



ROYAL NAVAL FIELD GUN TEAM, ESQUIMAULT, B. C.

well as a certain political genius of the motherland, who has played Anthony to the Cleopatra of a certain lady, to whose name the letters M. E. were well added from a phonetic point of view. Do we not read also that the Little Corporal once ogled the nurse of Louis, his namesake (who acted the barlequin at Strasbourg and Boulogne) until that demure damsel fled the scene, but not before the Emperor remarked, "that rascal has a very pretty nurse."

But this phase of the subject had better be dropped. Many of us would be sufficiently curious to steal a glance at a pretty face. Nature's laws are wonderfully tangled, and if a lord looks at a charming woman and my Lady at a handsome man, they should both be the better for it, for beauty is elevating and not degrading.

Is not the poet the man who follows his instincts, his heart promptings more than his reason; and thus far is he not a savage? When we descend to fundamentals, the human race is an actual brotherhood. I am reminded of an old Scottish witticism, in which a man who objected to the doctrine of original sin was assured that he had sufficient natural wickedness to settle his destiny. Whether it came from Adam (created Friday, October 28th, B.C., 4004, according to Blair) or from ourselves, the savagery is in us, and will, if not looked after, lead to worse than camps and camp life. How solemnly fall poor Heavysage's words upon our ears:

"Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves;  
It is thy master calls;  
Let me go down and, curious, trace  
Thy labyrinthine halls.  
Open, O heart, and let me view  
The secrets of thy den;  
Myself unto myself now shew  
With introspective ken.  
Expose thyself, thou covered nest  
Of passions and be seen;  
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest  
Are ever piping keen.  
Ah! what a motley multitude  
Magnanimous and mean."

Speaking of Heavysage, are you aware, Mr. Critic, that in his drama of Saul, declared "one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain," he introduces the use of tobacco, or at least the practice of pipe smoking, which is the origin of the name? Listen to this, act III., scene 2, line 25 et seq.

"Man is a pipe that life doth smoke,  
As saunters it the earth about;  
And when 'tis wearied of the joke,  
Death comes and knocks the ashes out."

My edition is one I am proud of. It was a review copy and bears the pencil marks of the reviewer, whom few fine lines have escaped. It was once Clemow's, the author of Simon Seek, &c.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who discovered Heavysage's greatness (a prophet is not without honour save in his own country—particularly if that be Canada), has given us, in his parable of "The Minister's Black Veil," a hint of the savagery which is in us all; and to approach the savagery to which I alluded more particularly in the first instance, we have the evidence of Thackeray who shows the literary interest in savage acts by writing,—

"And while in fashion picturesque  
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,  
The grave historian at his desk  
Describes the same in classic prose."

I believe that, whatever the muscular section of the human race may do, some pale-faced scribe, or a muscular one, and these are many, will work himself into a fever over it. Even theologians are not exempt; the Pope struck a medal in honour of the St. Bartholomew massacre, while the Puritans gloried in the burning of women with a mole on their faces. I wonder what the latter would say to the caustic moles on the faces of some of their descendants.

I know that, for my part, I am a savage. I do not like to see a dog fight, and I have parted belligerent boys in the street, yet there is a time, when my blood is flowing well in my veins and my spirits are high, when I should not mind being a principal in some such affair, and would welcome with delight the tread of someone on my trailing coat. But then, I have Irish blood in me. Growing responsibilities make such feelings very transitory, so that perhaps this is not survival of the fittest (or fittest) but the last shilling of some ancestral inheritance. I was a "sport," in its decorous sense, before I was a scribe, and the comrades with whom I am most at ease are certain unlettered, though not unlettered friends, who neither air their knowledge in my presence nor compel me to air mine in theirs. We have slept under the same blankets in forest fastnesses, eaten out of the same camp kettle, and spun the same fish tales these many years, and may we do the same occasionally for many more, and the heirs male of our bodies after us.

It is true that I am not so ardent a huntsman as they. I have not been an enthusiast in sport for years, and cold quarters, or uneasy bed fellows of the order Aphaniptera, otherwise known as the wicked flea, whom each man pursueth, or even continuous poor fare dampen my sporting ardor. I like to be let lie late into the night by a camp fire, smoking my pipe, listening to the

ripple washing in the reeds  
And the wild water lapping on the crag,

while perhaps the slow moon dips through fleecy clouds overhead and a far off owl hoots intermittently and reminds one of a disembodied spirit. Next to lying late, is waking early in the profound stillness and stealing down to the bath in the lake with such feelings as Adam might have had before he fell and knew his nakedness, leaving the other fellows to get breakfast and clean last night's dishes. But of this anon, for we are still in the study.