

crying in her frenzied voice. *They're after me!* she sprang into the wood and disappeared from Harry's sight, which was just then clouded by a tear.

It was long after dark when Harry neared the spot since noted as Gallows Hill. He had met several men on foot who scanned him with lowering brows, and one or two horsemen were close behind him, when his bridle was seized and half a dozen men leaped up as though they had sprung from the ground, so sudden was their advent.

"You are our prisoner," said one, "resistance is useless."

"In whose name do you stop me?" enquired Harry, while he hastily ran over in his mind whether it would not be best to go with the men quietly, and by so doing run a chance of hearing somewhat of his brother. All doubts were set aside by the approach of two horsemen, one of whom stopped to inquire what the patrol were doing, the other riding on.

"Whom have you here?" enquired the horseman in a rough voice, which Harry at once recognized as that of Howis.

On recognizing their prisoner, Howis exclaimed, "Mr. Hewit, indeed! I hardly expected the pleasure of your assistance so soon, sir. I thought you were one of those prudent ones who would wait to see signs of success before joining us."

"You are very much mistaken if you think I am here on any such errand, Mr. Howis," replied Harry. "I am on business of the utmost importance to my family, and I shall be greatly obliged if you can direct me to my brother."

"You must accompany the patrol to quarters, Mr. Hewit, and I'll send your brother to you," said Howis, and beckoning the guard he warned him that Harry was a prisoner of importance and must be well watched, chuckling to himself as he rode away at the advantage 'luck' had given, "for," said he to himself, "I have him now, and whether he join us or not I can spoil his reputation with the other party."

Harry was hurried along until he reached Montgomery's tavern, where Howis's instructions were carried out. He was conducted to a room over the kitchen and there locked in, a guard being placed outside. That Howis would assist him to an interview with his brother he did not believe, but if William was in the house he determined he would see him. By the noise and bustle about the house he judged that he was in the rendezvous of the rebels—for rebels they seemed to him, now, more than ever. He went to the window and found it opened upon a shed adjoining; moreover, it rose without much difficulty.

"Good," he exclaimed, "if I am left here until the house gets quiet, I can readily give my gentlemen the slip."

He was still examining the window when the key was turned and a gruff voice said:

"You are wanted below; follow me."

Harry obeyed, wondering what the next scene would be.

Passing through a hall crowded with men hurrying to and fro, he followed his guide into a room where some twenty or thirty men were talking, drinking and smoking. Without regarding these, Harry's guide passed on to an inner room, where he was ushered into the presence of the chiefs of the insurrection, Mackenzie, Lount and others, and some twenty or thirty besides, who were all seated round a table eagerly discussing some plan. Harry was somewhat surprised to see that the large number of the company were very respectable men, some of whom he knew well by sight, having met them at markets and on other public occasions.

All eyes were turned towards the door as Harry entered. He advanced to the table around which the company were seated, and looked fearlessly upon the group, not speaking.

(To be continued.)



In the December *Atlantic* we find a somewhat elaborate comparison between "The Century Dictionary," of which the first volume has been issued, and the great work, of which Dr. J. A. H. Murray is the editor, now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In order to "test the extent of inclusion or exclusion of rare or obsolete words," the reviewer tells us that he "glanced over Morris and Skeats's *Specimens of English Literature* for test-words, and then looked up in the dictionaries." The result was that *accouped*, meaning "blamed," from a line in Robert Manning's *Handlyng Synne*—"How that be accouped was"—is not found in the Century, but is given in the Oxford work, with etymology and illustrative extracts from early authors. *Aby*, *accidie*, *adaw*, *amene*, *at-tercop* and *allenarly*, meaning, respectively, "to pay the penalty of," "sloth," "to wake up," "pleasant," "a spider" and "merely" or "solely" (in Scotch legal use), are met with in both works. The critic also points out that, in connection with the word "calenture," the form of delirium usually associated with the peculiar tropical fever so named is noted in the Oxford dictionary and admirably illustrated by a quotation from Swift, whereas in the Century lexicon, the reference to such delirium is indirect and the illustration, a quotation from Dr. Holmes. Now, it is well known that the Century Dictionary is based on the Imperial Dictionary of Dr. Ogilvie, the revised edition of which, prepared under the supervision of Dr. Annandale, was published in 1882 by Messrs. Blackie and Son, and the Century Company. In the review from which we have quoted, there is only one casual acknowledgment of this fact. Yet the words above mentioned, with the exception of "amene," are all given in Ogilvie. As to "calenture," the quotation from Swift, the reproduction of which in Dr. Murray's work, the reviewer commends, is also in Ogilvie, but has evidently been omitted in the later lexicon to make room for Dr. Holmes's prose. The quotations from Herrick, from the Shepherd's Calendar and from Sir William Hamilton, are also in Ogilvie. This last quotation is hardly a happy one, as Horace is satirizing Alfenus, who had long ceased to mend shoes, and was a jurist and magistrate of distinction. That is, however, only a minor point. Our objection to the whole criticism is that it compares the Century Dictionary with Dr. Murray's work, which, of course, it had the advantage of consulting, and not with Dr. Annandale's revision of Ogilvie, of which it is really a new edition, which it has, in many instances, closely followed, and which, moreover, by the unconscious avowal of the reviewer (in the case of "calenture") it has not always improved. In the sentence quoted: "It is a corruption of *brausle*, etc.," the word "*brausle*" is doubtless a misprint for "*bransle*," the old form of "*brangle*"—which is in common use in this province. Why the reviewer should persist in calling the author of "The Etymological Dictionary of the English Language" Mr. "Skeats" all through his article we cannot imagine. The Rev. Walter W. Skeat is the name on the title-page of his work. This reminds us that we possess a review of Canadian literature in which the author of "*Saul*" is spoken of throughout as "*Heavisides*." We have not yet seen the Century Dictionary. Its preparation, on the basis of Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary, was announced seven years ago, and if it is worthy of Dr. Whitney, it is sure to be a work of the highest value. There is no philologist of our time in whose learning and soundness of view we would place more confidence. But we must confess that we were somewhat startled, in reading this elaborate review of the first volume, in the *Atlantic*, to meet with no trace of acknowledgment of what his predecessors had done, and to find this dictionary treated throughout as the pure result of American scholarship and research.

When Latham's edition of Todd's Johnson was published some twenty-five years ago, Dr. George Webbe Dasent wrote a long criticism of it, which appeared in the *North British Review*, and which is reproduced in his collected essays, "*Jest and Earnest*." Reading some of the etymologies given by both editor and critic, one is puzzled to know to which of these categories they belong. Dr. Dasent, for instance, insists that the phrase "apple-pie order" means not "perfect order," but the opposite—the worst kind of disorder. He considers it a typographical term, a modification of the word "chapel," in the sense which is familiar to printers. That use of it is traced back to a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey, in which Caxton did his first type-setting in England. "Pie" (another printer's term) is said to have its origin in the old "Pie" or service-book, the rules of which were so difficult to learn that it became a synonym for confusion. "Chapel-pie," of which, according to Dr. Dasent, "apple-pie" in the phrase under consideration, is a corruption, would, therefore, mean a mass of type confusedly mixed together, and, by extending its application, a mess of any kind. It is hardly necessary to say that this derivation has not been generally accepted. Apart from the violent change from "chapel" to "apple" which it would require, such a phrase for such a meaning is wholly needless, "pie" alone serving the purpose admirably.

Some of Dr. Latham's adventures are not less surprising. The phrase "to lose one's all" he is inclined to consider a

reflection of the Latin "*perdere naulum*" (to lose one's passage-money). Dr. Dasent's suggestions, even where later research has shown them to be wrong, are always interesting. He brings out the true meaning of "*blaze*"—so familiar to North American wood-craft, and shows that many words formerly assigned a Latin origin are really pure English. But his article, as well as the work to which it relates, are now chiefly useful as evidence of the manifold gains of recent research.

A somewhat warm discussion has been going on in Mr. George Murray's "*Notes, Queries and Replies*," (Montreal *Star*), as to the pronunciation of the word "*Ralph*." Some of his correspondents are for *Ralf*; others, for *Raif*. But why should not both be correct? We can well recall a boy who attended school ever so long since in a loyal old town and who bore the name of Ralph T— (the name of a third or fourth rate 18th century poet). We always called him (as he called himself) *Raif*. When we read the discussion in the *Star*, we asked the first persons we met if they had ever been acquainted with any one bearing such name. The answer was in the affirmative and the name was pronounced *Ralf*. We then took up a few books in which the name would be likely to occur, and lo! we came upon this passage: "In Ulpius Fulwell's *Like Will to Like*, not printed till 1568, besides allegorical impersonations there are characters with such names as *Rafe* Roister, Tom Tossopot, Philip Fleming, Cuthbert Cutpurse, etc." Evidently, then, it was usual at some time or other, in the Merry England of the past, to give Ralph the pronunciation which some of the disputants condemn. Higden (or Higdon) of the *Polychronicon*, is sometimes called Ralph, sometimes Ranulph (from the Latinized form). In French the word, which is one of the Teutonic *ulf* or *wolf* names, became Raoul. It is only in comparatively recent times that either the spelling or pronunciation of names has acquired anything like stability, and it is not extraordinary if some of the old uncertainty still survives. Who would recognize our familiar "Harold" in such a form as "Aigroult" into which, according to M. Gabriel Gravier (*Les Normands sur la Route des Indes*) it had been metamorphosed in the Norman chronicles?

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

The following is the original of "Provençal Lovers," quoted by Mr. Douglas Sladen in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of November 16th:

The Viscount of the town says to the irate Aucassin (who demanded the lost Nicolette at his hands):

Biax sire, Nicolette est une caïtive que j'amnenai d'estrange tere * * * De ce n'avés vos que faire, * * * Prendrés le fille a un roi u a un conte. Enseurequetot, que cuideries vous avoir gaegnié se vous l'aviés asogmentée ne mise a vo lit? Mout i ariés peu conquis, car tos les jors du siecle en seroit vo arme en infer, quen' paradis n'enterriés vos ja.

Aucassin.—En paradis qu'ai je a faire? Je n'i quier entré, mais que j'iaie Nicolette, ma tres douce amie que j'aim tant. C'en paradis ne vont fors tex gens con je vous dirai. Il i vont ci viel prestre et cil viel clop et cil manke, qui tote jor et tote nuit crepent devant ces autex et en ees viés cruetes, et cil a ces viés capes erées et a ces viés tateceles vestues, qui sont nu et decanç et estrumelé, qui mœurant de faim et de soi et de froit et de mesaises. Icil vont en paradis; avec ciaux n'ai jou que faire; mais en infer voil jou aler. Car en infer vont li bel clerç, et li bel cevalier, qui sont mort as tornois et as rices guerres, et li boin sergant, et li franc home. Aveuc ciaux voil jou aler. Et s'i vont les beles dames coïtoises, que eles ont .II. amis ou .III. avoc leur barons. Et s'i va li ors et li argens, et li vairs et li gris; et si i vont harpeor et jogler. Li roi del siecle. Avoc ciaux voil jou aler, mais que j'iaie Nicolette, ma tres douce amie, avec mi.

The Viscount of the town says he has not seen the errant damsel, and very sensibly warns the rhapsodical lover against his father, the Count de Beaucaire's, wrath. Ce poise moi, said *Aucassin*. Et il se depart del visconte dolans, (mout dolans et abosmés.)

Translation is more than a trick of scholarly accomplishment. It is, or ought to be, an inspiration, reproducing the very spirit of the original, but 'tis rare to meet this live effervescence with the *banquet* undulled. Identity of verbiage, it appears to me, is of minor importance, except it may be to philologists or to hypercritics. In view of Stedman's magnificent adaptation one need scarcely attempt a more literal translation of the passage above quoted.

HUNTER DUVAR.

CANADIAN SHIP-BUILDING.—The Canadian marine of today is third or fourth in the world in point of extent. Since iron and steel ship-building superseded the old wooden clippers of thirty years ago much of this great vessel tonnage has been constructed abroad. Better days have come now, and in ship-building, as well as in ship-owning, Canada is forging ahead. Another evidence of this fact is to hand in the announcement that the Polson Iron Works Company, of Toronto and Owen Sound, have secured the order for another steel ferry boat for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to ply between Detroit and the Canadian shore. The new ferry will be a duplicate of the one presently building by the Company, and will be 295 feet long, of heavy construction and capable of carrying heavy freight trains between the two countries. If the Polsons keep up the present rate of progress the great yards at Owen Sound will soon be too small to accommodate the keels laid, and Owen Sound will become a city. The engines will be constructed in Toronto, and the contract must be finished before July next.

The life principles must be deeply set; there must be the clean heart and the sound mind; there must be an all-mastering love of good; there must be a well established and well-administered inward government not dependent on human opinions or customs. The right law must be written on the heart—all one thing with the life's love.