

Poetry.

A STUDY IN BLACK.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

When to the youngest he had given his aims,
He mused, and stayed to watch them. Frequent fash
Had pinched each cheek, and withered up each brow.
All four sat close together on the ground :
Then, having shared a morsel of black bread
Fished from the gutter, they began to eat,
But with an air so hopeless, and forlorn,
That seeing them, all women must have wept.
Yes ! they were lost upon this earth of ours—
Four children friendless in a crowded world.
Father and mother dead—and not a barn
To give them shelter : all with bare torn legs,
Except the youngest, who, poor innocent child !
With steps, that staggered, on his limping feet
Dragged some old shoes—too large—tied up with string.
They crouch all right in ditches, where they sleep :
How numb they feel at morning when the wind
Nips their thin bodies, and the leafy tree,
That quivers with the carol of the lark,
Bears a black profile on the clear cold sky.
Their hands that God made rosy now are red.
On Sunday to some village near they stray
To find a meal. The little one so pale
And fragile, in his childish treble sings
Some wanton song, unconscious what it means
To raise a laugh (though tears are in his eyes)
From some coarse ruffian at the tavern's door,
He sings so sweetly that from out that den
To buy them food some palfrey pence are flung—
The aims of hell; contributed by sin.
Unhallowed coins on which the devil has spat,
But now they screen themselves behind a hedge
And munch in silence, timorous as fawns.
Off they are beaten, always hounded on.
And thus, condemned though innocent, the waifs
Tramp daily, starving, close to happy homes,
Home by sheer chance, where'er the road leads.
Then, he who been musing, looked on high
His gaze found nothing but the calm warm day—
The blessed sun—the air with golden wings
A-quiver, and the azure vault of heaven :
While songs of triumph, strains of ecstasy
Fell on those children from the birds of the sky.

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

CHAP. VII.—(Continued.)

"Still you keep o' the windy side of the law."

—Shakespeare.

A crowd of little urchins followed our procession, gaining in numbers at every step, until, when we reached the court-house, it was doubtful which party had the larger representation—the medicos or the gamins. Delegates from other colleges were already there, and as we filed in the faces of the policemen on guard perceptibly lengthened. As we behaved ourselves with decorum, these fingers of the law had no reason to bar our entrance. At the coming of his honour, a low tramp of feet and a whispered chant of the old song—

"See the mighty host advancing—
Satan leading on before,"

showed the turbulent feelings of the audience. Re-

cognising the presence of an unruly element, the judge's face grew stern, and the erier became red in the face over his screams of silence ("see-lance," he called it). Then followed the usual prelude—

"O ! yis, O ! yis, O ! yis."

"Oh ! no, Oh ! no, Oh ! no,"

came a responsive echo, evidently from nowhere in particular. The docket was brought in—a tangled, tattered, slouching set, mostly, with faces unintelligent and brutal, but with here and there a bright one, lowered in shame, or eager to establish innocence. Cutler and Rellek appeared from the audience, and took positions near the judge's bench, to be ready when called.

"Hurrah ! for the musician," cried some one, and, amid cat-calls, the cheers were given. The police made a rush, but were met by a passive resistance, which, together with the silence that ensued, caused them to fall back.

There was silence while the cases were being tried, broken only by a *sotto voce* comment upon the evidence or pleading, such as "that's a lie," or "injured innocence," "dizziness ! yes, spr. vini rect." One or two cases that were tried were laughable, but the majority were insipid, or pitiful only.

The celebrated case soon came up. The judge looked at his list, and called out "Joe Rellek, John Smith, and Blooney Clarke, for disturbing the peace. On bail ; erier, are they here ?"

Rellek and Cutler made themselves known, and the erier called out—

"Blooney Clarke ! Blooney Clarke !"

There was no answer, except a simultaneous peal of laughter from the clustering students, who recognized the name in spite of its mutilation.

"Where's Blooney !" "Be a man, Blooney !" "Blooney's no looney !" "Oh ! vere, oh ! vere, is my leddle dawg gone !" These were a few of the cries that followed the erier's utterance.

"Silence !" roared the erier, and then addressing his honour, said—

"The prisoner is not in court, yer honour."

"Forfeit his bail, then, and make out a warrant for his apprehension," said the judge to his clerk.

"And now, sirs," he said to Rellek and Cutler, after examining the policeman, "what have you to say for yourselves ?"

Rellek stepped forward. "Our arrest is a gross outrage upon the rights of Englishmen, sir," he said. "We were behaving as peaceable citizens when the policeman—whose instant dismissal I shall at once demand—dared to interfere in our conversation. There was no disturbance of the peace, except by him. I am acquainted with the law, sir, being a student, and was acting within my rights, when that man"—pointing scornfully at the policeman—"pounced upon us with ghoulish glee and arrested us. He did not understand English, and in his egotistical autotheism assumed that he was right and we were wrong. We accompanied him to the station only to procure his dismissal into innocuous disuse, when he lied to the chief, whose extraordinary credulity is extremely reprehensible, and succeeded