

cruelly on the slightest pretext, in fact he thrashed everybody in the school and on his farm; the boys, his sons and daughters, the servants, his horses and his dogs. I am not aware that he thrashed his wife, but as I have seen him beat a horse in the face with his fists, and kick it in the stomach with his long boots, it is highly probable that he laid violent hands on his wife. The Canon was a tall, lanky, rawboned individual with prominent nose and chin, and small eyes set very close together. He suffered from some skin disease that made his complexion scaly and blotchy. This affliction, no doubt, affected his temper, for I noticed that when the disfiguring blotches were fiery looking, he was particularly touchy. As he sat at his desk in class-room, he was always pawing his bald head with a large bony hand, probing his ear with a lead pencil or pen handle, or investigating his nose. His black waistcoat, which buttoned behind, was always decorated with spots, and his odour was that of a stableman. His voice was harsh and loud, except when speaking from the pulpit; then he subdued it to a monotonous sing-song drone involving four semi-tones in a chromatic scale; the kind of noise the bass string of a 'cello will make if it is plucked while the peg is turned up and let down again. I never saw him laugh heartily, but a joyless grin disclosing large yellow teeth sometimes wrinkled his displeasing face; and this generally occurred just before some one was beaten.

The Canon had a balky horse with a hairless tail which he really appeared to delight in belabouring. On one occasion his little daughter Mabel and several of the school boys were present while he thrashed this horse without mercy. The horse was harnessed to a