

this classification is perhaps the opening poem, "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys." There is something quite stirring in the gallop of the lines, like the trumpet-note that calls the trooper to the charge. The incident it narrates is full of pathos, though the pathos merges in other emotions excited by the Nemesis fate which overtakes the principal figures in the poem, and in the closing recital of a valorous deed. Akin to "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys" are the poems entitled "The Veteran's Tale," "Tutor non Ultor," and "The Death of Burnaby." These pieces are strong, terse and patriotic. There is a glow and a fervour about them that quickens the pulse of the reader, and adapts them admirably to platform or barrack room declamation. They are surcharged with the military spirit, and, like the poems "Killed in the Straight" and "The County Steeplechase," that deal with incidents of the turf, they are thoroughly English and national. "The Death of Burnaby" recalls the work of Sir Francis Doyle, who succeeded Matthew Arnold in the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, the author of "The Return of the Guards" and "The Private of the Buffs." Mr. Cockin's patriotic verses on the tragedy at Metemneh remind one especially of Sir Francis's tribute to the heroes of Rorke's Drift, who saved the colours from dishonour at Isandhlana, but "would not save themselves." In "The County Steeplechase" does Mr. Cockin also remind one of the poet to whom we have referred, whose muse, besides being martial, was attracted to the turf, as those who know his "St. Leger" do not require to be told. Equally spirited and full of the historic memory are "St. Hilda's Bells," "The Deathbed of Louis XI.," "How the Children Saved Naumburg," and the sad but melodious lines that recount "Lundfren's Vigil."

The poems that come under the category of the reminiscent are "The Old Coaching Inn," "These Degenerate Modern Days," "Wharfedale," "Parson Oldboy's Reverie," "At the Vicarage Gate," "The Old Church Must Go," and "The Sighing of the Firs." Into these the author has infused the spirit of tender recollection and hallowing memory. The vein tapped, though plaintive, is free from maudlin sentimentality and from the pessimism and world-fatigue which enter so largely into modern verse of this kind. Through them all flows a current of fresh and healthy feeling, with frequent touches of humour. "Parson Oldboy's Reverie" is a delightful reminiscence of early school days, which Thackeray or Mackworth Praed might have written.

In the humorous poems the author's exuberant fancy and faculty for droll and extravagant portraiture amusingly reveal themselves. Here his verse becomes increasingly pliant and limpid, and though his humour is free and spontaneous, it never ceases to be cleanly. In some pieces we have the jocund and fun-loving spirit of Hood; in others the pungent wit and ridiculing of cant which characterized Thackeray. The best examples in this group are "Scampkowski," "Jack Tartar," "His Name was Bill," "The Picnic Boy," "The Missionary Ship," "The Man in the Park," "Pomp de Scallawag," "The Dentist's Chair," and "Isaiah Brown." In "Scampkowski" and "His Name was Bill" we have capitally satirized the guileless trustfulness of church and charitable organizations that become the prey of tramps and scheming adventurers, whose unblushing effrontery gains access to the affections and purses of their kind, to the detriment of the more deserving. The author has done good service to society in ridiculing so effectively this mock humanitarianism, and in exposing these frauds upon a compassionate public. In these lighter aspects of his art, the poet-satirist will be thoroughly enjoyed. If we had nothing else from Mr. Cockin's facile pen than the poems in this group, many of which approach the excellent work of Bret Harte, his literary foothold would be secure. In the domestic poems also the author's talent and literary facility show to much advantage, and mark his verse, in the main, as the outflow of a bright, manly and wholesome life. From an artistic point of view there are, of course, flaws to be found in his work; but for the most part it is admirably and conscientiously done, the humour being free and spontaneous, and the versification smooth and flowing. This volume we estimate highly, and Canadian literature has in it a rich and distinct addition to its treasures. The book, which the publisher has tastefully produced, is, we notice, dedicated, in apt and evidently sincere terms, to Professor Goldwin Smith.

G. M. A.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RED-DEER SHOOTING.

NO British sport has a more healthy effect on the system than deer-shooting. It is incomparable as a means of rousing and revivifying the energies. First, there is the stalk, which is sometimes attended with difficulty and always with excitement; then there is the critical moment, when a stag is selected from the herd and fired at. Not only must the sportsmen take care they are not seen, they must also exercise the greatest caution they are not scented by the deer. Deer do not ordinarily trouble themselves much about mankind, unless they are molested with fire-arms or dogs, of which they are much afraid. But if they happen to get the scent of man without seeing him, which often takes place (as the keenness of their scent rivals the sharpness of their vision), they become greatly agitated, and run off a distance of many miles in great alarm. The scent of man, when wafted to them on the breeze in the mountain, strikes more terror in deer than even a shot. If they do not see the sportsman, a shot does not greatly frighten deer. True, they gallop off at first in great terror. But, curiosity being very strong in deer, they soon stand to reconnoitre as to the cause of their fright,

waiting for a minute or two in one spot, and looking back in the direction from which the shot came. If they have seen nothing to increase their fear, they start off again at a slow trot for some yards, when they stand as before, scanning the coverts behind them. After this display is repeated for a few times, supposing they have seen nothing to renew their alarm, the deer conclude there is no danger and proceed to graze as if nothing had occurred to vex them. A second shot is thus sometimes got at the same herd of deer. I witnessed several instances of this, but one illustration will suffice. A young stalker, getting near a herd of deer in a small rivulet, amid a minor range of hills in proximity to a Scottish mountain of great elevation, fired at the sleekest of the stags. His gun was a single-barrelled one, of unfailing excellence. The stag ran off with the herd as fast as his feet would carry him, and soon passed all his companions in the race, but in leaping the rivulet, which was only about a yard wide, he tumbled backwards, and lay on his back, with his feet extended in the air, forming a bridge across the stream. He was as dead as a stone, the bullet having gone through the centre of his heart. No movement was as yet made on the part of the stalker. He was crouched behind a moss-tuft, the exact colour of his shooting garb. The whole of the deer saw the stag fall, as he was in front of them, being first in the gallop. They, therefore, soon stood still to investigate the cause of their comrade's misfortune. They looked steadily in his direction for fully five minutes, a much longer time than deer usually wait on their first halt after being disturbed. This may be accounted for from the circumstances that each of the deer had seen the stag fall, that he was their leader, and that, while having a good view of the ground behind them, they could see nothing suspicious as to the reason of their disquietude. There was another stag in the herd, a younger animal than the one which was shot, and this animal actually came back about twenty yards to ascertain the cause of his companion's delay. He then gave a sharp whistle through his nose, and ran up the hill along with the hinds. On arriving at the top of the ridge he stood again to look back towards the ravine, and, waiting for some time, began to graze. The herd, in the course of about twenty minutes, went over the top of the hill, feeding by the way, and disappeared. It was well that the stalker did not immediately follow them, for, with an instinct which is characteristic of deer, the stag came back in a few minutes to peer over the hill. Not seeing anything to augment his suspicion he went away slowly, and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so he appeared in sight on the top of a second ridge of hills. The hinds had ere this time apparently forgotten the existence of their big-antlered leader, but the young stag often gazed wistfully back for him, and though not alarmed for his own safety, he was far from being happy. The deer in due time all disappeared a second time, and the stalker ran forward so as to be out of their sight supposing they returned to conduct more investigations, and forthwith reloaded. When the sportsman had reached the summit of the hill over which the deer had disappeared, the hinds were feeding about half a mile away, and there was no sign of the stag. Going onward, the stalker, to his astonishment, saw the stag within easy range. The animal noticed him and sprang down the hill after the hinds. Bang! the bullet had found a deadly mark; in a few minutes the stag fell. He was not dead, as his head was erect, and he kept swaying his body to and fro. He was severely wounded, but owing to the distance he was away, coupled with the speed at which he was running when fired at, the bullet had hit him in the ribs instead of the shoulder. The sportsman reloaded and ran to the wounded stag. To his surprise the animal did not try to rise. He placed the gun by his side, and catching the stag by the horns, tried to kill him with his *syian dhru*, or hunting knife. The stag, defending himself with spirit, threw up his hind feet with an awful blow, and levelled the sportsman to the ground. He had struck his human adversary on the nose. It was a dangerous stroke, which the recipient is not likely ever to forget. The sportsman quickly regained his feet, and seizing his gun, shot the stag through the neck.

When deer are wounded they often make straight for the nearest sheet of water. They do this of their own accord, even though not pursued by a dog. I recollect a stalk in which a stag was hit too far behind to be deadly, and though at first following the herd up the hill he soon slanted off in the direction of a small lake some distance beneath him, which he duly reached. He dipped his nose in the water, and then, walking into it until he floated, swam to the other side. Before landing, a dog which accompanied the shooting party was unchained and sent round to meet him. The two animals eyed each other furtively. The stag did not appreciate the welcome which was accorded to him; anger was depicted in all his looks. The barking of the dog incensed him. He occasionally threw back his horns on a level with his shoulders, and then brought them forward with the speed of lightning as he met the hostile bounds of the dog. He presented a splendid picture. The dog ventured to approach him, swimming out, but when near enough the stag struck him with his horns, causing his canine enemy to go down out of sight under the water. This exploit seemed to greatly please the stag, as every time the dog went near him he repeated it with evident satisfaction, and he had the best of the contest. A well directed shot, however, put an end to it, as neither dog nor man could safely go within reach of his horns.

Fury does not lessen the attractions of the stag. Nor are his bellowing and capering in the rutting season unattended with danger. He then makes a terrible noise

in the mountains, which reverberate to his harsh utterances, and he shows a terrible aspect as he tears up the heather with his horns when in sight (or within hearing) of an adversary. There is a strange impressiveness in the responses of stags to each other in the Scottish glens or mountains. I am not likely to forget the first time I was witness to a display of this kind. Vegetation, including "deer-hair"—a grass so called from its similitude to the hair of deer—had assumed a brownish tint. I was accompanied by a friend, and both had fire-arms. When we were fairly under the shades of a mountain of several thousand feet high, a stag on our left set up a tremendous roar, and in due time it was replied to by a stag to the right of us. As yet we could see neither of the stags, but we would have been very deaf had we not heard the thundering roars to the right or the wild bellows to the left of us. On the left-hand side was a goodly-sized lake, the upper end of which nearly joined the foot of the mountain. A herd of deer could pass between the head of the lake and the mountain. We lay down in deep heather at the head of the lake, and plied the telescope. Soon we saw a stag on the opposite side of the lake, to the left of us, tearing up the earth with his horns; and besides, he had been rolling himself in the turfy substance composing the banks, for he was black as a sweep. Whenever the other stag answered his roar, he raised himself up to his full height and looked towards him in a very angry mood, which was rendered ludicrously comic by his grimy appearance. Had the stags met each other there would have been a formidable battle fought. The stag to the right of us was coming nearer, judging from his roars, but we could not see him. In the end he ceased bellowing, and we wondered where he had gone to. All at once, without any warning, he set up a wild roar within a few yards of the heather in which we lay concealed, and on looking up we beheld him walking down the pass to us. He exhibited a beautiful head. He did not yet see us; had he done so, he would probably have been more afraid than we were.

Deer generally feed late in the evening or at night, and, if undisturbed, lie during most of the day. As a rule each herd is provided with a watcher, whose duty it is to give the alarm in cases of danger. This post is frequently occupied with great fidelity by an old hind, though the duty is sometimes relegated to a stag. The instinct of deer leads them to determine with surprising accuracy when there is no cause of fear. Deer, if their suspicions are not aroused, take no notice of persons passing and repassing them. Strangers to their habits thus experience a difficulty in seeing deer. Visitors to a deer forest should, therefore, be provided with a guide. Inexperienced persons are prone to frighten the deer without being able to see them, spoiling the sport on stalkers, and doing good to no one. Tourists on Alpine pleasures bent, apart from the letter of Acts of Parliament, will invariably find it to their advantage to take the owners or lessees of shooting into their confidence, for in order that the magnificence of Scottish mountain scenery may be fully appreciated the red-deer must be seen. The stag adds glory to the grandeur of the mountains.—*National Review*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

GOLDSMITH AS A PLAGIARIST.

In this age of plagiarism-hunting it does not seem to be generally known that Oliver Goldsmith—strange compound of good and evil, who "wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll," was a plagiarist of the strongest brand. We will hope it was only in starving, penny-alining days that the bard sank so low, winning and wearing laurels not his own without a qualm. Perhaps what has chiefly endeared him to us is his touching little song (did he make it in those wild French wandering days between 1756 and 1759?):—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray
What charm can sooth her melancholy—
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom—is to die.

But it was Ségur, an obscure French poet in the early eighteenth century, who really owns these laurels and wrote these lines, and who has probably been turning in his grave ever since Goldsmith robbed him. A copy of Ségur printed in Paris in 1719 contains the following:—

Lorsqu'une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment, pour cette si douce follesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?

Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'aimant repentir,
Hélas! trop tard—est la mort."

Ah! brigand de Goldsmith! It is a neat bit of translation; but why didst thou not acknowledge thy victim?—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

A VERY important discussion upon the physical effects of the drinking of alcoholic liquors has recently taken place in the Pathological Society of London. It was continued during several meetings, and among those participating in it were some of the most distinguished men of the medical profession. The moral side of the question was not touched upon at all, the inquiry being as to the pathology of alcoholism, and the excessive use of alcohol in its