

tioned. It may, indeed, be said of him that he comes within the rule of the philosopher Plato, that, although it is well for a physician to have suffered physical pain, a judge should never have participated in wrong. The Chief Justice is remarkably well grounded in the principles of common law, and is disposed to support those principles with the same degree of conservatism with which he has maintained the articles of his political creed. He is, perhaps, specially strong in crown, real estate, and practice cases, and, although his experience at the Bar was obtained in an inland town, he has never discharged his duties otherwise than satisfactorily in marine and commercial matters, which come more under the notice of one living by the sea. Possessing a keen sense of humour and a retentive memory, he is regarded as a delightful companion by his brother judges and by the members of the Bar, both as an interested listener and a good conversationalist. His face is calculated to attract the attention of a stranger, both for its manly beauty and its dignified, intellectual character; and while his modesty and simplicity of heart would never allow him to claim deference from others, his presence always commands respect. There are, indeed, none who do not respect the Chief Justice, and, amongst those who know him, there are none who do not warmly esteem him.

His kindness of heart is well known. He never attends a circuit without discovering and cheering with a visit some of those who have known better times, but who are now old, or sick, and out of sight, and almost out of mind; while among the recipients of his more tangible benefits are Indians and descendants of slaves manumitted by his grandfather, Isaac Allen, and his contemporaries.

Sir John resides at Fredericton in a plain, substantial house surrounded by trees, almost beneath the shadow of the Parliament Buildings and the Court House, and within easy hearing of the chimes of Christ Church Cathedral. His library faces the street to the right, from the street of the hospitable looking entrance. The light burns steadily within this apartment into the small hours, for the Chief Justice is a most industrious worker and is not willing to seek repose till he has accomplished his appointed task. He has a large family, all sons, two of whom are lawyers, one of them being clerk of the Supreme Court, so that although the system of caste does not exist in Canada, it is evident that occasionally the law of heredity prevails within its bounds.

Among the many important cases which have been tried before the Chief Justice, those of John A. Monroe and the Osbornes, convicted for murder of the Caraque rioters, and of Gower, charged with scuttling the vessel *Brothers' Pride*, may be mentioned as having attracted more than provincial attention.

The Chief Justice holds two honorary degrees, that of LL.D. of the University of New Brunswick, and that of D.C.L. of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. He is also a very active member of the Senate of the former institution, and has always closely identified himself with educational matters. He is not indeed one who holds that brain culture alone should receive attention, and in practice he has always evinced a belief in physical development. When a younger man he was able to swim across the river St. John and back at Fredericton, where the width is fully a mile. His judicial duties are now too onerous to admit of his taking many holidays, but nothing pleases him more, when occasion offers, than to seek the country after the manner of Cincinnatus or our modern grand old man, where he is equally at home with an axe, a pitchfork, and a canoe. Among the people of New Brunswick, pretence is but little appreciated, and simplicity of demeanour is greatly admired. This being once understood, it is not difficult to discover the secret of the Chief Justice's popularity. The writer of this sketch well remembers the expression of blank astonishment which appeared upon the face of a barrister from a sister province, when informed that it was the head of the judiciary of New Brunswick who was chatting and actually laughing with a group of youthful members of the Bar of that Province.

No one, however, could make a more serious mistake than to suppose that absence of reserve and the presence of frankness and pleasant sympathy, in the intercourse between the members of the Bench and Bar, is productive of regrettable results in a well regulated community. If the people or the members of the legal profession in the Province are disposed to be democratic, their democratic ideal is at least not unworthy of respect. A few years since at a very poorly attended meeting of the Barristers Society, at Fredericton, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Court to call upon Counsel to address the judges by the title used in the Supreme Courts elsewhere in Canada. It is to the credit of the Chief Justice and his brother judges, that this suggestion was ignored, and that each of them continues content to be styled "Your Honour" and not "Your Lordship." This is not intended as a protest against the practice in other courts, but is cited as an instance of the indisposition of Sir John Allen and others of his kind to be attracted by a mere title, and to abandon the custom of a century in deference to a false idea.

On the thirteenth of October, 1888, the Chief Justice was the recipient of a well merited honour. The members of the legal profession in St. John, between seventy and eighty in number, in the presence of a large body of leading citizens and their wives and daughters, assembled in the room in the Court House in which the judges presided at circuit, presented an address and an elegant silver testimonial to Sir John Allen. The occasion was the

fiftieth anniversary of his admission as an attorney, and it attracted the greatest general attention. It would perhaps have been impossible to have secured such entire unanimity of sentiment among these lawyers with regard to any other local subject. That there was the most complete unanimity among them in adopting the eulogistic phrases in the address speaks volumes in favour of him to whom it was presented, and must have afforded him intense satisfaction. It is worthy of note, in connection with this incident, that the massive gift, accompanying the address, was subsequently exhibited in the window of the leading city stationer, in a building on Prince William Street, erected upon a lot drawn at the inception of the city by Isaac Allen before mentioned, himself a judge and grandfather of the Chief Justice.

I. ALLEN JACK.

PLEBEIAN TO PATRICIAN.

BLIND fools of fate who idly, happy stray
Life's pathway through,
Content if but the passing summer day
Be fair and blue;
Peals there no warning from the cloud-capped peak,
Where sits the goddess whom we all must seek,
With might and main,
Fair Freedom? while the multitudes forlorn,
Gaze with sad eyes at summits far withdrawn
Above their pain.

Comes there no wail from famine-hunted slum,
And crowded court,
Half smothered by the city's busy hum,
And noisy sport?
Hark! to that sad, exceeding bitter cry:
Help us, oh! Father, for we slowly die
Beneath the rod
Of grinding want, and social laws which clasp
The poor forever in their ruthless grasp.
Help us, oh! God.

What help to us that Freedom broadens down
With steady pace,
And somewhat smooths the fierceness of that frown
On her fair face?
Are not our children dying at our knees,
As proud patricians loll on beds of ease,
While we have none?
Some day shall Freedom smile on all around,
But we shall lie unwept beneath the ground,
Our troubles done.

The spring is coming, and the winter's done,
While we rot here;
The buds are bursting in the genial sun
And soft, sweet air.
Are we not freemen, can we not go too,
And walk at last beneath that arch of blue,
O'er field and fell?
Yes, we are free—you raise the canting cry—
Yes, we are free—to rot and starve and die—
You know it well.

You know it well; if once we dare to pause,
Our loved ones fade.
'Tis the result of those much-vaunted laws
The rich have made.
God! there are children in the slum's foul hell
Who know the sound of curses passing well,
But never yet
Have heard the skylark carol overhead,
Or plucked the wild flower from its grassy bed,
When dew was wet.

Though you dream on, the night is almost spent
Of our despair;
The heavy cloud of misery is rent,
And dawn is near.
Say—for the issue rests within your hands—
Shall that day dawning the opposing bands
In battle view?
Or shall the day-star in a sky serene
Beam from the heavens on a fairer scene?
It rests with you!

BASIL TEMPEST.

TALENT of the highest order, and such as is calculated to command admiration, may exist apart from wisdom.—
Robert Hall.

CERTAIN common errors in the care of the aged may be here pointed out: 1. That the aged require rich and very nourishing diet. 2. That early rising is good for them. 3. That cold baths invigorate them: whereas they are fraught with imminent danger, and are often fatal. 4. That continual medicines and dinner pills are needed to digest the food: whereas, instead, less should be eaten. 5. That the rooms should be hot: whereas they should be cool, but not cold—65° to 70°. 6. That a fixed diet should be rigidly adhered to; whereas variety is often essential. Old age is, as we have said, of two sorts: that which is natural and that which is prematurely acquired in youth; and it need hardly be observed that it is only of the former variety we now speak.—*Dr. A. Schofield, in the Leisure Hour.*

TWO CRITICISMS.

IF of the making of books there is no end (as, indeed, why should there be?), of the criticizing of them there will be still less probability of an end; for—to recall a rhyme anent an energetically peristaltic Pulicid—critics will criticize critics, "and so *ad infinitum*."

The critic whom I am desirous of taking to task here is no less a one than Landor, and the personage criticized no less a one than Wordsworth; so that, though my points are not vital, and may even by some be considered immaterial, they will, I think, from the high standing of the parties interested, be ruled as well taken.

At page 218 of the fourth volume (London: 1883 ed.) of the "Imaginary Conversations" Landor puts into his own mouth the following:—

"There is a bull of the largest Irish breed in nearly the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems:—

I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.

The Irish need not cry out for their potatoes, if they can live upon what they cannot get.

The child is father of the man,

say Wordsworth, well and truly. The verse animadverted on must have been written before the boy had begotten his parent."

I see no reason for this great pother. Some offered him food and some did not, and he lived on the food offered; what more is there to be said? Even by strictest grammar, if we supply an ellipsis, it is correct. But Landor found a good deal to say, though, from what he does say, it looks as if he were more enamoured of his own wit than concerned over Wordsworth's laxity. It may be a terrible thing to affirm, but it reminds one of such verbal and grammatical hole-pickings as are to be found in "The Dean's English" and "Learned Men's English"—Mr. Washington Moon's contributions to English literature.

The second passage is on the same page:—

"What can be sillier than those verses of his [Wordsworth's] which many have quoted with unsuspicious admiration:—

A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love.

He might have written more properly, if the rhyme and metre had allowed it—

A maid whom there were [sic] none to love
And very few to praise.

For surely the few who loved her would praise her. Here he makes love subordinate to praise: there were some who loved her, none (even of these) who praised her. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for."

I think Mr. Walter Savage Landor's own ear has shown itself, in this criticism, deaf to the music of the whole chime. It is impossible to agree with him in this ultra-complicated and super-subtle analysis. Surely the thought was perfectly clear in Wordsworth's own mind, and as simply expressed as it was clear. "Among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove" there was none whose knowledge of the rarity of Lucy's simplicity and sweetness was such as to move him to "praise" her. No unsophisticated, innocent maiden, dwelling "far from the busy haunts of men," is praised for unsophisticatedness and innocence by her neighbours. And Lucy knew no others: "she lived unknown." The statement that there was none to praise her seems to me to bring out most forcibly, and to intensify exactly that point which the poet wished chiefly to convey—the extremely retired nature of the girl's surroundings, and the consequent inappreciation of her own retiring disposition. Besides, it lends an air of pathos to the girl: it represents her as lacking friends and relatives, who might have patronized if they did not praise.

Again: Though there was none to praise, there might yet have been some to love, to woo, that is, as I understand it, for the presence of wooers was quite compatible with the absence of lauders, Landor's metaphysical technicalities notwithstanding. It is Landor, not Wordsworth, who brings love and praise into competition, who "makes love subordinate to praise." Praise is not the uppermost sentiment in a lover's heart; he does not woo because he commends; his emotional thrills are not due to computation; he is not led on to ecstatic infatuation by mathematical comparisons of the intellectual or moral qualifications of the various damsels of his acquaintance—he loves, he does not praise. Yet Landor flatly and tamely says: "For surely the few who loved her would praise her."

But, indeed, the poet's thought rises high above the critic's vision. The whole tone of this simple little poem, "Lucy"—as simple in its title as in its conception and expression—is by that very simplicity immeasurably removed above the plane of its traducer. Only one single adjective is applied to the girl, and this the commonplace and indefinite "fair;" her character is depicted just by such statements as those upon which the critic waxes witty: "she lived unknown," like a violet "half hidden from the eye," "few could know" when "she ceased to be;" but when "she is in her grave," the speaker says, "oh, the difference is to me!" It is this last simple, direct, pathetic statement that gathers together all the threads that went before, and gives them a power and a force which no number of separate adjectives could have contained. Lucy, I venture to say, is to no few readers of Wordsworth a very lovable personage, not a praiseworthy one.