

the 78th (in 1759), and one Mr de Beaujeu and Mr. Gaspé, to whom our Governor (Sir Guy Carleton) had sent secret orders by the Beaumont men, and with these they intended to seize the rebel battery at Pointe Levy and open a communication with the town, but other Canadians betrayed them, and a great body of them having joined 100 Bostonians, they all marched and attacked the small body of Royalists, whom they routed, after killing four or five; amongst the rest, one Mr. Bailly, a priest, who was a zealous Royalist, was much wounded. Though the Canadians in general are treacherous, yet there are a few honest amongst them."

Let us close the account of this skirmish—styled *L'Affaire de Nuchel*, by Mr. de P. A. Gaspé, the charming author of the book, "The Canadians of Old,"—on account of the name of the peasant who owned the house where the encounter took place—by an extract from a letter addressed in May, 1776, by Lieut.-Col. Caldwell, at Quebec, to his old companion-in-arms, General James Murray, in England.

"I forgot," says Col. Caldwell, "to mention a circumstance in favour of the Canadians (I would willingly say as much in their favour, consistent with truth, as I could). A *habitant* from Beaumont (the only one that crossed to town during the winter from that side) came to Quebec in a canoe, with some fresh provisions and mentioned that many of the inhabitants of the south side were inclined to serve the Government if they knew how. The general, by this man, wrote Mr. de Beaujeu (a brother of the hero of the Monongahela), who lived in obscurity on the Isle aux Grues to try and assemble the Canadians, and cut the guard they then had at Point Levy. He engaged about 150 Canadians in that design, but they were betrayed by others of the disaffected Canadians. Some of them assembled in a house together, were surprised, and about thirty taken prisoners. Messire Bailly, a priest, was shot through the body, and was also taken; he, however, was soon released, and recovered of his wounds. The priests in general behaved well, and refused to confess the Canadians in the rebel interest, for which they suffered persecution."

The last statement agrees also with the American accounts. Brigadier-General Wooster wrote to Col. Warner under date of 8th January, 1776: "The clergy refuse absolution to all who have shown themselves our friends and preach damnation to all who will not take up arms against us."

The times were hard indeed for those disinterested friends of liberty from beyond the frontier, who found the Canadians insensible to the hand of freedom they offered. Lieut.-Col. Caldwell, present on the surrender on 31st December, 1775, describes their officers as composed of "hatters, tanners, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tavern-keepers, chiefly Irish," worthy ancestors of those who crossed in arms our border at Ridgeway and Pigeon Hill in 1866, but the great historian Bancroft, with a stroke of his magical wand, transforms them into heroes worthy of ancient Greece!

For the information of the reader who wishes to follow in after life the career of the chief actors in the Nuchel Blais tragedy, I may say that Ignace A. de Gaspé, grandfather of P. A. de Gaspé, the author of "The Canadians of Old," resided for years on his seigniory of St. Jean Port Joly, and died in Quebec, I think, in 1823. Jean Baptiste Couillard resided at St. Thomas (Montmagny), and was the respected seigneur of the Fief Lepenay and of Rivière du Sud.

Capt. Louis Lienard de Beaujeu, seigneur of Ile aux Grues, who had served with distinction at Michilimackinac, about 1759, was brother to the famous Daniel Lienard de Beaujeu, the victor of General Braddock on the Monongahela. In the autumn of 1775, he had made an unsuccessful attempt to lead a detachment of volunteers to succour Guy Carleton, in Montreal. Tradition still hands down recollections of the sturdy old warrior, decorated for his services to the French Crown previous to the conquest with the *croix de St. Louis*. A portion of his old manor still survives—the wide-throated chimney retained, in the modern manor of McPherson Le Moyne, the present seigneur of Ile aux Grues. He expired in extreme old age at the manor house in 1802, and was interred at Cape St. Ignace opposite. The fighting cure of 1776, Charles Francois Bailly de Messien, coadjutor of Bishop Hubert, at Quebec, was consecrated Bishop of Capu *in partibus*, on 30th June, 1788, and died at the General Hospital, at Quebec, 20th May, 1794.

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Spencer Grange, Quebec, Aug., 1896.

Browning's Thought About Jesus.

AS REVEALED IN "AN EPISTLE CONTAINING THE STRANGE MEDICAL EXPERIENCE OF KARSHISH, THE ARAB PHYSICIAN."

WHAT does this poem tell us of Browning's estimate of the Master? Surely the thought of the Arab physician concerning Him is the poet's own. He is not, in writing this composition, unique, not only in comparison with the literary productions of others but, by its rare, intuitive apprehensiveness, as well as by mental strength, standing out clearly defined amid his own,—he is not striving to make an exhibition of dramatic power by proving how easily and deftly he can assume the personality of another, how he can enter minds differing widely from his own by native bent and the determination of discipline, and snatch from thence convictions, directly adverse to those by which he is governed, and voice them to the world as if they were the controlling forces of his inmost self, as if he would say, "See, I am as great a dramatist as Shakespeare—never doubt that,—since I can make an ideal personage speak, in a masterly-convincing manner, about beliefs which I, myself, discard utterly or concerning which I occupy a position agnostic and indifferent." Doubtless he could, and did, in this and many another poem, thus invade the secretest souls of men and decipher the characters, half-obliterated by bolder and more recently written ones, and give us their real meaning better than those whose they were, could have done. But he would not have done so, when the letters he read there spelt "Jesus, the Christ," whom he held to be only "Jesus, the deluded Nazarine."

The courtesy of the gentleman, the reverent tenderness of the man would have made it impossible for him to pose, in treating a theme which his countrymen, which the "One angel borne upon" his "bosom" held sacred. In this poem "Karshish" and Browning are one; the poet is simply subjecting our most holy faith to the test of scientific scrutiny, for the refreshing and strengthening of his own soul, and for the fortifying of the sorely tempted Christian soldier, beleaguered by foes without and by more injurious enemies entrenched within. Has it?—has the faith in Jesus of Nazareth, as God, stood the test? Karshish is an Arab physician of the first century, presumably a pupil of one of those schools of science which then dominated the civilized world, a representative of the advanced thought of the day. He was keen, critical, logical, engrossed in the study of the anatomy and functions of the human body, the symptoms and origin of the diseases to which it is subject and liable, and to the research of those remedies best suited to battle them; and, if sometimes, this "Man's flesh," this "kneaded paste" be disparted, for an instant, by the disintegration of sickness or the hand of approaching death, or by some abnormal cause unknown to him, so that he sees the "puff of vapor" imbreathed therein from the mouth of God, he has not, hitherto, been hoodwinked into the belief that, for the sake of that fast-fleeting, impalpable mist, The Absolute would set aside, hold in abeyance, far less infringe upon the laws He has made. Karshish does indeed believe in God, but He should be, he thinks, a law-abiding, conservative, quite-respectable Divinity, incapable of any very radical measures however great the need.

Up to a certain day of which he writes,—quite incidentally—among other things of greater import, to "Abib the all-sagacious" at home, Karshish has never thought, at all seriously, of the singular coincidence of the rended rocks and darkened skies of Palestine with the death agony of an obscure prophet or priest of, it matters not which narrow, exclusive cult of a narrow, superstitious race. Having left Arabia, he has been journeying sometime in Syria in order to, as he says in his letter, "pick up learning's crumbs"—the medicinal qualities of plants, perhaps minerals, the specific lying perdu in the back of "A mottled ash-grey spider;" (an uncanny "watcher on the ledge of tombs"); studying the loathsome scalp diseases whose, "curious cross-ings with leprosy, confounded him," and whatever else of new and important to science hitherto secreted from him, the land of Jewry might yield to his careful search. Having undergone sore privations, encountered fearful dangers, having "Shed" (as he avers) "his sweat and left his flesh and bone" on many a "flinty furlong" of the hard Syrian soil,