

obtained a wide and ready currency; and his judicial humour well reflects his character, as a man of great versatility and quickness of parts. In his professional capacity, he is deservedly held in the highest esteem. His expositions of law are learned as well as lucid, and his judgments are sound in principle and, as a rule, in close accord with facts. Not many of his innumerable decisions have been overruled or questioned; and perhaps there is no one on the Canadian Bench who, more than he, has enriched the literature of the Reports. Not only the glamour that surrounds his early literary achievements while a member of the Bar, but the reputation he has always borne as a man of varied learning and scholarly tastes, invest the person of the Chief Justice with a certain intellectual interest. "In all that he has penned or uttered," observes a writer, "there is a literary warmth and flavour unusual in the parlance of the Courts." In this respect Mr. Hagarty has been mindful of the high intellectual attributes of the occupants of the English Bench and, like a gentleman of the old school, has been faithful to its proud traditions.

Owing nothing to politics, the career of Chief Justice Hagarty has been unmarked by those titular honours which are nominally conferred by the head of the State. This, we believe, is not due to neglect or indifference on the part of the Canadian advisers of the Crown. It is the result of the inherent modesty of him who, had he been a consenting party, would ere this, as he well deserves, have been the object of Imperial honour. The one mark of distinction—an academic one—which he has suffered himself to accept was the honorary degree of D.C.L., conferred in 1855 by the Canadian University of Trinity College.

In 1849, Chief Justice Hagarty married a sister of the late and much-beloved Dean Grasett. By this estimable lady, who died last year, he has had two sons.

G. MERCER ADAM.

THE SONNET.—III.

READERS of Charles Lamb will remember that while the names of Milton and Shakespeare were made stale by common use, that of Drummond, of Hawthornden, was one of the sweetest, and carried "a perfume in the mention." There is no doubt his sonnets carry also a perfume in the mention, and the title of the Scottish Petrarch has not been bestowed on the old northern singer without good warrant. Leigh Hunt correctly places him as "the next best sonnet-writer to Shakespeare in point of time."

William Drummond wrote nearly entirely in the Italian style, and Hazlitt commends his as "coming as near any others to the perfection of sonnets;" but other critics have valued his verses less highly. That he was a great reader of books, we know by his own confession, and there is little doubt that he appropriated many good thoughts of others to weave in with his own. The following is an exquisite parallel, being at once poetic and philosophical in the highest degree:

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence, extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page—no, period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Some critic has remarked that Drummond did not write his sonnets "in the best form, but near enough to be disappointing." It seems very unfair, however, to judge the writers of three centuries ago by the critical standards of to-day; and to-day every smeller of rhymes and counter of syllables sets up his own perfect critical standard, a little higher than the last one. Criticism seems to be overdone, and articles are rather dressed in fine phrases than drowned in deep study. Drummond's sonnet given above can hardly be excelled for beauty of thought and imagery, but the charge of plagiarism from Sydney has been levelled against it. Thought is the common property of thinkers, and no man has a right to a miserly hoarding of his ideas. Milton defended the "new dressing" of thoughts. The appropriation of thought is only to be regretted when it is tarnished with the touch of a bad pen; but then it brings its own disgrace. Gold is made more precious by refining; it is only debased by mixture with poor metal. Southey has advised well—"Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time," and this is a double-edged remark that will cut both backward and forward.

A book valued by the antiquarian, but otherwise little known except by name, is the "Monasticon Anglicanum" of William Dugdale, who was knighted after the Restoration for his services to the Royalist cause. Such a book could not escape the loving attention of Thomas Warton, the English Poet-Laureate of some hundred years ago, and author of a valuable "History of English Poetry," a work never finished. The worth of such monuments of research and record as the "Monasticon" is apt to be unprized by those who rather love the upper sweets of literature, but

Warton was a thorough scholar as well as an elegant versifier, and he has defended the loving labour with which Dugdale pursued his antiquarian studies in the following sonnet. The leading idea has been imitated by later writers; but they have never surpassed the original, which Charles Lamb, that connoisseur of archaic verse, thought was "of first-rate excellence."

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

It has an unmistakable ring of eighteenth century verse-making. "Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores" reminds one as irresistibly of Gray as "Deem not devoid of elegance the sage" recalls the artificial manner of Pope. But Johnston hit off Warton's odd old pen and its products in the following lines:

Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode and elegy and sonnet.

Warton's sonnet at once reminds us of Wordsworth's "Plea for the Historian," which was the result of a similar train of thought. It forms one of the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy," which was taken in 1837 with Henry Crabb Robinson, to whom the poems were dedicated:

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office when she walked with men,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire,
All-ruling Jove, whatever the theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

To lose an ordinary book is like losing a shilling; one looks about for it a little while and then is consoled with another, but the loss of a choice volume is like the lopping off of a limb—we know we can never get another, and can only console ourselves by memory. There are few lovers of sweet delights closed up in musty covers who have been generously simple enough to lend volumes from their shelves, but have had to mourn some that have never returned. This is sad enough, but the loss is not felt so acutely as when one is obliged by poverty to part with the "companions of his solitude." That is indeed a blow, and one can sympathise with the individual who, being forced to sell his books to pay his rent, hung his empty shelves with crape. William Roscoe, one of the literary links between this and the last century, felt the extreme anguish of such misfortune when, owing to business troubles in 1816, he sought to save from ruin the banking house with which he was connected by a sale of his personal effects, including his remarkably fine library. It was this event which occasioned the writing of the following well-known sonnet:

TO MY BOOKS, ON PARTING WITH THEM.

As one who destined from his friends to part
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may Affliction's dart—
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder Art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you: nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold
And all your sacred fellowship restore,
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

It may be remarked that a large number of the books were bought back by his friends, and placed in the library of the Athenæum at Liverpool. Mr. Roscoe is said to have regretted his books far more than his large estates, and the very depth of his feeling seems to be sounded in the above sonnet, in spite of the heroic attitude assumed; while the consoling thought of meeting and communing with the mighty minds that gave the fellowship of books is truly sublime, and, coupled with the solemn dignity and easy grace throughout, entitles this sonnet to take its place among the noblest in the language.

Poor Roscoe had to lose his books while yet he was well able to use them, but Longfellow, by another turn of Fortune's wheel, kept his treasured volumes by him after he had reached the allotted span of life and was unable to command his failing energies as before. The knowledge of this gradual diminution of power brought sad reflective moments to the old poet, and among the very last verses he wrote was the following simple and fine sonnet, dated December, 1881:

Sadly as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,

The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white—
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walk'd, now clouded and confused.

Let us turn to a more pleasant scene, and look in at the residence of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke on that evening when he invited his young friend, John Keats, to read with him some of Chapman's translation of Homer. We shall see them sitting up all night, "till light was in the sky," reading the sturdy old English version of the mythic Greek. Keats, in his ardent admiration, falls into love at the first sight of the splendid work, and so far forgets himself as to rapturously shout aloud certain passages of especial energy. This literary dissipation, however, will not prevent the young poet from leaving at ten o'clock the next—or rather the same—morning on Mr. Clarke's breakfast table the following sonnet:

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold,
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims before his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It has been pointed out that an historical inaccuracy has placed Cortez where Balboa should have stood; but the excellence of the sonnet is beyond cavil of any kind.

Mary Cowden Clarke addressed a sonnet to her husband which, although of a most inferior class, has a certain interest, both from the insight it affords into a home where intellectual sympathy reigned by the cheerful fireside, and from the great love of Shakespeare felt by this gifted couple. Mrs. Cowden Clarke was a daughter of Novello, the musician, and an intimate friend of Keats, Lamb, Leigh Hunt and other literary stars who shone in the first half of this century. Her poems are not numerous, nor will they live; but the sixteen years of patient toil which she spent in compiling her "Concordance to Shakespeare" were not spent in vain.

Sometimes when I sit quietly and muse
On bygone times and long departed joys,
I hear with startling clearness thy loved voice
In sudden ringing laugh, that still renews
An echo of my then delight to use
Whatever will might win that pleasant noise
Of heartfelt mirth from thee: the veriest toys
Of fancy serv'd to please us and amuse.
Our own old favourite books read o'er and o'er
Ne'er failed to charm again and yet again;
We freshly savoured all the pith and core
Of jests from Sheridan's or Molière's brain,
Jack Falstaff's racy wit ne'er lost its zest,
And Shakespeare's fun we always found the best.

Few readers of books have not at some time or other chanced upon the crushed remains of an unlucky fly, which had settled perhaps decades before on a page and pardonably fallen asleep over the contents. The fly in amber has often been celebrated in verse, but it was reserved for Charles Tennyson Turner to immortalize the unfortunate fly in a book, and to draw from the fate of the small insect lessons for humanity to ponder over. It is said that Alfred Tennyson's brothers, Charles and Frederick, relinquished the poetic field, after barely winning their spurs, in favour of the now lordly Laureate of England. The sonnet in question is very delicate and beautiful, and charged with a pathos that must appeal to all who have pondered on the uncertainty of life and the insignificance of ambitious endeavour:

ON FINDING A SMALL FLY CRUSHED IN A BOOK.

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
Has crush'd thee here between these pages pent;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert.
O! that the memories which survive us here
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone; our doom is ever near,
The peril is beside us day by day;
The book will close upon us, it may be,
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away
Upon the summer airs. But, unlike thee,
The closing book will stop our vital breath,
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

Owing to his firm conviction that he was a dedicated servant of the Muses, Wordsworth produced poems on the business principles of Mr. Whiteley and provided sonnets to suit all occasions, facts not unremarked by the humorists of his day. The following "acrostic receipt for a poem" appeared in an English magazine of 1819, and was maliciously subscribed to by "Little Bess of the Mountain":

Weigh out three pounds of moonlight beams,
Of twinkling stars and mountain streams,
Rivers and lakes, and watery stuff,
Don't spare, but give a quantum suff,
Stir an old man's hoary head,
With grey eyes turn'd by weeping red;
One ounce of spirit of donkey's bray,
Rectified, sans empyreuma.
This mixture, sold with Wordsworth's name,
Has given risen to all his fame.

But the Wordsworth war among the critics was a long and fierce one, nor has it been quite ended by Matthew