not electricity is a mechanical vibration is interesting at all times, for it must be said there is much evidence which goes to prove the assertion that it is.

It has been demonstrated that, when water and carbonic acid are produced by combustion, chemical affinity is an expansive force. Now, chemical action also causes an expansion in the combustion of iron or zinc with oxygen, for the oxides of iron and zinc are less dense than the metals, and, although the alteration in bulk is very little, yet the force required to produce it is, in comparison, very great, whether estimated by the heat obtained during the change from metal to oxide, or by the cohesion which is overcome. But there is a movement of oxygen as well as metal, and the oxygen must of necessity move faster than the metal, because it condenses from a gas to a solid, while the metal remains a solid and almost without motion; and, having regard to the combining weight, the momentum of the slow movement of the zinc will be overcome by the rapid movement of the oxygen, which will, therefore, give the most powerful mechanical effect. Again, when oxygen unites with hydrogen, it moves into ordinary bulk, while the volume of hydrogen remains constant, so that in this case as well the oxygen is still the moving, and consequently active, mechanical agent.

It has also been experimentally determined that the amount of oxygen or of a similar substance, and not the metal, determines the amount of electricity in the galvanic action.

The action of a battery may, therefore, be explained as follows: If the liquid in a voltaic cell be vibrating each time a condensing vibration occurs, the oxygen will leave the hydrogen and combine with the zinc. This action will check the vibrations of the liquid, and produce a vibration in the zinc, which will tend to expand in all directions and traverse substances suited to its nature. The liquid, on the other hand, will absorb a vibratory force equal to what it has lost by the oxygen combining with the zinc.

If the liquid is heated, then, because heat is a vibratory force, the vibrations become more rapid or powerful, or of greater number, and the action of the battery is, therefore, increased, which, experimentally, is known to be the case.

Good authorities are inclined to the belief that this view of the battery is supported by the following circumstances: Water and some other liquids are mechanically carried through non-conducting, porous substances by galvanic action, and, when water is mechanically forced through such substances, galvanic action is produced. Mechanical force and galvanic action are, therefore, directly convertible.

The stratified form of the electric light in vacuum tubes is an effect similar to the nodal points in the vibrations of sound. The passage of the current of a powerful secondary battery can produce both sounds and nodal points in an ignited platinum wire.

The scientist, Priestley, has also noticed a difference in the tone of Leyden jars when discharging, which he attributes to the surface of the jars, as well as the amount of charge, so that electricity has been connected with sound long before the present time.—*Electrical Review*.

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MAXIMS are the condensed good sense of nations.—*McIntosh*.

## NATURE.

I DREAMED that I stepped into a vast subterranean, highly-arched hall. A subterranean, vast light illuminated it. In the middle of this hall was seated the majestic figure of a woman, clothed in a green robe that fell in many folds around her. Her head rested upon her hand; she seemed to be sunk in deep meditation. Instantly I comprehended that this woman must be Nature herself, and a sudden feeling of respectful terror stole into my awed soul. I approached the woman, and saluting her with reverence, I cried, "Oh, mother of us all! on what dost thou meditate? Thinkest thou, perchance, of the future fate of humanity? Or of the path along which mankind must journey in order to attain the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness?"

The woman slowly turned her dark, threatening eyes upon me. Her lips moved, and in a tremendous, metallic voice, she replied:

"I was pondering how to bestow greater strength upon the muscles of the flea's legs, so that it may the more easily escape from its enemies. The balance betwixt attack and flight is deranged—it must be re-adjusted."

"What," I stammered, "is that thy only meditation? Are not we—mankind—thy best-loved and most precious children?"

The woman slightly bent her brows and replied: "All living creatures are my children: I cherish all equally, and annihilate all without distinction."

"But Virtue—Reason—Justice!" I faltered.

"Those are human words!" replied the brazen voice. "I know neither good nor evil. Reason to me is no law! And what is Justice? I gave thee life, I take it from thee and give it unto others; worms or men—all are the same to me . . . and thou must maintain thyself meanwhile, and leave me in peace!"

I would have replied, but the earth quaked and trembled, and I awoke.

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

## HABITS OF FLOWERS.

**F**LOWERS have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. I will tell you about some of them. There are some flowers that shut themselves at night, as if to go to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. I was once admiring in the morning some flowers that were sent to me the evening before by a lady. Among them were some tulips, and out of these, as they opened, flew a bumble-bee. A lazy, droning bee he must have been to be caught in this way as the flower was closing itself for the night. Or, perhaps, he had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and just at night was so sleepy that he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A very elegant bed the bee had that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have done if he had been in his homely nest?

The pond-lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed; but it unfolds them again in the morning. How beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the water in the sunlight! The little mountain daisy is among the flowers that close at night, but is as bright as ever on its "slender stem" when it wakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up it is a little green ball, and looks something like a pea. But look the next morning, and the ball is opened, and shows a "golden tuft within a silver crown."

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that had never yet been opened.

There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot, it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when the weather is very hot, shuts itself up as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night as if they were nodding in their sleep; but in the morning they lift them up again to welcome the light.

Some flowers have a particular time to open. The evening

primrose does not open till evening, and hence comes its name. The flower named four-o'clock opens at that hour in the afternoon. There is a flower commonly called Go-to-bed-at-noon, that always opens in the morning and shuts up at noon.—*Central Methodist.*

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SELECTIONS.

THE day is at hand when four-fifths of the human race will trace its pedigree to English forefathers, as four-fifths of the white people in the United States trace their pedigree to-day. The race thus spread over both hemispheres, and from the rising to the setting sun, will not fail to keep that sovereignty of the sea and that commercial supremacy which it began to acquire when England first stretched its arm across the Atlantic to the shores of Virginia and Massachusetts. The language spoken by these great communities will not be sundered into dialects like the language of the ancient Romans, but perpetual intercommunication and the universal habit of reading and writing will preserve its integrity, and the world's business will be transacted by English-speaking people to so great an extent that whatever language any man may have learned in his infancy, he will find it necessary sooner or later to learn to express his thoughts in English. And in this way it is by no means improbable that, as Jacob Grimm long since predicted, the language of Shakespeare will ultimately become the language of mankind.—*John Fiske.*

THE recommendation with reference to the adoption of a universal day has already been acted upon at the Greenwich Observatory, which began on the first day of this year to reckon time by this system. The universal day begins throughout the world at midnight of the Greenwich meridian, and the hours are counted consecutively from one to twenty-four, so that the time-honored abbreviations of A.M. and P.M. are rendered superfluous. This change will spread gradually to local times as well; in fact, the same system has been in use on the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railway since December, 1883, the

absence of confusion between the morning and afternoon hours being particularly noticeable in their time-table. Objection is made to the new system of reckoning time in consequence of all existing time-pieces being arranged to suit the twelve-hour system; but it surely would not be difficult to have a second ring of numerals placed on the dials inside the old ones, if the mental exertion of adding twelve to the indicated number, for the afternoon hours, were found to be too great. The prospect of clocks striking to twenty-four has been productive of much ponderous pleasantries; but it appears scarcely necessary to change existing arrangements in this respect. It is very unlikely that the change in the hours will be adopted as rapidly as was standard time; but it must come eventually, and the most probable issue will be that the two methods of notation will be carried on for a generation or so side by side.

**THE BLACK DEATH.**—Nothing brought about greater changes of every description, not only in England, but throughout Europe, during the Middle Ages, than the awful mortality of the Black Death of 1348-9. It has generally been assumed that the somewhat vague statements of the old chroniclers were considerably exaggerated, but as the research becomes more definite and localized, the terrible truth of the mortality becomes more and more established. It is not long since that the records of Lichfield were searched for a single county of that diocese, when it was found that more than three-fourths of the clergy of Derbyshire perished of that sickness. Equally appalling are the results of Dr. Jessopp's investigations. The annual average of institutions in the episcopal registers of Norwich about that period is eighty-one, but in 1350, the year following the plague, no less than 831 persons received institution within the diocese. In six months no less than twenty-one religious houses had lost their rulers, while at Hickling only a single canon survived, and he a novice who made his profession to the prior as he lay dying. It is impossible to estimate the number of clergy (regular and secular) in the diocese of Norwich whom the Black Death carried off at less than two thousand.

## CHAFF.

HASH and sawdust are both fine board.

THE trees that have been leaving are still living with us.

USEFUL medical hint: "If fresh milk does not agree with a child, boil it."

A BOARDER'S trunk was seized because he would knot plank down for his board.

THE development of many politicians can be summed up in three words—slip, slipper, slippery.

IT is said that when a Frenchman is intoxicated he wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

A CORRESPONDENT from the *seat* of war asks his readers to cultivate their imagination: "There is not enough hay for the men to make a bed with, and you can imagine what they have to *stand lying* on the wet ground." Was it a standing joke, or a flat lie?

IT takes two persons to make a contract. You contract a cold and a cold contracts you. A hot struggle ensues to see which will come out ahead. Everything runs freely for a time, and the trouble seems likely to blow itself out. The subject too often, however, is settled by the cold settling on the subject.

IN winter the small boy is like many other kinds of dry goods—he shrinks from washing. As spring throws off the winter covering he follows suit. Behold him:

The small boy stands beside the pool,  
And with his hands the water cool  
He feels.

He lingers not, nor time doth waste,  
The weather's hot, and with great haste  
He peels.



WINTER is conquered and Spring overcome by the successful arms of Summer—first the shooting buds and leaves, then the sharp blades of grass, and finally the pistils of the flowers opened out, and Summer, hot and sweltering from the contest, has settled down into a Sirius mood during the monotony of dog-days.

THE first railway introduced into Hindostan did not astonish the natives. But it produced a religious and mystical emotion. They prayed to the goddess "Vapor" to take pity on them, and offered garlands of flowers and melted butter. They then entered the carriages, on which the notice was posted up in English and Hindostani: Those gentlemen who would wish to take first or second-class tickets, must have a shirt."

SPECIAL advertisement, copied for the benefit of S. D. G., living, or his heirs if dead, taken from a Toronto daily paper: "S. D. G., who left County Antrim, Ireland, forty years ago (if living, his heirs if dead), will hear of something to his advantage on application to H., Barrister." Now, we presume he was living when he left Ireland. Again, we admit that the daily has some chance of communication with "his heirs if dead," since at least one part of the next world is represented; but, even so, what good will it do "his heirs if dead" to hear of something to *his* advantage? We sincerely trust for the good of all concerned that S. D. G. will make application in person.

THIS is a world of progress. Necessity is the mother of invention. In many cases American ambition is the father. Truly the world does move. The days of windows, blinds, shutters, gates, and guards must surely be at its greatest swing. But we must restrain ourselves. The cause of all our excitement is to be found in one sentence contained in an advertisement taken from the *Globe*: "It is the only Iron or Steel Guard manufactured in the world that furnishes light and ventilation that can be folded away"!! Pure air, pure light furnished and fit to be laid away for future use. The cholera antidote has come. Eureka!