

Britains have learned to rub skirts freely with the Continentals since the days when Chesterfield cautioned his travelling son to abstain from Teutonic beer, and described the rare English tourists of his time as 'being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages,' and hence, he added, 'they go into no foreign company—at least none good—but dine and sup with one another at the tavern.' Cook and Gaze and the schoolmaster have altered that a good deal, and the increase in the number of those who 'run across to the Continent' during the past half-century has been altogether phenomenal. It is no longer referred to by the solemn phrase 'going abroad'—so suggestive of will-making and teary leave-takings. During the one year 1898 a goodly company of 443,102 passengers embarked at Dover alone for the Continent; and it is estimated that, at the very least, 1,500,000 Britons boldly seek change or rest or relaxation beyond the Straits of Dover, and enrich the pockets of the unspeakable 'furriner' by an expenditure of minted sovereigns to the tune of £18,000,000. Paris receives about 890,000 tourists between New Year's Day and St. Silvester's in every year; Berlin about 507,000; Vienna attracted 184,000 in 1884—she drew as many as 364,000 in 1897; and the official estimate of visitors to the soft smiling skies and blue waters and languid air of the Riviera is about 270,000 each year. 'Of these,' says one authority, '60,000 are British and 30,000 Americans, and they spend on an average £44 9s'—a little fortune compared with the modest £2 per head which leaks from the pockets of tourists in the little Helvetic republic.

THE FIRST ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

LONDON *Tablet* publishes as something like a flaming new discovery the fact that is so long known to students of English literature, that a Dominican monk can claim the honor of being one of the originators, if not the originator, of English lexicography and the literary ancestor of Dr. Johnson, Grose, Richardson, Hensleigh Wedgwood, Smith, Dr. Murray, and the rest. 'This interesting fact,' says the *Tablet*, 'is recorded in Dr. Murray's Romanes Lecture for 1900, delivered at Oxford on June 22, under the title of 'The Evolution of English Lexicography.' After describing the early Latin-English glossaries of the early Middle Ages, Dr. Murray tells us that "a momentous advance was made about 1440, when Brother Galfridus Grammaticus—Geoffrey the Grammarian—a Dominican friar of Lynn Episcopi in Norfolk, produced the English-Latin vocabulary, to which he gave the name of *Promptuarium*, or *Promptorium Parvulorum*, the Children's Store-room or Repository. The *Promptorium*—the name which has now become a household word to students of the history of English—is a vocabulary containing some 10,000 words—substantives, adjectives, and verbs, with their Latin equivalents." Friar Geoffrey's book, he tells us elsewhere, was also the first lexicographical work to appear in print, as it was printed as early as 1499, and passed through many editions in the presses of Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde, and Julian Notary.'

We may add that a new edition of this historic work was prepared by Mr. Albert Way and published by the Camden Society in 1843-1865. We may also state that the first known polyglot dictionary was the work of an Italian monk, Ambrogio Calepino (A.D. 1435-1511) and his continuators. By 1590 his Latin-Italian dictionary had grown into a great polyglot of eleven languages. The world is beginning to slowly—and in some instances rather grudgingly—recognise how much it owes of science, philosophy, history, and general literature to the patient labors of the monks. But in too many instances the results of their care and toil are represented by the two allied Irish proverbs: 'Eaten bread is soon forgotten,' and 'eaten bread is sour.'

AMONG the Esquimaux the old time judicial DUELLING THEN single combat long ago resolved itself into a AND NOW, harmless contest in singing. Among the jodelling Alpine cowherds it has taken the mild form of a *Schnadahuepf* combat. In England duelling was almost as common as dining, shaving and gambling from the Restoration to the Revolution. It flourished throughout the eighteenth century, and died a hard death in the nineteenth. Legislators, lawyers, editors, and 'gentlefolk' fell back upon a duel with hair-triggered duelling pistols as the last arbiter of right and wrong, of true and false. John Wilkes (the reputed 'Junius') blazed at his man twice in 1763; the Duke of York in 1789; Pitt in 1796; Canning and Lord Castlereagh endeavored to drill little tunnels in each other in 1809; the Dukes of Buckingham and Bedford burned powder at each other in 1822; the Duke of Wellington missed Lord Winchester in 1829, and the opponents wound up the battle with a silly bargaining contest. When Charles James Fox denounced the Government for issuing bad gunpowder to the army, he was challenged by Mr. Adam, Secretary for War. Adam lodged his bullet in some non-vital part of his opponent's anatomy, and the incorrigible Charles James remarked: 'Adam, you'd have killed me if you hadn't used Government powder.'

In his *Personal Recollections* Sir Jonah Barrington states that 'as many as 227 official and memorable duels were fought during my grand climacteric.' Political duels were of rather frequent occurrence. O'Connell's fatal encounter with D'Esterre is about the best remembered of this mode of bringing conviction to opponents' minds. The last duel was fought in Scotland in 1822; in England in 1845; in Ireland in 1851. A society for the discouraging of duelling was established in England in 1845—the year of the last duel within its borders. But it was loud, healthy ridicule that gradually strangled off duelling in the British Isles—especially the withering ridicule of the dramatists: they harped upon the comic side of single combat so persistently upon the stage that people forgot the shuddering horror of the *Corsican Brothers*, and shook their ribs with laughter at the antics of Mansie Wauch, the Dalkeith tailor, and the empty bragging and consequential strutting of the cowardly Bob Acres who (by his own showing) slew his man each week, and 'ran' a private cemetery on his own account.

This survival of barbarism still retains a hold—but happily a relaxing hold—upon the social and military life of France, Germany, and Austria. Towards the end of August the Marquis of Taki was dismissed from the Austrian army for having had the Christian courage to decline acceptance of a challenge issued to him by a foul-mouthed insulter of himself and defamer of a lady of high birth and blameless life. 'Military etiquette,' said the *Morning Post*, 'required that the Marquis should challenge his insulter, but he refused to do so, giving two reasons: firstly, he said, no gentleman was called on to fight a slanderer; secondly, he, as a devout Catholic, objected to duelling on principle.' The officers' misnamed 'court of honor' branded him as a coward, and on their recommendation the Ministry of War cancelled his commission. During the inquiry before the 'court of honor' the fact was elicited that a distinguished officer had written to the Marquis Taki the following manly words: 'You are right in your attitude. It is intolerable that a man should be terrorised into duelling against his own religious convictions. If I had been in your place, I should also have refused to fight.' 'The writer,' says the *Morning Post*, 'turned out to be Captain Ledonowski, of the headquarters staff, a young officer of great distinction. Captain Ledonowski was likewise convicted of cowardice, and the Ministry of War likewise promptly cancelled his commission. Duelling is prohibited by Austrian law as a criminal offence. Officers, however, are thus driven by a brutal terrorism to become criminals, if not to become murderers, at least to sacrifice their lives in a criminal cause.' The two gallant officers that had the courage to keep their hands clean of criminal blood-guiltiness may, we hope, be the pioneers of a movement which will wipe duelling out of Austrian military and social life. It is a strange anomaly of Continental life that while encounters with six or twelve inch knives are sternly suppressed by law, the agents of public safety have an eye as blind as Nelson's for duels with the longer knives that are known as swords. As Joseph de Maistre said, 'it is all a question of inches: to fight with a knife is criminal; to fight with a sword is honorable.' The present attitude of Austrian, French, and German law towards what are termed 'affairs of honor' is at present what it was long ago in the British Isles. And that was neatly put by an Irish judge when charging a jury in a case in which 'an accident' had happened and one of the combatants departed to a worse or better world. 'It is murder, according to the law,' said the judge, 'but, for my part, I never heard of a fairer duel in my life.'

The German Emperor's decree of 1898 against duelling in the army is by no means a dead letter. Nevertheless, the German military 'code of honor' is savagely searching and compulsory in character. On January 12, 1899, a civilian named Tilmann was murdered by an officer at Metz in pursuance of orders from the 'court of honor.' A return published by Mulhall says: 'A return of Italian duels for ten years down to 1890 shows that there were 2,760, which resulted in 50 men killed, 1066 wounded, and 1644 unhurt. The percentage of combatants showed 30 military, 29 editors, 12 lawyers, and 29 per cent. various.' The risks look high, but the damage done does not seem to rise above 2760 Italian duels notibly above the level of 50 many football matches. French duels sometimes result in 'accidents.' But they have acquired the reputation of being almost as innocuous as the elaborate encounters of Tweedledum and Tweedledee in Lewis Carroll's Looking-glass Land. It is, we think, in his *Tramp Abroad* that Mark Twain satirised the absurd duel fought by Gambetta on a foggy morning in 1878, with toy pistols, and the combatants almost out of sight of each other at a distance of thirty or forty yards. Twain also happened to be in France when the farcical duel took place between M. Floquet and General Boulanger. The great humorist feigned deep resentment at not having been entrusted with the management of the affair. Mark's idea of a proper duel was cannon at five yards or pea-rifles at half a mile. The usually harmless character of French encounters of this kind recalls Tom Hood's famous Brentford duel: the