

passage, which is sandwiched between quotations from Milton and the Psalms: "They looked at the sun, as disappearing like a shield of gold behind a cloud-bank, it flung high its arms of light as if in adoration." This picture of a shield brandishing its arms as it goes down behind a bank bears the impress of genius (of a certain order.)

The three children grow apace. Mary tumbles into the brook, but William is of course on hand to rescue her. William goes to school to Mr. Fenwick, and learns Latin, which he afterwards quotes on the most unlikely occasions. As he grows older, he too doubts the doctrines, and is only saved from the consequences of his father's displeasure through the entreaties of his teacher.

Now, at last, there is a movement in New England to capture Louisburg. William joins the expedition. Here occurs a chapter with the suggestive caption, "My Mary," which is the dullest and most nauseating of the many dull and nauseating chapters in this book. Our hero declares himself according to a formula much used in tenth-rate story papers. His company is commanded by a Captain Allen, who is described as "irresistibly captivating," but who has "an indefinable expression about his mouth bordering on the sinister." This gentleman is, of course, the 'heavy villain' of the piece. He makes love to Mary, and threatens to have William murdered unless she favour his suit. The lovers part in the most approved fashion, and then Mary as in duty bound, falls sick of a fever. The author moralizes on this in a very lengthy and very somniferous sermon.

Meanwhile the expedition is on its way to Louisburg. We are favoured with an account of the voyage, parts of which resemble Irving's "Voyage"—that is to say, as the counterfeit resembles the pure gold. "So it is upon the sea where deep calleth unto deep. ("Deep called unto deep."—Irving.) The wailing moaning as of countless voices—the rippling music of the waves baptizing the gallant ship—the lonely stretch of the billowy pavement around and on every hand—the sighing song of the breeze through the rigging, ("The whistling of the wind through the rigging."—Irving.)—the screaming of the storm-birds above the waters, all these have in them something so unlike the experience of the land that we are carried captive with the *exuberance* of our spirits." Irving says: "It is impossible to resist

the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gaily over the curling waves, etc." Irving is quite intelligible here, but what "wailing moanings" and the "screaming of storm-birds" have to do with "exuberance of spirits," is not so clear. The fact is that Mr. Hickey has indiscriminately mixed up the elements of storm and fine weather in this remarkable passage.

The landing is effected. The brave New England men capture the Grand Battery, and proceed to cannonade the city. This is the way they do it: "The solid shot struck, tore, knocked—the demoniac scream of the shells roared with a bellowing howl through the air, falling with a shriek and a blare as they burst in and around the battery." This is undoubtedly the choicest specimen in the whole book. Had the bombardment been half as terrible as Mr. Hickey's rhetoric, Duchambou would have surrendered forthwith. Shortly after this William is captured by the French, and Capt. Allen makes it appear that he is a deserter. Then Harry Oliver and a body of soldiers are massacred by the Indians. Our author does not let such an opportunity as this pass without doing some 'strong' writing. We give a few choice flowers plucked at random: "Horrid yell"—"scream of a hundred demons"—"shout that froze the blood"—"bellowing red-skins"—"cut down like dogs"—"fiendish chuckle," etc. There is in this no real description, but only a semblance of such. Yet this highly-magnified "blood-and-thunder" style has been called graphic and interesting. The book bristles with such expressions. The trumpets always "blare." The shells "shriek athwart the sky with a lurid glare." The guns "vomit like horrible volcanoes with a continuous unearthly belching roar." The sea always "moans" except in particularly rough weather when it "howls." The villains, of whom there are not a few for such a "moral" book, always wear a "sardonic smile;" and when they speak, "hiss through their teeth." When Marie d'Hautefort faints, it is "with a wild, piercing shriek, like the wail of a lost soul."

When the news of William's supposed desertion reached Woodside, his father, who believes that the whole thing has been foreordained from all eternity, goes crazy and drowns himself. His exit is amidst blue fire and brimstone fumes. "Two eyes like balls