

JAMES DE MILLE

by

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C O N T E N T S

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# Biographical

## JAMES DE MILLE

~~with a few exceptions~~ "Before the city and behind it two furious floods pass and repass. All around it are striking scenes; rocky ledges, surf-beaten islands and far-folded headlands; low marshes and broad sand flats; bold, rocky hills whose summits, rising one behind another, fade away in the distance; and over all these an ever-changing atmosphere, which at one time veils ~~the~~ the scene in thick mists, and at another gathers up ~~the~~ its clouds to lend additional glories to the setting sun." So James De Mille\* describes his birthplace, the picturesque seaport town of Saint John, on the Bay of Fundy.

Here he was born on August 23, 1833. His father, Nathan Smith De Mill, was a merchant and ship-owner, a man of stalwart frame and even more stalwart character, as impulsive and daring in his undertakings as he was inflexible in seeing them through, unyielding as granite in what he conceived to be the right, a Puritan in religion, in business one whose word was always as good as his bond, intolerant of hypocrisy, hiding under a stern exterior a warm and generous heart. One of his business associates in England wrote of him after his death, "there are but few that we meet in life so distinguished for tenderness of heart and thorough honesty of feeling, few whose characters are so stamped with integrity and every upright thought." James' mother, Elizabeth, one of the Budds of Digby, was a sweet-

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\* He went back to the original form of the name, *while still a school boy at Harton.*

faced and sweet-natured gentlewoman. James was the third of a family of ten.

The De Mills were originally French Huguenots. Jean de Mille, Chevalier de Marnas, fled from Dauphiné to the Netherlands after the massacre of St Bartholomews. His son Anthony, who lived long enough among the Dutch to change the spelling of his name to De Millt, emigrated to New Amsterdam about the middle of the seventeenth century, signed the oath of allegiance when New Amsterdam was surrendered to the English in 1664, became Schout or Sheriff when the city was restored to the Dutch in 1673, and was one of the Aldermen of New York in 1687.

The next three generations of the family made their home in Stamford, Connecticut. James' grandfather, John De Mill, fought in one of the King's regiments, and settled in St John in 1783. He was one of the original grantees of Parrrtown, as St John was first named. The Budds were also United Empire Loyalists, Elizabeth's father, Captain Elisha Budd, having served in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards made his home in Digby. In fact, James De Mille enjoyed the somewhat unusual distinction of being of Loyalist descent ~~on all sides~~ through his grandfather and grandmother on both the father's and the mother's side.

These are some of the influences, of heredity and environment, that helped to make or mould the character of James De Mille. He came of sturdy, clean-living and clear-thinking stock on both

sides. From his father he got a deep sense of religion, and from his mother a kindly tolerance for the religious views of others. He had his father's capacity for work, and his mother's interest in the finer things of life, <sup>as well as his saving sense of humor.</sup> From both he inherited that uprightness of character that marked all that he did and all that he thought.

James was devoted to his father; was one of the very few who understood him, and knew the real kindness that lay underneath that stern and dour exterior. But to his mother alone did he reveal his inner self, his thoughts on religion, on literature, on life, his hopes to turn that which was in him to some worth-while purpose. "They would walk for hours" says one of his sisters "up and down the garden paths, discussing Swedenborg or Goethe, laughing over some memorable passage in Dickens' latest novel, or quoting bits of Evangeline."

The old De Mill home was on Charlotte Street, but Nathan had also built a summer home on the Bay Shore in Carleton, on the other side of the harbour. The family spent their winters in the city and their summers on the Bay Shore. It was a lovely spot, before the railway ran a line between the house and the shore and destroyed the picture. The house, a rambling, picturesque building with many gables, built for comfort and homeliness, stood high up on the hill-side, with a wonderful outlook

across the Bay. ¶ On clear days one could distinguish the Digby shore, and when the tide was low it was possible, if your eyesight was keen, to see the seals disporting themselves on Seal Rocks. Those were the days when St John ranked high among the world's sea-ports, the great days of the sailing ship, when New Brunswick and Nova Scotia sent their own craft out into the seven seas. The De Mill boys, from the old home on the Bay Shore, could see ships, brigs and barques, brigantines and schooners, sailing in and out of the harbour, and among them would recognize with loyal enthusiasm one or other of their father's own ships.

"Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
 Past the crimson rising sun,  
 There are dreams go down the harbour  
 With the tall ships of St John."

i  
 bbles,

beyond which at low tide were great rocks covered with seaweed, the happy hunting-ground of the children, where one might find unlimited treasures in the pools and caves left by the receding sea, brilliant-coloured pebbles, shells and queer little sea-folk, kelp that could be exploded when dry, and dulse, that sea delicacy that all Blue Noses eat with delight and <sup>over which</sup> all inlanders turn up their noses at.

Here James and his brothers and sisters spent many happy days; here his lively imagination learnt to take its earliest flights. One can imagine how he must have revelled in that wonderful panorama of earth, sea and sky, dark woods, brilliant meadows, sparkling waters, stately ships and saucy little fishing craft, and the white flashes of innumerable gulls. How often he must have dreamed dreams, as he lay on the soft grass, or the warm sand, and listened to the music of the surf, or in his bed

with the window opened toward the sea, dropped to sleep to the majestic cadences of the same surf lashed by the fury of a Fundy storm.

James was always a tireless reader of good books. Even in his boyhood he devoured everything in the English classics that he could lay his hands on. Pilgrim's Progress was a favourite, not only with James but with all the family. The old house in the city, a roomy place with a huge attic, became the scene of Christian's travels. About it he and his companions wandered, up and down stairs, from cellar to attic, through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Humiliation, down to the Dungeon, and up to the Delectable Mountains, the Land of Beulah and the Celestial City.

St John

At the Grammar School James got his first taste of the elements of education, as they were understood in his day. No record survives of his standing in the school, but probably it was only mediocre, as he was never much inclined to stick to the established roads of instruction, but rather preferred to blaze trails of his own. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Horton Academy, Wolfville, N.S., and a year later matriculated at Acadia College, of which his father was one of the Governors. His older brothers, Budd and William, had preceded him to Horton, and a younger brother Alfred followed some years later.

James seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his life at Wolfville. Writing to Alfred, <sup>in 1857</sup> when the latter was a student there, he says, "I see that you already enter into the regular Horton spirit. You will never lose it for all the rest of your life. I often wish I was back again." James was a favorite with his companions

and a leader in all their boyish pranks. Years afterward he embodied many of them in his boys' books, the "B.O.W.C.", the Boys of Grand Pré School, etc. In the former he describes these scenes of his boyhood adventures:

All that is wonderful and all that is sublime in nature may be found here, side by side with all that is most sweet and beautiful. Behind the hill on whose slope the school stands lies the valley of the Gaspereaux, an Eden-like retreat, shut in by high hills and watered by a winding river, sequestered from the world, full of that strange charm of repose that may so seldom be met with in this busy age. Before the hill there spreads away for many a mile the broad vale of Cornwallis, through which there flow five rivers, whose waters are all chained up at their mouths, so that their beds may serve for verdurous dike lands to the farmers of the valley.

Far away on the other side extends a long range of hills, which push themselves forward into Minas Basin till they end in a precipitous cliff, whose towering form is the centre of attraction for many and many a mile. This is the famous Cape Blomidon, whose position is so peculiar, and whose shape is so striking, that it forms the central object to spectators all around the shores of the bay. Here is a channel opening into the Bay of Fundy outside, and this channel is the gateway through which the disturbed and impetuous waters of the two seas forever rush backward and forward.

In that outer bay there are fierce tides, and swift currents, and iron-bound shores, and lonely rocky isles; there are dense fogs, sharp squalls, and sudden storms. The mists that prevail there are kept away by that lofty wall which terminates in Blomidon, and cannot penetrate into the well-protected country within. The mists and the fogs seem like baffled enemies, long beleaguering but never victorious. From the sunny plains of Cornwallis and Grand Pré they may be seen crowded and piled up on the top of Blomidon, frowning darkly and menacingly upon the scene beneath, as though eager to descend. But Old Blomidon guards well the land which he protects, and the mist and the fog that cross his crest are broken and dissipated into thin air.

From all this there arise wondrous atmospheric effects. Here, when the fog is piled up in gloomy masses over Blomidon, and the sun is setting behind them, may be seen a spectacle so gorgeous that, if it could be portrayed on canvas, few would believe it to be a copy of nature. It would be deemed the fantastic vision of some artist mad from love of deep gloom and vivid colour; for the colours here at sunset are sometimes as numerous, as varied, and as ~~varied~~ as those of a rainbow. The whole west glows with indescribable glory, when out of black clouds and voluminous folds of whirling fog-wreaths there beams a gorgeous red, forth from which shoot up innumerable rays far into the zenith, formed of every hue and shade, which shift and change like the rays of the Aurora Borealis, and cast upon all the sky and upon all the earth something of their own splendid radiance.

Close  
links - no  
beds

vivid

That James found time for work as well as play at Wolfville is clear from the fact that his name stood first on the list of matriculants, and that, after spending no more than his freshman year at Acadia, he was able to enter the sophomore year at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and proceed in course to the degree of Master of Arts.

He entered Brown in 1852, but in the interval had enjoyed the great adventure of his life, eighteen months in Europe, an experience that, at the impressionable age of seventeen, had a marked influence upon his character, broadened his outlook, and laid the foundation of his subsequent achievements as a novelist. He made this trip with his brother Budd, and each of them left a manuscript account of his travels. James' consisted of nine chapters, four devoted to England, Scotland, Wales and France, and five to Italy. Unfortunately it has been lost, but extracts from it will be found in Professor MacMechan's article in the Canadian Magazine, September, 1906. Budd's journal fills three large note-books, but is not particularly interesting, being taken up for the most part with descriptions of natural scenery and public buildings and monuments.

The brothers were to sail from Quebec to Liverpool in one of their father's ships, and to get there from St John, had to take a very roundabout route, by steamer to Portland, by rail to Boston and thence to Burlington, thence by steamer down Lake Champlain to St Johns, where they again found themselves on British territory. From St Johns to La Prairie, opposite Montreal, they travelled on the first railway <sup>constructed</sup> ~~built~~ in Canada, the Champlain and St Lawrence Railroad, built in 1835. The rolling-stock of the road consisted of an engine of five or six tons, four passenger

and the Rome and  
Naples chapters were  
published in the  
Christian Witness,  
St-John, N.B., in 1861.

~~cars~~ <sup>coaches</sup>

each carrying eight persons, and twenty freight cars capable of conveying about ten tons each. Quite a contrast to the huge locomotives and luxurious passenger cars of the present day.

After a short stay in Montreal, where they climbed the mountain and enjoyed the view from the summit, gazed in admiration at the "magnificent granite quays built along the bank of the river", — were "lost in wonder as immediately before us rose up the lofty, massive towers of Notre Dame", and altogether felt a good deal of pride in this metropolitan city of British North America, the young men left for Quebec by river steamer.

They spent three weeks in and about the ancient capital, some of the results of which James afterwards embodied in his novel The Lady of the Ice, and sailed for Liverpool toward the end of August, 1850. The voyage down the St Lawrence also furnished material for some of the chapters in Cord and Creese. A run of thirty days, <sup>part</sup> ~~some~~, of which they used to brush up their French and Italian, brought them to Liverpool. From here they made two short walking tours into North Wales and Scotland, then on to London, and over to the Continent.

"Toward noon", says Budd in his journal, "we entered the harbour of Dunkirk. This was the first time that we had been into a really foreign port, and I was very much confused. Every thing seemed strange. The vessels were of a strange shape, the sailors in a strange dress, and every one spoke in a strange tongue." Budd mentions a statue to Jean Bart, the old sea captain, in one of the public squares, and describes a little experience they had in a neighbouring café, because of their lack of knowledge of French customs. James turned the incident into a whimsical story in The Dodge Club.

↑ Indeed it is both entertaining and illuminating to compare passages in Budd's journal with the same incidents as they appear in his brother's book. The bald, <sup>uninspired,</sup> statement of the journal becomes transformed, after it has passed through the alembic of James' imagination, into something that is both literature and life, life as seen through the spectacles of a gentle satirist. /

The boys made their way to Paris, by way of Lille and Amiens, and after spending a few days in the capital, turned south, following, as Professor MacMechan says, the old diligence line, the route of the Sentimental Journey, through Central France to Marseilles. From there they went by steamer to Genoa and Leghorn, and spent the winter in Italy, wandering about from place to place, Florence, Rome and Naples, Padua, Venice and Milan. The return journey was made through Switzerland, ~~a vivid account of the old method of travel~~ by way of the Simplon Road, and there is a vivid account of it in The Dodge Club.

On leaving Italy, James sums up his impressions, in his own journal:

*no leads*

We thought of leaving Italy at that time without regret, for although we had spent several very pleasant months there, and had seen more beauty and places of interest than in our whole former lives, still we were tired of wandering continually about and longed for some settled habitation. Our reminiscences of 'sweet and sunny Italy' were and always will be pleasant, for in that land we had passed very many exceedingly happy days. Having seen it we felt as if nothing more remained. The remembrance of its magnificent cities, its captivating scenery, its sublime public edifices and glorious works of art, was indelibly impressed upon our memories. We had seen all of Italy we wished, and rather too much of the Italians, concerning whom our sentiments at the time of our departure were widely different from those which we entertained upon our arrival. Then we felt sorry for the poor, oppressed, noble-minded Italians, whose only admiration was the glorious liberty of past ages, and whose only aspiration was for freedom. But after having been cheated in every town in the country by ragged vagabonds who would gladly sell themselves for a sixpence, after having met with roguery in every spot of that classic land, our views with regard to its inhabitants were rather contemptuous. Afterwards the remembrance of villainy passed away and there remained only a pleasing and immovable recollection of 'the garden of the world.'

In February, 1852, James entered Brown University, in the middle of the sophomore year. This, like Acadia, is a Baptist college, which no doubt accounts for its selection. Nathan De Mill had been originally a member of the Church of England, but became a Baptist. James afterward returned to the Church of England.

At Brown<sup>f</sup> his standing as a student was only moderate, for reasons already indicated. As the Librarian of Brown University, Harry Lyman Koopman, puts it, "his mind was evidently too active along its own lines to conform to the routine of college studies." He was, however, adds Mr Koopman, "a steady reader (while at college) of solid works of literature in English and Italian, travels in unfamiliar regions, and books not often read by college students, like Sale's Koran, Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell, and Mallet's Northern Antiquities, besides works that appealed to him personally, such as Sabine's Loyalists and Martin's Nova Scotia." ✕

De Mille was a member of the Philermenian Society at Brown, which held fortnightly debates. An officer of the college who occupied rooms underneath the hall where the debates took place, says that he always knew when De Mille was speaking by the vociferous applause by which his classmates displayed their approval of his oratorical efforts. One of his classmates states that his delivery was rather awkward as far as gestures and position were concerned, but that the students always liked to hear him speak because of ~~the~~ his good elocution and the original humour of his subjects. One would judge that he spoke without effort in these college gatherings, but many years later he complained that he could never go upon a public platform without suffering the agonies of stage-fright, and his college lectures

were almost invariably read from the manuscript. It is reported that on one occasion, having to give an important address before some gathering, he trusted to his extraordinary memory, and attempted to speak without notes, but afterwards confessed that his mind became a blank in the middle of his speech and a good half of what he had intended to say was lost. /

"In a case in the Library of Dalhousie College", says Professor MacMechan, "is a note-book of DeMille's which repays examination. It contains notes on chemistry and rhetoric courses (at Brown), carefully enough written, but the interest lies in the 'illumination' of the margins. Pen-and-ink sketches bodying forth all kinds of queer fancies have been deftly drawn between the lecturer's sentences....parrots in dress-suits, Turks, Chinamen, ancient Romans, ships in full sail, grotesques, masques, caricatures, a young lady as a pith-ball, the professor of Chemistry as an angel, and so on in endless variety. Some of them are extremely minute, mere thumb-nail sketches, but it is noticeable that <sup>nearly all the drawings are finished. Evidently</sup> he could put into shape any quaint fancy that came into his head."

He was also a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. In May, 1853, he delivered a junior oration on "Arabian Fiction", and the following year was elected class poet. It was about this time that he made his first contributions to the periodicals, writing stories for the Waverly Magazine of Boston, and in August, 1853, an article on "Acadie and the Birth-place of Evangeline" for Putnam's Magazine. /

He graduated Master of Arts at Brown in July, 1854, and spent the following year in Cincinnati, helping to wind up the affairs of a "wild-cat" mining company in which some of his relatives and friends had become involved. Little or nothing could be saved from the

wreck, but the experience was not without interest to De Mille. Cincinnati was then a frontier town, and its manners and customs were very different from those of St John or Providence, or Wolfville. Some of the young man's impressions of the west were embodied in his Mimehaha Mines, published in the Commercial Bulletin, Boston. That sketch is, however, chiefly memorable because it contained some delightfully amusing verses of his entitled "The Maiden of Quoddy".

On his return to St John, De Mille made a rather disastrous experiment. In partnership with one Fillimore he opened a bookshop. He James was utterly unsuited to such an occupation. It exasperated him to be interrupted in something he was writing in the back office, to attend to the wants of a customer in the shop. His partner was uncongenial and, perhaps, dishonest. At any rate he managed to get things in a horrible muddle. Finally De Mille in desperation bought him out, at a ruinous figure, and attempted to run the business alone. The result was that he loaded himself with debts that it took ~~xxx~~ years to wipe out. One gets an occasional glimpse of his life at this period in his letters. Writing to one of his old Horton chums, he says, "I'm fitting up the attic of the store ~~xx~~ for Daguerrean Saloons, and an upper room for an office." Finally, to his immense relief, he was offered the chair of Classics in Acadia College.

This was in 1860. The previous year he had married ~~Miss~~ Anne Pryor, a daughter of Rev. Dr John Pryor. He had become engaged to her while a student at Horton, her father being then head of the school, and while at Brown he frequently ran up to Cambridge, Dr Pryor in the interval having become pastor of a Baptist church in Lexington.

De Mille remained in St John for another year, preparing himself for his new duties as a teacher. In the meantime his brother Budd, ~~had~~ who had been ordained as a Baptist minister, had been compelled through ill health to give up his work for a time, and had established and was editing a weekly paper in St John, the Christian Watchman. This paper started on January 2nd, 1861, and the last number was dated December 26th of the same year. It had been <sup>launched</sup> ~~established~~ as a protest against the action of the editor of the Christian Visitor, in using what was supposed to be a strictly non-partisan paper as to attack the Provincial Government. Leonard Tilley, who sat for St John and was a member of the Government, was strongly supported by Nathan De Mill, and in the election of 1861 the Watchman was largely instrumental in carrying Tilley and his colleagues to victory.

Budd edited the paper, but had the enthusiastic support of James and his younger brother Alfred, who had graduated from Acadia and was now beginning the practice of law in St John. The three young men thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Among them they wrote pretty well all the original material in the paper, Budd doing most of the editorials and James and Alfred the special articles. Not content with this dignified weapon, they started a little comic paper, in which James and Alfred poked fun at their opponents in side-splitting doggerel. One of the sisters says that nobody got more enjoyment out of this nonsense than the three young editors. James would rush into the library at home with his latest squib, and presently all three would be heard roaring over it. It was all a huge joke to them, though not quite so funny to the unhappy victims.

De Mille began his work at Acadia in 1861. There is no doubt that he found it entirely congenial. "He was" says Professor Mac Mehan "fitted specially by temperament and training for the vocation of teacher. He threw himself into the duties with characteristic energy. His inaugural lecture created a most favourable impression of his talents. An examination of the calendar of Acadia shows that he remodelled the classical course, dividing it into 'Pass' and 'Honours', as in the English universities, and materially increasing the amount read. His methods show originality. In his Latin classes, for instance, he introduced the conversational use of the language. So successful was the experiment that his students carried the idea further, and made Latin a sort of 'court-speech' among themselves."

a recognized leader among the boys at Horton, and  
 As De Mille had been <sup>^</sup>one of the most popular men of his year at Brown, so when he returned to Wolfville as a professor he very soon succeeded in winning not merely ~~their~~ the respect of the students but their warm affection. As he had been "Jim" De Mille at Horton and Brown, so his students at Acadia still thought of him affectionately as "Jim" De Mille.

"He was the soul of hospitality" says one of them. "There was a dignity about him on the street and in the class-room which was awesome, but directly you entered his home, a gentle winningness came over him, a playful wit salted all his conversation, and without being effusive or fussy he made you thoroughly at home. At the little informal 'teas' to which he made us understand we were always welcome, our professor was turned into a genial friend, telling stories, satirizing the foibles of certain of our fellow mortals who are always fair game. He steered clear of 'shop',

and gave himself up to the entertainment of poor, hard wrought 'Freshy'. He laughed, joked and made fun generally. There was an abandon about these little unpremeditated parties that one cannot describe. To us they were 'halcyon days'."

5 In 1864, De Mille accepted the chair of History and Rhetoric at Dalhousie College, Halifax, a position he continued to fill up to the time of his death. Here he was perhaps even more successful than at Acadia. He was beginning to find himself, to develop his unusual faculties as a teacher. He was a man of tireless energy, extraordinarily wide reading, and phenomenal memory. He had ideas of his own as to the best methods of teaching, and applied them in his own department with conspicuous success. ¶ "He was constantly studying" says Mac Mechan, "and constantly throwing aside the work of last year for the results of the next. His studies were anything but narrow. Of classics he had a broad, if not minute, knowledge, extending his researches into modern Greek. He and the professor of Mathematics would converse in Latin for hours at a time on a fishing trip. I have seen pages of Sanscrit paradigms in his writing. / Among his books presented by his family to Dalhousie College are hymnologies of the early Church, a 'Foullis' Euripides in nine volumes, books in modern Greek, Persian, Sanskrit, Gaelic, Spanish, Icelandic, not to mention French, German and Italian classics, with his pencilled marginalia - which indicates the range and variety of his intellectual activity. He kept abreast of modern literature, and specialized in Church History. Year by year he led the earnest scholar's life in broadening studies. As an important member of the old University of Halifax, of the Historical Society, and of the Church of England Institute, he had many duties and

demands upon his time. He was always in request for public lectures throughout the provinces, and he wrote for the local papers. His college work was done with zeal, ability and kindness. His old students treasure his memory as a man and a teacher. Such remembrance is his most enduring monument."

Of De Mille's life in Halifax outside the college little can be said. He was essentially a family man, devoted to his wife and children. He had few friends, and appeared cold and reserved to those who had not the privilege of his intimacy. But to his children he was a beloved companion, lavishing upon them all the resources of his many-sided personality, for his talents included music and art as well as literature. One who knew him at that time has spoken of a pictorial biography of his eldest boy, the sketches in which were made from time to time when the latter was a ~~very~~ curly-headed child. Unfortunately this, like many other things that De Mille wrote or drew, has ~~disappe~~ disappeared. There is, <sup>however,</sup> ~~also~~ preserved in Dalhousie College a manuscript translation of Virgil's <sup>first book of the Aeneid,</sup> made for his children, illustrated with numerous pen-and-ink sketches, notable both for their aptness and their delicious humour.

Among De Mille's few Halifax friends were George Munro Grant, afterward Principal of Queen's University, Archbishop Connolly and Professor Charles Macdonald of Dalhousie. These four used to meet periodically for a game of whist and a quiet chat. One cannot but be struck with the catholicity of the party - the brilliant and scholarly Irish Catholic ecclesiastic; Dr Grant a Presbyterian clergyman; Macdonald, professor of Mathematics, who was also a fine Classical scholar, and in religion a blend of

mystic and agnostic; and De Mille, a member of the Church of England. They were all men of wide reading, intellectual in the broadest sense of the term, tolerant of the sincere views of others in religion as in all other matters. How one would have enjoyed being an unseen guest at one of their meetings!

One little human touch comes down the years, of a very small boy accompanying his father on an expedition to the North West Arm, Halifax. In the party were Charles Macdonald, Dr Grant and James De Mille, with one or two others. They all went in bathing, and laughed and shouted and ran about the rocks to dry themselves like a lot of school boys.

In physical appearance, De Mille has been described as a big, with a handsome man, dark, pale face, a man's man without those graces that make men shine in what is known as "society". He was fond of walking, skating and swimming, and in these exercises as in his more serious occupations was inclined to consider only what he wished to accomplish. He threw himself into everything wholeheartedly, and taxed his physical strength and endurance to the uttermost.

His recklessness in "burning the candle at both ends" was particularly marked in his work methods of work. Of the many books that he wrote, the vast majority were written after he came to Halifax. His days were pretty well taken up with his college duties, and only the nights were left for writing. He lectured by day, and wrote novels by night, and slept at odd times. The strongest constitution will not stand that sort of treatment indefinitely, and De Mille, in spite of his big frame, was not a strong man. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that he died, after a very brief illness, at the early age of forty-seven.

It would be interesting to know something about his religious questions in Halifax, but unfortunately neither his own letters nor those of his contemporaries throw much light on the question. He must have met some of the same old Tory statesmen James W. Johnston. They occasionally played a game of chess. In one of his letters to his brother Alfred, James says, referring to a friend in Halifax, "if the Reform Party hold on a little longer he will get a judgeship, but as they will be selling out at the next election I'm afraid he'll miss his chance". From what De Mille's political leanings may be surmised.

He had been offered, while at Dalhousie, the responsible position of Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia, but felt that he could do more effective work where he was. At the time of his death President Eliot was considering an invitation to De Mille to take the chair of Rhetoric at Harvard. This would undoubtedly have been very welcome, as offering the opportunity to develop his theories of education in a much larger field and under more favourable conditions than he could hope for in Halifax.

A few months before he died he had ~~had~~ the pleasure of revisiting old scenes and reviving very pleasant recollections. In 1879, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation, he was invited to deliver the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa society at Brown. In Providence he "renewed old college friendships, and received various marks of attention from prominent people. The most noticeable lack" says the Librarian of Brown "was the failure of his Alma Mater to bestow upon him the honorary degree which he so richly deserved. Possibly the university was only waiting for another occasion. But before the next commencement came round 'the fatal asterisk of death' was set against the name of James De Mille."

## THE BURNING OF ROME

The whole sky was red with flame; myriads of sparks floated along carried swiftly past them, and great clouds of dense smoke rolled by sometimes obscuring the light of the fire for a moment, but only to let it shine out again with fresh brilliancy. That terrific glare grew brighter every second.

The centurion threw open a window in the roof, and ascended a ladder and stood outside. Lydia followed him. A cry involuntarily escaped the old man's lips as he took a glance around. Near mount Palatine, between it and Caelian mount, was the circus. Here there was an intense glow of light which dazzled the eyes. Advancing from this quarter the flames came rolling on directly toward the street in which they lived. They saw the fire leaping from house to house in its fierce march, and moving on remorselessly to their own abode.

The wind was high, and the roar of the flames could be heard, as, fanned by that wind, they swept over the habitations of man. There had been a long season of drought, and everything in the city was parched and dry. The old houses with their numerous stories, that rose up so loftily, were like tinder, and caught the flame as easily as possible. The prospect before them was not merely their own destruction, but universal calamity.

Below, there came up a louder cry, and the rush of a vast multitude through the narrow streets, and shrieks from terrified women. The noise was more terrific than the fire. It was as though all Rome was in the streets, flying from that dread calamity which threatened all alike. For although Rome was

accustomed to fires, yet this was worse than anything which it had known, and the drought had served to prepare the city for the destroyer, and all men felt that this fierce flame, so often kept back and resisted, would now be triumphant.

But Lydia uttered another cry of fear; and seizing her father's arm pointed away toward the opposite side.

There was need for fear. There too was fire. Not in one place, or in two, but in many. Bright glowing spots flecked the dark forms of the houses, where the flames leaped up, and spread on, and enfolded all things before them. So many of these fires appeared that it seemed as though they were surrounded by a circle of flame.

"O father!" cried Lydia, "what is this? Is this then the last day?"

"See father, - all the world seems to be on fire. Will the last summons come?"

"I know not, my daughter - who can tell?" answered the centurion.

"But fear not, my child. While I live I will protect you - and if this is even the last day you have nothing to fear."

"O father", cried Lydia, shuddering; "the flames encircle us. Where can we fly to? We are enclosed in a ring of fire, and I can see no opening."

"No", said the centurion, in calm, courageous tones. "The fire advances from the circus; the wind blows the flames towards us. The only danger is on that side. On the other side the fire that you see is caused by the falling sparks that have been kindled on the dry houses. There is no danger there. We can easily pass on".

"Oh, then let us fly".

"Certainly", said the centurion, "we must haste. We must leave everything.

Well, we have not much to lose. I will put on my armor, and do you clothe yourself warmly. There is no use to try to save anything. The manuscript is all that we can carry away".

Hastily they made their preparations, and at last the centurion in full armor hurried away, followed by his daughter, who clung closely to him.

On their way down they found the stairs filled with people, ascending and descending, carrying their movables, and trying to save something of their property. With great difficulty they passed through this crowd, and at last reached the street. But here they found further progress impossible, for a cast crowd filled that street, and stood still, locked together, and stopped by something at the end. Out of all the houses people were pouring, and the crowd here could not easily move till all the houses before them were emptied.

"Father! father! we are lost!" cried Lydia.

"No, my daughter," said her father, "do not fear. I have seen many such sights as this - too many. I am a soldier, and have been familiar with burning cities. It will take an hour for the flames to get to this house, and before that time the crowd will dissolve and move away. Trust in me".

The time passed, and slowly, too, for those who thus stood in suspense, but the crowd did not make much progress. Wedged in this narrow street, it seemed as though the wretched fugitives could never escape. And every moment brought the flames nearer.

At length the houses at the head of the street began to burn. Louder shrieks arose, and hundreds, despairing of escape by the street, rushed back into the houses and clambered to the roofs, along which they passed. Vast numbers

saw this and followed the idea. The streets were sensibly relieved, and the crowd grew thinner, and it seemed as though escape might yet be possible.

And now the flames had come so near that the heat could be felt, and the smoke that streamed past almost suffocated the crowds in the street. Lydia began to survey the possible fate that lay before her, and expected death, but said nothing. At last the centurion spoke,-

"I would have tried the roof before, but I felt afraid about you. I think after all, we had better try it. If the people do not move faster they will be destroyed. I would not let myself be wedged in that crowd. If I have to die, I would rather die here".

Lydia uttered a low cry and clung to her father. From these words she knew that death was near.

"But courage, my darling. Follow me and be firm. There is no danger".

The centurion turned, and already had his foot on the lower stair, when a tremendous crash against the wall of their building startled him.

Lydia almost swooned with terror.

But the centurion uttered a cry of joy. Again and again the sound came, with cries of men, but not cries of fear. It was a familiar sound to his ears. Often had he heard that sound before the walls and gates of beleaguered cities.

"We are saved!" cried Eubulus. "Help is near. It is the battering-ram".

"The battering ram?" said Lydia, in a puzzle.

"The soldiers are here. They are breaking a way through for the crowd. Thank God'. Thank God!

The blows grew fiercer, and the sound came nearer. The calls of the leader and the shouts of the men were distinctly audible. The voice of that leader seemed familiar. Lydia's heart beat faster as she thought that she

recognized it.

At last the wall close behind them came down with a crash, shattered by a tremendous stroke, and a cry of triumph arose from the room beyond. Another and another blow and all the wall was broken through. Then a man dashed through the ruin and rushed to the door.

It was Julius.

The moment that he saw them he seized Lydia's hand, and in a voice broken with emotion, he cried, "My God, I thank thee!"

Then in an instant he called to the crowd in the streets.

"This way. This way. The soldiers have broken a way through to the Suburra!"

A cry of joy was the response.

On the instant the great crowd made a spring at that door.

Julius lifted Lydia in his arms, as though she were a child, and rushed off, followed by the centurion. A wide passage had been knocked away through a whole block of houses, the huge beams supported the mass overhead, preventing them from falling in, and the new avenue was almost as wide as the narrow street. Julius went on, carrying Lydia, and followed by Eubulus; behind them came the soldiers, and after them streamed the wild crowd.

At last they came to the Suburra. Here Julius put Lydia down, and the soldiers advanced before them and behind, forcing their way.

The heavens were all aglow with the blaze. Lydia looked toward the place from which they had just come, and shuddered to see the fire spreading over those very roofs by which they had thought of escaping. She now knew how desperate was their situation.

Around them there was the wildest confusion. A vast mass of human

beings hurried along, obeying one common impulse of fear, not knowing where to go, but expecting to get to some place of temporary safety. Great waggons rolled along, filled with furniture which some had sought to save; lines of litters borne by slaves conveyed away the wealthier citizens; and men on horseback mingled with the crowd on foot.

But the crowd on foot was most pitiable, as the people struggled along. Some were carrying bits of furniture, hastily snatched up, which they gradually got rid of as they found themselves overpowered by fatigue; others carried bundles of clothing; others boxes, which contained all their worldly wealth. Some carried along their sick friends, whose groans were added to the general uproar; others their little children, whose cries of fear came up shrilly and sharply amid the confusion.

Amid that crowd there were families separated, who vainly sought to find one another. Husbands called after wives, and wives after husbands; fathers called the names of their children, but what was saddest of all, was the sight of hundreds of little children intermixed with the crowd, and sometimes pressed, and knocked down, and trampled under foot, shrieking with fear, and crying frantically, "father!" "mother!" But who could help them? Their fathers and mothers were lost in the crowd, and if any man had presence of mind or pity enough to help one, there were hundreds and thousands of others who needed equal help. Universal panic reigned everywhere, and the multitude was wild with fright, and unreasoning and unmerciful. And over all the din there was the roar of the pitiless flames, as they came on from behind, and danced and leaped, as if in mockery over the sorrow and fear of man.

Through all this the soldiers forced their way, at a steady pace, and Lydia saw with great relief that every step took them farther from danger. Julius kept her hand, and walked by her side, and the old man came behind.

"I saw it when it first broke out," said Julius to Lydia, "many hours ago. I saw that the wind blew from the circus to your quarter, and at once ran to give you warning. But I could do nothing against the crowd. Then I went back and brought these soldiers, and tried to force a way through the crowd but could not. They were so tightly packed that it was impossible. So I determined to break through the houses, for I knew that this was the only way to get to you; and besides, I knew that even if I did not find you in the house, I could call off a great number of people by this new avenue of escape, and so perhaps find you. But, God be thanked! I found you there at your own door".

The voice of Julius faltered as he spoke, and he pressed Lydia's hand tightly, in his deep emotion. The maiden cast down her eyes. Amid all the surrounding panic she felt calm, as though his presence brought assured safety, and when she first saw him come through the ruins of the house he stood like an angel before her, and his strong words inspired her with courage that caused her to rise above the terror around.

On they went through the tumult at a steady march, until at last they turned off to the right, and after traversing several streets which were less crowded, though thronged with the alarmed multitude, they reached the foot of the Esquiline. Here Julius turned up a broad avenue, and halted his soldiers in front of Labeo's gate.

"I have a good friend here", said he, "who will be glad to give you shelter for a time, till I can find a new place for you".

He then went forward, followed by Lydia and her father, and they all entered the hall.

A few words explained all to Labeo, who received the father and daughter with the warmest welcome. Helena soon made her appearance, and when the centurion recognized in her a Christian, he felt more inclined to receive the proffered hospitality.

All that night the conflagration raged, extending itself more and more widely, engulfing whole blocks of houses, surrounding and hemming in the wretched inmates till no escape was left. The cries of men mingled with the roar of the falling houses, and the noise of the devouring flames, and the light of the burning city startled the people far away in distant parts of Italy. Men hoped for morning, thinking that daylight would bring some relief, and praying like Ajax, if they had to die, to die in the light.

Day came, but brought no relief. Horror was only intensified. One entire district of the city was either burned up or doomed to perish immediately. Men looked aghast at the towering flames which still swept on, urged forward by the intense heat of the parts that had been already burned. Crowds of people had sought shelter in places which they deemed secure, but they now found the fire advancing upon these, and they had to fly once more. Despair prevailed everywhere. Little children wandered about, weak and almost dying from fatigue and grief, moaning after their parents; while in other parts of the city those same parents were searching everywhere for their children. Nothing was done to stop the flames, for no one knew what to do. All were paralyzed.

The fire moved on. Block after block of houses was consumed. The streets were still filled with flying wretches. But those who fled could now fly with greater freedom, for the population were forewarned, and they were no longer overtaken by the fire in their flight.

The keepers of the public prisons fled. The keepers of the amphitheatre and of all the public edifices, sought safety for themselves, forgetting all things in their terror.

Around the chief amphitheatre the flames soon gathered, and the fire dashed itself upon it, and soon a vast conflagration arose which surpassed in splendour the surrounding fires. All around, the flames ran, passing downwards, taking in all the seats and working their way to the lowest vaults. In that great edifice, with its wood-work, and its many decorations, its various apparatus, and the thousand combustible things stored there, the flames raged fiercely, throwing up a vast pyramid of fire into the air, which tossed itself into the skies, and crowned all other fires, and eclipsed them by the tremendous force of its superior glow.

And now from out the buildings connected with the amphitheatre, as the flames advanced there came a sound that gave greater horror to all who heard it, for it was something more terrible than anything that had yet been heard. It was a sound of agony, - the cry of living creatures, left engaged there to meet their fate, - the wild beasts of <sup>the</sup> amphitheatre. There was something almost human in that sharp, despairing wail of fear. The deep roar of the lion resounded above all other cries, but it was no longer the lordly roar of his majestic wrath, it was no longer the voice of the haughty king of animals. Terror had destroyed all its menacing tones, and the approach of the fire made his stout heart as craven as that of the timid hare. The roar of the lion sounded like a shriek, as it rose up and was borne on the blast to the ears of men, - a shriek of despair, - a cry to Heaven for pity on that life which the Creator had formed. With that lion's roar there blended the howl of the tiger,

and the yell of the hyena; but all fierceness was mitigated in that hour of fright and dismay, and in the uproar of those shrieks there was something heart-rending, which made men's hearts quake, and caused them for a moment to turn aside from their own griefs, and shudder at the agony of beasts.

Here, where the flames raced and chased one another over the lofty arched side, and from which man had fled, and the only life that remained was heard and not seen, one form of life suddenly became visible to those who found occasion to watch this place, in which men saw that touch of nature which makes all men kin; but here nature asserted her power in the heart of a lioness. How she escaped from her cell no one could say. Perhaps the heat had scorched the wood so that she broke it away; perhaps she had torn away the side in her fury; perhaps the side had burned away, and she had burst through the flames, doing this not for herself but for that offspring of hers which she carried in her mouth, holding it aloft, and in her mighty maternal love willing to devote herself to all danger for the sake of her young. She seemed to come up suddenly from out the midst of flame and smoke, till she reached the farthest extremity of the edifice, and there she stood, still holding her cub, now regarding the approaching flames, and now looking around everywhere for some further chance of escape. There stood about thirty feet away a kind of portico which formed the front of a Basilica, and this was the only building that was near. To this the lioness directed her gaze, and often turned to look upon the flames, and then returned again to inspect the portico. Its side stood nearest, and the sloping roof was the only place that afforded a foothold. Between the two places lay a depth of seventy feet, and at the bottom the hard stone pavement.

Nearer and nearer came the flames, and the agony of a mother's heart was seen in that beast, as with low deep moans she saw the fiery death that threatened. Already the flames seemed to encircle her, and the smoke clouds drove down, hiding her at times from view. At last, as one cloud, which had enveloped her for a longer period than usual rolled away, the lioness seemed to hesitate no longer. Starting back to secure space for a run, she rushed forward, and made a spring straight toward the portico.

Perhaps, if the lioness had been alone, and fresh in her strength, she might easily have accomplished the leap and secured at least temporary safety. But she was wearied with former efforts, and the fire had already scorched her. Besides this she held her cub in her mouth, and the additional weight bore her down. As it was, her fore paws struck the edge of the sloping roof of the portico, she clutched it madly with her sharp claws, and made violent efforts to drag herself up. She tried to catch at some foothold with her hind legs, but there was nothing. The tremendous strain of such a position could not long be endured. Gradually her efforts relaxed. At last, as though she felt herself falling, she made a final effort. Mustering all her strength, she seemed to throw herself upward. In vain. She sank back. Her limbs lost strength. Her claws slipped from the place which they had held. The next instant a dark form fell, and mother and offspring lay, a lifeless mass, on the pavement.

~~All~~ The keepers of the public places had fled, and they had left behind all the inmates. These inmates were not wild beasts alone. Some were human beings. The jailers had fled from the prisons, and carried away or thrown away the keys. Had the crowd in the streets been less frantic, they would have done something to free the wretches whose shrieks resounded within the walls over which the flames hung threateningly. They would have burst open the doors, and saved the prisoners confined there from the worst of fates. But the people were paralyzed by fear. They

had only one thought, and that was personal safety.

The great prison of Rome was situated in the very front of the fire, and on the second day, as it advanced, it gradually surrounded it. For some time the solid stone walls resisted the progress of the conflagration, but at least the intense heat that prevailed all around produced its effect here. The outer doors first caught the blaze, and then the framework of the tiled roof.

At first the inmates knew nothing of the danger that threatened them, but after a time the oppressive heat of the atmosphere filled them with dread, and the red light that flashed through the openings of the cells showed them their impending fate. Loud calls arose for the jailers; but no jailers were there to respond. Then howls, and curses, and shrieks, and prayers arose, in one vast confusion of sounds. The prisoners saw the fearful danger, and in their madness dashed themselves against the prison doors. In vain: the light grew brighter, the heat more intense, and the danger more near.

In one large room there were several hundred confined, and here the worst scenes were enacted. The windows were narrow openings only a few inches wide, with iron bars set in the hard stone. They were also ten feet above the floor. The doors were of iron, and double, with iron bars to secure them. There was not the slightest hope of escape. Here the prisoners first learned their danger, and it went from <sup>to mouth</sup> mouth till all knew it. At first they were transfixed with fear; it was as though each man had become rooted to the spot. They looked at each other with awful eyes, and then at the narrow windows through which, even if there were no bars, no man could pass; and then at the massive iron doors, which no human strength could move from their places. They knew that the fire was surrounding them; they knew that the jailers had fled; they knew the whole truth.

Then after the first stupor came frenzy. Some dashed themselves against the door, others leaped up and tried to catch at the bars of the windows. In one place, some mounted on the shoulders of others, tried to loosen the massive stones of the wall through which the windows were pierced. But their puny efforts were all in vain. The Roman buildings were always of the massive sort. The stones were always enormous blocks, and here in this prison they were of the largest size. All efforts to dislodge them were simply hopeless. This the prisoners soon found out, but even then they strove to move them, seeking for some one of smaller size which might not resist their efforts.

But doors and windows were alike immovable. Overhead was a vaulted roof of solid stone; beneath, a stone-paved floor. Some of the prisoners tore up the flagstones that formed the pavement, but only found huge blocks of rough cut travertine beneath.

Meantime the fires advanced, and the heat grew more intense, till at last the desire was not so much for escape, as for air and breath. Those who had worked hardest were first exhausted, and fell panting on the pavement; others sought the windows, but found the air without hotter than that within. At last despair came, and all stood glaring at the red light that flashed through the windows, and grimly and savagely awaited death.

In every cell where solitary prisoners were confined, each individual did what these others had been doing, and made the same fierce efforts to escape by door or window, with the same result. Rome had not built a prison which might be pulled down.

Now all the building seemed to glow with the intense heat that enclosed it from the burning houses, and the roof burned and fell in, communicating the

fire to the stones beneath, and the iron bars grew red hot. From behind some of these bars there appeared hideous faces - faces of agony, where the features were distorted by pain, and the hair had fallen off at the touch of fire, and voices still called, in hoarse tones, for help, long after all hope of help had died out.

Then came curses - bitter and deep, on the emperor, on the people, on the state, and on the gods.

At last the flames rolled on over all, and the silent prison-house showed only its walls that seemed to glow red hot amid the conflagration.

Helena's Household

DIES IRAE.

The most sublime production of the Christian Church. It is difficult to convey into another language the terrible thoughts and sounding cadences of the original. This is one of the few attempts that have been made to preserve the double rhyme of the original in its English form.

Day of wrath - appointed morning!  
Beams the Cross once more returning,  
Glow the Heavens to ashes burning.

Oh, what terrors are impending,  
Lo, the Judgment clouds descending -  
All the world its doom attending,

Hark! the trump of doom resounding  
Through the deep, the depths astounding,  
Summons all, the throne surrounding -

Death and nature terrifying -  
See the dead to judgment flying -  
To the awful Judge replying.

Wide unfold the fearful pages,  
Record of the sins of ages,  
Whence the world receives its wages.

When the Judge on high is seated,  
Then the search shall be completed,  
Then impartial justice meted.

Wretch! what shall I then be pleading -  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of mercy

King of Majesty supernal,  
Free bestowing bliss eternal,  
Rescue me from woes infernal.

Me remember, Jesus ever,  
Of thy life for me the giver,  
On that day my soul deliver.

Thou did'st seek me, faint and failing,  
Me redeem in woe and wailing -  
Be such toil not unavailing.

Righteous Judge, Divine Avenger,  
Oh, be not to me a stranger  
In that hour of fear and danger.

Low in dust before Thee lying,  
Here in shame and sorrow crying,  
Spare, oh God, Thy suppliant sighing.

By Thy grace was Mary shriven,  
And the robber raised to Heaven -  
Let Thy grace to me be given.

Worthless are my prayers and mourning,  
Yet in mercy me discerning,  
Save me from eternal burning.

'Mid Thy sheep to glory bear me,  
From the goat's perdition spare me,  
On thy right a place prepare me.

When the guilty are confounded,  
When the lost, by flames surrounded,  
Let my name in bliss be sounded.

Suppliant, on Thy mercy crying,  
Broken hearted, see me lying,  
Oh, be near to soothe me, sighing.

On that day of tears and mourning -  
Day when from the dust returning,  
Man for judgment shall prepare him -  
Spare, oh God, in mercy spare him.

Christian Watchman.

## THE MIRAMICHI FIRE.

It was in the year 1825. The summer had been the hottest and the dryest ever known, not only in this province (New Brunswick) but all over North America. There was no rain for months. The hay crop was a total failure everywhere, and the garden vegetables all wilted and withered. Corn, turnips, potatoes, almost everything failed. The roads were all covered with fine dust, the fields were all cracked, and the grass was as if it had been scorched. The woods were dried and parched in the same way, the sap seemed to dry up in the trees, and the leaves and branches were ready to flash into a blaze at the slightest approach of fire.

Fires, indeed, were in the woods in different places from mid-summer till autumn. These burned steadily, though without making any great progress. There were fire in these woods, and up at the head of the bay, and near the Nashwaak. There were also fires in the woods of Maine. And in Canada some of them had reached very serious dimensions. As a general thing, none of our people thought anything of it. Fires are so common that they excite no attention, and so it was with us. It was so dry that there was every reason to expect them, and if they were even larger than usual, that was no more than might be expected under such unusual circumstances.

At last the month of October came, and in the early part of that month various causes contributed to spread the fires. On the 6th it was noticed that they had increased very greatly, and their extent was now far beyond anything that had ever been known before. People wondered at this, but thought that before long it must come to an end. Rain must come and put a stop to it.

On the following day it was far worse. All through the

preceding night the fires had been extending everywhere, and when day came it had an appearance different from anything ever known before. The sky had a deep purple tint, and immense clouds of black smoke rolled over the whole heavens. There was not a breath of wind, but everything was sunk into a calm so deep and profound that it seemed like the death of Nature. The heat was suffocating, the air thick and stagnant, so that breathing was difficult. No one could put forth the slightest exertion. Everybody lay about in a state of utter lassitude and listlessness, or tried in vain to find some cool place where the heat might be less oppressive.

The most wonderful thing was the effect of this upon the lower animals. The birds had all fled. The cattle in the fields seemed bewildered and terrified. They collected in groups, lowing piteously, and looking wildly around, eating nothing, but standing as though paralyzed. The dogs moaned, and <sup>u</sup>croched, and wandered restlessly out of doors and back again. But what was yet more astonishing was the behavior of the wild animals. Wolves, and bears, and hares, and foxes came from the woods to the open spaces, overcome with terror, and seeking refuge among the domestic animals.

In spite of all this the people did not show much excitement. In the more lonely places they may have been frightened, but in the settlements they seemed simply listless. No one anticipated the terror that was approaching, or had any idea of the doom impending over the whole country. Strangely enough, the instinct of the lower animals was truer than the reason of man. As the fire was not yet visible, the people in the settlements made no preparations against it, nor did they even think that preparations were necessary. They knew, of course, that the heat and the unusual appearances were

produced by fires in some place, but where it was, or how near it might be, they did not think.

Evening came on, and at about seven o'clock a brisk wind suddenly sprang up. The sun set, and the darkness was intense beyond all description. And in that darkness nothing whatever was visible; there was something terrible beyond words in such deep gloom; but the wind went on and increased to a wilder degree, until at last it blew with extraordinary violence. Now, through the darkness, a terrible sight became visible. All over the west and towards the north-west there shone a red glow, which grew brighter and brighter, until at last the whole skies were lightened up with flaming fires. The wind increased, coming from the west, until at length it blew a perfect hurricane; fiercer, more furious, more terrible than any in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Driven on by this fierce tempest, the fires spread with inconceivable rapidity, and all the west became a sea of fire, and above the woods vast flames shot up, furiously, far into the sky. There was no darkness now. It was driven away, and light had come; but the light was worse than the darkness had been.

The hurricane increased, and the fires drove onward before it, and the fierce flames towered far up into the sky. Then there came a low moan from afar, which increased, and strengthened, and deepened, until at last it grew to a loud, appalling roar - a roar like sustained thunder, which still grew louder, and deeper, and nearer, and more awful. In the midst of this came the sound of crackling, like musketry volleys, and loud, tremendous explosions, like the discharge of cannon. And all this increased every minute, the fire sweeping onward more terribly, the roar of its advance gathering

in intensity and volume, until at last the vast sheets of flame seemed to rise almost to the zenith. Overhead all the black smoke was now reddened in the glow of the fire, and there passed away over the sky a fierce torrent, bearing with it innumerable sparks, and blazing twigs, and branches of trees, which had been torn from the forest by the fire, and were now hurled through the air by the hurricane.

Now there arose the wildest panic. All had been so sudden that there had been no time for thought - but even if there had been time, no thought could have availed. There was only one common impulse in all living things, whether man or beast, and that was escape. One cry only arose - 'To the river! To the river!' In this direction every one hurried, a confused crowd - men, women and children, horse, cows and dogs, - some carrying the old or the sick, others assisting the weak; fathers carrying their children, mothers their infants. Each seized what was most precious, and fled. All the time there were wild outcries - some of fear, others of hope, others of command, others of despair from some who had been separated from relatives, and were trying to find them again. Then they all hurried to the river; and some stood plunged in the water, others sought boats, others rafts, others floated on logs, while others again sought the opposite shore, from which, however, the fires that spread even there soon drove them.

And now the whole country, in all directions, blazed. The forest was as dry as tinder, and everywhere the floating sparks would fall upon the trees, and there would kindle fresh flames, which would sweep away before the hurricane like those behind. It was this that made the conflagration so swift and so universal.

The morning at length came after that night of horror - the morning of the 8th of October; and never did human eye rest upon such a scene of desolation. The vast forests, the green meadows, the flourishing villages, the pleasant homes which a few hours before had formed one of the happiest countries in the world, was now one vast expanse of dust and ashes, out of which lowered the smouldering, blackened shafts of giant pine trees that had not been all consumed. The half-burned corpses of men, women and children, cattle and wild beasts, strewed the forests, and in the dried-up beds of brooks and rivers lay the blackened bodies of burnt fishes. Six thousand square miles had been suddenly blasted by that unparalleled fire. And all this ruin had been wrought on that one night of horror.

Fire in the Woods.

THE VISION.

Life eternal,- Life all-glowing,  
Burst to light before my gaze,-  
Spirit forms in splendor flowing,  
Thronging myriads rose around me speeding on their starry ways,  
And the sun-bright hosts of glory flamed in radiant arrays.

All the light of life eternal  
Rose before my vision there,  
All the gloom of grief infernal,  
Endless forms of joy and sorrow; good and evil; foul and fair;-  
Souls of blessedness and glory; souls of anguish and despair.

And like thoughts came ~~darting~~ onward darting  
Soaring soul; despairing ghost;-  
Quick arriving; quick departing;-  
All the worldless void was peopled by that spiritual host,  
But the rolling stars were centres where they congregated most;

Souls there were of low gradation,  
Thronging forth before me then,  
Souls so lowly in creation,  
That they hardly were apparent to my spiritual ken,  
Like the lowest earthborn species which elude the eyes of men;

Souls whose kindred form and feeling  
With my own might well agree,  
Sympathetic power revealing,  
With capacities that placed them on an even plane with me,  
With desires and hopes resembling what my own desires might be;

Souls of nature more capacious  
Moved amid the others here,  
With an air benign and gracious,  
Whose serene, impressive presence I might lovingly revere,  
Childlike wait upon their utterance, and their words of wisdom hear;

Souls of nature all transcendent  
Unto whom all these were nought,  
Robed in majesty resplendent,  
Into whose sublime communion I might nevermore be brought,  
With ideas beyond conception, and desires surpassing thought.

Behind the Veil.

## THE KOSEKIN.

These people call themselves the Kosekin. Their chief characteristic, or, at least, their most prominent one, is their love of darkness, which perhaps is due to their habit of dwelling in caves. Another feeling, equally strong and perhaps connected with this, is their love of death and dislike of life. This is visible in many ways, and affects all their character. It leads to a passionate self-denial, an incessant effort to benefit others at their own expense. Each one hates life and longs for death. He, therefore, hates riches, and all things that are associated with life.

Among the Kosekin every one makes perpetual efforts to serve others, which, however, are perpetually baffled by the unselfishness of these others. People thus spend years in trying to overreach one another, so as to make others richer than themselves..... When one has been benefitted by another, he is filled with a passion which may be called Kosekin revenge - namely, a sleepless and vehement desire to bestow some adequate and corresponding benefit on the other. Feuds are thus kept up among families and wars among nations. For no one is willing to accept from another any kindness, any gift, or any honour, and all are continually on the watch to prevent themselves from being overreached in this way. Those who are less watchful than others are overwhelmed with gifts by designing men, who wish to attain to the pauper class.....

The sick are objects of the highest regard. All classes vie with one another in their attentions. The rich send their luxuries; the paupers, however, not having anything to give, go themselves and

wait on them and nurse them. For this there is no help, and the rich grumble, but can do nothing..... Those who, suffer from contagious diseases are more sought after than any other class, for in waiting on these there is the chance of gaining the blessing of death; indeed, in these cases much trouble is usually experienced from the rush of those who insist on offering their services.....

For a couple to fall in love is the signal for mutual self-surrender. Each insists on giving up the loved one; and the more passionate the love is, the more eager is the desire to have the loved one married to some one else. Lovers have died broken-hearted from being compelled to marry one another. Poets here among the Kosekin celebrate unhappy love which has met with this end. These poets also celebrate defeats instead of victories, since it is considered glorious for one nation to sacrifice itself to another; but to this there are important limitations, as we shall see. Poets also celebrate street-sweepers, scavengers, lamp-lighters, laborers, and above all, paupers, and pass by as unworthy of notice the authors, Meleks and Kohens of the land.....

Here the wealthy class forms the mass of the people, while the aristocratic few consist of the paupers. These are greatly envied by the others, and have many advantages. The cares and burdens of wealth, as well as wealth itself, are here considered a curse, and from all these the paupers are exempt. There is a perpetual effort on the part of the wealthy to induce the paupers to accept gifts, and the former murmur incessantly at the obstinacy of the paupers. Secret movements are sometimes set on foot which aim at a redistribution of property and a levelling of all classes, so as to reduce the haughty paupers to the same condition as the mass of the nation.....

State politics here move, like individual affairs, upon the great principle of contempt for earthly things. The state is willing to destroy itself for the good of other states; but as other states are in the same position, nothing can result. In times of war the object of each army is to honour the other and benefit it by giving it the glory of defeat. The contest is thus most fierce. The Kosekin, through their passionate love of death, are terrible in battle; and when they are also animated by the desire to confer glory on their enemies by defeating them, they generally succeed in their aim. This makes them almost always victorious, and when they are not so not a soul returns alive. Their state of mind is peculiar. If they are defeated they rejoice, since defeat is their chief glory; but if they are victorious they rejoice still more in the benevolent thought that they have conferred upon the enemy the joy, the glory, and the honour of defeat.

Here all shrink from governing others. The highest wish of each is to serve. The Meleks and Kohens, whom I at first considered the highest, are really the lowest orders; next to these come the authors, then the merchants, then farmers, then artisans, then laborers, and, finally, the highest rank is reached in the paupers. Happy the aristocratic, the haughty, the envied paupers. The same thing is seen in their armies. The privates here are highest in rank, and the officers come next in different gradations. These officers, however, have the command and the charge of affairs as with us; yet this is consistent with their position, for here to obey is considered nobler than to command. In the fleet the rowers are the highest class; next come the fighting-men; and lowest of all are the officers. War arises from motives as those which give rise to private feuds;

as, for instance, where one nation tries to force a province on another; where they try to make each other greater; where they try to benefit unduly each other's commerce; where one may have a smaller fleet or army than has been agreed on, or where an ambassador has been presented with gifts, or received too great honour or attention.

In such a country as this, where riches are disliked and despised, I could not imagine how people could be induced to engage in trade. This, however, was soon explained. The labourers and artisans have to perform their daily work, so as to enable the community to live and move and have its being. Their impelling motive is the high one of benefitting others most directly. They refuse anything but the very smallest pay, and insist upon giving for this the utmost possible labour. Tradesmen also have to supply the community with articles of all sorts; merchants have to sail their ships to the same end, all being animated by the desire of effecting the good of others. Each one tries not to make money, but to lose it; but as the competition is sharp and universal, this is difficult, and the larger portion are unsuccessful. The purchasers are eager to pay as much as possible, and the merchants and traders grow rich in spite of their utmost endeavors. The wealthy classes go into business so as to lose money, but in this they seldom succeed. It has been calculated that only two per cent in every community succeed in reaching the pauper class. The tendency is for all the labours of the working-class to be ultimately turned upon the unfortunate wealthy class. The workmen being the creators of wealth, and refusing to take adequate pay, cause a final accumulation of the wealth of the community in the

hands of the mass of the non-producers, who thus are fixed in their unhappy position, and can hope for no escape except by death. The farmers till the ground, the fishermen fish, the laborers toil, and the wealth thus created is pushed from these incessantly till it all falls upon the lowest class - namely, the rich, including Athons, Meleks and Kohens. It is often a burden that is ~~often~~ too heavy to be borne; but there is no help for it, and the better-minded seek to cultivate resignation.

A Strange Manuscript Found  
in a Copper Cylinder.

### THE SENATOR'S LAUNDRY.

Signora Mirandolina Rocca, who was the landlady of the house where the Club were lodging, was a widow, of about forty years of age, still fresh and blooming, with a merry dark eye, and much animation of features. Sitting usually in the small room which they passed on the way to their apartments, they had to stop to get their keys, or to leave them when they went out, and Buttons and Dick frequently stopped to have a little conversation. The rest, not being able to speak Italian, contented themselves with smiles; the Senator particularly, who gave the most beaming of smiles both on going and on returning. Sometimes he even tried to talk to her in his usual adaptation of broken English, spoken in loud tones to the benighted but fascinating foreigner. Her attention to Dick during his sickness increased the Senator's admiration, and he thought her one of the best, one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic of beings.

One day, toward the close of their stay in Rome, the Senator was in a fix. He had not had any washing done since he came to the city. He had run through all his clean linen, and came to a dead stand. Before leaving for another place it was absolutely necessary to attend to this. But how? Buttons was off with the Spaniards; Dick had gone out on a drive. No one could help him, so he tried it himself. In fact, he had never lost confidence in his powers of making himself understood. It was still a fixed conviction of his that in cases of necessity any intelligent man could make his wants known to intelligent foreigners. If not, there is stupidity somewhere. Had he not done so in Paris and other places?

So he rang and managed to make the servant understand that he wished to see the landlady. The landlady had always shown a great admiration for the manly, not to say gigantic, charms of the Senator. Upon him she bestowed her brightest smile, and the quick flush on her face and heaving breast told that the Senator had made wild work with her too susceptible heart.

So now when she learned that the Senator wished to see her, she at once imagined the cause to be any thing and every thing except the real one. Why take that particular time, when all the rest were out, she thought. Evidently for some tender purpose.

Why send for her? Why not come down to see her? Evidently because he did not like the publicity of her room at the Conciergerie.

She arrayed herself, therefore, in her brightest and her best charms; gave an additional flourish to her dark hair that hung wavingsly and luxuriantly, and still without a trace of gray, over her forehead; looked at herself with her dark eyes in the glass to see if she appeared to the best advantage; and finally, in some agitation, she went to obey the summons.

Meantime the Senator had been deliberating how to begin. He felt that he could not show his bundle of clothes to so fair and fine a creature as this, whose manners were so soft and whose smile so pleasant. He would do anything first. He would try a roundabout way of making known his wishes, trusting to his own powers and the intelligence of the lady for a full and complete understanding. Just as he had come to this conclusion there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Senator, who began to feel a little awkward already.

"E permesso?" said a soft, sweet voice, "se puo entrare?" and Signora Mirandolina Rocca advanced into the room, giving one look at the Senator, and then casting down her eyes.

"Umilissima serva di Lei, Signore, mi comandi."

But the Senator was in a quandary. What could he do? How begin? What gesture would be the most fitting for a beginning?

The pause began to be embarrassing. The lady, however, as yet was calm - calmer, in fact, than when she entered.

So she spoke once more.

"Di che ha Ella bisogno, Illustrisimo?"

The Senator was dreadfully embarrassed. The lady was so fair in his eyes. Was this a woman who could contemplate the fact of soiled linen? Never.

"Ehem!" said he.

Then he paused.

"Serva devota," said Signora Mirandolina. "Che c'e, Signore!"

Then looking up, she saw the face of the Senator all rosy red turned toward her, with a strange confusion and embarrassment in his eye, yet it was a kind eye - a soft, kind eye.

"Egli e forse innamorato di me," murmured the lady, gathering new courage as she saw the timidity of the other. "Che grandezza!" she continued, loud enough for the Senator to hear, yet speaking as if to herself. "Che bellezza! un galantuomo, certamente - e quest'e molto piacevole."

She glanced at the manly figure of the Senator with a tender admiration in her eye which she could not repress, and which was so intelligible to the Senator that he blushed more violently than ever, and looked helplessly around him.

"E innamorato di me, senza dubbio," said the Signora, "vergogna non vuol che si sapesse."

The Senator at length found voice. Advancing toward the lady he looked at her very earnestly, and as she thought very piteously, - held out both his hands, then smiled, then spread his hands apart, then nodded and smiled again, and said -

"Me - me - want - ha - hum - ah ! You - know - me - gentleman - hum - me - - Confound the luck," he added in profound vexation.

"Signore", said Mirandolina, "la di Lei gentelezza me confonde."

The Senator turned his eyes all around, everywhere, in a desperate half-conscious search for escape from an embarrassing situation.

"Signore noi ci siamo sole, nessuno ci senti," remarked the Signora encouragingly.

"Me want to tell you this!" burst forth the Senator. "Clothes - you know - washy - washy." Whereupon he elevated his eyebrows, smiled, and brought the tips of his fingers together.

"Io non so che cosa vuol dir mi, Illustrissimo," said the Signora, in bewilderment.

"You - you - you know. Ah? Washy? Hey? No, no," shaking his head, "not washy, but get washy."

The landlady smiled. The Senator, encouraged by this, came a step nearer.

"Che cosa? Il cuor me palpita. Io tremo," murmured La Rocca.

She retreated a step. Whereupon the Senator at once fell back again in great confusion.

"Washy, washy", he repeated, mechanically, as his mind was utterly vague and distrait.

"Uassi-Uuassi?" repeated the other, interrogatively.

"Me-"

"Tu," said she, with tender emphasis.

"Wee, mounseer", said he, with utter desperation.

The Signora shook her head. "Non capisco. Ma quelle, balord-aggini ed intormentimente, che sono si non segni manifesti d'amore?"

"I don't understand, marm, a single word of that."

The Signora smiled. The Senator took courage again.

"The fact is this, marm", said he, firmly, "I want to get my clothes washed somewhere. Of course you don't do it, but you can tell me, you know. Hm?"

"Non capisco."

"Madame", said he, feeling confident that she would understand that word at least, and thinking, too, that it might perhaps serve as a key to explain any other words which he might append to it. "My clothes - I want to get them washed - landress - washy - soap and water - clean 'em all up - iron 'em - hang 'em out to dry. Ha?"

While saying this he indulged in an expressive pantomime. When alluding to his clothes, he placed his hands against his chest; when mentioning the drying of them, he waved them in the air. The landlady comprehended this. How not? When a gentleman places his hand on his heart, what is his meaning?

"O sottigliezza d'amore!" murmured she. "Che cosa cerca", she continued, looking up timidly but invitingly.

The Senator felt doubtful at this, and in fact a little frightened. Again he placed his hands on his chest to indicate his clothes; he struck that ~~chest~~ manly chest forcibly several times, looking at her all the time. Then he wrung his hands.

"Ah, Signore", said La Rocca, with a melting glance, "non é d'uopa

di disperazione."

"Washy, washy-"

"Eppure, se Ella vuol sposarmi, non ce difficolta," returned the other, with true Italian frankness.

"Soap and water-"

"Non ho il coraggio di dir di no."

The Senator had his arms outstretched to indicate the hanging-out process. Still, however, feeling doubtful if he were altogether understood, he thought he would try another form of pantomime. Suddenly he fell down upon his knees, and began to imitate the action of a washer-woman over her tub, washing, wringing, pounding, rubbing.

"O gran' cielo!" cried the Signora, her pitying heart filled with tenderness at the sight of this noble being on his knees before her, and, as she thought, wringing his hands in despair.

"O gran' cielo! Egli e innamorato di me non puo parlar Italiano e cosi non puo dirmelo."

Her warm heart prompted her, and she obeyed its impulse. What else could she do? She flung herself into his outstretched arms, as he raised himself to hang out imaginary clothes on an invisible line.

The Senator was thunderstruck, confounded, bewildered, shattered, overcome, crushed, stupefied, blasted, overwhelmed, horror-stricken, wonder-smitten, annihilated, amazed, horrified, shocked, frightened, terrified, nonplussed, wilted, awe-struck, shivered, astounded, dumb-founded. He did not even struggle. He was paralyzed.

"Ah, carissimo," said a soft and tender voice in his ear, a low sweet voice, "se veramenta me ami, saro lo tua carissima sposa" -

At that moment the door opened and Buttons walked in. In an instant he darted out. The Signora hurried away.

"Addio, bellissima, carissima gioja!" she sighed.

The Senator was still paralyzed.

After a time he went with a pale and anxious face to see Buttons. That young man promised secrecy, and when the Senator was telling his story tried hard to look serious and sympathetic. In vain. The thought of that scene, and the cause of it, and the blunder that had been made overwhelmed him. Laughter convulsed him. At last the Senator got up indignantly and left the room.

But what was he to do now? The thing could not be explained. How could he get out of the house? He would have to pass her as she sat at the door.

He had to call on Buttons again and implore his assistance. The difficulty was so repugnant, and the matter so very delicate, that Buttons declared he could not take the responsibility of settling it. It would have to be brought before the Club.

The Club had a meeting about it, and many plans were proposed. The stricken Senator had one plan, and that prevailed. It was to leave Rome on the following day. For his part he had made up his mind to leave the house at once. He would slip out as though he intended to return, and the others could settle his bill and bring with them the clothes that had caused all this trouble. He would meet them in the morning outside the gate of the city.

This resolution was adopted by all, and the Senator, leaving money to settle for himself, went away. He passed hurriedly out of the door. He dared not look. He heard a soft voice pronounce the

word "Gioja!" He fled.

Now that one who owned the soft voice afterward changed her feelings so much toward her "gioja" that opposite his name in her house-book she wrote the following epithets: Birbone, Villano, Zolicaccio, Burberone, Gaglioffo, Meschino, Briconaccio, Anemalaccio.

The Dodge Club.

SWEET MAIDEN OF QUODDY.

Sweet maiden of Passammaquoddy,

Shall we seek for communion of souls

Where the deep Mississippi meanders,

Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls ?

Ah no ! in New Brunswick we'll find it -

A sweetly sequestered nook -

Where the swift gliding Skoodoowabskooksis

Unite with the Skoodoowabskook.

Meduxnakik's waters are bluer;

Nepisiguit's pools are more black;

More green is the bright Oromocto,

And browner the Petitcodiac.

But colours more radiant, in autumn,

I see when I'm casting my hook

In the waves of the Skoodoowabskooksis,

Or perhaps in the Skoodoowabskook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco,

Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,

Of Kennebecasis or Quaco,

Of Miramichi or Buctouche;

Or boast of the Tobique or Mispic,

The Musquash or dark Memramcook;

There's none like the Skoodoowabskooksis

Excepting the Skoodoowabskook!

Think not, though the Ma-ga-gua-da-vic,

Or Bocabec, pleases the eye;

Though Chi-put-nec-ti-cook is lovely,

That to either of these we will fly.  
 No! when in love's union we're plighted,  
 We'll build our log hut by a brook  
 Which flows to the Skoodoowabskooksis,  
 Where it joins with the Skoodoowabskook.  
 Then never of Waweig or Chamcook  
 I'll think, having you in my arms;  
 We'll reck not of Digdeguash beauties,  
 We'll care not for Popelogan's charms,  
 But as emblems of union forever  
 Upon two fair rivers we'll look;  
 While you'll be the Skoodoowabskooksis,  
 I'll be the Skoodoowabskook.

Mimnehaha Mines.

<sup>Globe</sup>  
 These verses first appeared in De Mille's story, Minnehaha Mines, published in the Boston Commercial Bulletin, and afterward in the New Dominion and True Humorist, St. John, N.B. Many years later the poem was reprinted in ~~the~~ St. John newspaper, and from that source Mrs Alward of St. John had a number of copies printed in the form of a leaflet. Some time before it was reprinted in the St. John Globe, De Mille must have revised the poem and put it in its final form, which varies very considerably from that originally published in the Commercial Bulletin and the New Dominion and True Humorist. It appears in approximately its original form in volume nine of The World's Best Poetry, New York, 1909, and in Carolyn Wells' Nonsense Anthology, New York, 1906, in both cases given as anonymous. ~~In its final form it is found in Humour of the North, edited by L.J. Burpee, Toronto.~~ The poem was probably suggested to De Mille by Whittier's "Monadnock from Wachaset". W.D. Lighthall, in his Songs of the Great Dominion, includes some verses in a similar vein called "The Rivers of Acadia", and attributes them incorrectly to De Mille. The late Professor W.H. Ellis, of Toronto University, in his little book of verse privately printed in 1914, Wayside Weeds, had a humorous poem "Magaguadavic and Digdeguash" which was no doubt suggested by De Mille's verses. The Skoodoowabskooksis is said to be Kelley's Creek, and the Skoodoowabskook Long's Creek, which fall into the St. John river, New Brunswick, ~~xxxx~~ at Queensburg.

perhaps  
 The Indian names are found  
 in some of the early maps  
 of New Brunswick.

A NIGHTMARE.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!

Hard boiled eggs for tea!

And oh! the horrible nightmare dream

They brought to luckless me!

The hippopotamus came;

He sat upon my chest:

The hippopotamus roared 'I'll spot him!' as

He trampled upon my breast.

The big iguanodon hunched

And rooted in under me:

The big iguanodon raised by that pan o' done

Overdone eggs for tea.

The ichthysaurus tried

To roll me up in a ball;

While all the three were grinning at me,

And pounding me, bed and all.

Hip! hip! hurrah!

It was a little black pig,

And a big bull-frog, and a bobtailed dog-

All of them dancing a jig.

And oh, the snakes! the snakes!

And the boa constrictor too!

And the cobra capello - a terrible fellow -

Came to my horrified view.

Snakes and horrible beasts,  
 Frog, pig and dog,  
 Hustled me, pushed me, tickled me, crushed me,  
 Rolled me about like a log.

The little blue devils came on;  
 They rode on a needle's point;  
 And the big giraffe, with asthmatic laugh,  
 And legs all out of joint.

Bats crawled into my ears,  
 Hopping about in my brain;  
 And grizzly bears rode up <sup>on</sup> ~~and~~ mares,  
 And then rode down again.

An antediluvian roared,  
 In the form of a Brahmin bull;  
 And a Patagonian squeezed an union,  
 Filling my aching eyes full.

The three bluebottles that sat  
 Upon the historical stones  
 Sang 'Hey diddle diddle'- two on a fiddle,  
 The other one on the bones.

'Whoo! whoo! whoo!

Get up, ~~get~~ up, you beauty!  
 Here come the shaved monkeys, a-riding on donkeys,  
 Fresh from Bobberty Shooty.'

They raised me up in the air,

Bed, body, and all,  
 And carried me soon to the man in the moon,  
 At the siege of Sebastopol.

Down down, down,

~~Whirl, xwhirl, whirl~~  
 Round, round, round,

A whirlpool hurled me out of the world,  
 And oh, no bottom I found.

Down, down, down,

Whirl, whirl, whirl,

And the Florentine boar was pacing the shore,  
 His tail all out of curl.

He smoked my favorite pipe,  
 He blew a cloud of smoke,  
 He pulled me out with his porcine snout,  
 And hugging him, I awoke.

The Dodge Club.

MOSES ET INGENS DUX.

"O Tempora! O Moses!" M.T.Cicero, Esq.

Dolosus Mac-hinarius

Longissime labore

Se ipsum, jucundissimus,

Conjunxit Perla-Tore

Imperium chartaceum

Citissime creavit,

Deinde Liberalibus

Ferociter pugnavit.

Moses! Moses!

Infortunate Moses!

Transivit nunc ad gramina

Tristis lacrymosus!

Inces-su tunc mirabile

Projectus magnus ictus

"Aeterna" clamant "pereat".

Ruina maledictus?

Sic fuit unus avidus

Et alter jubilatus

Surrexit tunc ab omnibus

Tremendus cacchinatus.

Moses! Moses!

Infortunate Moses!

Transivit nunc ad gramina

Tristis lacrymosus!

Nunc flete Mac-hinarie  
Et lacrymose Moses,  
Abivit spes victoriae  
Honorque gloriosus,  
Videtis nunc certamina  
Adversa conclusse  
Et omnes vos in gramina  
Celeriter ivisse.

Moses! Moses!

Infortunate Moses!

Transivit nunc ad gramina

Tristis Lacry-Mosus.

This Dog-Latin was published in 1861, in the New Brunswick elections of that year. The De Mills were supporting Tilley. On the other side was one Moses H. Perley.

HEROES OF THE LEGISLATURE.

There Willmet commanded  
As fairce as a bandit,  
An' wrought lamentation an' mournin' an' woe,  
An' launchin' his bolts there  
I saw the upholsther  
That Phaynix of Statesmen - the orathor Joe.

Beside him bowld Botsford  
Projected his shots for'd,  
He was raired on the doikes of the Petitcodiac;  
An' Mистер Mackfayliem  
Began t' shillelagh 'em -  
A broth of a boy is me conthryman - Mack.

I seen the Canajian.  
In fury rampagin',  
The mimber for Carylton I recognized there,  
For shure of his faytures  
There's fine miniaytures  
Sthruck off in his late ministayrial carayre.

This is another echo of the New Brunswick campaign of 1861. Wilmot was the leader of the Opposition, and the others were his lieutenants. The last lines refer to Connell, the former Postmaster of the Province, whose illegal stamps bearing his own effigy are now among the rarities of philately.

BUYING A COAT IN ROME.

"Show me a coat, Signore."

Signore sprang nimbly at the shelves and brought down every coat in his store. Buttons picked out one that suited his fancy, and tried it on.

"What is the price?"

With a profusion of explanation and description the Roman informed him, "Forty piastres."

"I'll give you twelve," said Buttons, quietly.

The Italian smiled, put his head on one side, drew down the corners of his mouth, and threw up his shoulders. This is the shrug. The shrug requires special attention. The shrug is a gesture used by the Latin race for expressing a multitude of things, both objectively and subjectively. It is a language of itself. It is, as circumstances require, a noun, adverb, pronoun, verb, adjective, preposition, interjection, conjunction. Yet it does not supersede the spoken language. It comes in rather when spoken words are useless, to convey intensity of meaning or delicacy. It is not taught, but it is learned.

The coarser, or at least blunter, Teutonic race have not cordially adopted this mode of human intercommunication. The advantage of the shrug is that in one slight gesture it contains an amount of meaning which otherwise would require many words. A good shrugger in Italy is admired, just as a good conversationalist is in England, or a good stump orator in America. When the merchant shrugged, Buttons understood him and said:

"You refuse? Then I go. Behold me!"

"Ah, Signore, how can you thus endeavor to take advantage of the necessities of the poor?"

"Signore, I must buy according to my ability."

The Italian laughed long and quietly. The idea of an Englishman or American not having much money was an exquisite piece of humor.

"Go not, Signore. Wait a little. Let me unfold more garments. Behold this, and this. You shall have many of my goods for twelve piastres."

"No, Signore; I must have this, or I will have none."

"You are very hard, Signore. Think of my necessities. Think of the pressure of this present war, which we poor miserable tradesmen feel most of all."

"Then addio, Signore; I must depart."

They went out and walked six paces.

"P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t! (Another little idea of the Latin race. It is a much more penetrating sound than a loud Hallo! Ladies can use it. Children too. This would be worth importing to America.)

"P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

Buttons and Dick turned. The Italian stood smiling and bowing and beckoning.

"Take it for twenty-four piastres."

"No, Signore; I can only pay twelve."

With a gesture of ruffled dignity the shopkeeper withdrew. Again they turned away. They had scarcely gone ten paces before the shop-keeper was after them.

"A thousand pardons, but I have concluded to take twenty."

"No; twelve, and no more."

"But think, Signore; only think."

"I do think, my friend; I do think."

"Say eighteen."

"No, Signore."

"Seventeen."

"Twelve."

"Here. Come back with me."

They obeyed. The Italian folded the coat neatly, tied it carefully, stroked the parcel tenderly, and with a meek yet sad smile handed it to Buttons.

"There - only sixteen piastres."

Buttons had taken out his purse. At this he hurriedly replaced it, with an air of vexation.

"I can only give twelve."

"Oh, Signore, be generous. Think of my struggles, my expenses, my family. You will not force me to lose."

"I would scorn to force you to anything, and therefore I will depart."

"Stop, Signore," cried the Italian, detaining them at the door.

"I consent. You may take it for fourteen."

"For Heaven's sake, Buttons, take it," said Dick, whose patience was now completely exhausted. "Take it."

"Twelve", said Buttons.

"Let me pay the extra two dollars, for my own peace of mind," said Dick.

"Nonsense, Dick. It's the principle of the thing. As a member of the Dodge Club, too, I could not give more."

"Thirteen, good Signore mine," said the Italian piteously.

"My friend, I have given my word that I would pay only twelve."

"Your word? Your pardon, but to whom?"

"To you."

"Oh, then, how gladly I release you from your word!"

"Twelve, Signore, or I go."

"I can not."

Buttons turned away. They walked along the street, and at length arrived at another clothier's. Just as they stepped in a hand was laid on Button's shoulder, and a voice cried out -

"Take it! Take it, Signore!"

"Ah! I thought so! Twelve?"

"Twelve."

Buttons paid the money and directed where it should be sent. He found out afterward that the price which an Italian gentleman would pay was about ten piastres.

There is no greater wonder than the patient waiting of an Italian tradesman in pursuit of a bargain. The flexibility of the Italian conscience and imagination under such circumstances is truly astonishing.

The Dodge Club.

AN APPRECIATION

A member of De Mille's family once said to him, picking up a copy of Cranford, "James, why don't you write this sort of thing?" He glanced at the book, then looked at her in a pitying sort of way, and replied, "Don't I wish that I could!" Which reminds one of what Sir Walter Scott said, in his journal, of Jane Austen, "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me."

James De Mille was no painter of miniatures; he must have a big canvas, with plenty of colours, and ample elbow-room. He was a versatile writer, but one finds certain characteristics in nearly all his writings - an ever-changing scene and unlimited action. As some one has said, he lavished upon one of his stories enough plot and incident to make half a dozen modern novels.

His books <sup>for the most part</sup> fall into several ~~fixxly~~ well-defined groups, - Fiction, Poetry and the Rhetoric; and the Fiction may be sub-divided into, Classical stories, Novels of adventure, and Boys' books, with The Dodge Club and A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder each defying classification either with De Mille's other books or with any of the fiction of the <sup>past</sup> ~~period~~. It will be convenient to take the fiction first.

The two Classical stories, The Martyr of the Catacombs and Helena's Household, were De Mille's first books. He had written a number of stories for the magazines, but none of these had been apparently thought worth republishing in book form. His Minnehaha Mines

has already been referred to in the Biographical Sketch.

The Martyr of the Catacombs, published in New York, 1865, is a story of the persecution of the Christians. The scene is in Rome, in the reign of Decius, about the middle of the third century.

The story opens with a spirited description of a festival day in Rome, the Coliseum with its sea of faces rising tier above tier, one hundred thousand Romans, high and low, patrician and plebian, brought together to watch with fierce enjoyment the conflicts between gladiators and wild beasts, and the hideous sacrifice of defenceless Christians. Much the most interesting part of the book, however, is that which deals with the Catacombs, that curious underground city in which thousands of persecuted Christians managed to live, if it could be called living, for months and even years, their numbers diminishing from time to time as one or more were captured while seeking food above ground, and increasing again as other Christians who had managed hitherto to keep up a precarious existence in Rome were forced at last to seek refuge in the Catacombs.

Two years after the appearance of the Martyr of the Catacombs, De Mille published his second and much more ambitious Classical story, Helena's Household, a tale of Rome in the first century, the reign of the infamous Nero. In both these books one sees the results of De Mille's minute study of the period, a study that embraced all the recognized authorities on ancient Rome, together with a careful reconstruction on the spot of the scenes he had set himself to describe. These are, indeed, the most notable fruit of his journey through Italy in 1850-1851. It seems altogether probable that they suggested several stories of a similar character,

such as Wallace's Ben Hur (1880), Farrar's Darkness and Dawn (1892), and Sienkiewicz's Quo Vadis (1896).

Helena's Household opens dramatically with the landing in Italy of Paul, the Jew who had dared to appeal unto Caesar. There follow a succession of remarkable scenes and episodes, with extraordinarily vivid pictures of the life of Rome in the days of Nero, the luxurious home of a patrician in the city, the country estate of another, the court of Nero, the intellectual giants of the period, Seneca, Lucan, Petronius, Nero's favourite Tigellinus, scenes in the amphitheatre, the Christian martyrs, Nero himself, that strange mixture of sensuality, brutality and intellectual feeling, the man who could "love vice and literature at the same time...an ardent lover of philosophy and art, and a monster of cruelty", the human torches in the Imperial Garden, that terrible spectacle the burning of Rome, Nero in Greece, the siege of Jerusalem. Altogether it is a book well worth reading, not once but several times.

There are many memorable passages in Helena's Household, but perhaps none more striking than the story of the burning of Rome, which will be found elsewhere in this volume. Here, also, one gets a clear idea of the curiously complex character of Nero:

With Cineas he never conversed, except on such subjects as art, literature, and philosophy. The splendid attainments of the Athenian in all these things charmed him. He would not consider him in any other light. He called him his poet, or his philosopher. He separated the world of his amusements altogether from the world of intellectual pursuits; and had no more idea of asking Cineas to share his pleasures than of asking Seneca. Nero loved to affect the philosophical tone, to quote Plato, to discuss such subjects as the immortality of the soul, the summum bonum, and other great questions which were common among philosophers. He also loved to talk of the science of metres, to unfold his own theories on the subject, and suggest new improvements in the structure of verse. Nero believed most implicitly in himself. He thought that he was a kind of universal patron of letters, and it gave him more

no leads

pleasure to consider himself in this light, than to regard himself as the master of the world. In these discussions on the immortality of the soul, or on the Greek games, or on the power of varying metres, he never made the remotest allusion, by any chance, to the events of the time. Agrippina and Octavia were forgotten. He lived in the past. The poets, the heroes, or the gods of that past formed the only subjects which he noticed. In him the dilletante spirit reached the most extraordinary development which it has ever gained.

As he regarded Cineas, so did he look upon Labeo. But Labeo stood before him in a very different character. The former was his philosopher or poet. The latter was his ideal of the Roman. His taste was gratified by the splendid physical development of Labeo, and none the less, strange though it appear, by his incorruptible integrity, his high-souled virtue, and his lofty moral instincts. Nero called him sometimes 'Hercules', but afterwards preferred to name him 'Cato'. The virtue of Labeo gratified him in precisely the same way in which a well-executed statue did. In both cases it was simply a matter of taste. He had a strong perception of the fitness of things. It would have shocked him if Labeo had in any one instance shown a tendency towards ordinary folly or frailty. It would have marred his ideal. It would have been such excessive bad taste in Labeo that he could neither have forgiven it nor forgotten it. And so, to this strange being, the very excesses which he urged upon others, and practiced himself, would have appeared an unpardonable offence if they had been practiced either by Cineas or Labeo. To some it would have been death to refrain; to these it would have been death to indulge. Such was Nero.

Another book, of an entirely different character, but which like the two above mentioned was inspired by the memorable trip of 1850-1851, is The Dodge Club. The Dodge Club is, in fact, the story of that journey, with various additions, as seen in retrospect through De Mille's whimsical and ironical spectacles. Here, as in Helena's Household, he was blazing a new trail in fiction. As that story had anticipated Ben Hur and other books in the same vein, so now The Dodge Club forestalled in manner the Innocents Abroad. As a matter of fact the two books were published the same year, De Mille's a few months ahead of Mark Twain's.

There is not, of course, the slightest suggestion that Clemens got his idea from De Mille. ~~That would be absurd~~ But it is

at least equally certain that De Mille was no plagiarist. It would serve no very useful purpose to compare the two books <sup>at any length.</sup> Similar in plan, they varied in execution. Mark Twain's humour spared nothing. De Mille's point of view was different. He thoroughly enjoyed ~~poking~~ exposing ~~fun at~~ human shams and poking fun at human weaknesses and inconsistencies, but he was incapable of ridiculing things that to others were sacred. Both books represent a type of humour that was immensely popular in its day, but to-day has lost most of its appeal. The Dodge Club ran through many editions, and portions of it were used by Mrs Scott Siddons in her public readings.

De Mille was to have illustrated it himself, but for some reason the plan fell through, and the work was done by someone who lacked both the imagination and the skill to interpret anything so entirely novel. What De Mille's sketches would have been like one can realize after seeing his pen-and-ink work in his own note-books. A few of these sketches were reproduced in Professor MacMechan's article in the Canadian Magazine. In introducing the nightmare poem, "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!", in The Dodge Club, Dick pulls from his pocket a paper on which the verses have been written. "Around the margin were drawn etchings of countless fantastic figures, illustrating the lines". De Mille actually did illustrate these ~~no~~ nonsense verses. The original, scribbled on the back of a letter, was done one night while he carried on a conversation with members of his family. ~~Some of the illustrations are in the~~ <sup>reproduced</sup> ~~Canadian Magazine article.~~

The Dodge Club was first published as a serial in Harper's Monthly Magazine, in vols. <sup>and 35,</sup> 34, and in book form in 1869. There followed in rapid succession, Cord and Creese, <sup>The Lady of the Ice,</sup> The Cryptogram, The American Baron,

A Comedy of Terrors, An Open Question, The Living Link, and A Castle in Spain. Of these, Cord and Creese and The Cryptogram first appeared in volumes 1 and 3 respectively of Harper's Bazaar, and The American Baron, The Living Link and A Castle in Spain in Harper's Magazine, volumes 43, 47 and 56-57 respectively. All five were subsequently published in book form by Harpers; The Lady of the Ice and An Open Question by Appleton; and A Comedy of Terrors by Osgood. Most of these novels were reprinted, both in the United States and England, and The American Baron was translated into French by Louis Ulbach and published in Paris by Calmann Lévy.

Cord and Creese, like several of the novels that followed it, is a sensational story somewhat in the manner of Wilkie Collins. It was written to meet the popular taste of the period, a taste that demanded impossible adventures and highly improbable heroes, heroines and villains. De Mille himself called it a "pot-boiler". Nevertheless, in spite of obvious weaknesses, it cannot properly be described as a trashy novel. It was written, like most of De Mille's stories, at top speed, and without revision, but the man who <sup>produced</sup> ~~wrote~~ it was incapable of slovenly English, and one finds here in the midst of a good deal of padding, such admirable bits of descriptive writing as the diving episode in the West Indies and the scene in which Langhetti produces his opera. It is a little startling to find in a popular novel scraps of Italian, Latin and even Greek, and one wonders if this was merely the unconscious act of a scholar who was almost as much at home in half a dozen other languages ancient and modern as in his own, or if he was having a bit of quiet fun at the expense of the majority of his readers.

However this may have been in De Mille's other books, certainly

in the case of The Lady of the Ice the introduction of Classical fragments was not intended to be taken seriously. In fact what he gives us there is dog-Latin, or as he himself calls it, Hack Latin. This story, the scene of which is laid in and about the city of Quebec, is pure farce, one of those <sup>clever</sup> burlesques of solemn mediocrity which De Mille could do so well. Lieutenant Macrorie is telling the blood-stirring story of his rescue of the mysterious lady from the ice-bound waters of the St Lawrence, and drops into this kind of Latin - "Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant inde toro Sandy Macrorie sic orsus ab alto: Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem." And later the scholarly O'Halloran illustrates the flexibility of mediaeval Latin, and its adaptability to express with equal ease the sentiments of fun, love and religion, with the following singular song:

PHELIMII HALLORANII CARMEN.

Omnibus Hibernicis  
Semper est ex more  
Vino curas pellere  
Aut montano rore; \*  
Is qui nescit bibere,  
Aut est cito satur,  
Ille, Pol! me judice  
Parvus est potator. †

Omnibus Americis  
Semper est in ore  
Tuba, frondes habens ex  
Nicotino flore;  
Densis fumi nubibus  
Et vivunt et movent,  
Hoc est summum gaudium  
Sic Te Bacche! fovent. ‡

Omnis tunc Hibernicus  
Migret sine mora,  
Veniat Americam  
Vivat hac in ora,  
Nostram Baccam capiat, §  
Et montanum rorem,  
Erit, Pol! Americus! ||  
In sæcula sæculorum.  
Amen.

\* Montano rore - cf.,id.Hib.,mountain-dew; item,id.Scot.,Hib.,et Amer.,whiskey.

† Parvus potator - cf.,id.Amer.,small potater.

‡ Te Bacche - cf.,id.Amer.,Tebaccy,i.e.,tobacco.

§ Baccam - in America vulgo dici solet,Backy.

|| Americus -cf.,id.Amer.,a merry cuss.

In The ~~Eye~~ Cryptogram De Mille went back to the melodramatic character of Cord and Creese. The ~~story~~ intricate and very sensational plot hinges upon a document written in a baffling cypher, the interpretation of which at the end of the story brings all the principal characters together in an appropriate climax.

The American Baron and A Castle in Spain are light comedies in the manner of The Lady of the Ice, filled with ludicrous situations. The scene of the former is in Italy and of the latter in Spain. The enterprising American who is made a Baron by the Pope reminds one of the Senator in The Dodge Club, but the centre of attraction is Minnie Fay, <sup>the beautiful blonde</sup> who is constantly being rescued from such comparatively unsafe spots as the crater of Vesuvius or crevasses in the Alps by her devoted admirers. The horrid creatures will make love to her, and she is at her wits' end.

"I hate being chased away from places by people" she cries plaintively to her sister, - "and they'd be sure to follow me, you know - and I don't know what to do. And oh, Kitty darling, I've just thought of something. It would be so nice. What do you think of it?"

"What is it?"

"Why, this. You know the Pope?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, well, you've seen him, you know."

"Yes; but what has he got to do with it?"

"Why, I'll get you to take me, and I'll go to him, and tell him all about it, and about all these horrid men; and I'll ask him if he can't do something or other to help me. They have dispensations and things, you know, that the Pope gives; and I want him to let me dispense with these awful people."

The love-complications of A Castle in Spain are as bewildering as the adventures into which the various characters are constantly tumbling. As Mr Wylie Mahon says, "each of the six principal characters of the book is madly in love with two of the remaining five", a situation which, as he justly remarks, is exceptional in novels and perhaps also in life. At any rate it affords abundant opportunities for De Mille's joy in developing humorous situations.

It may be noted that the first edition of this book was illustrated by Edwin Austin Abbey, <sup>the American artist</sup> who afterwards won fame with his Holy Grail pictures and became a Royal Academician.

~~of the three remaining novels  
& features of A Castle in Spain~~

A characteristic feature of A Castle in Spain are the odd bits of doggerel put into the mouths of some of the characters, such as:

John Bunyan was a tinker bold,  
His name we all delight in;  
All day he tinkered pots and pans,  
All night he stuck to writin'.

In Bedford Streets bold Johnny toiled,  
An ordinary tinker;  
In Bedford jail bold Johnny wrote -  
Old England's wisest thinker.

About the Pilgrims Johnny wrote,  
Who made the emigration;  
And Pilgrim Fathers they became  
Of the glorious Yankee nation.

Insert  
next page

Ad urbem ivit Doodlius cum  
 Caballo et calone,  
 Ornavit pluma pileum  
 Et dixit:- Maccaroni!

*Insert from previous page* →  
 Of the three remaining novels, A Comedy of Terrors is a story, half serious half comic, of the siege of Paris in 1870, with some good bits of description such as the escape from Paris in a balloon; The Living Link is another sensational story, this time of English country life, with plot and counter-plot, hero, heroine and villain; and An Open Question takes one back to Rome and introduces a highly exciting series of adventures in the catacombs in search of an imaginary treasure.

About the same time that De Mille was producing these novels, he was also writing a <sup>number</sup> ~~series~~ of delightful boys' books, the B.O.W.C. series and the Young Dodge Club series. The former were based largely upon his own experiences as a school boy at Horton Academy; the latter upon his European trip in 1850. Something has been said in the biographical sketch of James De Mille's attitude toward his own children, his faculty for combining the qualities of guide and companion, sharing their recreations, seeing things from their point of view. This sympathetic understanding of a boy's thoughts and outlook, preferences and prejudices, made it possible for him to write books that would appeal to the universal boy. There is not a trace in these books of ~~the~~ writing down to a boy's level, of that unconsciously patronizing air of so many writers of boys' books, than which nothing is so offensive to young readers. ¶ The stories ~~are~~ depend for their interest upon action and incident, the sort of action and incident that appeal to the average boy, sailing expeditions about the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy, fishing excursions up the shore, camping in the New Brunswick woods, hunting for the treasure

of Captain Kidd, free fights with the natives of the Gaspereaux, searching for amethysts about the foot of Blomidon, and various adventures in Chaleur Bay and the Gulf of St Lawrence; together with equally fascinating tales of adventure in Rome and other parts of Italy.

De Mille knew boy nature well enough to realize that really good bits of description, if associated with action, appeal to him with as much force as to an older reader. We find therefore in these books some of <sup>most effective</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~finest~~ bits of descriptive writing, such as the account of the great Miramichi fire in Fire in the Woods, and the fine picture of Grand Pré and Blomidon in The B.O.W.C. For these reasons, and above all because they are real boys' books, The B.O.W.C., Lost in the Fog, Fire in the Woods, and the rest of the series, have been read by generations of boys since they first appeared in the Seventies, and have been read and enjoyed not only by boys but by thousands of older folk who have not lost the capacity to enjoy a simple tale of adventure, simply and effectively told. ¶ Not the least attractive feature of these books is the presence in them of that lovable old sea captain Corbet, the most real and memorable of all De Mille's characters. Corbet accompanies the B.O.W.C. on all their adventures, sometimes getting them into scrapes but oftener pulling them out. ¶ The "B.O.W.C.", by the way, were the "Brethern of the Order of the White Cross", a group of boys at Grand Pré School, otherwise Horton Academy. Bart Damer, the leader of the group, was James' elder brother Budd, ~~De Mille~~ for whom he had the strongest affection and admiration, Bruce and Arthur Rawdon were the Crawley brothers, sons of the scholarly president of Acadia College (the association of Rawdon with Crawley was no doubt suggested

by Vanity Fair), Arthur Crawley afterward became a missionary in ~~Burmah~~ Burmah and wrote a series of interesting articles and letters for the Christian Watchman, and probably Tom Crawford was James De Mille himself. *The other two members of the B.O.W.C. were Steve De Blois and James' brother, William.*

In addition to the B.O.W.C. series there was, as already mentioned, a shorter series known as the Young Dodge Club. ~~series~~ This included The Seven Hills, the adventures of four Canadian boys in Rome; The Winged Lion, tales of Venice; and Among the Brigands, more adventures in Italy. De Mille also wrote ~~two~~ three other books that may perhaps be classed with these boys' stories - Old Garth, a story of Sicily; The Lily and the Cross, a tale of Acadia; and The Babe in the Wood, a story of the Italian Revolution of 1848.

There remains of his books of fiction only the posthumous novel, A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder. This was probably written about 1878 or 1879, but was not published until 1888, and then appeared anonymously. As the circumstances which led to this have more than once been misrepresented, it may be well to quote a letter from the publishers, Harper and Brothers, to the late Mrs De Mille, dated March 1, 1889. They say:

"In regard to your reference to our having published 'A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder' anonymously, we would explain that if we had announced the author's name the story might have been reprinted on us, on the ground that Professor De Mille having been a British subject, he might have been considered as not entitled to the protection of copyright in the United States. We would be obliged if you would kindly preserve the secret of the authorship."

They go on to say: "While the story was appearing in Harper's Weekly we sold to the Penny Illustrated Paper of London the right

to issue it serially in England, and subsequently we sold the serial rights for Australia. We have also sold to Messrs Chatto and Windus of London a set of the plates of the satory publication in book-form."

It seems only right to say that Harper and Brothers, although they had bought the manuscript of the story outright, voluntarily turned over to the novelist's widow one-half the amount received for the serial rights in England and Australia, ~~and~~ as well as the entire royalty on the Chatto and Windus edition.

A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder marked an entirely new departure in De Mille's work in fiction, and there can be little doubt that had he lived he would have given the world a series of novels more worthy of his genius than anything he had hitherto produced. The Strange Manuscript was quite obviously incomplete, and he had <sup>apparently</sup> ~~no doubt~~ planned to follow it with a sequel. As has been said elsewhere, the fact that it was not published until 1888, and then anonymously, led more than one reviewer to brand it as an imitation of the stories of Rider Haggard, whereas it was actually written, and De Mille had died, before the appearance of any of Haggard's tales. In any event it is not too much to say that A Strange Manuscript is an incomparably finer piece of work than anything written by Rider Haggard. It is not only a fascinating romance, but it is also an exceedingly clever and penetrating satire on the modern worship of wealth and all that it stands for.

As Mr R.W. Douglas has well put it, the book is "a biting, blistering satire on the restlessness of humanity, its impulses, feelings, hopes and fears - all that men do and feel and suffer. It mocks us by exhibiting a new race of men directly the opposite of ours, and

yet no nearer happiness than we are. It shows us a world where our evil is made good, and our good an evil; there all that we consider a blessing is had in abundance, prolonged and perpetual sunlight, riches, power, fame, and yet these things are despised, and the people turning away from them, imagine that they can find happiness in poverty, darkness, death and unrequited love.

"The writer thus mocks at our dearest passions and strongest desires; and his general aim is to show that the mere search for happiness per se is a vulgar thing, and must always result in utter failure. He also teaches the great lesson that the happiness of man consists not in external surroundings, but in internal feelings, and that heaven itself is not a place, but a state."

Whether or not we agree with Mr Douglas' conclusion that A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder is "perhaps the greatest book ever produced by a Canadian writer," there can be no doubt that it is a very remarkable piece of imaginative work, and one that well repays careful reading.

Before referring to De Mille's brief excursions into the realm of verse, it may be well to say a few words about his prose writings other than fiction. The most important of these was of course his Rhetoric, a piece of work upon which he was engaged for something like seven years, and into which he had put much more of his personality than one usually finds in a text book. It is indeed a remarkable production; as Professor MacMechan says "one of the clearest and most complete analytical treatises on style ever written". It was a bitter disappointment to De Mille that it fell almost still-born, another work on the same subject by a Harvard professor having been put on the market while his was going through the press.

De Mille had planned to follow his Rhetoric with other studies of an educational nature, and left among his manuscripts an unfinished Comparative Grammar. Had he lived a few years longer, and been given the opportunities and the stimulus of a larger educational field, such as he would have found at Harvard, he would undoubtedly have turned his remarkable talents as a teacher in this direction.

We know from contemporary letters and other sources that he wrote a number of prose articles, as well as short stories, for such periodicals as Putnam's Magazine, New York, the Waverley Magazine and Literary Repository, Boston, Gleason's Pictorial, New York, the New York Ledger, and the Commercial Bulletin, Boston, but as his practice was to publish these <sup>articles</sup> without any signature, and he kept no record of them, there is no present means of knowing what he actually contributed to these magazines. It is known, however, that he had an article in Putnam's Magazine, August, 1853, on "Acadie, and the Birth-place of Evangeline", and one on "The Home of Evangeline" in the Watchman and Reflector, Boston, about the same time.

In later years, while at Acadia and Dalhousie, De Mille delivered a number of popular lectures in St John, Halifax and other towns of the Maritime Provinces. The only one of these, however, that seems to have been printed was one on The Early English Church, published at Halifax in 1877, in pamphlet form. It is unfortunate that his lectures on history at Dalhousie have never been collected for publication, as more than one of his old students have spoken of them in terms of enthusiastic praise. In a letter written the year after De Mille's death, the late Principal Grant of Queen's said, "the best thing I ever heard from him was a course of historical lectures or sketches of periods, delivered in Dalhousie College".

One must not forget to mention a delightful little fragment in manuscript left by De Mille, and now included in the De Mille collection at Dalhousie - his translation of the first book of the Aeneid, with his own pen-and-ink illustrations, made for his children.

Of his verse, all that got into print were the amusing bits of doggerel in A Castle in Spain and The Dodge Club, such as "John Bunyan" and "The Puritans", "A Nightmare" and "Leather" -

Orators wrote out their ~~xxxxxx~~ speeches,  
Poets their verses recited,  
Statesmen promulgated edicts,  
Sages their maxims indited.  
Parchment, my lads, was the article  
All used to write on together;  
Thus the Republic of Letters  
Sprang into life out of - Leather.

Also "The Maiden of Quoddy", first published in Mimemaha Mines, and a series of amusing campaign verses published in a St John newspaper in 1861 or thereabouts.

In serious verse, his translation of "Dies Irae", a hymn "Jesus" after the manner of "Stabat Mater", and "The Death of Havelock", were published in the Christian Watchman. There remains his posthumous poem Behind the Veil. This poem was edited by Professor MacMechan and published in Halifax in 1893. One cannot do better than quote what the editor says about it:

"The poem shows the poet's deeply reverential nature and his unfaltering grasp of the things that are unseen and eternal. It is a long, mystical vision of the world 'behind the veil'. In thought it owes something to Richter's vision of immortality, and in form, to Poe's Raven. The Seer wasted by grief for the woman loved and lost is granted the privilege of leaving the body and traversing the realms of space with an attendant spirit. He passes with the speed of thought from star to star. Looking back upon earth he

reviews its myriad scenes.

Cooling rill and sparkling fountain,  
 Purple peak and headland bold,  
 Precipice and snow-clad mountain;  
 Lofty summits rising grandly into regions  
 clear and cold,  
 And innumerable rivers that majestically  
 rolled.

Endless wastes of wildernesses  
 Where no creature might abide,  
 Which deep solitude possesses;  
 And the giant palm-tree waving, and the  
 ocean rolling wide,  
 Gemmed with many a foamset island glancing  
 from the golden tide.

"At last, after long journeyings, he finds the Lost One, but she is wrapt in heavenly thoughts and takes no note of him. She is beyond his reach and he cannot make himself known to her. In consequence he is utterly overwhelmed with grief and longs for earth again. His spiritual guide he regards as Deity, for his great power and glory, but the spirit tells him that he too is a created being. Then he reveals to the Seer the fame of the Earth throughout the universe. He has left glory to visit the world of Man.

For the All-Loving, once descending,  
 On its hallowed surface trod,  
 And the Souls, in hosts unending,  
 Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He  
 made it His abode,  
 And its name forever blendeth with the awful  
 name of God.

"Then the Seer is released and returns to earth. He discovers that his vast journey has taken but one moment, for there is no time in the spirit world." "It is here" adds MacMechan "we find the real De Mille".

In summing up one's impressions of James De Mille, perhaps the things that stand out most insistently are his versatility and

the ~~said~~ fact that the real genius of the man never reached its complete fruition. Gifted with extraordinary energy, a marvellous memory, a quick imagination, and an almost too ready pen, he turned out book after book, prose and verse, grave and gay, from text-book to doggerel. Much of it he would undoubtedly have refused to recognize <sup>as anything more than</sup> ~~as worthy of serious consideration~~ ~~potboilers~~ written in haste to help pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. But one feels that he was working his way gradually toward things more worthy of his genius. It must be remembered that he died at the age of forty-seven, a comparatively young man, endowed far above the average both as a teacher and a man-of-letters. Bearing in mind that in a comparatively short period he produced such books as Helena's Household, The Dodge Club, A Strange Manuscript, Behind the Veil, and the Rhetoric, all good of their kind and all entirely different, one feels convinced that had he lived a few years longer, James De Mille would have ranked <sup>among</sup> ~~with~~ the great names of the English-speaking world.

I N D E X

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- The Boys of Grand Pré School. (The "B.O.W.C." Series, No.2.) Illus. Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1871. 348 p. (American Boys' Series), 1899. 348 p.
- Lost in the Fog. Illustrated. (The "B.O.W.C." Series, No.3). Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1871. 316 p. 1893. 316 p.
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- Picked up Adrift. Illustrated. (The "B.O.W." Series, No 5.) Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1872. 335 p. 1893. 323 p.
- The Treasure of the Seas. Illustrated. (The "B.O.W.C." Series, No.6) Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1872. 336 p. 1893. 336 p.
- Among the Brigands. Illustrated. (The Young Dodge Club Series). Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1872. 328 p. 1893. 328 p. 1899. 328 p.
- The Seven Hills. Illustrated. (The Young Dodge Club Series). Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1873. 331 p.
- The Winged Lion; or, Stories of Venice. (The Young Dodge Club Series) Boston, Lee and Shepard, 1877. 323 p. 1904. 323 p.

## PART V.

ESSAYS.

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## PART VI.

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- The Home of Evangeline. Watchman and Reflector, Boston, n.d.
- The Missionary's Son. Christian Watchman, St John, N.B., 1861.
- Andy O'Hara. Christian Watchman, St John, N.B., 1861.

De Mille is said to have published three early novels, John Wheeler's Two Uncles, The Soldiers and the Spy, and The Arkansas Ranger, but no trace can now be found of these either in magazine or book form. He also contributed to the Waverley Magazine, Boston, Gleason's Pictorial, the New York Ledger, and other magazines of the period, but these were all anonymous articles and cannot now be identified.

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The loss of the Hector. A short story.* Today's Lady's Book, 1861.  
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PART VII.

ARTICLES ABOUT DE MILLE.

James DeMille. By Professor John Larkin Lincoln. Brown Neurology Providence, 1880.

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James De Mille. In New Brunswick Bibliography, by W.G. MacFarlane, St John, N.B., 1895.

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