

Many of the most noted Englishmen in the past and preceding centuries fought duels, for various reasons. Castlereagh, Pitt, Fox, Canning were all called out. Edward III, of England fought a Frenchman named Ribaumont in France, and having vanquished him, loaded him down with favors, remarking that he was a brave man. Francis I of France in 1577 challenged Charles V. of Germany. The challenge was accepted, but the monarchs never met.

O'Connell, having killed an antagonist in a duel, was never the same man again, and declined all subsequent calls to mortal combat. In 1835, Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) challenged Morgan O'Connell, son of the "Liberator," for words spoken by his father in debate. O'Connell, senior, thus referred to Disraeli:

"I cannot divest my mind of the belief that, if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he is the lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crime on the cross."

This sarcasm struck Disraeli, who was of Jewish origin, like a poisoned arrow. Morgan O'Connell declined the challenge and Disraeli threatened to castigate the elder O'Connell, but the threat was never carried out.

The duel in 1804 between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, in which Hamilton fell, is always referred to in American annals as a most deplorable affair. Hamilton was the young republic's greatest statesman, and a close few days later she horsewhipped her hsuband friend of Washington-albeit he was a Briton,

traitorous designs against his country. After Hamilton's death, Burr was shunned, and died in abject poverty.

Henry Clay and John Randolph, two eminent Americans, fought. Clay took deliberate aim at his antagonist, and missed. Whereupon Ranpolph fired his pistol in the air, remarking: "I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded, for all the lands that are watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams." The combatants then shook hands, embraced and were ever afterwards friends.

In California the code was recognized, and the declination of a challenge was regarded as evidence of cowardice. Gen. Denver, in whose honor the City of Denver, Colorado, was named, killed E. A. Gilbert, a member of congress from California, in 1852. John Nugent, editor of the San Francisco Herald, wounded an antagonist in 1852, and in 1853 met Thomas Hayes, an alderman, when he was dangerously wounded, but recovered

In the summer of 1858 Nugent was sent to British Columbia as a special commissioner to inquire into the treatment of American citizens by our government, they having complained of unjust and oppressive laws. Nugent was cordially received and entertained by Gov. Douglas, and visited the mines on Fraser river. his return he submitted a savage report, alleging that the treatment of the American miners by our government should call forth at least a remonstrance. The report was pigeonholed at Washington and no action was ever

In 1854 George A. Dribble, a midshipman in the United States service in California, fought E. B. Lundy, a Canadian, of Lundy's Lane. Both showed a courage worthy of a better cause. Dribble was killed.

In 1854 there came to California Lola Montes, an extraordinary female. Through her intrigues she had caused a popular rising about six years before in Bavaria, where she became the companion of the King, Louis, who created her the Countess de Lansfelt. Her conduct there was scandalous. She was an Irish girl, appeared first in Paris as a danseuse and created a great sensation there. Duarier and Bouvallon, Parisian swells, fought about her, and Duarier, whose "friend" she was at that time, was killed. At the inquest she said, "I was a better shot than Duarier, and if I had known that Bouvallon wanted satisfaction, I would have fought

After coming to America, Lola was constantly in trouble because of her pugnacious disposition. Her admirers were many and several fistic encounters and duels resulted from efforts to win her favor. Finally, she married Pat: Hull, a well known man about San Francisco. ."just to get rid of him," as she expressed it. A publicly and applied for and got a divorce. having been born in the West Indies. Burr, was a good-natured fellow, sloppy in his who had been vice president, was suspected of habits, not over-clean, and very fond of a the prisoner remained in the hands of the au-

"drap," and a big "drap," too, of the "ctater." One evening, speaking of Hull, she said the world was divided into three classes, Men, Women and Its. "Pat Hull," she added, 'is an

The Countess was met by a friend of mine one evening at supper with a few other young fellows. She was fond of wine, smoked cigarettes and told racy stories of her Parisian adventures and of the Bavarian court. She was a fascinating woman, an excellent conversationalist, very intelligent and a fairly good actress. But it was as a dancer that she excelled all contemporaries. Every movement was a poem, and it was deemed a rare privilege to see the handsome creature in short skirts and tights flitting across the stage like a fairy and assuming the poses for which she had become famous on two continents, and which had captivated King Louis and proved his ruin. Her favorite turn was the "spider dance," which was very suggestive, but not very vulgar. Lola's chief beauty lay in her coal-black eyes and her limbs. She must have been very beautiful once, but when she came to California she had faded somewhat-late suppers and dissipation had got their work in on her face; but those businesslike -they were as bright and sparkling as ever -looked you through and through, and demanded admiration, if not adulation. The weak man who once looked into the deep well of those soulful orbs lost himself, and floundering in the depths, cast fame and fortune and character at her feet! The women never took to Lola. Lola Montes was not a womanly woman. But the men raved about her. She challenged several of her admirers, but they got out of the difficulty in some way, perhaps by the payment of money. At last she had a stroke of paralysis, which ended her fascinating career, and she died in a New York garret, deserted by her former admirers and reduced to a crust.

A gentleman named Geo. Penn Johnston, in 1857 was the United States commissioner for the Pacific Coast, and before him one day in 1857 was brought a negro—an escaped fugitive slave-by his late owner. At that time, under the fugitive slave law, a runaway slave, if caught in a free state, could be haled before a United States commissioner, and upon satisfactory evidence being given, might be remanded to custody for delivery to ins owner.

This slave was named Archie Lee. He was just an ordinary, compouplace negro of pure African blood, and as black as night. He had been confined in a cell and was brought in a carriage to Mr. Johnston's office. As he was being conducted from the carriage a serious riot occurred. The colored men in the crowd made a wild rush to rescue the man, and were driven back by the officers. Pistols were drawn and awed the crowd. Then a number of white men, who sympathized with the negroes, pressed forward, and for a few moments bloodshed seemed imminent. It was with extreme

thorities, and when he reached the office his clothes were in tatters. Johnston heard the evidence and freed the negro, who was carried on the shoulders of the blacks and their white sympathizers to a place of security. For many days Lee was a "black lion," and received an ovation wherever he went. One of the ministers preached a sermon upon the event and Archie occupied a prominent seat in a front pew during the service. A large collection was taken up for his benefit, and receptions, at which he was the guest of honor, were held. Archie seemed to enjoy/the attention he received, and had he had brains and education might have reaped a fortune from a lecture tour; but, as has been recounted, he was only a commonplace darkey who could neither read nor write, and his habits were those of a field hand or stable man, so the town soon tired of him. Then he came to Victoria, where he remained several years and lost his reason. He fell into the habit of standing at the corner of Yates and Government streets, where formerly stood Bayley's hotel, a site that is now occupied by the Imperial Bank building, and gazing pensively in the direction of the Metchosin hills. Day after day, in fair or fine weather, in wind and storm, heat and cold, with a dirty felt hat turned back from his forehead, clad in miserable garments and wearing boots that were as holey as the wooden pavement on Fort street, the poor darkey stood on the corner. He toiled not; neither did he spin. He spoke to no one, answered no questions, just maintained his vigil stlently and unobtrusively. His time for appearing was about 9 a, m., and his hour for disappearing was about 4 o'clock. Where he went to at night or where he lodged was not known. The place where he took his meals (if he ate at all) was never discovered. He was

ings and comings no man could trace.

One day Archie hobbled to the corner with the aid of a stick and his face bore evidence of extreme illness. He continued to drag himself to the corner for some weeks, and at last he came no more. What became of him must ever remain an unsolved mystery. He just dropped out of sight. He had been bought and sold and whipped (his body bore the marks of the lash), hunted, starved, wounded and despised while on earth, for the sole reason that his Maker had bestowed on him a black skin. May he not have been translated to a realm where the color-line is not drawn and where those who have suffered most here go up higher than those whose lives have been one long summer day?

altogether a mysterious character, whose go-

Victoria had her own little fugitive slave episode. In 1861 a gentleman resident at Olympia and visiting here, brought his black body servant with him. The servant was a slave. Although perfectly content with his sur-roundings, he was induced to desert his master and take up his abode with Victoria friends. He did not again return to servitude. There

turn with him; but the doctrine that once a slave sets foot on British soil he is free, was applied and recognized in this case.

Referring again to the duelling era brings up the face and form of a dear friend who has long since passed on. His name was Racey, Biven, and he was a journalist. He was a little scrap of a man, scarcely five feet; but he was a plucky fellow, full of noble sentiments and good thoughts, and chivalrous. In appearance he was rather grotesque. He wore his rich yellow hair long, and it fell in heavy folds upon his shoulders. His coat was of fine blue broadcloth, with short waist and long skirts. His boots were high-heeled, and he carried a gold-headed cane, which had been his father's. confess that when I first met Biven (we were then strangers) I was inclined to laugh outright -his get-up was so funny. He resembled a Beau Brummel gone to seed. When I came to know him I congratulated myself that I had restrained the desire to laugh, for he would have struck me with his cane, or challenged me, and I should have missed making a most delightful acquaintance and, perhaps, should not have lived to write this article.

Biven had married a daughter of one of the old Mexican families with lots of land and little money: The money was soon spent, and as the land, which is now worth many millions, was then worthless, my friend was forced to return to journalism to eke out an existence.

One day while passing along a downtown street, a big, burly man named Dorsey insulted Biven. A challenge was sent to Dorsey, which he accepted, and the two, with seconds, surgeons and friends, proceeded to the Oakland side to fight. The affair had got noised about, and hundreds followed the principals and seconds to the field of battle. Buggies, express wagons, carriages and every conceivable conveyance were impressed to carry the multitude to the scene, and those who could not get conveyances "footed it," the road being lined by an excited concourse."

Arrived on the ground, thirty feet were paced off and the men took their places, pistols n hand. At the word both weapons were discharged. Dorsey's ball entered Biven's left wrist, tearing away a bone or two and crippling him slightly. Biven's ball struck his antagonist squarely in the waistband and drove the top button of his trousers into the skin of his stomach. Biven grasped his wounded arm and maintained his composure and position like a Stoic. Dorsey, believing that he was mortally wounded, fell to the ground and roared for a surgeon. The examination showed that his wound was superficial, although painful. Like beauty, it was only skindeep, and the flattened bullet was picked up on the ground,

"Racey," I asked him one day, "how did you feel when you faced Dorsey?"

"Why," replied the plucky little fellow, who lay in bed with his arm bandaged, "I felt calm and safe, for I did not believe the good Lord

No National Difficulty Too Great for the British Empire

HE one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the St George's society of Halifax, was celebrated last night with a banquet at the Halifax hotel, says the Halifax Herald, in its issue of April 24th. The feature of the postprandial proceedings was the eloquent plea made by Mr. Justice Russell for a greater imperial ideafor faith in the glory of our destiny. For himself he had unbounded confidence. The banquetting hall was decorated with the Union Jack and the Cross of St. George, the menu was excellent, and the spirit of camaraderic and good fellowship that prevailed was all that could be wished. The company surrounding the tables was large and brilliant. In the chair was C. E. W. Dodwell, C. E., who for the third time had been placed in that honorable position. On his right sat Governor Fraser, Mayor Maclireith and Mr. Justice Russell, on his left, Chief Justice Townsend, Brigadier-General Drury, J. C. O'Mullin and S. M. Brookfield.

It was a few minutes after ten o'clock when President Dodwell rose to propose the King. Before doing this Mr. Dodwell referred briefly to the prosperous condition of the society, its increasing membership and its enhanced usefulness. Mr. Dodwell expressed the regrets of the premier, the attorney-general, the bishop and others at inability to be present. Telegrams of greeting and good wishes were read from sister societies in New York, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Guelph. It was also, Mr. Dodwell said, the 122nd anniversary of the New York society, and from Guelph came the honored assistant vice-president of this society. A cordial welcome was given to the guests of the society and then the toat "The King" was given and honored.

In proposing "St. George and Merrie England," President Dodwell said some pleasant things of Englishmen in a happy way. They had been said to be less loyal than other Britishers, but their loyalty is not the kind that is shown on the surface so unmistakeably as that of others. But it is none the less deen. The Englishman does not feel the need of

lishmen in a happy way. They had been said to be less loyal than other Britishers, but their loyalty is not the kind that is shown on the surface so unmistakeably as that of others. But it is none the less deep. The Englishman does not feel the need of showing his loyalty in the same way, but on occasion he does manifest it, as witness Mafeking night in London. Mr. Dodwell asked the society to drink to the toast of the evening, "St. George and Merrie England." The toast was enthusiastically honored.

Mr. Justice Russell responded in fine style. After some appropriate preliminary remarks, he said that in the Greville memoirs an incident is told of a man whom Greville pronounces one of the wisest men he ever heard of. He was arrested in the Gardens of the Tuileries for wandering about with a bandage over his mouth and jaws. When he was brought before the magistrate and questioned as to the motive and meaning of this singular procedure, his reply was, that he was a very impudent person and had discovered that he could never open his lips without getting himself into trouble. Hence he had concluded that the best thing he could do was to clamp himself up in the manner that had led to his arrest.

I am reminded of this incident by the reflection that the last time I had the temerity to speak from a public platform. I became involved in a controversy with no less than half a dozen open antagonists besides an innumerable company of anonymous commentators. I was about making up my mind to adopt the expedient of the wise man of the Tuileries when the task was laid upon me of speaking for St. George and Merrie England. But I suppose I need not fear that in this loyal assembly and in this English city, anything that can be said to the honor of St. George

or the praise of Merrie England will ever expose the speaker to the necessity of defending himself in the newspapers. The city in which we dwell was founded under the auspices of St. George, and by an offshoot from the stock that has made the glory of Merrie England, some of its best blood has come from the veins of those who left behind them all their earthly possessions and saw before them nothing but a long vista of poverty and hardship that they might be true according to their lights to the England of their fore-fathers. They made their choice more than a hundred years ago, and I think one of the greatest problems of world politics that presents itself for solution at the present day will be found to be intimately bound up with the question whether in the midst of our abounding prosperity, in peace and plenty and security, today we are prepared to confirm the choice that our ancestors made on their own and our behalf a century or more ago.

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a century or more ago.

I should not have thought that this was a live question if it had not been gravely discussed by a distinguished publicist a few weeks ago under the auspices of the Canadian club. J. S. Ewart, K. C., who discussed this question recently in Halifax and St. John, starts out with the thesis that the present imperial relations cannot perpetually or even indefinitely continue, that a great nation such as the Dominion of Canada, with its territory stretching from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth, cannot forever more continue in even theoretical subordination to a government in which it is from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth, cannot forever more continue in even theoretical subordination to a government in which it is not represented. To this proposition every thinking Canadian and every self-respecting Canadian must, it seems to me, subscribe, but the solution presented by Mr. Ewart must have seemed to the most superficial of those who heard him, an impossibility, and it has been criticised by Mr. Fraser, who writes from Harvard university with unanswerable force. Mr. Ewart's curious political structure with its aggregation of self-governing commonwealths, each having its independent power of making treaties involving the possibility of peace or war, and yet all subsisting under a common sovereign, is really the most remarkable political conception that ever entered into the mind of man. Of course Mr. Ewart is no fool, and it is easy to see that his common sovereignty of King Edward and his successors is merely a concession to the feelings of those, of whom there are, I trust, very many, who would be shocked by the proposal to cut the tie that binds us to the motherland, and break up the British empire into a hundred fragments.

Against these derisive counsels, while they are perhaps legitimate questions for discussion, I think it is none too soon for those of us who think otherwise to raise our voices.

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is none too soon for those of us who think otherwise to raise our voices.

There was once a British premier who was the typical representative of Merrie England, whose universal solvent for the political problems by which he was from time to time confronted, was the solution of laissez faire—"Can't you let it alone," said the easy going Lord Melbourne to many a difficult and pressing problem, and it is really surprising how many apparently insoluble difficulties will in some fashion find themselves remedied in course of time by this very simple manner of treatment. The future of Canada, which to my mind, means the future of the British empire, may not be one of those questions, but if we must make our choice between Lord Melbourne and Mr. Ewart, I should rather ask Lord Melbourne and Mr. Ewart, I should rather ask Lord Melbourne's question, "Can you not let, it alone," than Mr. Ewart's questions, with its implication of an affirmative answer, "Can you not pull it to pieces?"

Think over the matter for a moment. When our

ancestors, or those of many of us here present, exiled themselves to Halifax and the sister city of St. John, when our fellow-countrymen of Ontario came over the lake to York and the sister city of St. John, when our fellow-countrymen of Ontario came over the lake to York and the sister city of Toronto, the Intellectual centre, I. suppose, may fairly consider it of the Dominion of Canada; when our French-Canadian fellow citizens, under; when our French-Canadian fellow citizens, under the beside of England in the great imperial crisis of the times that tried men's souls, what was the side of England in the great imperial crisis of the times that tried men's souls, what was the vision that held them true to the conception of a united empire, a great family of kindred nations grouped about the Old homestead—with common frouped about the old homestead—with common grouped about the old homestead—with common frouped about the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and common alms, with the same ideals of cities and the same in the same interest to the multiple cities for the world and in fals and impossible dream, and he has traced with infinite eleveness to be telling us that this is all an idle and impossible dream, and he has traced with infinite eleveness to the propose and the same common of the world as a same cities and the same common of the propose in the cities of the cities of

days he would have seen that a federal union of the thirteen commonwealths was an idle and impracticable dream. But Madison and Hamilton thought otherwise, and just as to their philosophical and patient fortitude it is due that in place of ten or twenty independent sovereignties with all their infinite possibilities of perpetual war, we see over all the lower half of this great continent the Pax Americans now firmly and for all time established, so let us hope, in spite of all the failures of specific schemes that Mr. Ewart has so triumphantly recorded, a solution remains to be discovered by which the colonial status which is so galling to Mr. Ewart may be throup off, without dissolving the empire which it has cost so much in blood and treasure to establish.

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much in blood and treasure to establish.

I believe that with patience and Providence, all the difficulties of which Mr. Ewart makes such mountainous obstacles in the way of a consolidated empire may be surmounted, and the political genius that has built up so fair a fabric of imperial greatness and power is not going to let the whole structure fail to pieces. If the discordant interests of the old American colonies could be harmonized into a united nation, if the states of Germany, Catholic and Protestant, north and south, with all their divergent interests and discordant sentiments could be welded into a united power and become so strong as in the opinion of many to be a menace to the ascendancy of Britain, I see no reason why we, instead of continuing to build up and consolidate should enter upon the downward career of disintegration and dissolution. Our problems are many and difficult as they stand. It is not clear, that the solution offered for them by the policy of disintegration could open up more serious difficulties than those which it would thus endeavor to remove.

Samuel Crawford, who so often has delighted the North British society with his Scottish songs, followed with a good English song, "The Island home of an Englishman." He was warmly encored and responded by repeating a part of the song.

William Crowe proposed The Governor-General and the Governor. william Crowe proposed The Governor-General and the Governor.

His Honor Governor Fraser, who on rising was loudly cheered, responded in his customary good form. After some happy pleasantries, the governor alluded to the speech of Mr. Justice Russell, whose words had been timely and such as are much needed in Canada today. The people from which we have sprung have settled every issue that has come to them—settled them honestly and rightly according to the light that they had. They will settle the issues that are yet to come. His honor objected to the raising of issues that are only imaginary. He was willing to leave the questions of the future in the confident hope that they would be disposed of sensibly and honorably, and for the good of the world and the empire. Those people who are restive, they don't know why, who are wise beyond their intellect, are unnecessarily worrying. They are taking on themselves burdens which they had better leave alone. The British people are equal to any emergency that may come before them, and Canada will be made a land worthy of its people and worthy of the empire of which we are a part. The three national forces of Canada—Scottish, Irish and English—can be depended on to righteously and glariously work out a national destiny, even greater perhaps than that of the land from which we sprang. The governor was loudly applauded.

—Following his speech was a good song well sung by A. S. Wylde,

Dr. Themas Trenaman proposed the feast "Canada." He was brief but comprehensive and much to the point. The drinking of the toast was accompanied by the singing of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

The response was given by Chief Justice Townshend. About this time last year, his logiship said, he had the honor of being at the Guildhall on the occasion of the grand banquet to the colonial premiers. All who were great and distinguished in England were there. What was the object of the banquet? It was to honor Britain's children gathered from the four quarters of the world. Who was called to respond to the chief toast? Not the premier of Australia, of the Transvaal or of New Zealand, but the premier of Canada, the empire's oldest colony. Among others present whom Canadians know and honor were Lord Strathcona and Sir Charles Tupper. After the banquet, Sir Charles had said to him (Chief Justice Townshend); "That speech of Sir Wilfrid was the grandest and best that could have been made." Sir Charles was at political enmity with Sir Wilfrid in Canada, and it pleased him very much to hear the veteran statesman speak in that way of the premier of Canada.

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canada, and it pleased him very much to hear the veteran statesman speak in that way of the premier of Canada.

One sentiment the chief justice wished to leave with the company on an occasion like this, when old England was to the fore, was this: What we should cultivate is pride in our country and pride in our race-satisfaction that we enjoy the advantage of being Britons. The chief justice, in concluding, took the opportunity to speak of those who advocate the independence of Canada as men engaged in a most foolish propaganda and one that happily would never amount to anything.

W. A. Major, the former secretary of the society, proposed the toast "The Canadian forces," coupling with it the name of Brigadier-General Drury, who on rising was given a round of warm applause.

General Drury took the hearty way in which the toast had been received as a compliment to the Canadian forces. He spoke first of the permanent force, seen on our streets and in our barrack yards, but leaving the company to form their own opinion of it. He was sorry we did not see more of the active militia. They were the backbone of the military force of Canada. He had had considerable experience in one way or another, and he felt that he could honestly say that no militiamen with a fuller sense of their responsibilities or constituting a better class of men than the militia in this city and province were to be found anywhere in Canada. General Drury said that in this he was speaking in no mere spirit of flattery. The militia here had good opportunities for attaining proficiency and they availed themselves of their advantages in a most creditable way.

Mr. Marsh sang a good number in fine style. Then came toasts to "Our Sister Societies," proposed by Robert Theakston; "Our Guests" and "Our Next Merrie Meeting."

After a Suffragist riot outside the British House of Commons, a constable was asked by a member if they had had many people in the row.

"Never saw such a sight here in my life, sir."

"Really? Were they very unruly?"

"Awful, just kicking and scratching, and going on anyhow."

"And you didn't get hurt?"

"No, thank you, sir. You see, I am a married man, so I know how to handle women."—Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

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