

occurred at Summerside on the 7th of October, and he was buried in the graveyard of the Parish Church of St. Eleanor. The Supreme Court which was holding its sittings in Summerside at the time adjourned, and the Hon. Judge Peters, the Attorney-General and the members of the Bar in their robes followed his remains to the grave.

We cannot more fittingly close this brief sketch of the life of Judge Pope than by quoting the words uttered by Judge Peters in his charge to the Grand Jury. The hon. gentleman said—"I cannot close my charge to you without alluding to an event which has cast a gloom over the community. I mean the death of Judge Pope. Possessed of a keen and powerful intellect he devoted his whole mind to the upright discharge of his duties. He did his very utmost faithfully to execute his office, and not only do his family mourn their loss, but the whole community grieve for a just and an upright Judge."

A REMINISCENCE.

It has been a hard day for all of us; muster-day is always an important event on an Australian station, and when the squatter sends out his shepherds and boundary-riders to scour the plains in order to bring together, draft and count his "mobs" of sheep or cattle, there is work to be done. Eight or ten hours on a buck-jumper and under an antipodean sun is a never-to-be-forgotten ride. So think we all, as we lazily stretch our wearied bodies round the fire where the evening meal is being prepared by the writer. There are four of us, and we have brought our day's labours to a close after mustering some 70,000 sheep, which we have had to hunt up over the plains, through the dense mallee-scrub and amidst the flocks of neighbouring squatters. The *dramatis personæ* deserve a passing mention. There is Pearson, the boundary-rider; he is the only one of us born under the Southern Cross and hails from the garden of the Antipodes, Tasmania; we have dubbed him the Demon, an abbreviation for Vandemonian. Sitting close by, on the stump of a sheoak tree, is the "Doctor," an old Charter-House school-boy; he represents our walking, or rather riding, encyclopædia; hence his name. Next to him reclines Reginald, a good-looking Irishman, related to one-half of the Irish peerage, and who probably takes the names of various Hibernian lords more frequently in vain than they do that of their poor cousin. And there is myself and I am the cook. My *menu* for the nonce is a sumptuous one—a haunch of kangaroo is baking in the camp-oven, and I have christened as "pigeon" a large pie, wherein are encoined a dozen little rosellas. But then the crust will make up for the deception I am practising upon my comrades; it is a solid crust. I consider myself a "dab" at making crust; mine is not the kind proverbially referred to in connection with broken promises; in fact it is whispered that Nero, the old kangaroo-dog, was drowned the other day, not through being held under water by an "old man" kangaroo, but from being over-weighted by a piece of my crust. Boiled rice and wild honey complete the bill of fare, which we are just about to discuss, when we see a man emerging from a bush-track; he is equipped as a swagman, yet our old and experienced eyes have at once gone through his disguise; he is evidently a "new chum;" he looks tired and has lost his way or he would not have stumbled across us. We are off the beaten track, in a clearing known to old bushmen and the station hands alone. "May I chum with you for the night, mate?" he asks with that usual twang common to Americans and to many Canadians. Needless to say that he is welcomed. Australian hospitality is proverbial. You may boast of Scotch, Irish, English or Canadian hospitality; they severally are praised by those who have enjoyed them; but he who has experienced Australian hospitality and felt how lavishly it is exercised day after day—aye, night after night, will confirm my praises in its favour. So our visitor unrolls his possum rug and is soon made to feel that he is one of us. At Eton, boys ask the new school-boy, "Who is your father?" In the Australian bush no questions are asked; that does not imply, however, that no stories are told. Men who take to bush-life do not do so because they are fond of riding after sheep, or, of an evening, lying at the foot of a gum-tree. Metaphorically speaking, the have been "up a gum-tree" in some other country, and now know from experience that it is better to be at the foot of one. So we ask no questions of our guest, who, however, volunteers the statement that he is not long out in the colony, that he is a Canadian, that he has been a railway-car conductor "out West," and that he has come out to the colony of Victoria to try sheep-farming. Not a muscle of our countenances stirs, yet we look at one another in a most significant manner, and our looks may be interpreted by the brief, but expressive words, "Too thin." Sheep-farming is not done now-a-days under a few thousand pounds sterling, and our Canadian friend does not, judging from outward appearances, look like a very rich man. At last dinner is ready. I do not here record the conversation, for none takes place. We have sat down to eat, and eat we do. There is no theatre in our neighbourhood, so we cannot discuss the merits of the last play; there is no church, so we cannot analyze the logic or soundness of the clergyman's views as expressed in his Sunday's sermon, and last, but not least, there are no women, so we cannot ramshackle over these delectable creatures. We are all bachelors; we have

all enjoyed—'tis a bitter enjoyment—the experience of having loved and lost, and our minds dwell on memories of the past. With regard to the future, we have philosophically made up our minds that we should be nowhere in the matrimonial hunt, and although some women may yet be found who would willingly live and love in a cottage, it would be too severe a test, let us say, on their constitution, the residence in the bush.

Our pipes are lit, and, in the course of a quiet chat, I incidentally mention that once upon a time I, too, have been in Canada. Whereupon our new acquaintance fumbles among his chatels and brings to light two old and creased newspapers, bearing the imprint of *Canada*, Ontario, and styled *The Intelligencer*. *Kismet* impels me to glance at the column containing "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." To many, the information it vouchsafes is of no interest; yet, the world over, the announcement of an entry into or an exit from the world, or of the linking of two destinies for a life-time, for better or for worse, will, in some way, move an absent one and stir up in his or her mind sweet, or, may be, bitter, recollections. The grief caused by learning for the first time the death of one who has been dear to us at some period of our existence, it is to be hoped will be assuaged by the thought that we have never wronged the one who has gone before us, in deed or thought. To most men, a birth signifies nothing, but the unexpected news of a marriage will make many a man's heart beat faster. Aye, many a man's! I leave it to you, my fair readers. Have not all of you, one and all, complacently counted upon your fingers the proposals you have had from enamoured youths and men? Have you not enjoyed these tributes enforced from your slaves by your numerous physical and moral perfections? No doubt some of you have been cruel and spurned with your foot the humble worshipper kneeling as a suppliant at your feet; but, on the other hand, many of you have been generous and have respected the one who, for the time being, has found in you the embodiment of all that is lovely and lovable in woman, and who has told you so. You have given him a crumb of consolation; you have listened not unkindly to the outpouring of his heart, and, for a short time, to quote the French saying, "*Vous lui avez fait l'amour d'un peu d'amour*." I am sorry I cannot reciprocate your feelings, but I am not displeased at your having told me you cared for me, whether written or said is pleasant, and soothes the smitten heart. I have digressed.

Smith-Thompson.—On the 6th inst., at Longright, Ontario, John DeCoursey Smith, of Smithville, to Amelia Barbara Thompson of Longright. No cards.

That is the first thing which catches my eye as I look at the *Canada*, Ontario, and, strangely enough, I read the paragraph aloud, and a sigh that I have had no time to suppress or disguise breaks in upon the silence of the smokers.

"The girl I left behind me!" whistles the Tasmanian interrogatively.

"The girl who treated you barbarously!" asks Reginald, of ancient lineage. "Tell us all about her, old boy!"

"*Infandum Reginald jubes renovare dolorem*," sententiously and classically speaks the Carthusian, quoting his favorite Latin bard.

Thanking the old man with a look, I jump up and am about to stroll away, under the pretence of "looking after the sheep," but in reality to commune with myself about the past, and to muse upon what might have been. But the gentle shepherds simultaneously break out with a "Tell us all about her; we'll all look at the sheep together by and by." There is no resisting the appeal, and, moreover, is there not an innate pleasure in narrating to a chosen few a romance of which one has been the hero, and to sing the praises of one's lady love.

I have not forgotten her, for the impression she has left has been a deep one; mind and heart recall her memory with mingled emotions. Yes, her praises deserve to be sung; she was generous, and, to speak in trite English, she "let me down easy." Yet I feel diffident about the task I am undertaking; my heart is full, and I fear that I will not do her justice. However, I am in for it, and so, without further ado, here goes:

At the back of a right-royal mount o'er-topping a large city, whose charvæe are washed by the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence, stands an institution. Its walls annually receive a number of fair and dark damsels. Under the careful and vigilant guidance of a few ladies, who were once of the world, but have now retired from it, these damsels are being educated and prepared for their duties and positions in after life. No better instructors could they have than the kind women who have devoted themselves to this onerous and responsible task, and a young girl coming from the institution is known in after days as "a child of the house," an appellation she may well be proud of, and which she will strive all her life to be worthy of. The *esprit de corps* of the institution, which has branches the Dominion over, is strong. *Floreat*! It is summer-time and, with a few friends, I have been invited to be present at a reception about to be given by the inmates of the institution to no less a personage than Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative in the land. On arriving, we are shown into the *Salon de réception*, arrayed on both sides of which are some two hundred of the damsels aforementioned. It is not my purpose here to describe the scene. Should any one be desirous of learning what it

was like, I refer them to the files of the local papers of the year 186—, wherein some half a dozen scribes gave vent to the feelings awakened at the time in their cynical bosoms by what they called "a galaxy of lovely girls, whose rosy cheeks and smiling looks spoke of health, mirth, happiness, simplicity, innocence, subdued mischief," and all that kind of thing. Row, wow, wow! The girls read this and laughed; the ladies read it and laughed, and one of them subsequently said to me: "I wish those reporters would show me what they are going to write, for they always do write such nonsense about the place. Our girls are so simple, are they not?" I looked at her, hardly knowing what to say, but my smile must have told her that I did not belong to that credulous corps, the naval infantry. Be it nevertheless confessed, the scene was one to leave its impression, but as I am not here to describe it,

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

Suffice it to say, it was in one respect monotonous. There was too much uniformity about it—too much simplicity about it. The girls were all in white and wore blue sashes; from their necks, whether swan-like or otherwise, depended green ribbons, attached to which were medals, orders of merit, in fact. Some of them looked padded about the *ceinture*. I afterwards learnt that the padding consisted of love-letters surreptitiously smuggled within the sacred precincts of the institution. Like the Spartan youth who let the young fox he had stolen, gnaw away at his chest rather than admit his theft, so do these brave girls keep these burning effusions close to their heart, sooner than be detected in the heinous offence of receiving school-boys' declarations of love. They all are casting downward glances, as if the flowers on the carpet were all-absorbing objects of interest to them; here and there one bolder than the rest casts her eyes on the glittering uniforms and moustaches of the military swells who accompany the representative of royalty, but she is instantly called to order by one of the ladies, whose reproving look distinctly says, "*Brûlez les yeux, Mademoiselle*." I am taking all this in mentally, when I feel a certain sharp pang in the region anatomically described as the cardiac. I am hit, and badly hit by a shaft that has been despatched on its havoc-making way by a pair of dark eyes. Can you, boys, can any of us explain how it is that a glance directed, perhaps at hap-hazard, for I am not vain enough to imagine that my outward presentment is such as to attract spontaneous attention, should have so startling and prompt an effect? Yet you have all experienced it, and at one time in your lives had to fall back staggered and wounded by a girl's glance. And yet they are part of the so-called weaker sex! I have always disbelieved that apocryphal story of Adam and Eve. Where was the necessity of dragging that unfortunate reptile into the business? There was mischief enough in our first mother's eye, without calling in the serpent to her aid. Was it fated that such a glance should be directed at me? I'll not pause to inquire, no more than I did at the time. I therefore return the look, trying to appear self-possessed, and then I strike my colours, i.e., surrender, for two reasons. The first and best is that I take a pleasure in surrendering to the enemy after taking a look at her. The next is that when I am in Rome I do like the Romans, and as demure, downcast eyes seem to be the order of the day, I conform to the inexorable laws of the Medes and Persians. Brief as my reconnaissance of the enemy has been, I do not consider it *infra dig.* to capitulate with arms and baggage. Will she allow me the honours of war? Time alone will show. I am struck with her appearance—dark, tall and well-shaped, she shows to advantage in the midst of the dowdies around her. I do not say they are dowdies, but the baggy appearance of their costume invites this unflattering designation. She does not, like most of her sisters, look as if she had badly stepped into her pillow-case, securing it at the waist with a yard and a half of blue ribbon. She courtesies with a natural grace, which a two hours' drilling has not been able to instil into the others and, when the ceremony is over, she moves away, Juno-like. *Vera incensu patuit dea*, Doctor. It is no easy task to describe her; the firm outlines of her mouth denote determination of will unmistakably, the curve of the upper lip being a characteristic feature; her eyes are wandering round and noticing everything with the sharp intuition of a student of human nature; the face is a good-natured one, but, crowning all, there is an air of noblesse about her. She looks a noble, grand, glorious girl! As I reach this climax, a chorus of "Why, Charlie, you have not done her half justice; she must have been a beauty," greets me in a not unwelcome fashion.

But I have not done with her so quickly, so I continue my narrative:

There is something remarkable about her nostrils which it is impossible for me to depict. Look at those of a race-horse, or again, at those of a high-bred woman, and you have it. There is no doubt of it, the nose is an aristocratic feature in the human face, and always tells its own tale. The forehead is an intellectual one, and if I can at all read a woman's face, she must be high tempered. Perhaps a tendency to sarcasm lingers about the corners of that mouth, and certainly there is some pride in her brow, but, mistake me not, boys—the right kind of pride. I do not think I am wrong when I say that she is of an affectionate and, moreover, a lively disposition. These impressions, mind,

do not strike me all at once; no, they grow on me later on, when I begin to know her—when I study her photograph in the quietness of my room and try and read the face so dear to me. But I am anticipating. 'Tis time to leave the building, and I quit it musing and not for the least daring to hope we two shall ever meet again. *Kismet* has, however, decided otherwise, for a few days later we meet again, really quite by accident at an old friend's house, where she is spending a few days. The friend in question is her guardian *pro tem.* and a vigilant one at that, so I have no chance of improving our acquaintance. Besides, badly as I have been hit, mine enemy does not appear to have received even so much as a scratch in the brief, but to me decisive encounter, so I feel diffident about renewing the attack. A day comes at last, a bright and sunny day, a red-letter day in my existence, when, in company with an old and valued friend, she deigns to pay me a visit. A queen can afford to visit one of her subjects. She comes into my den. It is Beauty visiting the poor Beast; departing she leaves behind her a fragrance that pervades the room, which has ever been sacred to me since. Who occupies it now, I wonder? Her holidays have come to an end and so she leaves, not for the institution herein before alluded to, but for a branch one, hundreds of miles away. *Au revoir*, I cry; she is lost to me for ever. By day I think of her and only regret that she does not visit me by night. Oh! Amelia, I love you, bursts from my lips at all hours. The secret of my love leaves me no peace. I must have a confidant, but yet I am loth to unbosom myself even to one who has known me for years; at last, however, I muster sufficient courage to do so. My confidant is a married lady, but a few years older than myself; for some time past she has allowed me to tell her all my troubles and often has she said to me, "Be sure and come and tell me when you fall in love." So here is my chance. Oh! had I but known, I would have pitched-plastered my lips. She breaks out and flies at me with a tirade which I vividly recollect to the present day. "Do you think young girls fall in love with middle-aged men? (I am just 32!) Oh the conceit of men! You imagine that because a girl is decently polite to you and laughs at your stupidity, she is smiling upon you. Yes, go and propose to her by all means and make a fool of yourself." She rattles away in that lively fashion and winds up with a Parthian shot. My Amelia actually kissed her boys before she left. I do not want to hear any more, so I beat a hasty retreat. I can understand her being pitiless; her maternal vanity does not admit of young ladies visiting her house falling in love with anyone but her two sons, handsome boys, I must confess. However I must find one who will share my hopes, anxieties and fears, when I stumble across an old chum who in days gone by has had an *affaire du cœur* and who has been unfortunate. He will sympathize with me; weep when I weep and rejoice when I rejoice.

On seeing me, Jack, that's his name, notices at once that there is something up. He looks at me interrogatively and I responsively burst out, "Jack, I am in love."

"The deuce you are! Well, old man, I am glad of it; it will be the making of you. Come to supper and tell me all about her."

That looks promising, so I accept. I must first inform you who Jack is. Like myself, his tastes are Bohemian; both of us have for some years been engaged in various professions; but every man has his forte, as Artemus Ward once said; Jack's forte lies in writing poems, odds to the moon; his productions are of the mystic kind; he is moreover a painter. Painting and poetry go together. *Ut pictura poësis*, Doctor. Jack paints *à la Whistler*, nocturnes and arrangements in black and white, moonlight scenes on the great Moose River; in fact the moon plays an important part in Jack's poems and in his paintings. I could not select a better man to talk to about my incipient love. So we sup together, and feeling that I have a sympathetic audience, I launch forth in praise of the one whom I have got to look upon as my Amelia. I describe her, I tell Jack what good resolutions I have formed, I talk of plans for the future, of my hopes and fears, and as a clincher (I know it will take with Jack, who is a cricketer), I wind up with a "And Jack, she plays cricket; she is Captain of the Convent Eleven and they call her Captain Thompson." It has clinched, for Jack, who has been quietly listening the whole time, brings his broad fist down on the table and exclaims all in a breath and, be it said, in perfect good faith and seriousness:

"By Jove, old fellow, that girl must be a stunner if she can play cricket! That's just the kind of wife you want!"

Jack's gravity upsets my centre of that abstract quality and both of us burst out laughing. But we are soon serious again. The *pros* and *cons* of the matter are argued at length. "There are two to love and two to quarrel," says an old proverb. It is all very fine my having fallen in love, but as yet, there are no signs of my feelings being reciprocated. That murderous glance from those expressive eyes may have been directed at me merely to show their possessor's power. And besides, however great my expectations may be in the future, at present, were she ever so inclined to listen to my suit, I cannot even boast ownership of the traditional cottage, of the *chaumière de l'amour*, which is the *sine qua non* in the nineteenth century. Who knows! My queen may be ambitious and perchance sigh for a palace! Would that I had one; it should be hers to grace!