

years, yet now we are given them, the first just as he wrote it, totally uncorrected, and the second not even as he delivered them, but merely notes taken by one of those present.

However, as James Payn says, "It is a matter solely between the editor and his conscience," though we would be inclined to add "If he has one." The last is very different, being a most valuable contribution to Carlyle literature, second only to Froude's work. It shows us, too, many of the defects, caused chiefly by injudicious publishing of what should have been left private, of that book, and altogether represents the Sage of Chelsea in a much kindlier aspect than we had seen him before. He seems to have been most considerate and thoughtful towards the young Duffy, and better still, his relations with his wife come out much more pleasantly. It also gives us his judgment on many literary and historical personages, most of them just and all of them worth careful consideration except that on Lamb, which Carlyle himself has expressed more forcibly elsewhere. Here is what he says on Henry VIII. We are afraid it will shock some people:

"Henry (he said), when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best Kings England had ever got. He had the right stuff in him for a King; he knew his own mind; a patient, resolute, decisive man, one could see, who understood what he wanted, which was the first condition of success in any enterprise, and by what methods to bring it about. He saw what was going on in ecclesiastical circles at that time in England, and perceived that it could not continue without results very tragical for the kingdom he was appointed to rule, and he overhauled them effectually. He had greedy, mutinous, unscrupulous opponents, and to chastise them he was forced to do many things which in these sentimental times an enlightened public opinion [*laughing*] would altogether condemn; but when one looked into the matter a little, it was seen that Henry for the most part was right.

I suggested that among the things he wanted, and knew how to get, was as long a roll of wives as the Grand Turk. It would have

been a more humane method to have taken them, like that potentate, simultaneously than successively; he would have been saved the need of killing one to make room for another, and then requiring Parliament to disgrace itself by sanctioning the transaction.

Carlyle replied that this method of looking at King Henry's life did not help much to the understanding of it. He was a true ruler at a time when the will of the Lord's anointed counted for something, and it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of these things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient."

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"Cap and Bells," the beautiful poem which appeared in our last number, is not, we regret to say, written by a student of Queen's, as some seem to have thought. It appeared anonymously in one of the American monthlies, *The Century*, we think, about three years ago.

John Talon—Lesperance, "Laclede," was better known ten or twenty years ago than he is now. He still lives in Montreal and wrote for the *Dominion Illustrated* while it was a weekly. "Empire First" is his best known song.

We hope that '95 in general, and M. Q. V. in particular, will continue what they began last week. There has been a great lack of poetry in this year's JOURNAL, and what there has been was mostly from outside sources. Now that the example has been set by the Freshmen, we are sure that the other years will not lag behind.

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Rudyard Kipling (we utterly decline to call him Mr. Kipling) is suffering from what was kept for Carlyle till he was dead. Unscrupulous publishers have got hold of some of the little "up-country" Indian newspapers in which his most juvenile work appeared, written when he was about eighteen or nineteen, and are publishing it as if it were new. We suppose that the moral to be drawn is "Never become famous."

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There is a sort of resemblance between such people and those who judge authors by one, and one only, of their works—the worst for choice. We one day mentioned Kipling